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*"The Story of our Lives from Year to Year."*—SHAKESPEARE.

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# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

*A Weekly Journal.*

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

VOLUME II.

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WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N<sup>o</sup>. 27.]

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## A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER X. THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW.

"I, ALEXANDRE MANETTE, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais and afterwards resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year, 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there, when I and my sorrows are dust.

"These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood, in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired, but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind—that my memory is exact and circumstantial—and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these my last recorded words, whether they be ever read by men or not, at the Eternal Judgment-seat.

"One cloudy moonlight night, in the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month) in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of the quay by the Seine for the refreshment of the frosty air, at an hour's distance from my place of residence in the Street of the School of Medicine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. As I stood aside to let that carriage pass, apprehensive that it might otherwise run me down, a head was put out at the window, and a voice called to the driver to stop.

"The carriage stopped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called to me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves. As they stood

side by side near the carriage door, I also observed that they both looked of about my own age, or rather younger, and that they were greatly alike, in stature, manner, voice, and (as far as I could see) face too.

"'You are Doctor Manette?' said one.

"'I am.'

"'Doctor Manette, formerly of Beauvais,' said the other; 'the young physician, originally an expert surgeon, who, within the last year or two has made a rising reputation in Paris?'

"'Gentlemen,' I returned, 'I am that Doctor Manette of whom you speak so graciously.'

"'We have been to your residence,' said the first, 'and not being so fortunate as to find you there, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed, in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"The manner of both was imperious, and they both moved, as these words were spoken, so as to place me between themselves and the carriage door. They were armed. I was not.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, 'pardon me; but I usually inquire who does me the honour to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned.'

"The reply to this, was made by him who had spoken second. 'Doctor, your clients are people of condition. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"I could do nothing but comply, and I entered it in silence. They both entered after me—the last springing in, after putting up the steps. The carriage turned about, and drove on at its former speed.

"I repeat this conversation exactly as it occurred. I have no doubt that it is, word for word, the same. I describe everything exactly as it took place, constraining my mind not to wander from the task. Where I make the broken marks that follow here, I leave off for the time, and put my paper in its hiding-place. \* \* \* \* \*

"The carriage left the streets behind, passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. At two-thirds of a league from the Barrier—I did not estimate the distance at that time, but afterwards when I traversed it—it struck out of the main avenue, and presently stopped at

a solitary house. We all three alighted, and walked, by a damp soft footpath in a garden where a neglected fountain had overflowed, to the door of the house. It was not opened immediately, in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my two conductors struck the man who opened it, with his heavy riding-glove, across the face.

"There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people struck more commonly than dogs. But, the other of the two, being angry likewise, struck the man in like manner with his arm; the look and bearing of the brothers were then so exactly alike, that I then first perceived them to be twin brothers.

"From the time of our alighting at the outer gate (which we found locked, and which one of the brothers had opened to admit us, and had re-locked), I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber. I was conducted to this chamber straight, the cries growing louder as we ascended the stairs, and I found a patient in a high fever of the brain, lying on a bed.

"The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young; assuredly not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. I noticed that these bonds were all portions of a gentleman's dress. On one of them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, I saw the armorial bearing of a Noble, and the letter E.

"I saw this, within the first minute of my contemplation of the patient; for, in her restless strivings she had turned over on her face on the edge of the bed, had drawn the end of the scarf into her mouth, and was in danger of suffocation. My first act was to put out my hand to relieve her breathing; and in moving the scarf aside, the embroidery in the corner caught my sight.

"I turned her gently over, placed my hands upon her breast to calm her and keep her down, and looked into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeated the words, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and then counted up to twelve, and said, 'Hush!' For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and then the piercing shrieks would begin again, and she would repeat the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and would count up to twelve, and say 'Hush!' There was no variation in the order, or the manner. There was no cessation, but the regular moment's pause, in the utterance of these sounds.

"How long," I asked, 'has this lasted?'

"To distinguish the brothers, I will call them the elder and the younger; by the elder, I mean him who exercised the most authority. It was the elder who replied, 'Since about this hour last night.'

"She has a husband, a father, and a brother?"

"A brother."

"I do not address her brother?"

"He answered with great contempt, 'No.'

"She has some recent association with the number twelve?"

"The younger brother impatiently rejoined, 'With twelve o'clock?'

"See, gentlemen," said I, still keeping my hands upon her breast, 'how useless I am, as you have brought me! If I had known what I was coming to see, I could have come provided. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place.'

"The elder brother looked to the younger, who said haughtily, 'There is a case of medicines here,' and brought it from a closet, and put it on the table. \* \* \* \* \*

"I opened some of the bottles, smelt them, and put the stoppers to my lips. If I had wanted to use anything save narcotic medicines that were poisons in themselves, I would not have administered any of those.

"Do you doubt them?" asked the younger brother.

"You see, monsieur, I am going to use them," I replied, and said no more.

"I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then sat down by the side of the bed. There was a timid and suppressed woman in attendance (wife of the man down stairs), who had retreated into a corner. The house was damp and decayed, indifferently furnished—evidently, recently occupied and temporarily used. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows, to deaden the sound of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered in their regular succession, with the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' the counting up to twelve, and 'Hush!' The frenzy was so violent, that I had not unfasted the bandages restraining the arms; but, I had looked to them, to see that they were not painful. The only spark of encouragement in the case, was, that my hand upon the sufferer's breast had this much soothing influence, that for minutes at a time it tranquillised the figure. It had no effect upon the cries; no pendulum could be more regular.

"For the reason that my hand had this effect (I assume), I had sat by the side of the bed for half an hour, with the two brothers looking on, before the elder said:

"There is another patient."

"I was startled, and asked, 'Is it a pressing case?'

"You had better see," he carelessly answered; and took up a light. \* \* \* \* \*

"The other patient lay in a back room across a second staircase, which was a species of loft over a stable. There was a low plastered ceiling to a part of it; the rest was open, to the ridge of the tiled roof, and there were beams across. Hay and straw were stored in that portion of the place, fagots for firing, and a heap of apples in sand. I had to pass through that part, to get at the other. My memory is circumstantial and unshaken. I try it with these details, and I see

them all, in this my cell in the Bastille, near the close of the tenth year of my captivity, as I saw them all that night.

"On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy—a boy of not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could not see where his wound was, as I kneeled on one knee over him; but, I could see that he was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

"‘I am a doctor, my poor fellow,’ said I. ‘Let me examine it.’

"‘I do not want it examined,’ he answered; ‘let it be.’

"‘It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me move his hand away. It was a sword-thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay. He was then dying fast. As I turned my eyes to the elder brother, I saw him looking down at this handsome boy whose life was ebbing out, as if he were a wounded bird, or hare, or rabbit; not at all as if he were a fellow-creature.

"‘How has this been done, monsieur?’ said I.

"‘A crazed young common dog! A serf! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother’s sword—like a gentleman.’

"‘There was no touch of pity; sorrow, or kindred humanity, in this answer. The speaker seemed to acknowledge that it was inconvenient to have that different order of creature dying there, and that it would have been better if he had died in the usual obscure routine of his vermin kind. He was quite incapable of any compassionate feeling about the boy, or about his fate.

"‘The boy’s eyes had slowly moved to him as he had spoken, and they now slowly moved to me.

"‘Doctor, they are very proud, these Nobles; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. They plunder us, outrage us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She—have you seen her, Doctor?’

"‘The shrieks and the cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance. He referred to them, as if she were lying in our presence.

"‘I said, ‘I have seen her.’

"‘She is my sister, Doctor. They have had their shameful rights, these Nobles, in the modesty and virtue of our sisters, many years, but we have had good girls among us. I know it, and have heard my father say so. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too: a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his—that man’s who stands there. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race.’

"‘It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak; but, his spirit spoke with a dreadful emphasis.

"‘We were so robbed by that man who stands there, as all we common dogs are by those su-

perior Beings—taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to grind our corn at his mill, obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden for our lives to keep a single tame bird of our own, pillaged and plundered to that degree that when we chanced to have a bit of meat, we ate it in fear, with the door barred and the shutters closed, that his people should not see it and take it from us—I say, we were so robbed, and hunted, and were made so poor, that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world, and that what we should most pray for, was, that our women might be barren and our miserable race die out!’

"‘I had never before seen the sense of being oppressed, bursting forth like a fire. I had supposed that it must be latent in the people somewhere; but, I had never seen it break out, until I saw it in the dying boy.

"‘Nevertheless, Doctor, my sister married. He was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married her lover, that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage—our dog-hut, as that man would call it. She had not been married many weeks, when that man’s brother saw her and admired her, and asked that man to lend her to him—for what are husbands among us! He was willing enough, but my sister was good and virtuous, and hated his brother with a hatred as strong as mine. What did the two then, to persuade her husband to use his influence with her, to make her willing?’

"‘The boy’s eyes, which had been fixed on mine, slowly turned to the looker-on, and I saw in the two faces that all he said was true. The two opposing kinds of pride confronting one another, I can see, even in this Bastille; the gentleman’s, all negligent indifference; the peasant’s, all trodden-down sentiment, and passionate revenge.

"‘You know, Doctor, that it is among the Rights of these Nobles to harness us common dogs to carts, and drive us. They so harnessed him and drove him. You know that it is among their Rights to keep us in their grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed. They kept him out in the unwholesome mists at night, and ordered him back into his harness in the day. But he was not persuaded. No! Taken out of harness one day at noon, to feed—if he could find food—he sobbed twelve times, once for every stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom.’

"‘Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his wrong. He forced back the gathering shadows of death, as he forced his clenched right hand to remain clenched, and to cover his wound.

"‘Then, with that man’s permission and even with his aid, his brother took her away; in spite of what I know she must have told his brother—and what that is, will not be long unknown to you, Doctor, if it is now—his brother took her away—for his pleasure and diversion,

for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home, our father's heart burst; he never spoke one of the words that filled it. I took my young sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of this man, and where, at least, she will never be his vassal. Then, I tracked the brother here, and last night climbed in—a common dog, but sword in hand.—Where is the loft window? It was somewhere here?"

"The room was darkening to his sight; the world was narrowing around him. I glanced about me, and saw that the hay and straw were trampled over the floor, as if there had been a struggle.

"She heard me, and ran in. I told her not to come near us till he was dead. He came in and first tossed me some pieces of money; then struck at me with a whip. But I, though a common dog, so struck at him as to make him draw. Let him break into as many pieces as he will, the sword that he stained with my common blood; he drew to defend himself—thrust at me with all his skill for his life."

"My glance had fallen, but a few moments before, on the fragments of a broken sword, lying among the hay. That weapon was a gentleman's. In another place, lay an old sword that seemed to have been a soldier's.

"Now, lift me up, Doctor; lift me up. Where is he?"

"He is not here," I said, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the brother.

"He! Proud as these nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was here? Turn my face to him."

"I did so, raising the boy's head against my knee. But, invested for the moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely: obliging me to rise too, or I could not have still supported him.

"Marquis," said the boy, turned to him with his eyes opened wide and his right hand raised, 'in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you, and yours to the last of your bad race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon you, as a sign that I do it. In the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon your brother, the worst of the bad race, to answer for them separately. I mark this cross of blood upon him, as a sign that I do it.'

"Twice, he put his hand to the wound in his breast, and with his forefinger drew a cross in the air. He stood for an instant with the finger yet raised, and, as it dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead. \* \* \* \*

"When I returned to the bedside of the young woman, I found her raving in precisely the same order and continuity. I knew that this might last for many hours, and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave.

"I repeated the medicines I had given her, and I sat at the side of the bed until the night was far advanced. She never abated the piercing quality of her shrieks, never stumbled in

the distinctness or the order of her words. They were always 'My husband, my father, and my brother! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hush!'

"This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when I first saw her. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her, when she began to falter. I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity, and by-and-by she sank into a lethargy, and lay like the dead.

"It was as if the wind and rain had lulled at last, after a long and fearful storm. I released her arms, and called the woman to assist me to compose her figure and the dress she had torn. It was then that I knew her condition to be that of one in whom the first expectations of being a mother have arisen; and it was then that I lost the little hope I had had of her.

"Is she dead?" asked the Marquis, whom I will still describe as the elder brother, coming booted into the room from his horse.

"Not dead," said I; 'but like to die.'

"What strength there is in these common bodies!" he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

"There is prodigious strength," I answered him, 'in sorrow and despair.'

He first laughed at my words, and then frowned at them. He moved a chair with his foot near to mine, ordered the woman away, and said, in a subdued voice,

"Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these hands, I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and, as a young man with your fortune to make, you are probably mindful of your interest. The things that you see here, are things to be seen, and not spoken of."

"I listened to the patient's breathing, and avoided answering.

"Do you honour me with your attention, Doctor?"

"Monsieur," said I, 'in my profession, the communications of patients are always received in confidence.' I was guarded in my answer, for I was troubled in my mind by what I had heard and seen.

"Her breathing was so difficult to trace, that I carefully tried the pulse and the heart. There was life, and no more. Looking round as I resumed my seat, I found both the brothers intent upon me. \* \* \* \*

"I write with so much difficulty, the cold is so severe, I am so fearful of being detected and consigned to an underground cell and total darkness, that I must abridge this narrative. There is no confusion or failure in my memory; it can recal, and could detail, every word that was ever spoken between me and those brothers.

"She lingered for a week. Towards the last, I could understand some few syllables that she said to me, by placing my ear close to her lips. She asked me where she was, and I told her; who I was, and I told her. It was in vain that I asked her for her family name. She faintly shook her head upon the pillow, and kept her secret, as the boy had done.



"I had no opportunity of asking her any question, until I had told the brothers she was sinking fast, and could not live another day. Until then, though no one was ever presented to her consciousness save the woman and myself, one or other of them had always jealously sat behind the curtain at the head of the bed when I was there. But when it came to that, they seemed careless what communication I might hold with her; as if—the thought passed through my mind—I were dying too.

"I always observed that their pride bitterly resented the younger brother's (as I call him) having crossed swords with a peasant, and that peasant a boy. The only consideration that appeared really to affect the mind of either of them, was the consideration that this was highly degrading to the family, and was ridiculous. As often as I caught the younger brother's eyes, their expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply, for knowing what I knew from the boy. He was smoother and more polite to me than the elder; but I saw this. I also saw that I was an encumbrance in the mind of the elder too.

"My patient died, two hours before midnight—at a time, by my watch, answering almost to the minute when I had first seen her. I was alone with her, when her forlorn young head drooped gently on one side, and all her earthly wrongs and sorrows ended.

"The brothers were waiting in a room down stairs, impatient to ride away. I had heard them, alone at the bedside, striking their boots with their riding-whips, and loitering up and down.

" 'At last she is dead?' said the elder, when I went in.

" 'She is dead,' said I.

" 'I congratulate you, my brother,' were his words as he turned round.

"He had before offered me money, which I had postponed taking. He now gave me a rouleau of gold. I took it from his hand, but laid it on the table. I had considered the question, and had resolved to accept nothing.

" 'Pray excuse me,' said I. 'Under the circumstances, no.'

"They exchanged looks, but bent their heads to me as I bent mine to them, and we parted without another word on either side. \* \* \*

"I am weary, weary, weary—worn down by misery. I cannot read what I have written with this gaunt hand.

"Early in the morning, the rouleau of gold was left at my door in a little box, with my name on the outside. From the first, I had anxiously considered what I ought to do. I decided, that day, to write privately to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had gone: in effect, stating all the circumstances. I knew what Court influence was, and what the immunities of the Nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of; but, I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept the matter a profound secret, even from my wife; and this, too,

I resolved to state in my letter. I had no apprehension whatever of my real danger; but, I was conscious that there might be danger for others, if others were compromised by possessing the knowledge that I possessed.

"I was much engaged that day, and could not complete my letter that night. I rose long before my usual time next morning, to finish it. It was the last day of the year. The letter was lying before me just completed, when I was told that a lady waited, who wished to see me. \* \* \*

"I am growing more and more unequal to the task I have set myself. It is so cold, so dark, my senses are so benumbed, and the gloom upon me is so dreadful.

"The lady was young, engaging, and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me, as the wife of the Marquis St. Evrémonte. I connected the title by which the boy had addressed the elder brother, with the initial letter embroidered on the scarf, and, had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that I had seen that nobleman very lately.

"My memory is still accurate, but I cannot write the words of our conversation. I suspect that I am watched more closely than I was, and I know not at what times I may be watched. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story, of her husband's share in it, and my being resorted to. She did not know that the girl was dead. Her hope had been, she said in great distress, to show her, in secret, a woman's sympathy. Her hope had been to avert the wrath of Heaven from a House that had long been hateful to the suffering many.

"She had reasons for believing that there was a young sister living, and her greatest desire was, to help that sister. I could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister; beyond that, I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, relying on my confidence, had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place of abode. Whereas, to this wretched hour I am ignorant of both. \* \* \*

"These seraps of paper fail me. One was taken from me, with a warning, yesterday. I must finish my record to-day.

"She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be! The brother distrusted and disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her; she stood in dread of him, and in dread of her husband too. When I handed her down to the door, there was a child, a pretty boy from two to three years old, in her carriage.

" 'For his sake, Doctor,' she said, pointing to him in tears, 'I would do all I can to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. I have a presentiment that if no other innocent atonement is made for this, it will one day be required of him. What I have left to call my own—it is little beyond the worth of a few jewels—I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow, with the compassion and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered.'

"She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him, It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?" The child answered her bravely, 'Yes!' I kissed her hand, and she took him in her arms, and went away caressing him. I never saw her more.

"As she had mentioned her husband's name in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

"That night, the last night of the year, towards nine o'clock, a man in a black dress rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defarge, a youth, upstairs. When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife—O my wife, beloved of my heart! My fair young English wife!—we saw the man, who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him.

"An urgent case in the Rue St. Honoré, he said. It would not detain me, he had a coach in waiting.

"It brought me here, it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house, a black muffler was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single gesture. The Marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it me, burnt it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here, I was brought to my living grave.

"If it had pleased God to put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years, to grant me any tidings of my dearest wife—so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead—I might have thought that He had not quite abandoned them. But, now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal to them, and that they have no part in His mercies. And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I Alexandre Manette, unhappy prisoner, do this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth."

A terrible sound arose when the reading of this document was done. A sound of craving and eagerness that had nothing articulate in it but blood. The narrative called up the most revengeful passions of the time, and there was not a head in the nation but must have dropped before it.

Little need, in presence of that tribunal and that auditory, to show how the Defarges had not made the paper public, with the other captured Bastille memorials borne in procession, and had kept it, biding their time. Little need to show that this detested family name had long been anathematised by Saint Antoine, and was wrought into the fatal register. The man never trod ground, whose virtues and services

would have sustained him in that place that day, against such denunciation.

And all the worse for the doomed man, that the denouncer was a well-known citizen, his own attached friend, the father of his wife. One of the frenzied aspirations of the populace was, for imitations of the questionable public virtues of antiquity, and for sacrifices and self-immolations on the people's altar. Therefore, when the President said (else had his own head quivered on his shoulders), that the good physician of the Republic would deserve better still of the Republic by rooting out an obnoxious family of Aristocrats, and would doubtless feel a sacred glow and joy in making his daughter a widow and her child an orphan, there was wild excitement, patriotic fervour, not a touch of human sympathy.

"Much influence around him, has that doctor?" murmured Madame Defarge, smiling to The Vengeance. "Save him now, my doctor, save him!"

At every jurymen's vote, there was a roar. Another and another. Roar and roar.

Unanimously voted. At heart and by descent an Aristocrat, an enemy of the Republic, a notorious oppressor of the People. Back to the Conciergerie, and Death within four-and-twenty hours!

## SMALL SHOT.

### COOKS AT COLLEGE.

I AM dying from irritability produced by eating raw mutton-chops, and from indigestion produced by potato-bullets. My murderer is Betsy Jane, our cook. On my Kensal-green tombstone will be inscribed the words: "Died from the effects of a very plain cook."

We English, learned men assure me, are mere barbarians and Hotandhots in our cooking, compared with the French and other continental nations. We have freedom, but then we have indigestion, just as the Americans have a republic and universal dyspepsia. Perhaps philosophers and theorists may prove some day that a strong government and a weak stomach always go together. It may be that this compensation is ordained that tyranny may have its consolation in a fine constitution; and freedom, apt to be noisy in its self-complacency, have its corrective in a squeamish appetite.

But this by the way. What I have to complain of is, that I, as a plain man of moderate appetite and limited ideas of dining, can get nothing eatable from my plain cook, Betsy Jane. If I ask for a chop, it comes out as if just cut from the flank of a live ox, in the Abyssinian manner; or if she is in a slow mood, and at the other end of her mental gamut, it comes out a black fossil, frizzled and scorched, with nothing but the marrow soft or juicy about it. My soup is watered, gravy, my tripe has the flavour of boiled kid gloves, my bread is leaden, my haricots are greasy, my French beans are so hard and spiky that you could use them as pins, my eggs are water or congealed to a sulphurous paste. In fact, in the

midst of plenty and in the enjoyment of a moderate income, I am starving. I weigh every day, and find myself wanting; and, when I complain, I am told, "There is no pleasing me, nohow; there was Mr. Snipetoast, as good a," &c. &c. She has given me a warning, has Betsy Jane. Shall I give her another next Monday as ever is?

I give her 10*l*. a year, and tea and sugar, and yet I find myself becoming a living skeleton. I have long seen through some of my friends, and the time has come that they will see through me. Many of my friends are in the same position as I am with their plain cooks. I advertised for a plain cook, but I never expected such a very plain cook: such a Salisbury-plain cook as this.

Then she is so aggravating: she never confesses that a thing is spoiled—no, not if the dish runs crimson, or the chop is a rattling cinder. She turns it on me, and says I asked for it underdone or overdone; or that I would have it up directly I came in from the City; or came home half an hour too late; or that the kitchen clock was too slow or had stopped; or that the smoke-jack was enough to spoil anything. Oh, she is aggravating! For instance, if I send down an egg to be done a little more, she keeps it down half an hour to punish me, then brings it up with an austere and reproving face, hard as alabaster. If I ask for a made dish, she does not pretend to kickshaws, and all "them fizmagigs;" and if I want coffee suddenly, the fire is always gone down, or she is sorry she hadn't known it before she screwed the grate back.

In vain I try to explain to her the first elements of the chemistry of cooking. She tries everything, and prefers that greasy, unwholesome, soaking mode of cooking to the racy, chastened gridiron, that gives to a chop such a healthy flavour; she prefers baking, with its sodden steaming, to juicy roasting; and, when she boils, she boils things so fast that they are hard, yet underdone; she has no forethought; she puts things down to roast too late, and then hurries them too much; she leaves the pot on the hob when it should be on the fire; and she boils at a jumping, pot-lid-shaking canter, when she should simmer with a gentle, bubbling gurgle. In fact, musically speaking, she takes a joint at vivace when it should be allegro, and at  $\frac{3}{4}$  when it should be  $\frac{6}{8}$ . In fact, Betsy Jane has no sense of the dignity of her art; no appreciation of the poetry of her craft; no knowledge of the solemnity of her mission as the soother and nourisher of the human mind through the human stomach. She is always hot and cross (cooking affects the liver and so spoils the temper); and is, in a word, a big-headed, irrational, insensate, miserable hireling, who turns potatoes into yellow tallow, meat into coke, and bread into soluble lead. I look on her as a perverter of the gifts of Providence, and, therefore, as an ally of Apollyon himself. The effect of fire on solids or fluids, the law of boiling, the nature of imprisoned juice, the science of condiment, are as unknown to my plain cook as the pleasures of dancing are to a hippopo-

tamus, or the joys of pedestrianism to the great sea serpent. She never thinks; she did not take my wages to think; she is only a walking plate-warmer, a portable ladle, a human cruet-stand; she would never kill herself, like the famous Vatel, because the woodcocks did not come in time for my dinner party.

Our plain cook is the cause, too, of quarrels between me and Mrs. P. Mrs. P. manages Betsy Jane badly. She haggles at her, and rates her, and speaks at her in cutting side winds that make your flesh creep, and make our plain cook baste the meat with a quick, fierce vindictiveness, as if she were roasting Mrs. P. herself for a cannibal feast of plain cooks. She hints dreadful things of missus's "temper," and tells her twice a week to suit herself that day month.

"And now for your remedy for all this?" blurts in my irritable friend Outer, of Paper-buildings. It is simply this: build an Oxford for cooks; let M.A. degrees be given in omelets, and B.A.s for boiling potatoes. Our minds are taken care of at Cambridge, why should not our bodies be cared for at a cooks' Oxford.

Seriously, why indeed? Why could not all our workhouses have steam kitchens, where one experienced cook presided, and taught a certain number of the younger girls destined for service, to whom she could give certificates when they had attained sufficient skill to work alone? Why could not our hospitals and great charities apply to such places for cooks, and why could not lectures on the elements of the chemistry of cooking be occasionally delivered to these handmaids of Vesta by our St. John's Wood Professors?

In the same way every village school might have its cooking class, which might be turned to a source of profit, by making it a cheap public oven for the poor. There could be monthly examinations, at which certificates could be given for those who were really fit for service. These schools would discover much latent cooking genius, and soon drive all uncertificated and worthless destroyers of digestion out of the service market.

Then no more should we hear my wife's continual exclamation:

"My dear, in these days it's impossible to find a cook who knows her business!"

## PARIS ON ROME.

It is possible that the cardinal virtues have been more frequently talked about than practised; whether the same be the case with the cardinal vices, is a question of considerable delicacy. There are people who venture to say that such is not the case, and have written books to prove it. *Cardo* is ancient Latin for the hinge of a gate, and cardinals, thence derived, for "belonging to a hinge," also "chief," or "principal," as *cardinales venti*, the cardinal winds. *Cardinalis*, in modern Latin, is a cardinal in the Church of Rome; a dignity which began about the time of Gregory the Great.

Before his day, not only Roman priests and deacons, but the chief beneficed clergy in other cities and districts, were so called.

Roman cardinals are, therefore, the pivots in which the whole Roman Catholic world ought to turn; but the book-makers (an idle set of fellows) say that the hinges are rusty, worn out, and stiff; and that, instead of turning themselves or allowing others to turn, their favourite situation is to remain fixed at a dead-lock; in which state they exhibit a remarkable talent for keeping a door neither open nor shut; justifying the antique conundrum that it is no longer a door at all, but a-jar; whence may be derived our English verb to jar, to creak, to grate, to make a harsh discordant noise. For instance, if you try to make the red, rusty, cardinal hinges stir only so much as to open the approach to their sanctuary and stronghold by the breadth of half a hair, they incontinently send forth unpleasant sounds; groaning and grumbling in windy latinity, until every further attempt to displace them has ceased.

Of the book-writers who have caused the venerable hinges to jar, the latest and one of the most malignant, is a certain EDMOND ABOUT, an impudent Frenchman, who went from Paris to Rome, and afterwards took the liberty of printing in the official journal of his government, the *MONITEUR UNIVERSEL*, base calumnies which could only lead to heresy and schism, to the effect that the cardinals and the whole machinery connected with them wanted something more than oiling. But the princes of the Church soon contrived to get the slanderer's mouth stopped by a ministerial gag. He, nothing daunted, ran over the border into Belgium, pulling out the gag, and tossing it away the moment he had passed the custom-house; replacing it with a Belgian speaking-trumpet. As we cannot smother the sound of this trumpet, whose mouthpiece is blown at Brussels—even if we would—the next best thing to do is to listen to what it utters, and try to catch a few distinctly audible syllables.

It says: The temporal power of the Pope is absolute. For, is the absolute authority of the Papacy limited by anything else than the personal virtues of the Holy Father? No. Is the constitution of eighteen-forty-eight, which has been torn to shreds, or the *Motu Proprio* of eighteen-forty-nine, through every clause of which a coach-and-six has been driven, any limit to his power? Not a bit. Has the Pope ever renounced his title of irresponsible administrator and curator of the patrimony of all Catholicity? Never. Is the management of public affairs exclusively reserved for the prelates? Always. Are the highest offices, as a matter of right, interdicted to the laity? By right, no; in fact, yes. Are the different powers of the state still confounded in practice? More than ever; the governors of the towns continue to judge, and the bishops to administer secular business. Has the cardinal secretary of state ceased to be the reigning minister? He reigns; and the other ministers are his lacqueys rather than his clerks: you will meet

them in the morning in his ante-chamber. Is there a council of ministers? Yes; when the ministers go to take the cardinal's orders. Is the management of the public finances made public? Oh, no! Does the nation vote the taxes, or does it allow the government to help itself? Things go on as they have always done. Has municipal liberty been extended? There is less of it than in eighteen-sixteen.

It says: That now, as in the most palmy days of the pontifical despotism, the Pope is everything; he has everything, he can do everything; he exercises without control, without bridle or bit, a perpetual dictatorship. There is no wisdom in cherishing a systematic aversion for the exceptional rule of a dictator. The ancient Romans rated it highly, had recourse to it sometimes, and found their account in it. When the enemy was at the gate, and the republic in danger, the senate and the people, so captious in general, abdicated all their rights into the hands of one man, saying to him, "Save us!" There are brilliant dictatorships in the history of all times and all nations. If you count the stages by which humanity has travelled onward, you will find a dictator at almost every stage.

But the duties of a dictator are infinite, as his power is boundless. A parliamentary sovereign, who marches slowly and steadily along a path traced out for him by a couple of Houses, and who hears discussions in the morning about what he ought to do at night, is almost innocent of any faults with which his reign may be chargeable. A dictator, on the contrary, is so much the more responsible in the eyes of posterity, in proportion to his irresponsibility according to the terms of the constitution. History will reproach him with his every act which has not turned out well; even his omissions will be imputed to him as crimes. But in no case ought a dictatorship to last long. Not only would it be absurd to wish it to be hereditary, but any man who should pretend to exercise it always, would be a madman. When the benefits conferred by the master are an insufficient compensation for the relinquishment of liberty, the nation reclaims the exercise of its rights, and an intelligent dictator will at once restore them.

The most enlightened of the Pope's subjects declare, almost unanimously, "If there could fall from the sky a man energetic and strong enough to cut into the quick of abuses, to reform the administration, to send the priests to their churches and the Austrians to Vienna, to promulgate a civil code, to drain the marshes, to restore the plains to cultivation, to authorise manufactures, to facilitate commerce, to finish railways, to secularise education, to propagate modern ideas, and to place the Roman States in a position to bear a comparison with France, we would fall at his feet and obey him like a divinity. It has been said that we are ungovernable: only give us a prince capable of governing, and you will see if we stint his power! Whoever he may be, come whence he may, he

shall be absolute master to do as he likes, as long as there remains anything to be done. All we ask is, that when his task is concluded, he will allow us to share the power with him. You may make sure that, even then, we will give him good measure. The Italians are accommodating, and are not ungrateful. But do not require us to support any longer this everlasting, idle, vexatious, ruinous dictatorship, which superannuated old men transmit from hand to hand. Each of them, too weak to govern, shakes off as quickly as he can the burden which oppresses him, and delivers us over, bound hand and foot, to the worst of his cardinals. If 'the White Pope,' the Holy Father, governed in person, we might hope (with a stretch of imagination) that a miracle of grace would make him walk in the right way. He is rarely very capable or very highly educated; but, as the Statute of the Commander said, 'There is no need of lights when one is illumined by Heaven.'"

Unhappily, the White Pope deposes his political functions to a "Red Pope:" that is to say, to an omnipotent and irresponsible cardinal, under the name of Secretary of State. One single man represents the government at home and abroad, speaks for it, acts for it, answers strangers, commands the subjects, expresses every will of the Pope, and sometimes makes the Pope adopt his own will. This second-hand dictator has the best reasons in the world for abusing his power. If he had any hopes of succeeding his master and of wearing the crown in his turn, he might, perhaps, set the example, or display the pretence, of every virtue. But it is impossible for a secretary of state to be elected Pope. Not only is it contrary to custom, but human nature will not have it. Never will the cardinals assembled in conclave agree to crown the man who has domineered over them during a whole reign. Cardinal Antonelli has not the slightest chance of obtaining the tiara, nor the slightest interest in doing good. He must make hay while the sun shines.

Respecting the government of the priests, the speaking-trumpet brays out horrid discord. If the Pope were simply Head of the Church—it says—if, confining his action to the interior of the places of worship, he renounced the government of things temporal (about which he knows nothing), his fellow-countrymen of Rome, Ancona, and Bologna might govern themselves, as is the case at London or at Paris. (?) The administration would be lay, justice lay, the finances lay; the nation would provide for its own proper wants with its own proper revenues, according to the custom of every civilised country.

As to the general expenses of Catholic worship (which no more specially regard the people of Rome than they do the people of Champagne), a voluntary contribution made by the hundred and thirty-nine millions of Catholics in the world, would furnish an ample provision. If each of the faithful gave a halfpenny per annum, the Head of the Church would have something like two hundred and eighty thousand pounds a

year to spend on wax candles, incense, the salaries of choristers, the wages of sacristans, and the repairs of St. Peter's basilica. No Catholic would think of refusing his quota; because the Holy Father, an absolute stranger to worldly interests, could give offence to nobody. This impost, therefore, would restore the Romans to independence, without diminishing the independence of the Pope.

Unfortunately, the Pope is a king. In his royal character, he wishes to have a court, or at least a pompous suite and attendance. He selects it amongst the men of his faith, his opinion, and his robe; nothing can be more consistent and logical. The Pope's court, in turn, wishes to combine the spiritual with the temporal, and to dispose of the offices of the state. Can the sovereign object that this pretension is ridiculous? Certainly not; especially if we reflect that he expects to be more faithfully served by priests than by secular adherents. Remember, too, that the revenue of the highest and the best-paid offices is indispensable to the splendour of his court.

It follows hence, that to preach to the Pope the secularisation of his government, is to preach to the wilderness. Here is a man who did not choose to be a layman, who pities laymen for being laymen, and regards them as a caste inferior to his own; who has received an anti-laic education; who thinks, on all important points, differently to laymen; and you expect that in an empire where he is absolute master, he should share his power with the laity! You require him to surround himself with that sort of folk, to call them to his counsels, to confide to them the execution of his will! What will he do? If he is afraid of you, if it is his policy to keep on good terms with you, if it is of importance that he should make you believe in his good intentions, he will hunt up in the back rooms of his public offices certain laymen without name, decided character, or talent. He will parade their nullity in broad daylight; and, when the experiment is over, he will say in melancholy tones, "I have done what I could." But if he were a bold fellow, and would frankly play his trump cards, he would tell you at once, "Put a layman into my place, if you want to secularise anything." It is not in eighteen hundred and fifty-nine that the Pope would dare to speak so proudly. Intimidated by the protection of France, stunned by the unanimous wailings of his people, and reduced to make a reckoning with public opinion, he protests that he has secularised everything. "Only look," he says. "Count my functionaries: I have fourteen thousand five hundred and seventy-six lay employés—rather more employés than soldiers."

The truth is, that every place which gives power or profit belongs, first to the Pope, then to the secretary of state, then to the cardinals, and lastly to the prelates. Every one clutches what he can, in hierarchical order; and when their shares are taken, they toss fourteen thousand places of all sorts to the nation—the crumbs of power, the places that no ecclesiastic



would accept—especially those of rural policemen.

There can be no such thing as political rigours in a country which is under the personal superintendence of the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth. Oh no! The type-metal trumpet says (ironically, we fear) that the Popes have always been good-natured and indulgent, to the very verge of senility and dotage. Nevertheless, Sixtus V., a great Pope, was a still greater executioner. This man of God hung a Pepoli of Bologna for having given him a kick instead of a bit of bread, at the time when he was a monk and a mendicant. Gregory XVI., our contemporary, granted to a minor a dispensation of age, in order that he might legally offer his head to be cut off. Four years ago, the punishment of the rack was restored to its pristine vigour, by the gentle Cardinal Antonelli. The Pontifical State is the only one in Europe which retains the barbarous custom of setting a price on the head of human beings.

Some nine or ten years ago, Pius IX. re-entered his capital, like the master of a house who gets into it by breaking open the door. The Holy Father and his companions in exile were not inspired with a very lively gratitude towards the revolutionary chiefs who had driven them out. A man has been a man for several years before he was a prelate or a cardinal, and there will always remain a slight spice of human feeling: which was probably the reason why, when the amnesty (counselled by France, and promised by the Pope) was proclaimed, two hundred and eighty-three individuals were excluded from this general measure. It is a great misfortune for these two hundred and eighty-three persons that the Gospel should be an old and obsolete book, and the forgiveness of injuries gone out of fashion. The Pope's clemency has pardoned fifty-nine of these exiles during the course of nine or ten years. But was it a pardon to call them back provisionally, some for a year, others for six months? Is a man placed under the surveillance of the police pardoned for good and all? Must not an unhappy wretch, who is forbidden to exercise his former profession while he enjoys the liberty of starving in his native land, often regret the days of his exile?

One of these fifty-nine recipients of the pontifical clemency is an Advocate—at least he was so till the day when he obtained his pardon. After describing the inoffensive part which he played in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the hopes he had founded on the amnesty, the despair he felt on finding himself excluded, his life in exile, the resources which he created by giving lessons in Italian, like the illustrious Manin and many others, "I might have lived happily," he said; "but one fine day I was seized with home-sickness, and I felt that I must revisit Italy, or die. My family exerted themselves; we knew the protégé of a cardinal. The police dictated their conditions, and I shut my eyes and accepted them all. They might have told me to cut off my right arm as the

price of my return, and I would have cut off my right arm. The Pope signed my pardon, and published my name in the journals, so that everybody might know how good he was. But the bar is closed to me; and I cannot earn my living by teaching Italian in a country where everybody knows Italian." As he uttered these words, the bells in the neighbourhood rang the Ave Maria. He turned pale, seized his hat, and rushed out of the room, exclaiming, "How unlucky! I have forgotten how late it is. If the police get there before I do, I am a ruined man!" His friends let out the secret of his sudden alarm. The poor man was kept subject to the precetto, the "precept;" that is, to certain regulations imposed by the police. Every evening, at sunset, he was obliged to return home, and to remain there till daybreak. The police had the right to break into his residence at any hour of the night, to make sure of his presence. Under no pretext whatever, might he go outside the town, even in broad day. The least infringement of the regulations exposed him to imprisonment or a fresh exile. The Pontifical States are peopled with persons subjected to the precetto; some of them are malefactors who live under surveillance at home, for want of room in the prisons; the others are suspected persons. The total number of these unfortunates is not published in the national statistics; but it has been ascertained, from an official source, that there are two hundred in Viterbo alone, which is a town of fourteen thousand souls.

The insufficiency of the prisons explains many things, and notably the liberty of speech which reigns throughout the country. If the government were to take it into its head to arrest all those who detest it openly, there would be neither gendarmes enough, nor gaolers enough, and, above all, not enough of those peaceful mansions whose protection and salubrity—according to the Eminentissimo Cardinale Milesi—prolong the lives of their inhabitants. The citizens, therefore, are allowed to talk at their ease, provided always they do not gesticulate. But not a word is lost in a state whose overseers are Roman priests. The government keeps an exact list of those who are ill-disposed towards it. It avenges itself when it can, but it does not run after vengeance. It watches for opportunities: patient, because it believes itself to be eternal. If the rash babbler fills a modest clerkship, a revisional commission quietly stops his salary, and gently drops him in the street. If his means are independent, the authorities wait till he stands in need of something; of a passport, for instance. For the last nine years a certain Roman man of business has been soliciting permission to travel. He is rich and active: he is engaged in a line of commerce which is especially lucrative to the government; a journey in foreign countries would complete his information and increase his business connexions. For nine years he has requested an audience of the head of the passport department, and nobody would favour him with an answer.

To others, who demanded an authorisation to travel in Piedmont, the answer has been, "Go there, if you like; but do not come back again." They were not exiled: what is the good of making a display of useless severity? But, in exchange for the passport which was handed to them, they were obliged to sign a declaration of voluntary exile. The Greeks had a proverb, "It is not everybody who can go to Corinth." The Romans have modified it into, "It is not everybody who can go to Turin."

It is rarely in the capital, under the eyes of the French army, that harsh sentences are pushed to the extreme. A condemned person is subjected to a gentle suppression, by being shut up for life in a fortress. The state-prisons are of two descriptions—healthy and unhealthy. In the establishments belonging to the second category, perpetual seclusion does not last very long. The fortress of Pagliano is one of the most healthy. When the blower of the trumpet paid it a visit, it contained two hundred and fifty prisoners, all political offenders. In eighteen hundred and fifty-six, when they made an attempt to escape, five or six of them were shot on the roof, like sparrows. The others would only be liable to eight years of the galleys for the crime of breaking loose; but, an old ordinance of Cardinal Lante was disinterred, which allows the guillotining of a few of the ringleaders in case of need.

It is on the other side of the Apennines, however, that the mildness of the government shows itself. The French are not there; it is the Austrian army which does the reactionary police work on the Pope's account. There, under the régime of martial law, a defenceless prisoner is sentenced by officers and executed by soldiers. The ill-humour of these gentlemen in uniform is equivalent to blows or death. A young man lets off a few Bengal lights—twenty years of the galleys. A woman prevents a smoker from lighting his cigar—twenty lashes. In seven years, Ancona witnessed sixty executions, and Bologna one hundred and eighty. Blood flows, and the Pope washes his hands of the matter; for, it was not he who signed the sentence of death. The Austrians bring him, from time to time, a man they have shot, just as a gamekeeper presents his master with a fox he has killed in his preserves.

Will it be said that the priestly government is not responsible for the crimes committed in its service? France has felt the scourge of a foreign occupation. The king imposed on her by strangers, was neither a great man nor an energetic man, nor even an excellent man; and he had left a certain portion of his dignity in the camp-waggons of the enemy. But it is certain that Louis XVIII. would rather have descended from his throne than allow the Russians and the Prussians the legal right of shooting his subjects. We are told that the Holy Father never fails to mitigate the sentence passed on offenders. What could he do to mitigate the sentence of those who have been shot by the

Austrians? Did he order the bullets to be wrapped in cotton wool?

In contrast with the severity exercised against political and religious offences (which are one and the same), stands forth the impunity with which real crimes are committed. For some time past, the people of Rome have contracted bad habits. They frequent taverns; they quarrel over their cups, and slash with knives more frequently than English Mohoks slashed faces in Swift's time. The small country folk imitate the small town folk; the knife settles their disputes about boundary walls, the amount of legacies, and other family matters. Lawsuits cost money, there are palms to be crossed with silver or gold, the judge is an idiot, an intriguer, or a rogue. Enough! the knife cuts all that short. Giacomo falls,—he was in the wrong; Nicolo runs away,—he has the right on his side. This little drama is played more than four times a day in the Papal States, as we learn from the statistics of 'fifty-three.

The Pope would have very little trouble in snatching the knife out of the hands of his subjects. We do not ask him to recommence their education; which would take a long time; nor even to reform the system of civil legislation, so as to increase the number of plaintiffs by diminishing the number of assassins. We simply beg him to cut off, quickly and effectually, a few troublesome and incorrigible heads. Yet he feels a dislike to this expedient. Tavern bullies are not the enemies of government.

If they run away, he takes care, to avoid scandal, to let them have a good start. If they reach a river's bank, the pursuit is discontinued, for fear they should fall into the water and die without confession and absolution. If they can lay hold of a Capuchin's robe they are safe. If they can get inside a church, a convent, or an hospital, they are safe. If they set foot on an ecclesiastical domain, a clerical property, justice stops short; they escape. The Pope would only have to say a word, to suppress this absurd right of asylum; but he scrupulously maintains it, in order to show that the privileges of the Church are superior to the interests of humanity.

If by chance, and without doing it purposely, the police arrest a murderer, they bring him before the tribunals. They hunt for witnesses of the crime, and never find any. A citizen would believe he was disgracing himself if he betrayed his comrade to the natural enemies of the nation. The dead man himself, if he could come back to life, would asseverate that he did not see the slightest breach of the peace. The government is neither strong enough to compel witnesses to state what they know, nor to protect them from the consequences of their depositions. For this reason, the most flagrant crime cannot be proved in a Papal court of justice.

Suppose that the murderer has allowed himself to be taken, that the witnesses have opened their mouths, and that the crime is proved; the tribunal hesitates to pronounce sentence of death. The shedding of blood affects the spirits

of the populace; the government bears the guilty man no ill-will; he is sent to the galleys. He is not so very badly off there; the public consideration follows him; sooner or later he will receive his pardon; for the Pope, who cares nothing about his crime, finds it cheaper to let him go than to board and lodge him. Put the case at the very worst. Imagine a crime so patent, so monstrous, so revolting, that the judges the least interested in the question are obliged to condemn the culprit to the pain of death. You fancy, perhaps, that they will hasten to strike for the sake of the example? Nothing of the kind. They throw him into a dungeon; they forget he is there; they hope he will die of his own accord. In the month of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, there were, in the little town of Viterbo, twenty-two persons condemned to death, who amused themselves with singing psalms till the executioner should come to fetch them. The executioner comes; he takes one of them, and kills him. The people are moved with compassion; the crowd is in tears. One single cry escapes from every mouth, "Poveretto!"—Poor dear fellow! The reason is that his crime dates ten years back; no one remembers anything about it; he himself has expiated it by penitence. His punishment would have afforded a good example if it had taken place ten years sooner. Such are the rigours of penal justice. You would laugh too loudly were you told of its gentleness. The Duke Sforza Cesarini shoots one of his servants for addressing him without sufficient respect. The Pope condemns him to a month's retirement in a convent, for example's sake. Ah, if they touched the sacred ark, if they killed a priest, if they menaced a cardinal, there would be no such thing as asylum, or galleys, or clemency, or delay! Thirty years ago, in the Piazza del Popolo, the murderer of a priest was hacked into morsels. It is not long since they decapitated the man who attempted to attack Cardinal Antonelli with a dinner-fork. The cardinal, overflowing with clemency, threw himself officially at the feet of the Pope, to implore a pardon, which he was sure not to obtain. He pays a pension to the widow: is not that the act of a clever man?

Simple theft, innocent theft, the theft of snuff-boxes and silk handkerchiefs, the theft which seeks a modest alms in its neighbour's pocket, is tolerated at Rome as paternally as beggary is. The official statistics publish, with a slight reduction, the number of the Roman mendicants. It is to be regretted that they do not give the list of pickpockets; for they are legion. The government knows them all by name, and leaves them to their own devices. The strangers are rich enough to pay a tax on national industry. Besides, the thieves will never steal the Pope's pocket-handkerchief.

A Frenchman collars an elegant gentleman whom he discovers in the act of taking his watch. He leads him to the nearest station, and hands him over to the sergeant on duty. "I believe your statement," replies the subaltern. "The man is a Lombard; you must be a very fresh arrival

not to know him. But, if all the fellows of his cut were taken up, our prisons would never be big enough to hold them. Be off, my man, and take better care of yourself in future." Another stranger is plundered in the middle of the Corso, at midnight, as he is coming from the theatre. He goes to make his complaint, when the magistrate says to him, severely, "Sir, you were out at an unreasonable hour, when all honest people are in bed." Another is stopped by thieves on the road from Rome to Civita Vecchia. He gives up his cash, arrives at Palo, and tells his tale to the political employé. This worthy man, who fingers and crumples the passports of strangers till they give him twenty sous, replies to the complainant, "What would you have? The country is in great distress." But on the eve of the grand fêtes, as it will not do for a religious ceremony to be disturbed by malefactors, all the scamps of Rome are expected to come to prison. They go there of their own accord; they do business with the paternal government by private contract. If any professional conveyancer failed to come to the rendezvous, they would fetch him from his lodgings in the middle of the night. In spite of these wise measures, more than one watch strays during the Holy Week. But don't go and complain to the police; they will reply, with a placid countenance, "We have taken our precautions, by arresting every known thief; if there are new thieves, the more's the pity!"

As to the magistrates, some are estimable, some are otherwise,—witness the story of the Marquis de Sesmaisons. Some one robbed him of half a dozen silver forks and spoons; he had the imprudence to make his complaint. Justice required him to give an exact description of the stolen objects. He did more; he confided to the public prosecutor the remainder of the dozen; which involved the loss of a dozen spoons and forks, if the chronicle speaks the truth. The misconduct of the public functionaries is tolerated as long as it does not directly injure the powers that be. Employés of every rank hold out their hand and ask for something to drink. The government is glad, rather than sorry for it; it admits of so much being cut off from the salaries.

Respecting the subject of finance, the trumpet bellows loud enough to wake the dead. It is commonly said, "If the subjects of the Pope are held in compulsory poverty, they pay hardly any taxes; which is a compensation." It is also stated, here and there, that they are governed at the rate of nine francs per head per annum. This figure is fabulous; but, were it authentic, the Romans would not be the less to be pitied. The moderate amount of their taxes is a sad consolation for a people whose pockets are empty. What would be thought of the English government, if, after ruining commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and all the sources of public prosperity, the ministry were to say to the nation, "Rejoice greatly; henceforward your taxes shall not exceed nine shillings a year!" The English would reply, with con-

siderable reason, that it is better to pay nine hundred shillings a head, and to be able to earn nine thousand. Rome levies taxes on the most necessary articles of life; such as flour, vegetables, rice, and bread, more heavily than any other great city of Europe. Meat pays the same entrance-fee (octroi) at Bologna, as at Paris. Straw, hay, and firewood pay dearer. By way of comparison, the inhabitants of Lille, in France, pay twelve francs per head for the benefit of the octroi—a vexatious and troublesome mode of taxation which is happily unknown in England; the inhabitants of Florence, twelve francs; the inhabitants of Lyons, fifteen francs; the inhabitants of Bologna, seventeen francs. We are already a considerable distance from the nine francs of the Golden Age!

To be just, it ought to be avowed that the nation has not always been treated so harshly. The public charges did not become insupportable until the reign of Pius IX. The budget of Bologna has more than doubled, from 'forty-six to 'fifty-eight. If only the money disbursed by the nation were employed for the benefit of the nation! But one third of the taxes remains in the hands of the officials who collect them. The fact is incredible, but nevertheless exact. The expense of tax-gathering amounts, in England to eight per cent., in France to fourteen per cent., in Piedmont to sixteen, and in the happy Roman States to thirty-one per cent.!

If you are astonished at the wasteful mismanagement which compels the people to pay a hundred francs in order that the treasury may receive sixty-nine, here is a fact which will serve to explain it. Very lately, the place of receiver was put up to competition in the city of Bologna. An honourable and solvent candidate offered to get in the taxes, for a reduction of one and a half per cent. The government gave the preference to the Count Cesar Mattei, secret chamberlain to the Pope, who demanded a deduction of two per cent. This favour granted to a faithful servant of authority, increases the charges on the nation by twenty thousand francs.

What remains of the taxes, after the levy of a third by the collectors, goes into the hands of the Pope. This is what he does with it: the sums are given in francs. Twenty-five millions serve to pay the interest of an ever-increasing debt contracted by the priesthood for the interest of the priesthood, and annually augmented by the bad administration of the priesthood. Ten millions are devoured by a useless army, whose only occupation, up to the present day, has been to present arms to the cardinals, and to escort the Holy Sacrament when it goes in procession. Three millions are devoted to the maintenance, the repairs, and the overseeing of establishments, which are indispensable to unpopular power—namely, the prisons. Two millions are applied to the administration of "justice." The tribunals of the capital absorb the half of it, because they have the honour to be composed in great part of prelates. Two millions and a half, a very modest sum, compose the budget of public works. It is mainly expended on the

embellishment of Rome and the reparation of churches. A million and a half are employed for the encouragement of laziness in the city of Rome. A Commission of Benevolence, presided over by a cardinal, distributes this sum among several thousand idlers, without giving an account of it to any one. Mendicity is only the more flourishing, as every one may easily convince himself. Between 'twenty-seven and 'fifty-eight, the subjects of the Holy Father have paid forty millions of francs in mischievous almsgiving, whose principal effect has been to deprive manufactures and agriculture of the labour of which both stand greatly in need. The cardinal president of the commission, takes sixty thousand francs a year for his own private charities.

Four hundred thousand francs scantily pay the expense of public education, which, moreover, is in the hands of the clergy. Add this modest sum to the two millions for justice, and to a portion of the budget for public works, and you will have the total of the money laid out on anything of real utility to the nation. The rest only serves for government purposes—that is, the interest of certain ecclesiastical dignitaries.

The Pope and his associate in power must be very moderate masters of finance if, having so little to spend for the nation, they close all their accounts with a deficit. The accounts for eighteen hundred and fifty-eight closed with a deficit of nearly twelve millions; which does not prevent the government from promising a surplus in the budget for 'fifty-nine. To stop these gaps, they borrow, either openly of M. de Rothschild, or in an underhand way by an emission of Consols. In 'fifty-seven, the pontifical government contracted its eleventh loan with M. de Rothschild: a trifle of a little more than seventeen millions. It has, all the same, issued more than thirty-three millions of Consols, between 'fifty-one and 'fifty-eight, without saying a word to anybody. The capital which it owes, and which its subjects are destined to pay, amounts at present to very nearly four hundred and sixty millions of francs. If you divide this by the number of the population, you will see that every baby born in the states of the Pope, inherits a debt of a hundred and thirteen francs, for the parental blessings that have been rained upon himself or his ancestors, and a few of which have now been described.

#### OUR DEAD.

NOTHING is our own: we hold our pleasures  
Just a little while, ere they are fled:  
One by one life robs us of our treasures;  
Nothing is our own except our dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping  
Safe for ever, all they took away.  
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,  
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales; truth fades; stars fall from Heaven;  
Human are the great whom we revere:  
No true crown of honour can be given,  
Till the wreath lies upon a funeral bier.

How the children leave us : and no traces  
Linger of that smiling angel band ;  
Gone, for ever gone ; and in their places,  
Weary men and anxious women stand.  
Yet we have some little ones, still ours ;  
They have kept the baby smile we know,  
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers,  
On their dead white faces long ago.

When our joy is lost : and life will take it,  
Then no memory of the past remains ;  
Save with some strange, cruel sting, that makes it  
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow  
Still the radiant shadow—fond regret :  
We shall find, in some far bright to-morrow,  
Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it,  
Bound with all our heart-strings, all our own ;  
Any cold and cruel dawn may show it,  
Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never :  
Love, that to death's loyal care has fled,  
Is thus consecrated ours for ever,  
And no change can rob us of our dead.

So when fate comes to besiege our city,  
Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,  
Death, the angel, comes in love and pity,  
And to save our treasures, claims them all.

### PULLING THROUGH.

MRS. PAWLEY having made my punch, has left me by the fire, and is in bed. Bokes, the apprentice, having sent out all medicines, made all his infusions for to-morrow, and rolled a gallipot full of our house pills, has earned and eaten an enormous supper, learnt the lower jaw-bone, read ten pages of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, written a letter to his sweetheart, sharpened his penknife, operated upon his own finger nails, and is in bed. Eleven Pawleys junior retired to bed at different times during the evening. All the house is asleep, I hope, and everything alive in it pulsating as calmly as the study clock on yonder chest of drawers.

This is my hour for reading what my brother doctors are about, and picking up new crumbs of knowledge helpful to me in my practice from our weekly journals, quarterly reviews, and half-yearly retrospect of medicine and surgery. After a hard day's work one gets through an hour's study best upon tobacco ; but it is the opinion of Mrs. Pawley, against which I do not fight, that a tumbler of punch, made as she makes it, is also useful to that end. Sometimes, in spite of all precaution, it will happen that the crumbs of science lie untasted, while Thomas Pawley, Esq., F.R.C.S., L.S.A., enjoys an hour's wool-gathering, his thoughts helped back now and then into the past by a stray reference to the contents of all those drawers on which the representative of friendly Time now sits triumphant. It was a work of time, Deborah Tims, but we pulled through. What pious resignations of all hope of marriage, and what vows to be a faithful single woman until death, true to the unfortunate Tom Pawley, that old

clock is chuckling over, with its long hand just about to strike, and pointed up-stairs towards the nursery over my head. One, two, three. . . . eleven!

There lies, ready to be posted, Bokes's letter to "Miss Comfort, the Misses Dummie and Stiff, Chlorosis House, near Godsacre." He is not yet of age to doubt about his pulling through, and he will have to pull through his examination, to get into practice, and pull through many a shallow, before Jane Comfort, now a governess pupil, presently to be a governess, shall have pulled through the troubles of her single state. Bokes's father failed last year, and he has no rich friend. But, wherever that young gentleman sleeps, there sleeps the brave. No misgiving about the future hurts his appetite or breaks his rest. Indeed, he looks down from a mental elevation of his own upon my country practice, profitable as it is, with all its toil and the disgraceful rows of gallipots and bottles in the surgery. He means to be a consulting or an operating surgeon, or a physician with a place of business in Saville-row and an estate at Windsor. Let him unlearn his day-dreams, but remain determined in his hope ; and, with the help of time, he will pull through.

Five-and-thirty years ago, my best friend in this village, and my sole companion in this house, was a dog. The old post-woman ought to have been held a better friend, punctually as she toddled to the back door twice a week with a bit of the love tale of Deborah Tims in her basket. But then, also, she toddled to the back door daily with wafered letters of demand from creditors and lawyers, with notes of contemptuous pity or expostulation from friends, refusal of small requests, portentous missives of advice, anonymous letters, meant to sting (though these counted but as the gain of so much waste paper) with everything that could premise shipwreck of T. Pawley's life. In those days the sight of the post-woman's red cloak gave me a thrill of pain. We have a dapper postman now (for Beetleborough has enlarged its borders), and the post-office is a fountain of delight to all our household—now that it is thirty years since I pulled through. The story of that pull may be of use to some young Bokes ; so here it is, and much good may it do him.

I was a white-haired and pink-faced young student of the sort commonly known as "nice young men who play upon the flute." I was the accepted of Miss Tims, the lovely and accomplished daughter of John Tims, bookseller, Twickenham. I was myself only an orphan, with three hundred pounds for patrimony, but I had a wealthy Uncle James, a stocking-maker, nearly the kindest and entirely the most obstinate man alive, with whom I lived at Bradford, and in whom only, of things human, except myself, I had to trust. This Uncle James had many children of his own, and, while he took great pains to secure for me a perfect education, and to give me a right start in life, it was his whim or conscience to charge against me in a book the cost of education as a debt to his estate. He



would enable me, he said, to earn a good living, and would put me in the way of a sufficient livelihood, by liberal advances, not by gifts of money. But he would charge nothing on account of ordinary maintenance, either at Bradford or in London lodgings, while I was attending lectures. I believed he might be right. An easy, ready-made encumbrance to give gravity to one's start in the world might be the lock upon the leg that saves a colt from straying into pitfalls. But I, unfortunately, went head first into a pitfall, clog and all, and had it not been for the clog, might possibly have scrambled out much sooner than I did.

I knew that I had white hair and played the flute. I knew also that I composed sentimental poetry to be read under trees to Miss Tims, and that your poet is no better than a dreamer. Some of that verse I printed in a gilt-edged book upon the credit of the three hundred pounds, out of which, when of age, I could pay any adverse balance to a friendly publisher and printer. I had, therefore, a reasonable doubt as to my own power of pulling through in life, and I looked eagerly towards the future. Uncle James considered my abilities to be unlimited; but was disgusted at my way of showing them. He kindly bought ten copies of *Flora's Awakening: Poems and Translations*. By T. Pawley. But for the next few months I found the leaves of that work applied to so many ignominious household uses, that I could not thank him with a good grace for his fifty shillings. Cousin Polly took from the ten copies the ten pages on which was an acrostic upon the word *Deborah*, and used them successively as kettle-holders for as many weeks. Little Bob had all the prefaces made for him into fly traps by Cousin Kate, and when this sort of torture seemed to be approaching the natural term set to it by the destructibility of paper, my good uncle liberally subscribed for ten copies more, which he enjoyed in like manner. Whenever I went home to Bradford, scraps of my own amatory verse were to be read at breakfast-time outside my cousin Polly's head. When my books were dissected, she seized upon that part of their contents—their very nerves—for curl-papers. What matter? They were also inside somebody else's heart. But the persecution conquered me: I forswore all farther printing of verse, and only continued to write it for another year or two.

One thing, however, I did not forswear, and that was Miss Tims that was, the good wife now asleep up-stairs. Uncle James wished in his good nature to provide for me; and, as he had great faith in me, if I would but sober into something practical, the desire of his heart was that I should become the husband of his Polly, who would have some thousands for her portion, out of which he could deduct my debt to him, and by help of which I could be handsomely settled in the world. Of all this he said nothing, but he set his face and his heart against Miss Tims. She had not a penny, she was a designing person, and her father was a retail tradesman. Could she honestly aspire to marry

a young gentleman whose uncle was a manufacturer of stockings, whose father had been a lieutenant in the army, and some of whose ancestors were knights before the civil wars?

"Why, what arms has Miss Tims?" asked the old gentleman.

"The whitest and roundest, uncle, with the neatest little hands——"

"Faugh, sir, what arms are those for a young gentleman to marry into!"

Deborah's father was a chubby bookseller, the cosiest of men, and her mother the most comfortable of good-humoured dames. They liked me well enough, but without the consent of my uncle I must not marry their daughter. They had their pride also, and I was forbidden to appear at Twickenham. But we persecuted young folks, who are now the happiest of old folks, held by one another in our hearts; and I looked forward for the new doubt, only the more eagerly into the future.

Desperately anxious, therefore, to begin the world, I qualified myself for practice at the age of twenty-one, and went into the country as assistant to a busy surgeon, only that I might be as free as I could make myself, while looking out for a fair opening in life. I watched advertisements, and put myself upon the books of medical agents, hoping for something that would satisfy my longing and pass muster with my uncle. It must be something very tempting that would justify me, to him, in rushing at the unripe age of twenty-one or twenty-two into the full responsibilities of independent practice.

To much noble promise I was deaf, until within a twelvemonth I had made a great discovery, and was put by a medical agent into communication with Ezekiel Hawley, Esq., M.D., of Beeteborough, who desired, on reasonable terms, to share evenly with me a practice of One Thousand Pounds a year.

Doctor Hawley had a frank way of correspondence, welcome to ingenuous youth, and his almost fatherly manner when we met inspired me with respect and confidence. It was the benevolence of a father—he was thirty years my senior—blended with the respect due from an equal. I had taken his fancy, as he found some way of saying; there was so much harmony of taste between us, and he had long felt the want in Beeteborough of a friend with literary tastes and enlarged sympathies with whom he could exchange, at the end of his day's work, a thought, a feeling, or a fancy. Beeteborough was in a wild pit country, and its gentry was composed chiefly of single ladies, while the great mass of its population was unformed. A partner, in such a district, was a pure misfortune if he could not be a friend, and he did hope, therefore, that we might come to terms. He had practised in the place for four-and-twenty years, but of late it had begun so rapidly to increase that his work grew upon his hands, when he was wishing for a little rest. He had earned enough for himself and his wife, with their two daughters, but he had no wish to

sink into absolute inactivity. Therefore, and because it was manifest that with help from a younger man's energy the practice could in a few years be doubled, he had thought of a partner. Purchase-money for the practice was no great consideration with him. His lawyer had fixed it at eight hundred and fifty pounds. He had himself no notion whatever of the sum that should be asked; he did not care how it was paid, and knew no more about law matters than he did of Avicenna's —. Here he named a work that I had never heard of, and gave an impression of great knowledge in professing ignorance. I went down to Beetleborough from a sunny western village that defiled the air with nothing coarser than a few wreaths of wood smoke. I left there a benighted population, in which every man, woman, and child not wearing broadcloth or silk made formal reverence before those textures. What I found was the place where I now live, a rich scene blackened and burnt, air thickened by day with smoke of a hundred coke heaps. It is so ablaze by night with the reflexion from blast-furnaces, that friends from London who come down to visit us in these our quiet days, for the first night or two cannot convince themselves that there are not houses on fire in every direction. Not a soul then gave to my broadcloth more than a rough stare. When, however, Dr. Hawley drove me in his gig to see "one or two of his poor pensioners," we had an insulting body-guard of little boys behind us, all the way up a hill.

"These are the free ways of the North," said the good doctor.

Tidier people looked at us with marked curiosity and interest, but I was glad to miss all the servile obeisances to which I had been of late accustomed.

Now that I have pulled through, it seems that all this happened for the best. I think it did. Nevertheless, for years and years I felt that if, instead of offering to any one of those small boys or of those wayfarers whom we met, a penny for his thoughts, I had offered and paid even five hundred pounds for the contents of the very emptiest head of them all, they would have been cheap to me at such a price. The juniors hooted and the elders stared; but not a creature said a word to save me from the ruin to which all thought I was doomed.

In the doctor's house I could see ledger and day-book. There was no lack of prescriptions and of patients' names, with heavy accounts registered as paid. I could ask my uncle to come down and see things for himself. Doctor Hawley entertained him blandly, left all to him as a man of the world, admired T. Pawley, but privately contrived to suggest that as T. P. was young and somewhat romantic, the alliance with a quiet old practitioner, who had experience of life, would be the very thing to keep him out of danger. Finally, the vicar came one evening, with one or two of the more serious supports of Beetleborough, and they supped with us at Doctor Hawley's, when a goose was cooked.

Hereupon Uncle James was so far satisfied, that, after the guests were gone, he came into my bedroom, gave me friendly counsel, promised to lend whatever of purchase-money was required beyond my own three hundred pounds (minus fifty paid for the Awakening of Flora), and consented to the partnership.

Early the next morning he returned to Bradford. I remained only to accept the terms of our new friend before going westward to await the arrival of a successor to the duties I was quitting, and abide discussion raised by lawyers on the deed of partnership I was about to sign. Everything went well. I returned again to Beetleborough; the deed was engrossed, and one morning, after receipt of a satisfactory letter from Uncle James, Doctor Ezekiel Hawley took me to the den of a local lawyer, where I signed what was to be signed and paid what was to be paid, as first instalment of eight hundred and fifty pounds, into what—though I then believed in my new comrade—I could not help feeling to be a very eager clutch. By the next post came peremptory orders from my uncle to sign nothing until he had got over a difficulty that occurred to him. The partnership was to be for seven years, at the end of which, on consideration of a further payment, Doctor Hawley would leave me in entire possession of the field. Uncle James was convinced that I should be unable to stand alone at the end of seven years, when my age would be only twenty-nine. It was essential that the seven should be altered into ten.

The suggestion was not complimentary to me, and it was one that I could not heartily back without calling myself a simpleton. Moreover, the papers were all signed; Doctor Hawley declared that he would not pledge himself to more than another seven years of work, and stood firm to the letter of the bond. We adjourned to Bradford. There I sturdily maintained that I was bound in honour, as in law, to abide by the agreement made. Then Uncle James maintained as sturdily that Doctor Hawley could not be an honest man, if he still held me bound, young as I was, against the wishes of my family. There Doctor Hawley held to his point with much profession of benevolence. At the same time, much to my great surprise, he contrived in a bland manner to say things, almost true as to the letter, but entirely false as to the spirit, that inflamed my uncle's wrath against me. Then having stung me in his anger to such answer as comes of the pride of youth, my Uncle James retreated to his inmost room.

Thither I followed him, and then I said: "Uncle, I will not break my word because you wish it, and because you promise to bear any risk I run in doing so. Forgive me, though, for having spoken warmly. You have been kind to me for years, and love me now. I feel it, and I meant no disrespect."

"Those are words," said Uncle James. "You, a boy, set up your judgment against that of your elders. You are bent upon refusing all advice. I give no more. Marry the trumpety girl

against whom I have warned you. Go and put yourself into that rascal's power."

"Miss Tims, sir, is worth a thousand of you all!"

"Ah, here you go again! Look here, young man. I, too, hold by my word. I have promised to lend you the six hundred pounds you want, above your own two hundred and fifty. Here is a cheque for that, and fifty pounds beyond it, that you may not start in the world altogether penniless. I have advanced you, for your education, two hundred and thirty-seven pounds odd shillings. Let that stand as two hundred. You will now, therefore, owe me eight hundred and fifty pounds, upon which, since you are in business, I shall expect interest at five per cent., payable half-yearly. Never apply to me again, for either money or advice. You choose to follow your own course. I leave you to it." And from that determination till his death he never swerved.

To a raw youth the first load of responsibility is rather welcome than unwelcome. It gives a sense of dignity by the demand it makes upon his power. The cares of manhood are as welcome to bold two-and-twenty as the coats of manhood to bold seventeen. My first act of prudence was to ensure the safe possession of my partnership by at once paying the rest of the purchase-money. While remaining in my hands, bank-notes might under some pressure change to gold, and gold to silver. To some fifteen pounds of discount for immediate payment, I observed timidly to Dr. Hawley that I was entitled. He assured me that he had no present want of the money, that he understood nothing about investments, for he held nothing but house property. If I paid him the money now, it only would lie idle at his banker's, and so if I knew how to make fifteen pounds of it by keeping it until the appointed days of payment, I had better keep it. Then, of course, I paid all to him on the spot, without deducting discount, and again observed, but not with suspicion, the swift clutch into which it was received. Up to this time, Doctor Hawley had been my constant companion in Beeteleborough; indeed, we were inseparable. He now left me a little to myself.

There was at Beeteleborough a poor broken-down surgeon—a Mr. Watts—upon the point of abandoning his work and going to another place to die. He had a wife and half a dozen sickly children, but no practice that he was clever enough to sell. While planning to take off his hands his house and furniture, with possibly some incidental scraps of practice that might stick to the house-walls, I pitied Watts with all my heart. But Doctor Hawley was so active in his behalf that he had undertaken the whole management of his affairs. Whether Watts, weakened by illness, could be influenced in spite of knowledge, or whether it was that he knew Hawley's power over me and looked to him as the best agent through whom to effect an advantageous transfer of his little properties, I cannot tell. Certainly Doctor Hawley was

allowed to assume the character of Watts's sympathising friend. Deborah's father had lent me a hundred pounds for purchase of furniture, an act of weakness on his part, he said. He could ill spare it, and I was to repay him in a year. Out of this I gave Watts forty pounds through Doctor Hawley's hands, and by the Doctor's private counsel, for a horse which I was forced to sell again for five pounds within half a year. I had only my partner's acknowledgment for that money, and discovered some months later that but twenty pounds of it were paid to the object of so much officious sympathy. It was already little less than a defrauding of the widow and the orphan, Watts was in his grave within a twelvemonth. He anticipated the approaching end by suicide.

Doctor Hawley went with me to Beeteleborough, and then excused, on account of his sympathy with so much deep distress, an immediate return to London upon business relating to poor Watt's affairs. He hoped that he might yet find means to secure for his family some little opportunity of livelihood. It was not a busy time for practice, and he had lost ground, doubtless, by so many absences, but in a few days he would be back for good, and then we would both put our shoulders to the wheel. And so he vanished, not for days, but weeks.

In the mean time, only a few paupers came to me. I stuck close by the surgery, had leisure to wonder at the very small quantity of drugs dispensed, though an imposing array of jars and bottles, and perceived the curious monotony of the prescriptions in the day-book, which appeared to recognise one tolerably harmless compound as the universal medicine. My paupers were reserved in manner: those whom I visited appeared to be afraid of me; but all declared that Doctor Hawley was a wonderfully clever man.

The doctor occupied the handsomest house in the village. It was built by himself, and stood in large, neglected grounds. Who would not put faith in such a house as that, and the grey head that it roofed? The furniture was scanty, and the dinner table was supplied more freely with water and potatoes than with other sorts of food. In later days, when every man's business was forced on my knowledge, I knew from the butcher that the meat bill of that mansion had not averaged five shillings a week. But there was a very gentle lady in it—Mrs. Hawley—by whom there was given me for my Deborah a shilling copy, not a new one either, of Bogatzky's Golden Treasury. She was a pious, simple-hearted, trusting woman, and alas, alas! the faithful, penniless wife of a swindler. She had been married for her fortune, and the big house had been built out of it. The doctor, whose degree was one of the pretences upon which he lived, had spent every shilling she possessed. He had deluded her, as he deluded hundreds of people wiser in this world than she or I professed to be; but her only, for eighteen years, he kept in her delusion. His bland manner was practised on her constantly. When he had be-

come—as he had when he picked me up—the terror of the neighbourhood, and all honest men shunned him; when there were for years none whom she dared to visit, none who dared visit her; and when for months, in every year, her husband was away, following his own devices; she sat patiently at home, true to her faith in Heaven, and the man whom she had married. From her simple defence of him, when sometimes we were together in his absence, and before I knew how much defence he needed, I caught almost the first shadow of my doubt. Every one, she said, was jealous of his talents. Envy made people his enemies; besides, unhappily (that was indeed some grief to her), he had been misconstrued because he did not go to church. But his heart was so warm, he was so generous, she said, as she ate, shivering with frost by a few flickering coals, her scanty, solitary meal.

Could there be need, for so much parsimony, when I had just paid my friend eight hundred and fifty pounds. I had only twenty-five sovereigns left, outside whatever might arise as earnings from the practice, and I could not see the use of living upon water and potatoes.

One evening, there sat by the small basket of embers in our surgery an old man angered by the toothache. He planted himself on a stool. Dr. Hawley was expected home that night. Nobody should pull out his tooth but Doctor Hawley. He was a clever man, whatever he was. He meant to wait for him, so he sat down and grunted for a long time, till I ventured on a word of sympathy.

“You may just keep your pity for yourself, young man.”

“Why? What do you mean?”

“Doctor Hawley’s a deal cleverer than Master Pawley knows. But you’ll not be the first to find it out.”

I had already fallen into the first stage of heartache, and gave weight to the man’s words. But I paid no outward heed to them, and did not answer him. After another ten minutes the toothache suddenly abated, and the sense of relief from pain touched the old fellow’s mind, I suppose, for he suddenly broke out with—

“Hang it, I can’t abide seeing you sit there by that glum candle, looking so young and so pale, without telling you right forward you’re done for. There!”

“You may tell me what you please. Perhaps you mean well.”

“I mean that the sooner you be gone the better. I’ve known this house eighteen years, and never have seen aught in it but misery. Ask any man, woman, or child in Beeteborough. Doctor Hawley’s most amazing clever, but if there’s a wicked creature on the earth or under the earth—”

“Then why do you come to him? Why do you wait for him? Why have you anything to do with him?”

“Because he’s the best doctor in the county. None of the gentlefolks or tradesfolks come to him. I’m one of his patients. He’ll do me good, and

then I know he’ll squeeze me. But I want to be done good to now—I’ll take my chance about the squeezing. Many a poor man he’s charged ten pounds for a week’s illness, and had him to the Court of Requests, and at last clapped him into prison.” The man’s tongue once loose, wagged for an hour, pouring incident on incident of fraud and cruelty.

“I do not believe all this scandal. Doctor Hawley is in London even now for a kind purpose.”

“He’s in London now about two lawsuits, that’s where he is. And that’s where all the money goes that ever he has got. He’s never out of lawsuits, and he’ll soon be having one with you. Nobody put you on your guard, I suppose, when you first came here. Lots of us were sorry, but there wasn’t one dared speak. It’s actionable to speak truth of such a man.”

“What if I tell him all you have been saying?”

“Keep it to yourself, young man, and turn it over. Look about, ask questions, and then go back home.”

The doctor did not return that night, nor for another fortnight. To my written complaint that there was no practice at all, he replied that patients no doubt waited until he returned. He was ashamed to be so much absorbed over poor Watts, and so forth. When he did return it was but for three days, during which his behaviour strengthened every suspicion. Then he went back again to London.

In the mean time, I was practising among the poor, and giving to my housekeeper, one after the other, the twenty-five sovereigns which were all that I had to live upon. When they were all gone, the domestic assured me, with a bright face, that ready money did not matter, for I had the best of credit; and, since food was necessary, I began to live on credit and run into debt. No money whatever came to me from the practice. Nobody called upon me. But I lived quietly, made humble friends, saw that a fierce battle was before me, and made strong resolve, helpless as I might seem to be, that I would not succumb.

During my partner’s second absence I procured distinct and legal evidence of the gross fraud that had been practised on me. I did not learn till afterwards how it was that the vicar’s countenance had been obtained for the delusion of my uncle. Dr. Hawley, when our correspondence began, suddenly frequented the church services, and made, in the eyes of an evangelical preacher, so much ostentation of conversion through his ministry, that the good vicar, believing himself to be in a fair way to save a soul, would not risk disappointment in so great a work by staying away from a supper. It was the first and the last time of his supping in that house, for he soon saw what use had been made of him.

It may not seem to be an easy thing for a white-haired flute-playing boy of twenty-two, who has been fooled out of all his substance,

and a great deal more, to tell a grey-haired gentleman, in a cool, courteous, and determined way, that he has found him out to be a rascal. I had that to do.

Doctor Hawley did not appear surprised at the intelligence. With a wonderful ingenuity, indeed, he assumed the tone of an insulted, injured man; and turned upon me the character of a designing villain. But there was in his hypocrisy an under-current of brutal defiance, and a bitterness of insult obviously designed to drive me to extremes.

My temperate offer was that he should at once consent to a legal cancelling of the bond of partnership, setting me free, and keeping all the money I had paid. I would then retire to the house I was occupying, and do what I could alone in Beetleborough; but I would not leave the place. I had paid my footing, and would make my footing sure: on that I was resolved. To any settlement of our affairs so plain as this, Doctor Hezekiah would, on no account, consent. He held me to the bond, meaning thereby to force me into flight, and leave him free to effect another sale of the desirable position I had paid for.

"Very well, sir," said poor flute-playing Tom Pawley, "since we are to be partners, be it so. I will be your partner, but not your associate; will make a practice here in spite of you, and let you spend upon your lawyers half of what I earn. There is an end to seven years. Do what you may, I WILL pull through."

The doctor said in his heart that I should not, and spent all his ingenuity in making an untenable position look as hopeless and as wretched as might be. Still I was shunned and (what was hardly better) pitied by the Beetleborough people. But when they saw that, although Doctor Hawley's partner, I knew my position and was not his friend, and that, pale and meek and white-haired as I was, I ventured upon actual defiance of the parish ogre, pity disappeared. A curious visitor or two dropped in upon this little study into which I had crammed my books, and in which on many a lonely evening, after the day's calm endurance, I had sobbed over poor Deborah's desponding letters. Then my one friend the dog, in tribulation over my distress, would seize my arm between his paws, and leap up, with a distressed whine, to lick his master's hidden face. No matter. I had set every nerve for the contest. In the eyes of Beetleborough, I was light of heart and light of step; to some I may have seemed but as a cork floating about upon the surface of the storm.

Of course I could have fought and won my battle at the cost of certain life-long ruin in the Court of Chancery, to which all quarrels of partners are referred. Poverty and common sense preserved me from that folly. I was content to possess evidence that made me reasonably safe against attack by law on the next ground I ventured upon taking.

A gross act of my partner's involved me,

innocently, as a witness in an assize case, of which all the details were disgraceful. It was evident that the position I had chosen really was untenable. Therefore at last I said to my partner, "Do as you please. I have clear evidence of the fraud by which I was induced to sign the deed of partnership between us. From this day forward I shall act as if it were waste paper. I shall practise by myself and for myself. Hinder me if you can."

When my friends heard what young Pawley was about, horror and indignation seized them. They all gave him up as mad. A gaol would be the end of him. If I would leave Beetleborough and try fortune somewhere else (having no penny of means to do so), they could then believe in my discretion, but to face ruin, to defy the law, where were my senses?

And yet at Beetleborough tea-tables young Mr. Pawley was declared to be a braver fellow than he looked. In the village street he had many a warm gripe of the hand from men who had been bitten—as there were few who had not been bitten—by the ogre, and who liked him well for what they called his pluck. During his five-and-twenty years among these people Doctor Hawley had contrived to make, abuse, and forfeit, every one's friendship. His manners were insinuating—he knew how, being in truth very ignorant—to suggest high opinions of his own professional ability. He might, therefore, when I met with him, have been the wealthiest and most popular medical man in the county, instead of the restless, penniless adventurer that he had become through a diseased love of stray gains made in the lump by a dishonest cleverness. For his litigious character, even more than for the wrong he had done often to the weak and helpless, he was everywhere as much feared as he was hated.

Nevertheless, there was a wretched little tribe of village vagabonds attached to him, by whose agency he could distribute scandals through a very ignorant and scandal-loving population. For one week it was village talk that I had been seen drunk; next week there was a deceased patient of mine whom I had poisoned with an overdose of laudanum. Anonymous letters were sent to me, or addressed to those who showed themselves to have some care about me. Vagrants were sent to sing insolent ballads, tallying with the last libel—that might wound the fame, perhaps, of others with my own—beneath my window. Scandal so foul as some of that which spread can hardly be conceived by those who have not lived where ignorance and immorality abound. I knew the fountain of it all. Nothing on earth except my dog saw that I ever suffered. Whatever scandal came direct to me I put aside with the invariable answer to the questioner about it, "You know whence the report came, it is for you to believe it or not, as you please." I meant to pull through, and knew that I could not work like a horse—for as I had been obliged to sell my horse, and could not buy another, I did really perform a horse's rounds every day on foot—I could not do both

into the bargain. So I shut my eyes on Doctor Hawley; never took part in any talk about him; never abused him, nor complained of him. One day's rumour indeed set forth that Pawley and Hawley had been fighting with each other in the street, and it is most true that I never passed my partner and received the sneer which he took care to thrust at me from a malicious face, without a vigorous desire to lay my stick upon his back. O! how I could have beaten him! But I did nothing, and said nothing, and looked nothing. I simply did my work; quarrelled with nobody, bent before nobody; but sturdily and determinately facing the whole battery of persecution, looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, kept a firm grasp upon my plough, and went on with the furrow.

Care was, of course, taken to assure all my creditors that I was penniless, discarded by my family, already heavily in debt. Duns were thus raised about me. Lawyers were set to bait me for small debts. I had to give up my watch, every luxury of furniture, my books, and even yonder clock. Once even, in terrible want of a shilling, I sold Deborah's first love-gift, a gold locket. To fail here was utter shipwreck of our lives. It was ruinous to flinch at any sacrifice. Once, in spite of all, I had to spend a few nights with a bailiff in my bedroom; but I held on, for I *would* pull through.

Uncle James did not receive his interest at the close of the first half-year, neither did Mr. Tims receive his hundred pounds within a twelvemonth. Even poor Deborah began to think her Tom was mad, and clinging to him hopelessly, kept up his spirits twice a week with long, heart-breaking letters. How could I hope to conquer so much trouble?

As the blood rises when the tempest beats upon the face, and all the limbs grow vigorous when buffeting the wind, so flute-playing Tom Pawley was made, earlier than happens to beginners in all cases, something of a man through trouble. He saw no way out of his wood, but a quick marching steadily in one direction. He went into no by-path of false pretences; never denied access to a dun, nor cheated a creditor with more than fair expression of hopes, not in all seasons to be fulfilled. He found that the world was composed mainly of good fellows, glad enough to be generous and trustful with beginners who do not fear work, and who are open in their dealings.

So Thomas Pawley did pull through; and here I am! When I had worked quietly in Beetleborough, through two years of sharp trouble, and was clearly making way, Hawley had ceased to persecute me. Then it happened that, one evening when I was at tea, a middle-aged gentleman knocked at my door. I rang immediately for another cup and saucer, when I knew his errand.

"I am told, sir," he said, "that you were Doctor Hawley's partner."

"I was so," I replied, "by a deed that is not acted on."

"I have been advised to come and speak to you. I have just bought a partnership with Doctor Hawley. Some doubt has arisen in my mind. Things have been said to me—"

This gentleman had been a ship-surgeon; he had earned money enough in Australia to buy a practice in England, where there was a sweetheart he longed to marry. Hawley had found him. All his money was in Hawley's pocket.

"Can I make a practice here?" he asked.

"That," I said, "is what I now am doing."

"Hawley told me you were a young simpleton; an interloper in the place, starving upon a hundred pounds a year."

"I earn three hundred, but almost starve upon that. Through Doctor Hawley I am much oppressed with debt, and lose much that I earn in lawyers' costs, forced on me by impatient creditors. I shall succeed in the end. There may be room for both of us."

"Ah no!" my friend sighed. "I must go to sea again. The long hope of my life is at an end."

He went away from Beetleborough. He gave his last kiss to his sweetheart, and departed.

After this, I had no more obstruction from my partner; who, within another year, was himself taken from us all, to our great joy. In London he had turned up a few wealthy simpletons, one of whom was at last clever enough to put him in the dock of the Old Bailey. He was sent to the hulks; but I believe in my heart that he ought to have been sent forty years sooner to a lunatic asylum.

Meanwhile I stuck to Beetleborough, and time healed my wounds. These rough miners made festival about us, when the bells rang, and the carriage, in which I brought Deborah home, rolled to this door. We now have money, children, troops of friends, daily activity, and constant peace. We have pulled through, in fact, by force of strong, straightforward effort.\*

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### BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

#### CHAPTER XI. DUSK.

THE wretched wife of the innocent man thus doomed to die, fell under the sentence, as if she had been mortally stricken. But, she uttered no sound; and so strong was the voice within her, representing that it was she of all the world who must uphold him in his misery and not augment it, that it quickly raised her, even from that shock.

The judges having to take part in a public demonstration out of doors, the tribunal adjourned. The quick noise and movement of the court's emptying itself by many passages had not ceased, when Lucie stood stretching out her arms towards her husband, with nothing in her face but love and consolation.

"If I might touch him! If I might embrace him once! O, good citizens, if you would have so much compassion for us!"

There was but a gaoler left, along with two of the four men who had taken him last night, and Barsad. The people had all poured out to the show in the streets. Barsad proposed to the rest, "Let her embrace him, then; it is but a moment." It was silently acquiesced in, and they passed her over the seats in the hall to a raised place, where he, by leaning over the dock, could fold her in his arms.

"Farewell, dear darling of my soul. My parting blessing on my love. We shall meet again, where the weary are at rest!"

They were her husband's words, as he held her to his bosom.

"I can bear it, dear Charles. I am supported from above; don't suffer for me. A parting blessing for our child."

"I send it her by you. I kiss her by you. I say farewell to her by you."

"My husband. No! A moment!" He was tearing himself apart from her. "We shall not be separated long. I feel that this will break my heart by-and-by; but I will do my duty while I can, and when I leave her, God will raise up friends for her, as He did for me."

Her father had followed her, and would have fallen on his knees to both of them, but that Darnay put out a hand and seized him, crying:

"No, no! What have you done, what have you done, that you should kneel to us! We know now, what a struggle you made of old. We know now, what you underwent when you suspected my descent, and when you knew it. We know now, the natural antipathy you strove against, and conquered, for her dear sake. We thank you with all our hearts, and all our love and duty. Heaven be with you!"

Her father's only answer was to draw his hands through his white hair, and wring them with a shriek of anguish.

"It could not be otherwise," said the prisoner. "All things have worked together as they have fallen out. It was the always-vain endeavour to discharge my poor mother's trust, that first brought my fatal presence near you. Good could never come of such evil, a happier end was not in nature to so unhappy a beginning. Be comforted, and forgive me. Heaven bless you!"

As he was drawn away, his wife released him, and stood looking after him with her hands touching one another in the attitude of prayer, and with a radiant look upon her face, in which there was even a comforting smile. As he went out at the prisoners' door, she turned, laid her head lovingly on her father's breast, tried to speak to him, and fell at his feet.

Then, issuing from the obscure corner from which he had never moved, Sydney Carton came and took her up. Only her father and Mr. Lorry were with her. His arm trembled as it raised her, and supported her head. Yet, there was an air about him that was not all of pity—that had a flush of pride in it.

"Shall I take her to a coach? I shall never feel her weight."

He carried her lightly to the door, and laid her tenderly down in a coach. Her father and their old friend got into it, and he took his seat beside the driver.

When they arrived at the gateway where he had paused in the dark not many hours before, to picture to himself on which of the rough stones of the street her feet had trodden, he lifted her again, and carried her up the staircase to their rooms. There, he laid her down on a couch, where her child and Miss Pross wept over her.

"Don't recal her to herself," he said, softly, to the latter, "she is better so; don't revive her to consciousness, while she only faints."

"Oh, Carton, Carton, dear Carton!" cried little Lucie, springing up and throwing her arms passionately round him, in a burst of grief. "Now that you have come, I think you will do something to help mamma, something to save papa! O, look at her, dear Carton! Can you, of all the people who love her, bear to see her so?"

He bent over the child, and laid her blooming cheek against his face. He put her gently from him, and looked at her unconscious mother.

"Before I go," he said, and paused.—"I may kiss her?"

It was remembered afterwards that when he bent down and touched her face with his lips, he murmured some words. The child, who was nearest to him, told them afterwards, and told her grandchildren when she was a handsome old lady, that she heard him say, "A life you love."

When he had gone out into the next room, he turned suddenly on Mr. Lorry and her father, who were following, and said to the latter:

"You had great influence but yesterday, Doctor Manette; let it, at least, be tried. These judges, and all the men in power, are very friendly to you, and very recognisant of your services; are they not?"

"Nothing connected with Charles was concealed from me. I had the strongest assurances that I should save him; and I did." He returned the answer in great trouble, and very slowly.

"Try them again. The hours between this and to-morrow afternoon are few and short, but try."

"I intend to try. I will not rest a moment."

"That's well. I have known such energy as yours do great things before now—though never," he added, with a smile and a sigh together, "such great things as this. But try! Of little worth as life is when we misuse it, it is worth that effort. It would cost nothing to lay down if it were not."

"I will go," said Doctor Manette, "to the Prosecutor and the President straight, and I will go to others whom it is better not to name. I will write, too, and—But stay! There is a celebration in the streets, and no one will be accessible until dark."

"That's true. Well! It is a forlorn hope at the best, and not much the forlorn for being delayed till dark. I should like to know how you speed; though, mind! I expect nothing! When are you likely to have seen these dread powers, Doctor Manette?"

"Immediately after dark, I should hope. Within an hour or two from this."

"It will be dark soon after four. Let us stretch the hour or two. If I go to Mr. Lorry's at nine, shall I hear what you have done, either from our friend or from yourself?"

"Yes."

"May you prosper!"

Mr. Lorry followed Sydney to the outer door, and, touching him on the shoulder as he was going away, caused him to turn.

"I have no hope," said Mr. Lorry, in a low and sorrowful whisper.

"Nor have I."

"If any of these men, or all of these men, were disposed to spare him—which is a large supposition; for what is his life, or any man's, to them!—I doubt if they durst spare him after the demonstration in the Court."

"And so do I. I heard the fall of the axe in that sound."

Mr. Lorry leaned his arm upon the door-post, and bowed his face upon it.

"Don't despond," said Carton, very gently; "don't grieve. I encouraged Doctor Manette in this idea, because I felt that it might one day be consolatory to her. Otherwise, she might think 'his life was wantonly thrown away or wasted,' and that might trouble her."

"Yes, yes, yes," returned Mr. Lorry, drying his eyes, "you are right. But he will perish; there is no real hope."

"Yes. He will perish; there is no real hope," echoed Carton. And walked with a settled step, down stairs.

#### CHAPTER XII. DARKNESS.

SYDNEY CARTON paused in the street, not quite decided where to go. "At Tellson's banking-house at nine," he said, with a musing face. "Shall I do well, in the mean time, to show myself? I think so. It is best that these people should know there is such a man as I here; it is a sound precaution, and may be a necessary preparation. But, care, care, care! Let me think it out."

Checking his steps which had begun to tend towards an object, he took a turn or two in the already darkening street, and traced the thought in his mind to its possible consequences. His first impression was confirmed. "It is best," he said, finally resolved, "that these people should know there is such a man as I here." And he turned his face towards Saint Antoine.

Defarge had described himself, that day, as the keeper of a wine-shop in the Saint Antoine suburb. It was not difficult for one who knew the city well, to find his house without asking any question. Having ascertained its situation, Carton came out of those closer streets again, and dined at a place of refreshment and fell sound asleep after dinner. For the first time in many years, he had no strong drink. Since last night he had taken nothing but a little light thin wine, and last night he had dropped the brandy slowly down on Mr. Lorry's hearth like a man who had done with it.

It was as late as seven o'clock when he awoke refreshed, and went out into the streets again. As he passed along towards Saint Antoine, he stopped at a shop-window where there was a mirror, and slightly altered the disordered arrangement of his loose cravat, and his coat-collar, and his wild hair. This done, he went on direct to Defarge's, and went in.

There happened to be no customer in the shop but Jacques Three, of the restless fingers and the croaking voice. This man whom he had seen upon the Jury, stood drinking at the little counter, in conversation with the Defarges, man-



and wife. The Vengeance assisted in the conversation, like a regular member of the establishment.

As Carton walked in, took his seat, and asked (in very indifferent French) for a small measure of wine, Madame Defarge cast a careless glance at him, and then a keener, and then a keener; and then advanced to him herself, and asked him what it was he had ordered.

He repeated what he had already said.

"English?" asked Madame Defarge, inquisitively raising her dark eyebrows.

After looking at her, as if the sound of even a single French word were slow to express itself to him, he answered, in his former strong foreign accent: "Yes, Madame, yes. I am English!"

Madame Defarge returned to her counter to get the wine, and, as he took up a Jacobin journal and feigned to pore over it, puzzling out its meaning, he heard her say, "I swear to you, like Evrémonte!"

Defarge brought him the wine, and gave him Good Evening.

"How?"

"Good evening."

"Oh! Good evening, citizen," filling his glass. "Ah! and good wine. I drink to the Republic."

Defarge went back to the counter, and said, "Certainly, a little like?" Madame sternly retorted, "I tell you a good deal like?" Jacques Three pacifically remarked, "He is so much in your mind, see you, madame?" The amiable Vengeance added, with a laugh, "Yes, my faith! And you are looking forward with so much pleasure to seeing him once more to-morrow!"

Carton followed the lines and words of his paper, with a slow forefinger; and with a studious and absorbed face. They were all leaning their arms on the counter close together, speaking low. After a silence of a few moments, during which they had all looked towards him without disturbing his outward attention from the Jacobin editor, they resumed their conversation.

"It is true, what madame says," observed Jacques Three. "Why stop? There is great force in that. Why stop?"

"Well, well," reasoned Defarge, "but one must stop somewhere. After all, the question is still where?"

"At extermination," said madame.

"Magnificent!" croaked Jacques Three. The Vengeance, also, highly approved.

"Extermination is good doctrine, my wife," said Defarge, rather troubled; "in general, I say nothing against it. But this Doctor has suffered much; you have seen him to-day; you have observed his face when the paper was read."

"I have observed his face!" repeated madame, contemptuously and angrily. "Yes, I have observed his face. I have observed his face: to be not the face of a true friend of the Republic. Let him take care of his face!"

"And you have observed, my wife," said Defarge, in a deprecatory manner, "the anguish of his daughter, which must be dreadful anguish to him!"

"I have observed his daughter!" repeated madame; "yes, I have observed his daughter, more times than one. I have observed her to-day, and I have observed her other days. I have observed her in the court, and I have observed her in the street by the prison. Let me but lift my finger——!" She seemed to raise it (the listener's eyes were always on his paper), and to let it fall with a rattle on the ledge before her; as if the axe had dropped.

"The citizeness is superb!" croaked the Jurymen.

"She is an Angel!" said The Vengeance; and embraced her.

"As to thee," pursued madame, implacably; addressing her husband, "if it depended on thee—which, happily, it does not—thou wouldst rescue this man even now?"

"No!" protested Defarge. "Not if to lift this glass would do it! But I would leave the matter there. I say, stop there."

"See you then, Jacques," said Madame Defarge, wrathfully; "and see you too, my little Vengeance; see you both! Listen! For other crimes as tyrants and oppressors, I have this race a long time on my register, doomed to destruction and extermination. Ask my husband it is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge, without being asked.

"In the beginning of the great days, when the Bastille falls, he finds this paper of to-day, and he brings it home, and in the middle of the night when this place is clear and shut, we read it, here on this spot, by the light of this lamp. Ask him, is that so?"

"It is so," assented Defarge.

"That night, I tell him when the paper is read through, and the lamp is burnt out; and the day is gleaming in above those shutters and between those iron bars, that I have now a secret to communicate. Ask him, is that so?"

"It is so," assented Defarge again.

"I communicate to him that secret. I smite this bosom with these two hands: as I smite it now, and I tell him, 'Defarge; I was brought up among the fishermen of the sea-shore; and that peasant-family so injured by the two Evrémonte brothers; as that Bastille paper describes, is my family: Defarge, that sister of the mortally wounded boy upon the ground was my sister, that husband was my sister's husband, that unborn child was their child, that brother was my brother, that father was my father, those dead are my dead, and that summons to answer for those things descends to me!' Ask him, is that so?"

"It is so," assented Defarge once more.

"Then tell Wind and Fire where to stop," returned madame; "but don't tell me."

Both her hearers derived a horrible enjoyment from the deadly nature of her wrath—the listener could feel how white she was, without seeing her—and both highly commended it. Defarge, a weak minority, interposed a few words for the memory of the compassionate wife of the Marquis; but, only elicited from his own wife a repetition of her last reply. "Tell

the Wind and the Fire where to stop; not me!"

Customers entered, and the group was broken up. The English customer paid for what he had had, perplexedly counted his change, and asked, as a stranger, to be directed towards the National Palace. Madame Defarge took him to the door, and put her arm on his, in pointing out the road. The English customer was not without his reflections then, that it might be a good deed to seize that arm, lift it, and strike under it sharp and deep.

But, he went his way, and was soon swallowed up in the shadow of the prison wall. At the appointed hour, he emerged from it to present himself in Mr. Lorry's room again, where he found the old gentleman walking to and fro in restless anxiety. He said he had been with Lucie until just now, and had only left her for a few minutes, to come and keep his appointment. Her father had not been seen, since he quitted the banking-house towards four o'clock. She had some faint hopes that his mediation might save Charles, but they were very slight. He had been more than five hours gone: where could he be?

Mr. Lorry waited until ten; but, Doctor Manette not returning, and he being unwilling to leave Lucie any longer, it was arranged that he should go back to her, and come to the banking-house again at midnight. In the mean while, Carton would wait alone by the fire for the Doctor.

He waited and waited, and the clock struck twelve; but, Doctor Manette did not come back. Mr. Lorry returned, and found no tidings of him, and brought none. Where could he be?

They were discussing this question, and were almost building up some weak structure of hope on his prolonged absence, when they heard him on the stairs. The instant he entered the room, it was plain that all was lost.

Whether he had really been to any one, or whether he had been all that time traversing the streets, was never known. As he stood staring at them, they asked him no question, for his face told them everything.

"I cannot find it," said he, "and I must have it. Where is it?"

His head and throat were bare, and, as he spoke with a helpless look straying all around, he took his coat off, and let it drop on the floor.

"Where is my bench? I have been looking everywhere for my bench, and I can't find it. What have they done with my work? Time presses: I must finish those shoes."

They looked at one another, and their hearts died within them.

"Come, come!" said he, in a whimpering miserable way; "let me get to work. Give me my work."

Receiving no answer, he tore his hair, and beat his feet upon the ground, like a distracted child.

"Don't torture a poor forlorn wretch," he implored them, with a dreadful cry; "but give me my work! What is to become of us, if those shoes are not done to-night?"

Lost, utterly lost!

It was so clearly beyond hope, to reason with him, or try to restore him, that—as if by agreement—they each put a hand upon his shoulder, and soothed him to sit down before the fire, with a promise that he should have his work presently. He sank into the chair, and brooded over the embers, and shed tears. As if all that had happened since the garret time were a momentary fancy, or a dream, Mr. Lorry saw him shrink into the exact figure that Defarge had had in keeping.

Affected and impressed with terror as they both were, by this spectacle of ruin, it was not a time to yield to such emotions. His lonely daughter, bereft of her final hope and reliance, appealed to them both, too strongly. Again, as if by agreement, they looked at one another with one meaning in their faces. Carton was the first to speak:

"The last chance is gone: it was not much. Yes; he had better be taken to her. But, before you go, will you, for a moment, steadily attend to me? Don't ask me why I make the stipulations I am going to make, and exact the promise I am going to exact; I have a reason—a good one."

"I do not doubt it," answered Mr. Lorry. "Say on."

The figure in the chair between them, was all the time monotonously rocking itself to and fro, and moaning. They spoke in such a tone as they would have used if they had been watching by a sick-bed in the night.

Carton stooped to pick up the coat, which lay almost entangling his feet. As he did so, a small case in which the Doctor was accustomed to carry the list of his day's duties, fell lightly on the floor. Carton took it up, and there was a folded paper in it. "We should look at this?" he said. Mr. Lorry nodded his consent. He opened it, and exclaimed, "Thank God!"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Lorry, eagerly.

"A moment! Let me speak of it in its place. First," he put his hand in his coat, and took another paper from it, "that is the certificate which enables me to pass out of this city. Look at it. You see—Sydney Carton, an Englishman?"

Mr. Lorry held it open in his hand, gazing in his earnest face.

"Keep it for me until to-morrow. I shall see him to-morrow, you remember, and I had better not take it into the prison."

"Why not?"

"I don't know: I prefer not to do so. Now, take this paper that Doctor Manette has carried about him. It is a similar certificate, enabling him and his daughter and her child, at any time, to pass the Barrier and the frontier? You see?"

"Yes!"

"Perhaps he obtained it as his last and utmost precaution against evil, yesterday. When is it dated? But no matter; don't stay to look; put it up carefully with mine and your own. Now, observe! I never doubted until

within this hour or two, that he had, or could have, such a paper. It is good, until recalled. But it may be soon recalled, and, I have reason to think, will be."

"They are not in danger?"

"They are in great danger. They are in danger of denunciation by Madame Defarge. I know it from her own lips. I have overheard words of that woman's, to-night, which have presented their danger to me in strong colours. I have lost no time, and since then, I have seen the spy. He confirms me. He knows that a wood-sawyer, living by the prison-wall, is under the control of the Defarges, and has been rehearsed by Madame Defarge as to his having seen Her"—he never mentioned Lucie's name—"making signs and signals to prisoners. It is easy to foresee that the pretence will be the common one, a prison plot, and that it will involve her life—and perhaps her child's—and perhaps her father's—for both have been seen with her at that place. Don't look so horrified. You will save them all."

"Heaven grant I may, Carton! But how?"

"I am going to tell you how. It will depend on you, and it could depend on no better man. This new denunciation will certainly not take place until after to-morrow; probably not until two or three days afterwards; more probably a week afterwards. You know it is a capital crime, to mourn for, or sympathise with, a victim of the Guillotine. She and her father would unquestionably be guilty of this crime, and this woman (the inveteracy of whose pursuit cannot be described) would wait to add that strength to her case, and make herself doubly sure. You follow me?"

"So attentively, and with so much confidence in what you say, that for the moment I lose sight," touching the back of the Doctor's chair, "even of this distress."

"You have money, and can buy the means of travelling to the sea-coast as quickly as the journey can be made. Your preparations have been completed for some days to return to England. Early to-morrow, have your horses ready, so that they may be in starting trim at two o'clock in the afternoon."

"It shall be done!"

His manner was so fervent and inspiring, that Mr. Lorry caught the flame, and was as quick as youth.

"You are a noble heart. Did I say we could depend upon no better man? Tell her, to-night, what you know of her danger as involving her child and her father. Dwell upon that, for she would lay her own fair head beside her husband's, cheerfully." He faltered for an instant; then went on as before. "For the sake of her child and her father, press upon her the necessity of leaving Paris, with them and you, at that hour. Tell her that it was her husband's last arrangement. Tell her that more depends upon it than she dare believe, or hope. You think that her father, even in this sad state, will submit himself to her; do you not?"

"I am sure of it."

"I thought so. Quietly and steadily, have all these arrangements made in the court-yard here, even to the taking of your own seat in the carriage. The moment I come to you, take me in, and drive away."

"I understand that I wait for you, under all circumstances?"

"You have my certificate in your hand with the rest, you know, and will reserve my place. Wait for nothing but to have my place occupied, and then for England!"

"Why, then," said Mr. Lorry, grasping his eager but so firm and steady hand, "it does not all depend on one old man, but I shall have a young and ardent man at my side."

"By the help of Heaven you shall! Promise me solemnly, that nothing will influence you to alter the course on which we now stand pledged to one another."

"Nothing, Carton."

"Remember these words to-morrow: change the course, or delay in it—for any reason—and no life can possibly be saved, and many lives must inevitably be sacrificed."

"I will remember them. I hope to do my part faithfully."

"And I hope to do mine. Now, good-by!"

Though he said it with a grave smile of earnestness, and though he even put the old man's hand to his lips, he did not part from him then. He helped him so far to arouse the rocking figure before the dying embers, as to get a cloak and hat put upon it, and to tempt it forth to find where the bench and work were hidden that it still moaningly besought to have. He walked on the other side of it and protected it to the court-yard of the house where the afflicted heart—so happy in the memorable time when he had revealed his own desolate heart to it—out-watched the awful night. He entered the court-yard and remained there for a few moments alone, looking up at the light in the window of her room. Before he went away, he breathed a blessing towards it, and a Farewell.

## SUBTERRANEAN SWITZERLAND.

FORMERLY, books, records, human authorities (as they were called), transmitted occasional truths, but more frequently error after error, to successive generations. Strange assertions appeared to be truths, because the venerable but credulous Pliny, or such as Pliny, had delivered them, *ex cathedra*, to mankind. Now, we choose to see and judge for ourselves. Even history, which emphatically might be termed a science of record, is obeying the universal rule. If we do not supersede, we, at least, strive to authenticate history by the evidence of our eyes. And how do we effect this? Precisely by the same method that the geologist makes use of, when he is so wise—or, as poor Cowper thought, so sinful—as to

Drill and bore

The solid earth, and from the strata there  
Extract a register.

To the earth, man instinctively turns for the archives of the past—to the earth—the great Keeper of the dead—the Preserver of extinct forms and vanished dynasties. We rifle tombs; we drive pits into buried cities; we plunge into railway cuttings; and so lay bare, and extract, the life of other days, as it is made manifest in its domestic implements, its handiworks, and ornaments, its modes of sepulture, and scrolls of epitaph. For many a year we have been burrowing thus: so that, since the day when, in seventeen hundred and eleven, Herculaneum gave up to view her first secrets, subterranean research has become an art that is already advancing to a respectable maturity. But the immense stride forward that it has made in our day, is owing to the multitude of objects and observations that have been so discovered and accumulated as to admit of chronology being founded, not on conjectural eras, but on the objects themselves, which, wheresoever found, illustrate and determine these eras. The old natural geology loosely judged of periods by the mere substances in which certain fossils were found. It habbled of the green-sand fossils, the fossils of the coal, the fossils of the chalk, &c. But this method of classification was found to be misleading and imperfect. "It is well known" (as Sir R. I. Murchison in his *Siluria* observes) "that a mass of sediment which in one tract is calcareous, often becomes sandy and argillaceous in another; and thus, in such cases, very close examination of the fossils can alone decide the exact line of demarcation." To this I add, from my own observation, that, in Switzerland, where there is no chalk, the peculiar fossils belonging to the cretaceous period are found in clay. Safely and rightly, then, each period of ascending organisation is decided by the fossil which is unalterable, and not by the local matter around it, which is susceptible of very great and surprising transformation. So it is with Human Geology. Recent works on ancient pottery take the line of judging of the age of a vase by form and manner of embellishment, not by the locality in which the vase is found. The Etrurian tomb, in which certain urns are discovered, does not prove that the urns are Etrurian; the forms of them, and the pigments, and the figures on them, may determine that they are of Greek, or haply of Egyptian origin, and that they have come from afar.

The same analytical argument that has been found satisfactory in respect to earth-buried objects, is now being applied to certain relics of antiquity discovered in water. The discovery has taken place in some of the lakes of Switzerland; and, it is found that these relics are indubitably of a period far anterior to the Roman conquest. Traces of lake dwellings, even of lake villages, have been discovered; that is, of cabins that have rested on piles, advancing, Dutch fashion, far into the water. The most remarkable of these discoveries was made in eighteen hundred and fifty-six, in the Lake of Moossee-

dorf, six miles from Berne. This lake, having been partially drained for agricultural purposes, gave to view the broken remains of stakes projecting a little above the mud that formed the bed of the lake. A further search revealed that many more stakes were hidden; being covered by a kind of under-water peat, in which have been found upwards of a thousand articles of a simple, and evidently very remote manufacture.

Taking for granted that a nation in its infancy uses, for its immediate purposes, only the substances which it finds ready to its hand, we cannot but assign to articles composed merely of stone, wood, or clay, a high antiquity. Reversing old fables, we discover that the golden age was not the age of gold, but of wood and stone. Of course these primitive substances, worked by human hands, have the priority over articles wrought from metal. Ops gave Saturn a stone to devour, long before Vulcan (scripturally Tubal Cain) became "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." Judging thus, we find that the articles from the Lake of Moosseedorf bear the stamp of primitive antiquity. They consist of fragments of rude pottery, made by the hand, evidently without a turning-wheel, domestic implements in stone and stag's-horn, without any trace of metal. The stone—a kind of serpentine, extremely hard—is fashioned into hatchets bearing the form of a wedge, and into instruments resembling chisels, hammers, and knives. Not one of the hatchets has been pierced—as in our day—so as to admit of a handle being inserted into it; on the contrary, the stone hatchet-head itself has been inserted into a handle, generally of stag's-horn, in some few cases, of wood.

Passing some time at Lausanne, I was made aware of these discoveries in, and near to, the Lake of Moosseedorf; and obtained a note of introduction to Professor Troyon, head of the Museum at Lausanne, who had transferred from the natural Museum of the Peat-moss, a quantity of the sub-lacustrine articles to a well-ordered museum of his own.

The professor, a most intelligent gentleman, with a benevolent countenance, began his lecture (for such, unaffected as it was, his discourse might be called) by opening a cupboard and displaying a variety of human skulls. These were all the skulls of Helvetians, or of Celts prior to Helvetians, or of some unnamed people older than the Celts. These, like many other articles in this private museum, had been chiefly discovered or dug up from ancient tumuli by the professor himself. He made me observe how small were the earliest skulls—unintellectual, but not cruel like some of later savage nations in which the great proportion of brain lay behind the ear; and so led me on to the higher developments of the skulls of the civilised, that occupied the upper shelves of the closet. We next proceeded to survey the contents of the first glass case, which were supposed to be coeval with the small-skulled generation. These were the horn

and stone industrial implements, that had recently been discovered in the Moosseedorf and other lakes in Switzerland; yet, even here, I should say, that the ingenuity displayed in the structure of these peculiar instruments betokened a people already somewhat advanced out of the first state of barbarism. The odd thing that strikes an observer first, is the small, toy-like character of everything. Hatchet, indeed! One of these Lake-people hatchets lies on the quarter-sheet of foolscap on which I am writing, with room to spare. It is a pretty baby-hatchet, a piece of serpentine, not two inches long (very well sharpened, however), inserted with wonderful firmness into a detached portion of stag's-horn. I asked the professor, "Could any one have ever cut down a tree with that small thing?" The professor replied that by marks found on the old buried timber, it appeared probable that the ancient Lakers charred and nearly burnt through the trunks of the trees before they felled them with their miniature stone-hatchets. My attention was next turned to a dandy poniard, entirely of stag's-horn. A sharp-pointed and polished piece of horn, about four inches long, is inserted into an unpolished piece of antler, somewhat longer. The professor suggested that the handle of this poniard was worn almost smooth by use. I said, "Could the owner have killed so many men as that implies?" "No!" returned the professor, with a smile; "but the dagger may have served many uses—as a defence from wild beasts, to kill animals in the chase, and, perhaps, now and then, to despatch an enemy." Next, I admired a variety of small instruments that would have gone into a lady's étui—needles of bone, not perforated, and even a bodkin, properly perforated, a specimen almost unique: small chisels of beautifully polished serpentine, some of which looked quite gem-like in their green half-transparent lustre. These were supposed to be for outting leather for mocassins or other garments. Then I noticed teeth of the red deer fastened into handles of rough horn. These, it is supposed, were used for polishing down the protuberant seams of barbarian dresses.

Very curious, indeed, were certain minate saws, not more than three inches long, like reductions of Queen Elizabeth's pocket-comb, with the teeth broken off. These flint saws, and one or two scoop-like articles that looked as if meant to scrape off the hair from deer-hides, also of flint, give rise, as Professor Troyon observed, to curious speculations. Flint of any kind is very rare in Switzerland, and flint of the particular kind from which the ancient Lakers had wrought their saws and knives, is not found in Switzerland.

The induction is, that the Lake-people were already sufficiently advanced in civilisation, to have made the first step towards commerce by import, or barter. The especial silex of the Lakers might have come from some neighbouring portion of Gaul; but, in truth, it resembled more the kind of flint that is found on our own British coasts. To have fashioned a flint knife,

such as was shown me, four inches long, the improving savages of the Lacustrine period must have had a very large flint-stone, such as Great Britain peculiarly produces. Waving a too precise settlement of this curious question, we, at least, are sure that the flint found at Moosseedorf was not a native production of Switzerland. There were also small arrow-heads prettily and neatly wrought from a fine kind of silex.

Under a glass and framed like a picture, I observed something that looked like coarse dark netting, the reticulations of which were jointed by rude knots. This, the professor told me, was a specimen of the supposed garments of the ancient people; of which the material was flax, and the mode of putting together, knitting, or rather knotting: the art of weaving not yet being practised by the Lakers. Some of the mysterious-looking needles in horn might have served for the manufacture of this primitive sort of shirting.

For food the Lakers had, as the remains of various seeds and fruit-stones demonstrated, the wood-raspberry, the wild plum ("prunus spinosa," which we unlearned schoolboys used to call bullas), small crab-apples, of which a dried and venerable specimen was shown me, and wheaten corn, sundry masses of which, apparently carbonised by fire, demonstrated that agriculture was an art not unknown.

Fragments of bones of various animals, which were discovered in quantities under the peat, and had either been used in the fashioning of instruments, or were the remains of antique repasts, proved that this primitive people already possessed the greater part of the domestic animals of our day. The professor showed me bones enough, in this department, to have served as the basis of a Cuvierian lecture on osteology. The Lakers had certainly gathered round them the ox, the pig, the goat, the cat, and many different sized kinds of dogs; nor had the horse been wanting, though, as the professor conjectured, chiefly used, by a sublime anticipation of Parisian gastronomy, as an article of food. With these were mingled quantities of bones of the elk and stag, the urus, bear, wild-boar, fox, beaver, tortoise, and various kinds of birds. Strange to say, the bones that one would most have expected a Lake-people to have left behind them—fish-bones—were entirely absent; for which absence, however, their chemical decomposition by some unknown agent might by possibility account.

Of what materials the habitations of the primitive Lakers were constructed, the professor now gave me ocular demonstration. First, I was shown what kind of stakes or piles their lake-cabins were elevated upon; the stakes themselves I did not see, only casts of them; for, when these very ancient piles were first taken out of the peat they had looked fresh and solid as those human bodies which have occasionally been found in airless stone coffins, bodies which for a moment have mocked the view with a phantasma of fresh life, and, almost immediately after, fallen to dust. So with the



stakes of the old Lakers. Once exposed to the air they crumbled; and their external skin was found to be only a feeble covering to rottenness. Professor Troyon, then, cleverly devised a mode of perpetuating these fleeting forms, by injections of plaster, from which moulds and casts were obtained. These casts, short and fragmentary, looked very like the ends of not very large hop-poles. The marks of the stone-chisels were still plainly discernible on the stakes, and they were sharpened to a point. The cabins that had been raised on these piles had left more enduring fragments. Most interesting were the morsels of old wall, which consisted of unbaked clay, bearing the impressions of woody twigs, whereby it was evident that the primitive cabins had been formed of boughs of trees plastered over and between with clay. From the fragments being calculable segments of a circle, two facts were ascertained: namely, that the cabins had been circular, and the circumference of them about fourteen feet. Some of these fragmentary piles and dwellings that were found in the Lake of Constance were above a hundred yards from the shore; and that they always had been so, and had not been thrown farther off from the mainland by any rising or agitation of the waters, was proved by pieces of earthen pots that lay at the bottom on the stirless depths, so near together, just as they had broken and fallen ages before, that much pottery had been reconstructed from such fragments. I observe, in passing, that the fragments of pottery are of rough manufacture, and, in their dark burnt-looking substance contain morsels of shiuing quartz, or mica, unassimilated to the prevailing texture. I possess some fragments, that, by carrying out the segments of the circle, appear to have been of great size (singular exception to the general littleness of the relics): as big, indeed, as Roman wine-vases. Another thing to be observed, is, the way these pots were evidently supported. They had pointed ends, and near them are found circular open rings of pottery, whose use was evidently to support the pointed ends of the vases, which were incapable of standing by themselves. The ring of burnt clay was the mortise, the pegtop-like termination was the tenon of the vase. In connexion with this, the professor told me that Admiral Elliot, who had visited the museum, recognised this primitive form of support as still used by the Hindoos and other Indian people.

This brings me to the probable origin of these ancient predecessors of the Swiss. They were a wave of that great tide which set in towards Europe from the East, choosing chiefly the inland seas, and ascending rivers as their roadways, or rather waterways, to new regions, where they should replenish the tenantless earth. Naturally such tribes, accustomed to water, chose water whereon to found their first settlements. Moreover, the long narrow causeways of wood, that led from the shore to their habitations, became a protection to them from wild beasts, or wilder human enemies. Also the waters supplied them with ready food, and

were as Nature's own clearings amidst the shaggy mountains and impenetrable forests, the mere fringe of which they with difficulty cut away for household purposes. Advanced into the free lake, the settlers could look around them and breathe the air of heaven. Herodotus has described similar lacustrine dwellings belonging to the Pæonians, who had settled on Lake Prasias, in Turkey.

When I asked the professor, "Why the implements of this ancient race were so baby-like and small?" he replied, "Probably because they themselves were small, and, like the Orientals, had very small hands and feet. However," he continued, "this is not conjecture, but fact. Look here at the next case in my museum, where you perceive ornaments of a more advanced period, though still belonging to the Lake-people. Look at these bracelets of horn, so deep in circumference but so small in diameter; you would think that even a child's hand could not enter them; yet here are the human bones still in them." This was true. The professor, finding the bracelets on the skeleton of a full-grown person, had fixed the bones of the wrist within the bracelets by pouring cement round them. "Look, also," resumed the professor, "at that bronze sword, still later in date, found at a time when the Age of Wood and Stone became the Age of Bronze; observe that the handle is only coextensive with three of my fingers, though my hand, like myself, is not very big. I met, some time ago, a Peruvian lady, who was the last descendant of Montezuma, and hers was the only hand and wrist I have ever known slip easily into that bracelet, which is as inflexible for the hand as Cinderella's glass slipper was for the feet."

That these Lake relics are, in very truth, of a most remote antiquity, was proved in various ways by Professor Troyon. He said, "A discovery that was made in the valley of the Orbe may give an idea of this antiquity. The Lake of Neufchâtel, it is well known, is always, because of the increase of the peat-bogs and the delta of alluvial matter formed by the rivers Thiele and Buron, retreating farther back from the Lake of Neufchâtel. In the time of the Romans, the actual site of Yverdon was under water. There was even a time when all the valley was covered by the lake. Then Mount Chamblon was an island, and, at the foot of this mount, were Lake-villages of the ancient people, whose relics, which are all of the Age of Stone, are now found many feet below the surface of the bog. By accurate calculation of the time that the lake now takes in its retreatings, we find that the destruction of these lake-dwellings must have occurred, at latest, in the fifteenth century before the Christian era.

"But here is another proof of this," continued the professor. "Look at these fir-poles which were found in the Lake of Geneva, the supports of ancient villages of a later date, though still of a period long previous to the Roman conquest. You see that they are the real wood, while I only possess casts of the

primitive poles; and that they are not only much longer than the ancient stakes, but curiously worn to a gradual slenderness, and to a point, by the gentle but constant action of the waves upon their upper surfaces. Why is this difference? Because these poles, when discovered, still projected two or three feet above the mud of the lake, while the others were covered by the mud itself. Now it is calculated that a thousand years, at least, must have elapsed before the fire-poles could be brought, by the slow action of tideless water, to the level of the bed of the lake."

I own that these reasons did not quite convince me of the deduction at which the professor wished to arrive: namely, that the first, and not altogether savage, inhabitants of Switzerland, dated from two thousand years before Christ. Many circumstances—draining, for instance—might, I thought, have expedited the retiring of the waters, or the wearing away of the piles. Nevertheless, with all the caution of scepticism, it is impossible not to allow that the Lake-relics proceed from an age long anterior to the Christian era, and very far more remote than the Roman conquest. Even supposing the objects now discovered, to be coeval with the time when Herodotus mentions the Pæonian Lakers, they remount to the seventy-fourth Olympiad, answering to four hundred and eighty-four years before Christ—an antiquity to be respected by us poor mortals, who grow old in seventy whirls of our little planet.

Pursuing our investigations, we find that, dark as it may appear in its origin, the end of this Lacustrine Dynasty has a sad light cast upon its cause. The villages, the inhabitants, all evidently perished by a sudden catastrophe; and that catastrophe was Fire.

To understand this, reconstruct, by the architecture of fancy, the primitive villages of the Swiss Lakers. Take your stand on some rock of vantage, whence you can see all that is not water, or snowy summit, covered with black-looking crowded pine-forests that teem with the red-deer—once numerous in Switzerland, now extinct. Throw out your narrow wooden causeways a hundred yards forward into the shallow waters nearest the shore, drive whole quincunxes of fire-poles into the bed of the lake, top them with rudely-fashioned planks, and upon the artificial peninsula now elevated above the waters, transport a bit of rivery Orientalism: dwelling-places for man, gardens, if you wish, or patches of ripened grain (for the catastrophe must have happened at harvest time), such as, even at this day, may be seen floating on the half-quaggy, inundating rivers and channel-pools of China. Penetrate into those circular Red Indian-like wigwams that stand like beehives on the stationary rafts, and see the rude pots upon the earthen shelves, the traps in the floor for catching or preserving fish, the little barbarian children, tethered by the foot with a cord to a projecting stake, lest they fall into the water (both these particularities are mentioned by Herodotus in his account of the Pæonians), and

behold the industrious natives themselves, the pigmy race, with their small, but constructive and not cruel heads, and their long, flexible Hindoo-like hands. Enter their manufactories for their ingenious tools and petty ornaments; and, when you have set the whole nation busy at their several employments, suddenly crush the whole of your scene and drama by the irruption of some wild band of warlike Gauls, who annihilate our poor aborigines, and their fragile dwellings, by casting fire-balls into the Lake-villages, and killing or carrying away the inhabitants.

No other combination of circumstances can account for the appearances which the remains of the Lake villages present. The carbonised corn, the pieces of wood half burnt, the marks of fire everywhere, all testify to the destruction of these villages by fire. Then, again, it is apparent that all industry stopped on a sudden. The workman was at his polishing, the housewife was grinding corn by hand between two flat stones, but, by a fate worse than that denounced upon Jerusalem—"the one taken and the other left"—of our poor Lake-people none were left. The late explorers of these mysteries came, at Moosseedorf, upon a marvellous heap of objects of industry, which, by their state and number, crowded over a considerable area, proved that the discoverers were standing on the site of the village manufactory of industrial implements. Professor Troyon showed me many proofs that it was so—pieces of serpentine, half-fashioned and thrown away because they had been broken in the cutting, and rendered unfit for use; split stag's-horn also rejected; and, more affecting still, instruments that were not thrown away because of defect, but were dropped unfinished because of a sudden catastrophe: axes that lay beside the handles, into which time was not given to insert them; poniards yet unsharpened; needles or hair-pins yet unpointed.

He who visits Pompeii is not so much affected by the architecture he finds there, as by the signs of human life that realise the sudden destruction of the city. The woman's crouching form, impressed upon the lava that had filled a cellar, interests the heart more than hundreds of tessellated pavements. The remains fetched up from the subaqueous Pompeiis of Switzerland also produce this touching and human effect. They are more than books or oldest parchments wherein to read how race after race of men do verily pass away, according to old Homer's deathless simile, like leaves on trees. Science, too, on such evidences of abrupt conclusions to things, is wonderfully impelled to speculate on the wherefore of these stern closings-up of human periods. It is as if some power had grown tired of a particular creation. Strong relation here to the geology of nature, in which the mintage of preceding eras is found suddenly to cease; the medals, indeed, laid up in the stupendous repositories of a past creation, but the die that stamped them broken for ever, and cast away as a thing of no account. No other wise is it with



the geology of man, with human relics subterrene or subaqueous. In the midst of their full life they were suddenly and utterly destroyed; if not by a volcano or an earthquake that engulphs or overwhelms them, by man's own rage. The excavations of Wroxeter display a people suddenly crushed by some other people. The conquered are gone: the conquerors themselves have passed away. Similarly, the Swiss lakes are now giving up their records of hasty catastrophes, and nations blotted out for ever. But why, so sudden? Why so complete these destructions? Here, the doombook is silent and decipherless.

I can only glance at later eras to be read in the contents of Professor Troyon's museum. Arranged with infinite knowledge, this complete collection rises from the age of stone and wood to that of bronze (which composite material, though imperfectly mixed, does, singularly enough, precede any demonstration of simple iron), and so on to periods, still remote, but which, like the Eocene and Pliocene of Geology, are assimilated to our own time by form and material; periods in which the luxury of the precious metals, and the beauty of gems, far from being unknown, were displayed in works of human fancy, then young and vigorous, which modern art but feebly imitates.

There is, however, one group of relics of the ante-Roman period, evidences of an event that probably occurred two centuries before Christ, which I cannot pass over in silence, since these evidences contrast most strikingly with any revelations that we obtain of the harmless, childlike, and in all respects—except the poniards—peaceful people of the Lakes.

The time had grown warlike: as the bronze spear-heads and swords demonstrate. The human beings had grown larger: I could almost insinuate my hand into the inflexible bronze circle without a clasp, which was called a woman's bracelet, while a woman's bronze girdle, with clasp, gave no wasp-like idea of the women's waists of the period. Society had left the lakes, as too tame, in order to dwell in the hills and forests: living, to construct bloody altars; dying, to be burnt and potted in tumuli. The relics I was now surveying came from a tumulus opened some years ago, under the direction of Professor Troyon, of course in a forest, on a hill. The hill and the forest are about five miles inland from Lausanne. The relics are three earthen pots which are filled with a calcined-looking stuff; then, sundry small bones of animals; then a number of warlike implements, and a still greater number of female ornaments, consisting of glass-bead necklaces and bracelets, that have an Egyptian character, and a very curious appendage, like a little bronze cage with a round white stone loose in it—a child's rattle, in fact.

These objects were found in the following order: Lowest were the earthen pots that held all which had once been a hero, or heroes.

Above these, came a vast assemblage of bones, supposed to be those of the warrior's favourite animals, which were slain in order that they might accompany him into Hades. At the summit of the tumulus—crowning the terrible interest—were four skeletons of females, supposed to be the warrior's four wives, also sent after him to Hades.

Concentrating the interest, I take the professor's account of the uppermost skeleton. It was that of a young female, in an attitude of supplication and wild agony. The knees were bent, as if she had implored for life; the arms were cast on high, as if in frantic deprecation of her fate. She had evidently been tossed upon the top of the pile, and her limbs yet retained the very posture in which she died. Then earth and stones had been thrown hastily over the corpse, to crush out the remains of life, if any remains of life there were. A large stone had shattered one of her feet; another lay across her arm, the bone of which it had broken.

"Was she stoned to death?" I asked: "No," replied the professor: "she was probably slaughtered at a stone-altar, which was close to the tumulus, and in which the customary blood-basins of the heathen are still to be seen in situ—for; the altar, as we had others of the same kind, we did not remove from its place. Besides, it was the wish of the owner of the wood that the relic should remain on his property."

"Did you preserve the skeleton?" "I could not. It fell into a thousand pieces in being removed from the pile. But here is the young creature's skull; and you see by the teeth (magnificent are they not?) that the poor thing was young."

I was struck by the preservation of the small and perfect teeth; and moreover by the fact that the skull was beautifully and intellectually formed.

"Ay!" said the professor, "it was an affecting sight to see that skeleton uncovered, telling its own poor history of two thousand years ago! Several ladies, who were present at the exhumation (the whole search into the tumulus took four days; and, as it excited great interest, was attended by many people), shed tears as they looked at the remains."

I felt how possible it was, even for a man, to have wept at such a drama; and the thought occurred to me, "Eras do not always rise to better things! The poor gentle savages on their artificial islets would not have done the deed which the nation of the forest, capable as it was of higher arts, arms, and manufactures, so fanatically perpetrated. Was there ever a priest upon the tethered rafts of the Lakers? We find no trace of him! But here was evidently a grand Sacrificator, and an unexceptionable Altar. Blessed be the Faith which has overturned every sacrificial altar save that of the loving heart!"

Here, according to all the laws of climax, I should end; but I cannot help throwing out

one hint in parting to the antiquarian explorers of my own country:

"Look well into the British Lakes."

### HYSTERIA AND DEVOTION.

To whichever page of history we turn, we find a family likeness in all the mental manifestations of the human family. The same physiological phenomena appear generation after generation, century after century, and no matter under what form of faith—Pagan or Christian, Jew, Turk, or Infidel. In the wild excitement of the Dancing Dervish we recognise the same spirit as that which led the Flagellant to bare his back to the lash, and walk through the market-place with the red blood streaming from shoulder to heel; and in the Assassin of the Mountains, who rushes into Paradise mad with hachshish and fanaticism, we see the twin brother of him who storms the gates of the Christian grave in the distinct belief of saintly direction. It is all the same thing, the same cause, with a slight variation in the manner only, of the result. One belief or mental condition we find under every dispensation, and that is the belief in extraordinary religious experiences and extraordinary religious revelations. Prophets and oracles, ghost-seers and visionaries, wonder-workers and miracle-mongers, troop in crowds through the pages of history, and the modern world is beset by the same, with nothing changed but dress and name—broadcloth and tweeds in lieu of padusoy suits and linen epohds; table-turnings, spirit-rappings, and revivals, in the place of witchcraft, communion with angels, the gift of prophecy, and the power of God.

Moral epidemics are as catching as fevers, and creeds and experiences come into fashion after their due seed-time of neglect and derision. But the most singular thing is, the persistence with which people call a certain physiological condition by high religious names, though they have branded that same condition as devil's work or imposture when manifested outside the pale of their special church. The Convulsionnaires, who writhed, and foamed, and beat their heads against stone walls, and flung themselves into cataleptic fits before the tomb of the Archdeacon Paris, were quite convinced that catalepsy was a divine condition, and that the great mysteries of Heaven were best revealed by strong hysterics. The nuns of Loudun, who had gone through the same experiences before them, were equally sure that their state was due to witchcraft and the devil. Urban Grandier had bewitched them; and the handsome, clever, dissolute priest had to pay with his life the penalty attached in those days to the hysterical mania of unmarried young women. The whole story of the bewitched everywhere is only a diary of catalepsy or epilepsy, hysteria or scrofula, with a great deal of ignorance and superstition superadded. These are truly and literally the tap roots of all the supernaturalism extant. This supernaturalism, this divine afflatus and influence, is still more

marked in the East than in the West. We Saxons have never come up to the feats of the Swinging Fakirs, to the self-inflicted tortures of the Sûnyâsis, to the marvellous power of temporary annihilation of the Absorbed. Just as our jugglery is less esoteric and more cumbersome than theirs, so is our nervous organisation less intense. Yet, indeed, no Eastern devotee ever attempted a greater marvel than did that American lady-medium not so long ago, when she underwent all the pains and throes of maternity to give human life and human intelligence to a certain motive machine, a thing of chains and springs and pulleys, which were to be vivified by her into a new saviour of mankind. No Sûnyâsi would have dreamed of such a conjunction of hysteria and mechanics. The Easterns are beyond us chiefly in the biological effects common under the name of spirit rappings and spirit communications. If one of our miracle men can make me hear music and singing from the four corners of the ceiling, and when the only instrument in the room is an old worn out guitar that apparently plays itself and sings to its own accompaniment; if he can call up spirits from the grave, and tell me the secrets of the other life, finish Byron's unfinished poems, and round off Plato's fragmentary philosophy; the Eastern wizards can do quite as much, and with a less expenditure of vital forces. A Hindoo burglar, well up in his trade, can "hold the eyes" of the inmates of the house he enters, so that they shall not be able to see door or weapon, though they well know where both stand, and in half an hour, when they are not wanted, will find them all close at hand; and the power of the evil eye is by no means scoffed at; even by English ladies of sense and education, when crafty old hags sit cross-legged at the gate, yelling and cursing from sunrise to sundown, and the child falls mysteriously ill the next day. The witches of Huntingdonshire, of Auldearne, Salem, and the Blockula, did no more; the bewitched did no less; and both East and West must mingle together in the smoke that issues from the bubbling caldron, and in the magic circle round the footsteps of the enchanter.

But hysteria sometimes assumes other forms, and leaves off necromancy and intercourse with spirits to take to sudden conversion and orthodox godliness. Yet even here the East again runs before us, holding the torch to show the way. The excitement of the Marabout, the rapture of the Absorbed, the fervour of the Assassin, the gloomy fanaticism of the Thug, when he dedicates body, soul, and life to Divè; and, earlier still, the initiated into the greater mysteries of Eleusis, the visitor to the Cave of Trophonius, the wild Moenads crying, "Bacche! Bacche! Evoë! Evoë!" all offer examples of sudden conversion from a worldly to a religious life, as genuine as those which took place on the Mourners' Seat in the Backwoods Revivals, or as those now convulsing Belfast and the north of Ireland with hysteric groans. The physiological condition was the same: the only difference was in the name given to it. We would speak slight-

ingly of no human creed. We would cast no doubt or scorn on even the wildness of sincerity, or sneer at the most fantastic forms of faith; but we would call things by their right names—at least by such names as seem to our reason and experience to be right; and when we see a group of howling hysterical people, we must altogether decline to say that they are divinely possessed, or specially gifted with superior gifts. They are in a state of high nervous excitement, in an abnormal physical condition altogether; but we do not take that to be a miracle, or the sign of God's direct dealing with them, no more than we take madness to be a sign of special grace—which yet was a doctrine held by many wise men under the Cæsars, and is still devoutly believed by many ignorant people of our own day behind the Swiss mountains.

The Revivals in Ireland seem to be nowise different to the Convulsionary movement or to the Eastern excesses spoken of before; they seem to be nothing more or less than a special direction of what may be called epidemic hysteria. They present all the features of hysteria, just as the American Revivals did, years ago. But the symptoms are modified—the disease is evidently not so severe. There has been nothing yet like the experiences of Peter Cartwright, the brawny Backwoods preacher, who struck down men and women by hundreds in his monster camp meetings, and for every case of mental disease counted a soul snatched from sin to grace. Under his powerful preaching, modest young women, flushed and dishevelled, like so many Bacchantes, drunk with preaching instead of wine, went leaping and shouting over the camp, crying, "Glory! Glory!" till they made the old brown woods ring again; strong men yelled and foamed and fainted under the excess of their terrors and the heavy conviction of sin; and dissolute young "rowdies," who had gone to scoff, got caught in their own toils, and fell before the altar, bellowing for pardon and mercy before the prayer for sinners came to an end. The Irish Revivals are considerably milder than their pattern; but they are none the less diseased manifestations because the disease is not so virulent. They have had their groups of grovelling sinners howling, "Glory," and "Pardon," "Jesus," and "Amen," as the preacher bade; and there have been some so powerfully affected as to call forth the most enthusiastic delight from watching and believing Evangelical ministers;—for the more excitable the nervous organisation the nearer to grace and holiness. But, though the Irish preachers have failed to produce the mighty effects common to Peter Cartwright's ministry, they have had the gift of working miracles; or, rather, the Revival has been accompanied by miracles. The *Daily News* of the 19th of September, quoting the *North British Mail*, gives the following story:

"A REVIVALIST MIRACLE.—We have just seen a letter from a father in Moyse, two miles from the town of Newton-Limavady, to his son in Greenock, in which, speaking of the revivals in that district,

he says: 'We had the pleasure of hearing two young converts address an assembly at different times since you went away. They were both Papists before they were converted, but are now true Catholics, being brought to the knowledge of the truth. One of them was dumb all his days until stricken down the second time, and the love of God was shed abroad in his heart so very much that he prayed that the Lord might open his mouth and let loose his tongue, that he might tell others what God had done for his soul. From that time God heard him, and did open his mouth, and he can now speak as plain as any man, and it is only five months since he was stricken down, and he is now able to read a little; but he has a very great many portions of Scripture that he can repeat, that he has learned by hearing since that time; and he can address an assembly midding well. Up to his being stricken down no one ever knew a word he said, not even his own people, who held communication with him by signs.'"

Others have had signs and symbols printed on their breasts; many have borne about them the sacred name of "Geasus" written by the agency of the Holy Spirit; which, however, resolved itself into a darning needle and the blue-bag, combined with a daring contempt of ordinary orthography; and some have had blood stains and wounds on their hands and feet. Others have had miraculous visions; and one "good woman," quoted by Dr. M'Cosh, had certain spiritual doubts and fears which a lonely female figure came to relieve. But the figure "was far too like the Virgin to comport with the ideas of a Protestant," says Dr. M'Cosh. Some have been struck blind and deaf, and many have gone crazed—which is by far the most natural termination of the movement. Of the general willingness to believe supernaturalism in the most natural thing whatsoever, the following anecdote is a convincing proof: A young woman was crying very earnestly for mercy, when a lad, seeing a flash of light on the window, cried out, "She will get peace now. I see the light!" The others caught up and echoed the cry; and though the candle which had caused that sudden flash came in sight, they were hardly to be convinced that they had not seen a supernatural sign of God's gracious acceptance of this woman's soul! Yet if these nervous feelings run into any of the ordinary mesmeric phenomena, the ministers then put them down as of Satan, not of God. Hysteria is divine; but, hysteria manifested as somnambulism or as mesmerism is simply devilish.

This movement is not confined to the poor only. Certainly the poor and ignorant have borne the largest share in it; and the more poor and the more ignorant they are, the larger has been their share. The sequence is logical enough. But they are not quite isolated. Dr. M'Cosh says, "It is not to be forgotten that not a few of the educated classes have felt the power of this movement. I have heard of between twelve and twenty students who have experienced a spiritual change during the past summer. One young gentleman, who moves in a genteel circle, and who has himself, I believe, been savingly impressed, told me a few weeks ago that he knew of upwards of twenty persons, young gentlemen

and ladies, among his acquaintance in Belfast, who were seriously inquiring after salvation." A gentleman of some property, "connected with the liquor traffic," and owner of several public-houses in Newcastle, was so impressed, during a Revivalist meeting held there, that he declared in full congregation his intention of giving up all connexion with this said liquor traffic, and of living in the ways of teetotalism for the future. The meeting was taken by storm, and the declaration "impressed many powerfully." Much stress has been laid by the Revivalists, and those of the Evangelical Alliance favourable to its excesses, on the decrease of drunkenness, and the increase of good works and practical piety among the converted; or, as the phrase goes, "those who have got religion." One clergyman gives us quite a picture of a Christian Arcadia:

"The moral change in the Protestant population seems to keep pace with the religious movement. Drunkenness has almost entirely disappeared from among them. I understand that the collector of revenue in one district—not a very large one—has stated that the consumption of spirits within his boundary has fallen off at the rate of 600*l.* per month. The testimony of all whom I met was to the same effect. Rioting and ill-conduct in the small towns have also passed away. I myself visited one evening, after dark, the public-houses of a once very drunken town, and found them empty of customers. Quietness and peace have entered into neighbourhoods which before were torn by party strife. A gentleman who is in the habit of examining witnesses in the sessions' courts told me of the great change which he observed in the manner of taking an oath, and the cautious way in which testimony is now given lest anything should be stated amiss. A friend observed to me that even petty thefts of fruit from orchards and gardens, which he used to be aware of, are now not known; and the churchwardens of a parish church have remarked poor people, whom they never knew to contribute before, now dropping their pence and halfpence into the alms-box."

Another speaks of congregations of ministers of all denominations—Episcopalians and Presbyterians, Independents, Methodists, Baptists, and Romanists, meeting in paternal love and Christian union, reading, and praying, and singing praises together. Another clergyman, "a man of sound judgment," speaks of the peace and quiet of Sandy-row, the former scene of riot and mischief, but where now "the policemen say there is no drunkenness or trouble of any kind." "A driver of the car yesterday said that in one place in the country he had seen people fall down thirty at a time, crying for mercy. 'What did he think it was?' 'Why sure it must be the works of the Almighty!' The Catholics say it's the work of the devil, but I always tell them, Would the devil teach people to pray?" Mr. Sewell says that "even Romanists are standing in awe, and that many have professed conversion; that there is no drunkenness, and no work doing at the police courts." The Rev. B. Trench says that a solicitor told him litigation had ceased; a publican, that no man could live by that trade; lost women were fast

disappearing—"they had cried to Jesus for mercy;" the savings banks' deposits had greatly increased, which at least shows commendable thrift in the saints; political feeling was dead; quarrelling at an end; one editor of a public newspaper "has been entirely incapacitated from collecting his thoughts on any other subject;" and "compositors in a printing-office have been unable, through strong feelings of sin and bodily weakness, to go on with their ordinary work." Others assert "the most entire change in the manners and morals of the people;" the general habit of family worship and the discontinuance of swearing and profane language; the extinction of religious feuds, the abolition of sectarian differences, and the rolling of the full flood of harmony, peace, and goodwill. Unfortunately, those fatal figures—those unenthusiastic, disbelieving, obstinate statistics—come to destroy all these beautiful assertions. In the four months immediately preceding the Revivals—from January to April, inclusive—there was a falling off of one hundred and twenty-nine in the number of persons committed for crime (chiefly for being "drunk and disorderly") as compared with the four corresponding months of the previous year. From May, when the Revivals began, to August, the excess of persons so committed was no fewer than four hundred and eighty-two, compared with the four corresponding months in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight. Thus, we have indubitable evidence that there was less crime when there were no Revivals, no Christian Arcadia, no miracles, and no hysteria, but just the usual plodding, everyday virtues which attempted nothing supernatural, and were content with simple duty, than there was when people were foaming at the mouth as they yelled for grace and mercy—grovelling by scores in the dust and mud at the feet of ignorant fanatics dealing largely in universal damnation, and the impossibility of the non-Revivalist to be saved. The most immoral scenes take place on Sunday nights; precisely on those very nights when the preaching is wildest, loudest, most excited. Fifty persons and more have generally, on Monday mornings, to answer to the Belfast magistrates for their offences of the Sabbath evening previous. And, indeed, this is only the unanswerable logic of human nature, which always makes a more turbulent outfall for itself in proportion to the strictness of the barrier it overleaps; and which, when thoroughly moved and excited—no matter how in the beginning—turns to excess and immorality as the best relief known to the passionate and ignorant.

It is gratifying, though, to know that all pious men are not the dupes of the physiological phenomena sought to be ranked as divine gifts. Clergymen in the Revival district, have written their strong and sorrowful protest against the whole movement. One, who has met with much contumely and scorn because of his want of faith, speaks of the total want of any real reformation among the "struck." They speak more nasally, often quote the Scriptures, see

visions, read their names in the "Lamb's Book of Life"—but not that of their unbelieving pastor—and have revelations by the score. But they are not a whit better in outside morals, and a vast deal worse inwardly, if spiritual pride, uncharitableness, and self-conceit be things to be ranked as moral deteriorations. Another clergyman, who has been much engaged among the Revivalists, and who writes his experiences, takes no more cheerful tone. He says, boldly, that the more marked the hysterical phenomena, the more generally immoral is the life; that "many of the subjects of the delusion are worse than they were before, if spiritual pride and arrogance, self-righteousness, and a disposition to prefer their own inspirations to the teaching of the Bible, are symptoms;" that "a diseased state of mind, has, in some cases, been induced, which threatens to become chronic; that instances of insanity are by no means rare, and homes, once happy and industrious, have presented scenes at which any Christian heart would ache." This same clergyman also speaks of the "bitter persecution" manifested in Ulster against all who do not believe in the divine origin and direction of this movement, and distinctly asserts that, "almost without exception," the Revival has not produced one instance of actual, open, undeniable "newness of life." A medical man, with all his medical skill and knowledge engrafted on to a very decided Christian faith, advocates the dashing of cold water into the faces of the "struck." Cold water has always been the best corrective of hysteria; and the old monks were right when they made it one of their means of exorcising the devil out of the unclean. "Hysteria is an accident, like a flood of tears," says this M.D., writing to the Daily News of the nineteenth of September; "it has nothing to do with the truth or not of the religious emotions, which can only be judged of by its merits in improved conduct. The hysteria should be firmly and sternly discountenanced as a morbid symptom, and one very capable of spreading by imitation. Cold water dashed upon the face, so as to wet the hair and clothes, and to make the hysterical person as uncomfortable as possible, with the sotto voce announcement to send for large scissors to cut off the female's hair, or a razor to shave the effeminate man's beard, would, if resolutely adopted by a resolute man, determined to conquer the hysteria, put a stop to it in the persons affected, and on those around liable to be affected by imitation."

It seems to us that this M.D.'s advice is the soundest practical good sense. It is a pity there is no one with sufficiently large will to try its effect in Belfast. Every one knows how very infectious nervous diseases are. Madness may be caught literally like small-pox; and one hysterical girl in a community is sure to be countenanced by half a dozen companions. A boy was whipped not long ago at a school, and fell into nervous convulsions; immediately there was a succession of small boys in convulsions, falling into that state from sympathy and imitation, not very un-

like what the Revivalists do in Ulster. The worst mischief is in the spread of these religious manias. Wales is becoming affected now, and the Times of October the eighth gives the following account of how they are proceeding there:

"REVIVALS IN WALES.—Simultaneously with the outbreak of Revivals in Ireland, religious meetings on a large scale were held in various parts of the principality, and the movement has since been making considerable progress. The effects produced on those who attend these gatherings appear to be similar to those described in the accounts from Ireland. Some fall to the ground shrieking and crying, while others indulge in an hour or two of prayer. The addresses of the preachers are fervent and enthusiastic, and the excitement under which they labour is easily communicated to a Welsh audience. At Aberystwith the Revival seemed to be dying out fast, but within the last week or two it has derived fresh strength from quite an unexpected source. A party of militia men are stationed in the town, and they have come to the determination to hold daily prayer meetings. Not satisfied with these 'spiritual exercises,' as they are termed, once a day, the men now assemble every morning before parade and every evening after parade. In Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire the Revivalists say the movement is rapidly gaining ground, and preachers who have been listened to for many years by their congregations with the utmost composure now produce an extraordinary effect. No attempt, however, has yet been made to show that crime has decreased in consequence of this change. The inhabitants of the border counties have not been much affected by the Revivals at present, although a clergyman of the Church of England preached on the subject a fortnight ago at Newport, Monmouthshire, and expressed a hope that the 'good work' would extend to his own town and his own congregation. At Tredegar, however, a revival of temperance has occurred, and this, it is said, is the forerunner of the conversion of many. An itinerant cutler has induced three thousand persons in this place alone to sign the pledge, and subscriptions to the amount of two thousand pounds have been received towards building a new temperance hall. This is a large sum of money, the fact being taken into consideration that a large proportion of those who have given it are miners. In no part of Wales have phenomena similar to those reported to have occurred in Ireland been witnessed—no one has had 'revelations,' nor have any symbols been stamped on the persons of the Revivalists. The meetings, however, have occasionally been vast, and hundreds are unable to get near enough to the preacher to hear a word of his address. Prayer meetings are daily held in numerous places, and supplications offered for the spread of the Revival."

Nothing is more melancholy than to see the greedy eagerness with which any abnormal physical condition whatever is caught up as food for superstition, and as evidence of a supernatural dispensation. We know so little of what is really natural, that surely it is simply presumption to say that anything not quite easily accounted for by our present knowledge is, therefore, outside the healthy laws of nature, and only to be explained by reference to direct miracle. God does not deal by partial laws, still less by capricious movements and temporary and local revelations. And, indeed, the Revivalists get themselves in-

volved in a terrible labyrinth if they assert the divine origin of hysteria in one place; for if so, what about the others? What about the frantic Assassin, the Dervish who falls as if dead after his mad religious exercises? What about the Convulsionnaires, the Bewitched, the earlier disciples of mesmerism, the medium, who attempts to give real birth, or life, to a wooden man, with clockwork inside? What about Johanna Southcote, Irving and his tongues, Thom, the second advent, or the ordinary religious maniac in the asylums? If hysteria and nervous excitement are to go as divine conditions in one place, and under one name, so must they in another.

The Irish Revivals, like the American, do not differ one hair-breadth in origin from all the other phenomena and manifestations that fill the pages of history. The pythoness, and the young American girl who leaped over the camp with streaming hair and frantic gestures, the Irish men and women now foaming in Belfast, the Eastern devotees, the Revivalists, the Convulsionnaires, and the hysterically Bewitched, are all of one birth and one cause. The moving power with each was, and is, Disease combined with Ignorance; hysteria, nervous excitement, weak intellect, and superstition, having to answer for all the supernaturalism and divine influence supposed to exist. We say this sorrowfully and tenderly; not irreverently nor scornfully of any human creature's faith, but in the cause of truth, and as believers in the wholeness and wholesomeness of nature and humanity.

#### MOLOCH'S CHAPEL OF EASE.

How comes it that we pass and repass that heavy yellow building in the very heart of Brunensberg, which lifts itself in a monstrous massiveness, with a strange fluttering reverence and sense as of an awful mystery? How comes it that when darkness is well set in, and lights glimmer through the trees and in the house-tops, and we come lounging by, those tall windows, all yawning wide open and sending forth a yellow reeking glare, exercise so unholy a fascination on us, and draw us in irresistibly under the huge archway?

Hard to fight with, that mesmeric influence. Resist as we may, we are drawn up that wide spacious stair. For all things here are the broad roads, leading, it may be, to perdition, with not a single narrow gate to inconvenience passengers. Step lightly now, for here is the threshold; and as Moslems doff their slippers at the mosque gate, so must it be with profane hat, coat, or offensive stick. So, sir, hand your rich mantle to the vergers in puce and snuff-brown livery, and let us, with heads reverently bowed, enter Moloch's Chapel of Ease.

Noble and spacious are the halls of Moloch, with springing dome overhead, elaborately wrought, and profusest garnishing after the renaissance pattern. Gilding tips fair all little prominences, and delicate tinting fills in the panelling, reflected many times in spread-

ing mirrors. Moloch's artificers were cunning men, men of taste. Sweetest little cherubs sit up aloft, watching over no poor soul's interest, but busy paddling among floating clouds, and giving proper exercise to their little pink proportions.

The air reeks, and is at sick-chamber heat. The sacrifices are going on with a strange energy. From twelve noon until twelve midnight, they will not cease for a minute. The furnace is in full work, the dervishes overtaken more cruelly than starving curates at home.

Hard, very hard, is it to know what manner of worship is Moloch's, for the devotees are crowded together, wedged fast and close together, about his altar. Triple, quadruple rows! over which, by straining desperately, a short glimpse is gained of the long green sacrificial altar, and of the offerings. Moloch, amiable god, does not require living babies for his furnace, only what some of us love better than our babies—only our gold and silver pieces. See the dervishes and the dervish-in-chief, all furnished with their pastoral crooks or rakes, which they manipulate with an infinite skill—see them fenced in densely by that quickset human hedge, that heaving, gasping, fretting, exulting, despairing, human hedge.

Surely never was such piety as this; never do pilgrims in church, struggle so painfully for front places, strain their necks so cruelly to hear and to see, not to lose a word or a form of the great ceremonial. See, the chief dervish is commencing, glancing to the right and to the left, and turning languidly that glittering four-armed instrument before him. Whir-r-r! The ball is gone from his sacred fingers; is spinning round in its channel with a low burr. Precious moments, holy seconds for the human hedge. Whence shoot forth suddenly a legion of stretched arms, lunging desperately at the cabalistic numbers, dripping gold and silver here, there, everywhere; on the red and on the black, on the odd and on the even, on "pass" or on "fall-short," on "the column," on twelve, the first, or on the fatal make or mar "zero!" But a green sward a second before, it is now sown broadcast with glittering metals. Ball still galloping in its mahogany circus. Hark! It is spent—is dancing and clattering over brass impediments. "Elle ne va plus!" sings chief dervish. (It runs no more.) More dancing, sharp click, and then sudden silence. It has gone home; is at rest in its coloured cell; while panting hearts, flushed cheeks, dewy foreheads, bend over to hear the dervish chant out the result. "Vingt-six!" (twenty-six) sings he, from his cold lungs. "Black has it; so has even; so has pass." And lo! out fly the long feelers or rakes; and, with a strange clatter clatter, sweep in noiselessly a flood of metal. They are the fatal siekles getting in the metallic harvest. With it is raked up hope and happiness, peace, and refreshing sleep!

Stray pieces here and there have stood the storm, and lie with a soft complacency on the ground they have conquered. Fondly do their masters regard them from afar, as do racing men.



their successful barbs. For them now comes showering down, with heavy thud-thud, metallic hailstones, aimed with a strange precision at these happy survivors. Huge silver pieces are spouting in a shower from the dervish's hand, held high. One little yellow disc sleeps peacefully on the magic winning number, vingt-six. Another yellow disc, one half as fortunate, but still blessed, is taking horse exercise on twenty-six, and another number is à cheval, as the phrase runs. A third is miraculously astride on six bare-backed steeds, of which happy twenty-six is one. But they are all happy, more or less; only the little original disc which has twenty-six all to himself is *terque quaterque felix*! For him is being heaped up privately two dainty columns of other yellow discs, to be gently propelled over by the long fin of the dervish. A lean, heated face, with ragged hair plumage, breaks out of the human hedge; a lean, wasted, and much discoloured claw clutches at the little columns with a horrid greed. Attention! Hush!

The game is being made again; metallic sowing-time comes round again; the ball is once more coursing round its mahogany circus; and so are the sickening "scenes in the circle" repeated over and over again, and with a never failing popularity.

In that other chamber hard by, under swimming Cupids too, goes forward another shape of ritual; but to the same divinity. His furnace is alight there too. Here it is chanted out of a Talmud, or Koran, or Mormon book written in black and red characters, bound and lettered on the back "*Rouge et Noir*." A sober and decent congregation sitting tranquilly in their chairs; no lunging, no violent stretching of arms, but each busy with his book of Hours, read—curious to say—with a long pin. This is a chapel for persons of quality: only substantial holocausts are laid down upon the altar. And there in the centre, high heaped and glittering, is that banquet of specie; layers of bank curl-papers, tureens running over with gold drops, long fat sausage-rolls of silver, all prepared for such as truly love and serve the great divinity, Moloch. Prayer-books are to be seen, lying on the ground well thumbed, and punctured all over with pin-holes; which apparent profanity is but these poor folks' manner of prayer. So many pin-holes, so much devout ejaculation. That young man with the florid face and straw-coloured whiskers, and who is, as it were, washing his fingers in a golden heap, has used a bushel of such cards. About him there is a legend afloat; as, indeed, there is about most persons in that chapel. He is a sea-captain newly paid off, and he came here, flush of prize-money, and of that good-natured milk which mixes in the blood of many sea-captains. Boldly he faced Moloch; and five hundred of that god's golden pieces flowed into his pocket. Business then took him home; but within a week he was back again, swearing with sea-captains' oaths to beard Moloch still further. Since which fatal day, the golden current has flowed steadily from him, until it has left him

washing his fingers in that last heap, and doubtful whether to go on, or in his own phrase "belay!" Belay, indeed, he had best, while there is yet time. That small heap is all that remains to him; Moloch has long since gotten back his own, as, indeed, he usually does. Dervishes with canonicals off, and when they have relapsed into private life, whisper to us, rubbing their fingers, that they deem all won money only so much lent money, to be carried awhile in the pocket; but to be rendered back eventually with a terrible interest. There are legends concerning even the dervishes, certain of whom, sallow, careworn men, are pointed at as having once possessed fortunes of their own, long since prayed (or played) away to the last franc, on Moloch's altar; and the legends say that the king has generously turned them into his priests, and now generously allows them eighteen francs a day for their service. Legend, too, concerning the pale-cheeked Parisian lady, with her little girl, who is moving so restlessly from room to room, from window to window, and taking secret and wistful glances over at the altar. Her husband is playing, praying there—a mere boy and *petit-maitre*—married for his looks. The legend runs, that the Parisian lady, married for her ingots, had come down by herself, leaving the boy-husband at home; had met with a frightful tempest of ill-luck; had lost of her ingots one thousand pounds sterling; and had now set the boy-husband to strive if he could not fight it back for her. The little girl clinging to her skirt knows not that it is her portion now balancing on a point—the point of Pin! Madame cannot contain herself longer, and is bending over, nervously asking for news—good news. A toss and a shrug, and display of open palms, is sufficient answer. A key from madame's neck is put into the child's little hand, and she is presently skipping homeward, bound for mamma's private desk, quite proud and joyful. This legend will see its end to-night.

There is a square, shock-haired head, long estranged from comb or brush exercise, with a face dull and wooden, and laid down on Kalmuck lines. That Tartar face never lifts its eye from the green, knows no distraction all day or all night long, he plays and prays on "a system," steadily, unswervingly, and with fatal sacrifices. Moloch chuckles with delight when he sees his followers taking to "systems." The road to his kingdom is paved—not with good intentions, but with systems. Unflinchingly he doubles his moneys when beaten, and tries that long game with Moloch.

There is a terrible old lady, past all other enjoyment, playing fiercely, and with an earnestness truly diabolic. She sits beside a dervish, for convenience, and has a private rake all to herself, which she flourishes as a witch does her professional crooked-top stick, and yet her gold is leaving her surely. Her notes are being steadily transmuted in the alchemist's pot, and, by a process truly beautiful, see the specie trickling like a golden rill from the cunning fingers of the dervish, to be clutched by her



palsied hands and temporarily made use of, but sure to trickle back again into the furnace. Fearful wretch! Withdraw, and cease to struggle with Destiny!

Music on the right!—a clash orchestral breaking in for an instant and cut off prematurely. It is but a door opened and closed again. Here is a grand transformation scene. A wave of the wand, and the daintily coloured walls open, and the mirrors and pink Cupids are wheeled away to the right and to the left, disclosing the fairy ball-room and transformation scene, its white and gold pillars, its yellow effulgence from long lines of chandeliers and gallant company of dark-robed sprites and elves—elves in gossamer robes and flowering wreaths—all flying round to that wild saltarello, the Valse Mephistopheles! Appropriate music! Chief of orchestra—black, vivacious spirit, recalling strangely the likeness of that celebrated familiar—is hounding on his men of music furiously. Clash from Eastern cymbals, with fiercest racing of fiddle notes, and round sweep the wretched company! Inspiring Valse Mephistopheles! These are Moloch's own musicians, playing for Moloch's own congregation; and a sort of embodiment of that great divinity himself—a huge white heathen god carrying off a young lady who, in point of dress, is only *too* classical—strides out of the wall at one side, and overlooks the whole ceremonial. He is not singular in his pastime, for are there not below him fifty stout Romans, in evening coats, struggling to all appearance with fifty young Sabines, in the grand Mephistopheles Valse? Grand round, once more, to Saracenic clash!

To that restless group hovering on the edge—looking on, but more frequently looking backward—the business seems sickly and insipid enough. Their hearts are fluttering on the edge of the great abyss of chance—chink of metal is their true dancing music—and so, after coming up in that corner, skirting that group, like disturbed spirits, they glide away back to those enchanting realms where their home is.

Here are calm and softly shaded lights, a decent tranquillity, and ruin on gentlemanly principles back again! The dervishes reading their service in the “most impressive manner,” garnering up the offerings of their faithful in the steadiest fashion. Again the solemn Gregorian chant strikes upon the ear. “*Rouge gagne et couleur!*” Again the clink and shuffle of metals raked home form agreeable musical accompaniment. Only, as it begins to touch on midnight, a sort of “revival” sets in, and worshippers grow fiercer and more importunate in their prayers, singing, “Hear us, Baal!” frantically. The terrible old woman is still there, madly flourishing her rake, but there is nothing else left for her to flourish. So her wicked old face can only follow, in spirit, the retreating moneys; and her wicked old fingers beat the table nervously at every successful coup. With square Shock-head things have gone as ill. Moloch has beaten him, and, what is more cruel still,

his system! So he too may go and sit gnawing his fingers until he is weary; and then, pushing his chair back, may retire, going down with his system into Hades! Watchful familiars shall dust his place clean, and set a neat fresh card, with pin, ready for the next comer.

But our poor florid hay-whiskered sea-captain, with his soft schoolboy nature, how has it been with him and his dwindling heap? A clean void before him. All gone.

The night's service is over; and, standing in the open street, out under the cool night air, we see the wretched penitents, with flustered faces and heavy gait, debouch from that yawning archway; above, the row of smelting furnace doors still open, emitting a hot sultry blast. Whoever would now trip up-stairs lightly, and cautiously drawing aside the muslin curtain, peep into Moloch's chapel, would see the closing ceremonial of this day's worship: Lights half down, upper atmosphere lost in black shadows, and the whole company sitting about the table, counting the spoils—a genuine Rembrandtish effect; faces bending forward, and lighted up with a lurid red; gaunt figures cast upon the wall behind them. Some, busy with dull flickering candles, sealing up gold in rouleaux; others, packing it away in brass-bound coffers; all intent upon their task. Familiars of Moloch! you will not be sorry, when that mysterious taking of stock is accomplished, to stand up, stretching your limbs, and wander homeward to your lonely lodgings.

## THE POSTMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

LATE on the night after my return from France, where I had been living for seven years, my father and youngest sister had left Anna and me alone. We were in a half confidential, half reserved mood, sounding one another's hearts, with fond words shyly spoken, and close questions shyly asked. We sat in a glimmer of fire-light on the old kitchen hearth, where we had played together in our childhood. The low rocking-chair I occupied, the white wooden cricket on which Anna sat beside me, the large painted cupboard, the scoured dresser, the bright pewter plate-covers, and the blue check curtains drawn across the window, were exactly as I had left them. Only everything in the house seemed smaller, dingier, older: it was home; yet not altogether the home my memory had pictured it in the sunny south of France. I could not utter the ill-defined disappointment that I felt in spite of my great joy, and, falling into the silence which is the language of a full heart, I tried to recal my home as it was when I left it.

The home of a tradesman in straitened circumstances: straitened, not by ill-conduct or self-indulgence, but by devotion to study, elegant tastes, and thoughtless liberality. Ours was a poverty to be almost proud of; but it weighed heavily upon our young hearts; deprived, as we were, of maternal or brotherly companionship and aid. Although scarcely able to enter into the intri-

cate details of a neglected business, I remembered the daily warping cares, the petty economies in housekeeping, and the harassment of perpetual claims upon our forethought and energy. My father was a stationer and postmaster in the town of Tonwell; and, upon my twin-sister Anna and myself, now devolved the chief management of both concerns. At that time our townsmen were not a reading or a writing people, and the work was not too much for us; but the perplexities arising from our ignorance of the world, and the want of that sanguine confidence with which young men encounter cares and responsibilities, had been the burden which had worn out the elasticity of our spirits, and sent me from the precarious resources of home to seek a more certain profit in the occupation of an English governess in a family resident abroad. Our youngest sister, Ettie, nine years our junior, had been well educated by the result of my efforts. I, now six-and-twenty, had returned to take once more a share in the greatly increased duties of the post-office.

All the day my father and sisters had been unconsciously comparing me with my former self, and I had watched them furtively, seeking to determine what alterations time had wrought. My father had become a bowed-down, hoary-headed old man, fitted only for a comfortable retirement, but, in reality, more engaged in business than during the prime of his life, soon wearied with the unwonted exertions required by his official post. Ettie had grown up into a lively and beautiful girl of seventeen, amiable, impulsive, and passionately attached to our father; all whose opinions she revered unquestioningly, and to whose indulgent fondness she had been accustomed to appeal against Anna's decisions. But I silently noted the greatest change in my twin-sister. As she sat quietly beside me, her thick hair pushed back from her face, I saw, with sorrow, that her cheeks and lips were pale; her clear grey eyes, that used to wear a look of quiet hopefulness, were dimmed and careworn, and her mouth did not relax so quickly into smiles as in days of old. She had an air of languor and unquietness.

"It is not worth while killing one's self to get a living," I said, gently stroking her wavy hair.

"I shall not kill myself now," she answered, smiling sadly. "I think I should, if you had not come home; for I cannot help worrying a little, now and then, about business. I have not half the influence over my father that you will have. He will think you know more of the world than I know, because you have been abroad, and I have only looked at it through the post-office window."

"Not a very good place for observation," I remarked.

"Not at all, if you wish to keep friends with it," Anna said. "The public are not always civil teachers. But I am not thinking of that just now. I must give you some idea of how my father goes on. We are getting more and more into debt every week. He orders nothing

for the shop but patent medicines and books from the Tract Society. We have pills of every description in such abundance, that, if all known and unknown diseases attacked the townspeople, we could supply specifics for each. As for religious books, the house is crammed with them, and very few persons care to buy them, except to give away, or the clergymen and ministers, who never pay for some months, and then want discount. Of course, the old publishing firms with whom my father used to do business send in their unpaid accounts, and we have no means of meeting them."

"I thought my last remittances would have helped you a little," I said.

"It was like a drop in a bucket," she replied; "still, I intended to pay two or three little bills in the town with it. But I am so sorry—my father is good, and kind, and clever, and a father to respect and reverence in many things. Everybody thinks highly of him; but he has not an atom of worldly forethought or prudence, and the last ten pounds you sent, he gave towards building a day-school connected with his chapel. I did not know it till I saw it on the subscription list, and, when I expostulated with him, he said there would be a blessing upon it, and he trusted to Providence to meet a bill that was to fall due the next week. I had to be the Providence, and borrow the money wherever I could. I am afraid you will blame me, Mary, but I have quite left off going to chapel with my father and Ettie, partly because he gives more than we can afford at collections, and it made me feel angry to see it. I go to church now."

"Church or chapel is all the same to me," I replied.

"I am afraid going abroad has made you a latitudinarian," she said, anxiously.

"We won't have any theology to-night," I answered, kissing her grave face; "tell me about the office work."

"It is altogether altered," she said, with an oppressed, careworn look; "you remember our work used to be over at six in the evening, when the ostler from the Eagle came on horseback to take our seven or eight little letter-bags to meet the mail-coach on the London road; but, as soon as the railway was finished, the trade of Tonwell increased wonderfully, and now a great number of letters are received and despatched here—an average of thirty thousand a week passes through our office; during each day fifty bags come in, and the same number of course go out; all the colliery and iron-works in the neighbourhood are put into our district, and thirty rural offices are under ours, and require my father's occasional inspection; we have to look sharply after them."

"What are the times for the arrival and departure of the mails?" I asked.

"I will tell you briefly," she answered, "but you will learn them soon enough by practice. There is, first, the great morning mail, which comes in at three in the morning. Then, our own bags for the sub-offices have to be made up

and despatched, which occupies us till six o'clock. The letter-office must be opened to the public at seven, and the money-order office at ten. At eleven, there is a mail from our county town, and one to be sent to London. We go on all day, until our great nightwork begins, which lasts till after ten, when we send out our greatest number of bags."

"What part does our father take in the work?" I inquired.

"He is more involved in it than he used to be," she replied; "his accounts have to be strictly and punctually attended to; he has all the letters of complaint and inquiry to answer; he is required to inspect the sub-offices, and see that every official performs his duty; in short, he has more than forty persons to superintend and to pay. He is getting a very old man now."

"So the post-office work actually requires three persons to do it?" I asked.

"Two persons could not possibly do it," she replied; "morning, noon, and night its claims require our full attention. I could not manage in the night without the assistance of the town letter-carrier, who brings the bags from the station. This is no part of his duty, but by helping me he is able to get some of the town letters for the lawyers and other people who are willing to pay him, and deliver them before six in the morning; it is an irregularity, of course, but I do not know what I should do if we were forbidden his assistance."

"Well, Anna?" I said, after a long pause, and I raised her bowed-down head that I might look keenly into her eyes, "after all this hand-to-hand life, is there any of the woman left in you? Are you not crusted over with misanthropy?"

"Not quite," she answered, smiling; "I have a little love left for you and Ettie and my father. But it is rather a weary thing to be chained to the office-counter all the days of my youth; and it is a very painful thing to sacrifice health and spirits and—"

"Beauty!" I added. "Yet beauty and enjoyment and health are not the chief things a woman cares for. Has there been no time for other thoughts to creep in? No time to fancy yourself in another home, with all your future life lying cheerful and blessed before you?"

"I had such a dream once," she replied, "but it was a vain dream without foundation."

"Tell me all about it," I said.

"I will do so," she answered, "and then we will not speak of it again, for I think girls often waste their time and lower their own delicacy by talking and thinking of young men."

"How much time every day do you think we might lawfully devote to such a subject?" I asked, slyly.

"Well, perhaps ten minutes," she added, with her old honest naïveté; "or, if you are positively engaged, and had to write, half an hour would not be too much. But it seems scarcely modest to talk much of them, even to one's sister."

In the quiet hour after midnight, sitting alone upon the kitchen hearth, with such faint and un-

certain light as tempts us to unreserved confidences, because a dim but not altogether impervious veil shades our tell-tale faces, my twin-sister read to me from the pages of her memory her own version of the old, old story, which constitutes the romance of every woman's life. Seven years before its first words had been syllabled to her, and, with the beautiful reticence of her constant nature, she lingered faithfully over its remembrance, dating all things by it as the sacred era of her history, and enshrining it in her heart as the period of her fullest life.

She said I must easily recollect Stephen Ellesmere, the eldest son of the proud and wealthy Tonwell banker: a handsome, gay, frank boy, who had been our admiration when we were both young girls at school. He returned from college at the age of twenty-three, soon after I left home, with the intention of taking some part in the work of the bank, as a preliminary to becoming a partner. He cared little for business beyond bringing the letters to the post-office daily, and in his free, off-hand manner he had assumed a right of entering the office, instead of delivering them through the window. In Anna's first feeling of loneliness after my departure, he had appeared as one who brought a temporary relief and gaiety; and so it came to pass that they were mutually attracted, he by her quiet, melancholy gentleness, and she by his frank and cordial friendliness. My father was blind to what was going on, and his family could never have imagined such an infatuation on his part.

"It was downright insanity," I exclaimed, "for you and Stephen Ellesmere to care for each other."

"I could not help it," she said, simply. "I will tell you how we came to understand one another. It was one sunny winter's day after Christmas, and I was making mince-pies at this dresser. Ettie had gone out with cousin Rhoda, and as I had the office to mind, I opened the little door between it and the kitchen. It was a pleasant morning, the sparrows were chirping quite blithely on the rockery under the window, and I began singing to myself, so I did not hear Mr. Stephen come in; but, looking round, I saw him standing in the doorway, quietly smiling at me. He asked me to go on with my work, and let him warm himself at my fire, and I did so, while he stood looking on, and telling me of all the grand Christmas parties he had been at. Then he talked some nonsense about mince-pies being nicer if made by a sister or a wife; but I laughed so much at the idea of any one belonging to him condescending to make mince-pies, that he was quite disconcerted and silenced for a few minutes, until I drew some from the oven, and as they were nicely baked I offered him one."

"Anna!" I cried, with feigned indignation.

"I did not mean it, I assure you," she said, vehemently; "I never thought of encouraging him. I scarcely know what Stephen said, but I knew from that moment that he believed he loved me."

"And what did he do?" I asked.

"Why—why, he kissed me!" And Anna, red with shame, hid her face in my lap. "It was very wrong, I know," she continued, after a little while, "but I was not twenty, and it seemed so natural for him to do it. I felt very happy at first, but then I was frightened, because motherless girls cannot be too careful in their conduct. So I said hurriedly, 'I will register your letter now, Mr. Stephen,' and we went into the office; but my hand trembled till I could not hold the pen, and Stephen had to copy the address and wait till I could sign the receipt. 'I have not vexed you, Anna?' he said; 'only say I have not vexed you!' 'Not altogether,' I told him; 'but think of your father, how angry he would be!' 'That will all come right in the end,' he said; 'my father has some sterling sense, and when he knows you——' Stephen went away before Ettie and Rhoda came back, and I have never seen him since."

"Never seen him since!" I echoed.

"Nor heard from him! He left home that night and has never returned. I always know where he is, because his mother writes to him often, and I never miss seeing his answers. I fancy I can tell from the writing on the envelopes what changes have been effected in him. He does not write the same hand now that he did when he first went away; he always uses one seal, with the motto '*Toujours le même*;' and do you know, I believe it heartily, Stephen will never change to me."

I endeavoured to combat and to shake her belief, but seven years had rooted it in her peculiar nature too firmly for my arguments; I felt sure that she would be deceived and disappointed, but at last, in pity, I desisted from expostulation, and as the night was wearing on we had soon plenty to do.

There came a loud knock at the door, and my father's bell was rung sharply. Anna hastened to unlock the door, and a letter-carrier staggered into the house with a heavy load of bags, which were immediately opened and their contents emptied into large wicker baskets. There were bundles upon bundles of letters, with red, green, yellow, blue, and white bills, containing different entries, enough to bewilder the most self-contained person. All was hot and breathless haste. I heartily wished that those suspicious and querulous old maids and betrothed young ladies, who are always imagining their interesting correspondence is fraudulently investigated in the post-office, had to take a turn at that hurried labour, which engrossed every moment and every faculty.

My father was in many respects well fitted for his post. Like some other men, he was far more careful and solicitous for the business of others than for his own, so he attended well to the post-office, lest he should unintentionally injure any one whose letters might be delayed; and Anna was even painfully imbued with the same fear, that, by missending or retarding a letter, she might be the innocent cause of domestic or business misfortunes. My

father should have been able to devote himself to the affairs of the office alone; but his salary as postmaster was only 130*l.* a year, and the necessity of having a house in the centre of the town compelled him to give 40*l.* a year in rent, which left of his government salary only 90*l.* for the maintenance of a family, three of whom were employed almost constantly, day and night, in the service of the public. We were consequently obliged to continue the business of the stationer's shop, which, badly managed as it was, added about 30*l.* to our income, though it greatly increased the anxiety and confinement that had destroyed Anna's health, and soon began to tell upon my own.

I applied myself diligently to my new duties as post-office clerk, which are not unsuited to women in a town like ours, as they require the unspeculative perseverance, obedience, and the patience under petty annoyances, which many women possess, or to which they are trained. We did not shrink from the monotony and confinement as most young men would have done, and it is at once evident that if we two and our father would give our whole time and energy for 90*l.* a year without expectation of a promotion, we were willing to work for a much lower wage. Yet I believe that in England the question is not how to grind down the public servants to the lowest salary, but how to provide the most competent persons for each office at a suitable remuneration. My father had rendered efficient service to our neighbourhood for nearly forty years, but his age—bordering upon seventy—and his increasing infirmities, no longer permitted him to perform his duties as the public interest required: what was to be done with him?

For some time my father's manner had filled me with indefinable apprehensions. He was oppressed and melancholy, and appeared too preoccupied for attention to business. He left his letters for us to answer, and, instead of reading as was his wont in every leisure hour, he would sit silently watching us, now and then making remarks upon our appearance or occupation.

"Mary," said my father, one day after a long silence, "have you a white dress on?"

"No, father," I replied, looking at him anxiously.

"Then, God help me!" he cried, "I am at last blind. There is nothing before my eyes but a dim, floating vapour. I was not sure you were there till you answered me. Are Ettie and Anna in the room?"

"No," I said; and I rose to look closer into his dear eyes, which had always rested on us in kindness and intelligence until now.

"Mary, you have the strongest mind among us," he continued, "therefore you must hear the truth first. I have been losing my sight gradually. Now it is irrecoverably gone. Everything seems to have an undefined and lustrous outline."

"Oh, we will have the best aid and advice," I said, hopefully. "Look at me steadily. I will stand in a full light, and you will distinguish my features."

"It is all indistinct," he exclaimed; and sank back in his arm-chair with a groan. "I shall never see you again, my daughters."

His grey head fell upon my shoulder, and he sobbed as men sob who are unused to weep. The iron hand of trouble had opened the long-sealed fountain where Time had treasured up his tears, and they flowed slowly from his sightless eyes down his face. I could have wept too—wept passionately and rebelliously, but for his sake; but, forcing myself into calmness and strength, I soothed him with fond filial words, such as my lips had rarely uttered.

"We will be eyes to you," I said, when he was quieter; "you shall never feel lonely and in darkness; for nothing shall escape observation. What we never noticed before, we shall see now for your sake, and we will coin words to describe things to you. Ettie will always be ready to read to you; and we will lead you to all your favourite walks. You shall be so tended that we shall cheat you into the belief that you are not blind."

My father raised his head with a sigh of exhaustion, and, in a melancholy tone, quoted the lines,

"Oh, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
Without all hope of day!"

"Think how richly you have stored your mind," I continued; "what precious memories you have to recal. And, more than that, you will constantly see us in your sleep; you remember what Pascal says: 'If we dreamed the same thing every night, it would probably affect us as much as the objects that we see every day: if an artisan were sure of dreaming he is a king for twelve hours each day, I believe that he would be nearly as happy as a king who should dream for the same length of time that he is an artisan.' Only to the outer world you will be dark; you will see us always, and always without change."

"You are a philosophical comforter, Mary," he said, with a sad smile.

"That is only one source of comfort, and not the highest," I answered; but I hurried from the room, to give way to the anguish of my heart.

Anna heard the sorrowful tidings with the quiet grief of one long used to the trials of life; but Ettie's undisciplined spirit raged and tormented itself with vague and passionate lamentings. I would not suffer them to go to my father in the first outburst of dismay, and when we rejoined him, he was himself gravely calm, and received us with an effort to show that his deprivation did not weigh heavily upon him. He assigned to us the various posts we should take in alleviating his blindness, and spoke cheerfully of the benefit it would be to Ettie to become his reader. But, while my two sisters and he were conversing of what could be done to continue his favourite studies, I was looking anxiously into the future, to see what changes would be effected in our circumstances. In a few days we wrote to inform Mr. Jermyn, the post-office surveyor of our district, of my father's misfortune, and he imme-

diately came over to see him. He was a keen, official-looking gentleman, ready in a moment to detect an imposition or an error; but kind and sympathising in his manner to my father when he discovered the full extent of his loss. He had not held his present post many months, and was anxious to reduce the expenditure of his district wherever he could do so without detriment to the public convenience. A little extra work had been put on here and there in various departments without extra pay, small innovations had been diligently suppressed, and he was gaining the character of a zealous official. But my father's case perplexed him: he had been postmaster of Tonwell for nearly forty years, and had grown old and blind in the service, yet had never received such a salary as would justify the expectation that out of it he would provide for his own old age; had he been a metropolitan official there would have been no difficulty about him, he might have been placed upon the list of pensioners and dismissed to retirement; but no provision existed at that time for the civil servants of the crown employed in provincial post-offices, and those who were inca-pacitated for the proper performance of their duties as postmasters, clerks, letter-carriers, or rural messengers, were consigned to poverty and dependence. Mr. Jermyn was very much perplexed.

"You have had 130*l.* a year for the last four years," he said, rather sharply, "and 90*l.* before that—have you made no provision out of it?"

"My father has had a family to support and educate," I replied, interrupting my father, who was going to answer his superior meekly.

"Well, I suppose your father's salary was not enough to enable him to save out of it, but he was not entirely dependent upon it."

"Trade has been very bad in Tonwell," said my father, "and my business was one of the first to suffer."

"I do not see that it is a question of business," I added; "you might have made a fortune by trade, or you might not; what I wish to know, Mr. Jermyn, is this: were my father's services and responsibility more than adequately paid by each year's salary?"

"They were not," he replied.

"Were they less than other crown servants in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, who receive pensions?" I continued.

"Certainly not," he again replied.

"Yet he is altogether excluded from the provisions of every Superannuation Bill," I said, warmly. "He has served the public well for thirty-eight years, till he can serve no longer, and now what do you intend to do with him?"

Mr. Jermyn hesitated, it was an awkward case.

"We must in some measure consult the wishes of the public," he said. "I have already had a letter from the banker of this town, complaining that it is unsuitable and unbusinesslike for a post-office of such size and importance as this to have only women about it, and there is some reason in what he says; abuses are liable

to creep in, under rule like yours. Yet I cannot turn an old servant like your father adrift."

"You said we should consult the wishes of the public," I interrupted; "I do not think the English public would approve of such a thing."

"Do not be so vehement, my child," said my father.

"I assure you," resumed Mr. Jermyn, "I am only anxious to do the best for you. It is impossible for your father to continue his active superintendence of this office and the numerous sub-offices; I have therefore decided to send you an efficient head clerk, to take the principal charge and responsibility; I shall obtain a grant of 50*l.* a year for his salary, to which you must add 30*l.*; thus your father's salary will be equivalent to a retiring pension of 100*l.* a year."

"Not at all," I exclaimed; "deduct 40*l.* rent, which we must give in this part of the town, and it leaves only 60*l.*, for which two of his daughters must work hard and constantly, in health or sickness. Thirty pounds a year clear to him, leaving us at liberty to earn money in our own way, would be far better. Pray do not call it a retiring pension; call it by a right name—an injustice."

I believe Mr. Jermyn really enjoyed my indignant protests; it was no fault of his, and an exhibition of spirit was rather refreshing to him. For the rest of his stay he employed himself in looking sharply into the office arrangements, and requested that when the head clerk came, the town letter-carrier should no longer assist in the nightwork.

Richard Trevor, the clerk appointed to our office by Mr. Jermyn, was a dark, fine-looking young man, of agreeable and insinuating manners; and, as he treated my father with apparently profound respect and consideration, and moreover professed to be of the same religious denomination, he speedily won his entire confidence. But Anna and I shrank from receiving a perfect stranger into the daily and equal intercourse that his position in our household necessitated; and my apprehensions grew stronger as I witnessed the influence he soon acquired over my blind father, and my young sister, Ettie.

A few weeks after Mr. Trevor's arrival, while he was one day absent inspecting some sub-offices, I was making up the afternoon mail, when a stranger entered the office abruptly from the outer room, and grasping both my hands eagerly, exclaimed, "Dearest Anna, I see you once again!"

I knew in a moment that the stranger before me was Stephen Ellesmere, and I determined to personate Anna for a few minutes; there was nothing to agitate me, and I withdrew my hands, saying coldly,

"You must allow me to attend to my business, Mr. Ellesmere; the mail must be despatched."

I proceeded deliberately to tie and seal the bags, and send them down to the station; and then seating myself on a high stool before the money-order desk, I assumed such an air of saucy imperiousness as I imagined suitable to our features, for we twin-sisters resembled one

another closely, though it was certainly an expression very foreign to the modest, submissive nature of my sister. I was in my own domain, and I looked upon the intruder with a calmness that chafed him greatly. With a ruler that I had taken from the desk, I waved him to remain at a distance, and asked,

"Do you wish to speak to me, Mr. Ellesmere?"

"You are not much altered in appearance," he said, gloomily, with an unconscious emphasis on the last word, "but you are keener and sharper looking than you used to be. You are a woman of the world now; you were a shy, domestic girl six years since."

"Years effect wonderful changes," I answered.

"Not in me," he exclaimed—"never in me. You are offended, and perhaps altogether estranged, because I never wrote to you; would I could tell you, dearest, how my mother, whom I love only next to yourself, implored me to try what absence would do, and how my father's anger would have made home miserable for her as well as myself, your kind heart would forgive me. I stipulated with my mother that she should always ascertain how you were, and tell me if you changed to me so far as to favour the love of another, I could rely upon her truth; and I heard that you continued faithful to me. How often when abroad, meeting only heartless women of fashion, have I longed to be a poor man for the sake of my true, pretty, home-like Anna."

"You are a poor man," I said, scornfully, with a fresh wave of my ruler; "you are dependent upon your father for the very bread you eat—you, a man of two-and-thirty years! Moreover, you are a selfish man, for so long as you believed me to be faithful to you, you never thought of the disappointment and suspense I might be enduring."

"Listen to me," he continued, eagerly; "when I left home, I was like the unjust steward: I could not dig, and to beg I was ashamed. I had been brought up to a life of pleasure and indulgence, and so long as I had a hope of my father's consent to our marriage I was unwilling to relinquish my early customs. But when I discovered that he could be inflexible, and that our future happiness and my own truest life depended upon my exertions, I sought to qualify myself for independence. I have studied the management of the banking business, and a situation in a Scotch bank is now open to me. I have come home to acquaint my father with my plans, and, if he will still not hear me, and if you yet love me, we will take our happiness into our own hands. Another year of waiting, and then, my Anna, will you not pardon my long silence and give me the poor man's home I have so long coveted?"

Stephen had drawn closer to me, for I had dropped my ruler, and hidden my face in my hands in tearful gladness for my sister. His arm was stealing round my waist, when I looked up and said, slowly,

"But I am not Anna. I am Mary!"



He recoiled to the opposite counter, and I laughingly continued:

"It is nearly the same thing, dear Mr. Ellesmere. I am the only person to whom Anna has confided her secret. I was very jealous for her, and wished to hear how you could explain your neglect, but I can assure you she is far too gentle and humble ever to blame you. She is not very strong now, and you must be very quiet and undemonstrative in your manner to her, for she is a grave, modest girl, more sobered by the wear and tear of life than many are. Come into the sitting-room, she is alone there."

After thus cautioning him, I led him into the room, with the simple announcement; "Anna, here is a very old friend come to see you." I expected timidity, and hesitation, and blushes, but Mr. Stephen opened his arms, and she, overwhelmed with amazement, fluttered into them like a weary bird into her nest.

I left the lovers together; myself meditating on the singular anomalies in the human character, and viewing my sister in particular under a new phase.

Our blind father could not refuse his approbation of Stephen and Anna's engagement; when he heard how admirably and determinately Stephen had fitted himself for independence. Mr. Ellesmere was furious at his son's constancy; and as neither would give up his cherished plans they parted in anger, and, in a few days, Stephen left us for North Britain.

Before Mr. Trevor had been with us many months, it became evident to us all that Ettie had given to him the warm, impulsive, first love of a young heart. It pleased him, and he appeared to reciprocate it in a less ardent, somewhat trifling manner. I had never grown reconciled to him, and this manner, which he could not conceal from me, increased my dislike. We knew absolutely nothing of his former life and associates: his letters, which would have given me some clue to his friends and family, never fell into my hands, for he was careful to put them in the bags without my observation. When at our work in the office I never looked at him without meeting his eye, as if he knew instinctively that I suspected and watched him, and he wished to baffle me. So, as the second winter after my return home came on, I procured a pair of thick blue glasses, under pretext of the gaslight being painful to my eyes, and to his evident annoyance. I was thus enabled to notice him and his movements unseen. My father was well pleased with Trevor's declared attachment to Ettie; he was almost angry when I opposed it, and spoke of the clerk's earnest piety; in this matter I had little influence, as being suspected of a slight taint of continental laxity in affairs of religion. Of course he expected to be the future postmaster of Tonwell, and my father believed that his business as bookseller would soon revive in younger hands. Ettie and Anna were therefore happy in their engagements, and but for my perverse misgivings our family would have had no troubles but those arising from very limited means.

As one person could not discharge the night duties, and the town postman was no longer permitted to assist, it was still necessary for some one to get up at three every morning to assist Mr. Trevor. Anna was unable to continue her exertions, and the work consequently fell upon me. But our old nurse, who remained as our only servant, was so much scandalised at this necessary arrangement, and she so cordially entered into my dislike of our head clerk, that she persisted in rising always at the same hour, in order to be near at hand. Her kitchen was connected with the office by a high narrow door, like those in very old houses, and I resisted steadily every intimation of the deputy surveyor's that this communication ought to be closed.

Affairs were in this condition, when one morning, before Anna was up, there came Stephen's sharp, peculiar knock at the outer door; and he entered with the exclamation, "Home once more, my beloved An——Mary, I mean!"

I took him into Nanny's kitchen, where we could be sure of being alone, and he confided to me how a crisis in the business of his father's bank had induced old Mr. Ellesmere to seek his son's professional skill to aid him in extricating himself from his difficulties. It was not publicly known, but there was a general and growing suspicion that the bank negotiations had been too much left to subordinates; and daily increasing calls upon them threatened an early panic.

In this embarrassment, a friendly interest at the post-office enabled the people of the bank to post letters at the very latest moment, and to receive them long before established hours in the morning. Of course we were anxious to afford them every help in our power. Old Mr. Ellesmere was ashamed to remember how he had sought to displace my father; but he conquered his feeling so far as to come once or twice to acknowledge his obligation to us: to our father he was unaffectedly sympathising, and he treated us with a gracious but somewhat distant politeness, which awed and agitated Anna extremely, while I, regarding him as a fellow-mortal, and something more than a fellow-sinner, was so entirely unembarrassed, that it was evident he felt more at home and better pleased with me.

After a few days of great anxiety, Stephen joined us one evening in Nanny's kitchen. Only my sisters and I were there, and he told us that his only hope of extricating his father from his difficulties rested upon a large remittance, which he expected by the post two mornings hence. While he was talking, Trevor's voice was heard calling Ettie into the sitting-room. Stephen knew of my dislike to him; but, as Anna disagreed with me on that single topic, he only laughed at my prejudices. By a strange combination of circumstances, he had never seen Trevor, and now, at my suggestion, he stole out into our town garden, guided by Anna's warm little hand, to peep through the uncurtained window of the sitting-room. There knelt Trevor, beside Ettie, drawing down her head till her bright curls fell upon his handsome face, and her whispering lips



rested almost against his ear. Stephen had imagined him a raw, awkward boy, but when he saw one who greatly excelled himself in exterior advantages, he acknowledged the full force of my objections to his intimate, domestic position in our home, and grew jealous and uneasy. Anna wished to get up the morning named, and I did not oppose her, for Stephen was to come for his letter at five. When she rose at three, I watched her, as in a dream, dress herself in a pretty morning wrapper, and arrange her soft brown hair, until Trevor came calling impatiently at the foot of the stairs.

Upon entering the office, Anna immediately seized the London bag, and eagerly sought the expected packet; she stamped it herself, and laid it carefully aside, leaving the other letters to the stamper. Old Nanny had taken her usual post in the kitchen, and, when the stamping was finished, and the stamper gone, she sat half dozing by the fire, but by and by the absence of customary sounds aroused her, and she tried to open the door communicating with the office; it was fastened inside. With a quick apprehension of mischief, she hastened round to the other door, which she found locked. She had presence of mind to come and wake me quietly, and with a duplicate key, which I possessed, we soon entered the office. Trevor was not there, of course, but Anna lay pale and insensible upon a heap of bags near the counter.

I immediately guessed the meaning of the scene before me, and, as I bent over my sister, I heard the shrill whistle of an early London train, which doubtless was conveying our confidential head clerk from his fruitful field of labour. The usual appliances restored Anna to consciousness, and, after a few hurried words, I left her, pallid and trembling, under Nanny's care. With the mechanism of habit I proceeded to finish the sorting of the letters, while my mind was busy in conjecturing what I ought to do. If I made the robbery known at the police-station of our own town, the news spreading from one to another would bring upon the Ellesmeres the accumulation of claims which would be their ruin. Thus pondering, I collected the letter-bills from the various towns, and finding one of them missing, I put my hand into the bag to which it belonged; from the bottom I drew forth a letter, which had stuck between the seams, and had not fallen out when the bag was emptied: it was in Trevor's hand, and bore the stamp of our office dated the night on which Stephen had spoken confidentially to us. He had evidently slipped it into the bag after the tied bundles of letters had been put in. It had been missed at the post-office to which it was addressed, and consequently had been returned to us by the next mail. Here, then, was an important and certain clue to his route; and, as I held it in my hand, a tremor of exultation quivered through my whole frame. A feasible plan pre-

sented itself to me. At five a train started to our country town where Mr. Jermyn lived, and leaving the work to Anna, and what chance aid she could obtain, I was speedily on my way to Longborough, with Trevor's returned letter, which I was, of course, unauthorised to open.

Trevor's letter was addressed to his "dear wife," and instructed her to meet him at Southampton before noon that day. Mr. Jermyn at once communicated these circumstances to the superintendent of police, and I returned home in time to start Stephen off by the second train to Southampton, to claim the packet that was sure to be found in Trevor's possession.

It would be vain to attempt to describe my father's grief; and of Ettie's agony none of us have ever spoken from that time to this.

By night Anna was delirious; and, after the excitement of the day, I had to begin an anxious watch beside my twin-sister, Stephen's poor Anna, for whom he had waited and worked eight long years. She lay tossing to and fro, and raving of the work that had wasted her youthful energies and bodily strength.

What need is there to tell of Trevor's arrest and conviction; of the black shadow that fell on Ettie's youth; of Anna's dangerous illness and Stephen's despair; of Mr. Ellesmere's pride and prejudice broken down by his son's great sorrow; and of the quiet marriage that quickly followed Anna's recovery?

The laws of compensation and change move the machinery of life as upon wheels. After the lapse of a few years, Ettie married a younger brother of Stephen's; Mr. Jermyn was at the wedding, and I could not help moralising, as women love to do when they believe themselves in the right, especially upon a public question. I dare say I uttered many fallacies on the effects of low salaries upon honesty.

"You talk like a woman," was the only reply Mr. Jermyn vouchsafed to my remarks.

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## A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

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BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XIII. FIFTY-TWO.

IN the black prison of the Conciergerie the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two were to roll that afternoon on the life-tide of the city to the boundless everlasting sea. Before their cells were quit of them, new occupants were appointed; before their blood ran into the blood spilled yesterday, the blood that was to mingle with theirs to-morrow was already set apart.

Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer-general of seventy, whose riches could not buy his life, to the seamstress of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save her. Physical diseases, engendered in the vices and neglects of men, will seize on victims of all degrees; and the frightful moral disorder, born of unspeakable suffering, intolerable oppression, and heartless indifference, smote equally without distinction.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the Tribunal. In every line of the narrative he had heard, he had heard his condemnation. He had fully comprehended that no personal influence could possibly save him, that he was virtually sentenced by the millions, and that units could avail him nothing.

Nevertheless, it was not easy, with the face of his beloved wife fresh before him, to compose his mind to what it must bear. His hold on life was strong, and it was very, very hard to loosen; by gradual efforts and degrees unclosed a little here, it clenched the tighter there; and when he brought his strength to bear on that hand and it yielded, this was closed again. There was a hurry, too, in all his thoughts, a turbulent and heated working of his heart, that contended against resignation. If, for a moment, he did feel resigned, then his wife and child who had to live after him, seemed to protest and to make it a selfish thing.

But, all this was at first. Before long, the consideration that there was no disgrace in the fate he must meet, and that numbers went the

same road wrongfully, and trod it firmly, every day, sprang up to stimulate him. Next followed the thought that much of the future peace of mind enjoyable by the dear ones, depended on his quiet fortitude. So, by degrees he calmed into the better state when he could raise his thoughts much higher, and draw comfort down.

Before it had set in dark on the night of his condemnation, he had travelled thus far on his last way. Being allowed to purchase the means of writing, and a light, he sat down to write until such time as the prison lamps should be extinguished.

He wrote a long letter to Lucie, showing her that he had known nothing of her father's imprisonment until he had heard of it from herself, and that he had been as ignorant as she of his father's and uncle's responsibility for that misery, until the paper had been read. He had already explained to her that his concealment from herself of the name he had relinquished, was the one condition—fully intelligible now—that her father had attached to their betrothal, and was the one promise he had still exacted on the morning of their marriage. He entreated her, for her father's sake, never to seek to know whether her father had become oblivious of the existence of the paper, or had had it recalled to him (for the moment, or for good), by the story of the Tower, on that old Sunday under the dear plane-tree in the garden. If he had preserved any definite remembrance of it, there could be no doubt that he had supposed it destroyed with the Bastille, when he had found no mention of it among the relics of prisoners which the populace had discovered there, and which had been described to all the world. He besought her—though he added that he knew it was needless—to console her father, by impressing him through every tender means she could think of, with the truth that he had done nothing for which he could justly reproach himself, but had uniformly forgotten himself for their joint sakes. Next to her preservation of his own last grateful love and blessing, and her overcoming of her sorrow, to devote herself to their dear child, he adjured her, as they would meet in Heaven, to comfort her father.

To her father himself, he wrote in the same strain; but, he told her father that he expressly confided his wife and child to his care. And he told him this, very strongly, with the hope of rousing him from any dependency or dangerous

retrospect towards which he foresaw he might be tending.

To Mr. Lorry, he commended them all, and explained his worldly affairs. That done, with many added sentences of grateful friendship and warm attachment, all was done. He never thought of Carton. His mind was so full of the others, that he never once thought of him.

He had time to finish these letters before the lights were put out. When he lay down on his straw bed, he thought he had done with this world.

But, it beckoned him back in his sleep, and showed itself in shining forms. Free and happy, back in the old house in Soho (though it had nothing in it like the real house), unaccountably released and light of heart, he was with Lucie again, and she told him it was all a dream, and he had never gone away. A pause of forgetfulness, and then he had even suffered, and had come back to her, dead and at peace, and yet there was no difference in him. Another pause of oblivion, and he awoke in the sombre morning, unconscious where he was or what had happened, until it flashed upon his mind, "this is the day of my death!"

Thus, had he come through the hours, to the day when the fifty-two heads were to fall. And now, while he was composed, and hoped that he could meet the end with quiet heroism, a new action began in his waking thoughts, which was very difficult to master.

He had never seen the instrument that was to terminate his life. How high it was from the ground, how many steps it had, where he would be stood, how he would be touched, whether the touching hands would be dyed red, which way his face would be turned, whether he would be the first, or might be the last: these and many similar questions, in no wise directed by his will, obtruded themselves over and over again, countless times. Neither were they connected with fear: he was conscious of no fear. Rather, they originated in a strange besetting desire to know what to do when the time came; a desire gigantically disproportionate to the few swift moments to which it referred; a wondering that was more like the wondering of some other spirit within him, than his own.

The hours went on as he walked to and fro, and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone for ever, ten gone for ever, eleven gone for ever, twelve coming on to pass away. After a hard contest with that eccentric action of thought which had last perplexed him, he had got the better of it. He walked up and down, softly repeating their names to himself. The worst of the strife was over. He could walk up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for them.

Twelve gone for ever.

He had been apprised that the final hour was Three, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets. Therefore, he resolved to keep Two before his mind, as the hour, and so to strengthen himself

in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others.

Walking regularly to and fro with his arms folded on his breast, a very different man from the prisoner who had walked to and fro at La Force, he heard One struck away from him, without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly thankful to Heaven for his recovered self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and turned to walk again.

Footsteps in the stone passage, outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock, and turned. Before the door was opened, or as it opened, a man said in, a low voice, in English: "He has never seen me here; I have kept out of his way. Go you in alone; I wait near. Lose no time!"

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

There was something so bright and remarkable in his look, that, for the first moment, the prisoner misdoubted him to be an apparition of his own imagining. But, he spoke, and it was his voice; he took the prisoner's hand, and it was his real grasp.

"Of all the people upon earth, you least expected to see me!" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not"—the apprehension came suddenly into his mind—"a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her—your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you will remember."

The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

"You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him barefoot.

"Draw on these boots of mine. Put your hands to them; put your will to them. Quick!"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness and remain here. Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine!"

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength, both of will and action, that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished, it never can be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen and ink and paper on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write?"

"It was, when you came in."

"Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

"To whom do I address it?"

"To no one." Carton still had his hand in his breast.

"Do I date it?"

"No."

The prisoner looked up, at each question. Carton, standing over him with his hand in his breast, looked down.

"If you remember," said Carton, dictating, "the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them."

He was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

"Have you written 'forget them?'" Carton asked.

"I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?"

"No; I am not armed."

"What is it in your hand?"

"You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more." He dictated again. "I am thankful that the time has come, when I can prove them. That I do so, is no subject for regret or grief." As he said these words with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer's face.

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

"What vapour is that?" he asked.

"Vapour?"

"Something that crossed me?"

"I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!"

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton—his hand again in his breast—looked steadily at him.

"Hurry, hurry!"

The prisoner bent over the paper, once more.

"If it had been otherwise;" Carton's hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down; "I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise;" the hand was at the prisoner's face; "I should but have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been otherwise——" Carton looked at the pen, and saw that it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up, with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him; but, within a minute or so, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then, he softly called "Enter there! Come in!" and the Spy presented himself.

"You see?" said Carton, looking up at him, as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast: "is your hazard very great?"

"Mr. Carton," the Spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, "my hazard is not *that*, in the thick of business here, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

"Don't fear me. I will be true to the death."

"You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress, I shall have no fear."

"Have no fear! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God! Now, get assistance and take me to the coach."

"You?" said the spy, nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here, often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?" said the trembling spy, as he paused for a last moment.

"Man, man!" returned Carton, stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already, to go through with this, that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the court-yard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night and his promise of last night, and drive away!"

The spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The Spy returned immediately, with two men.

"How, then?" said one of them, contemplative.

ing the fallen figure. "So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of Sainte Guillotine?"

"A good patriot," said the other, "could hardly have been more afflicted if the Aristocrat had drawn a blank."

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evrémonte," said the Spy, in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

"Come, then, my children," said Barsad. "Lift him, and come away!"

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages: no cry was raised, or hurry made, that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clocks struck Two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he divined their meaning, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A gaoler, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evrémonte!" and he followed into a large dark room, at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were standing; some seated. Some were lamenting, and in restless motion; but, these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped in passing, to embrace him, as having a knowledge of him. It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery; but, the man went on. A very few moments after that, a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet spare face in which there was no vestige of colour, and large widely opened patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evrémonte," she said, touching him with her cold hand. "I am a poor little seamstress who was with you in La Force."

He murmured for answer: "True. I forget what you were accused of?"

"Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me?"

The forlorn smile with which she said it, so touched him that tears started from his eyes.

"I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonte, but I have done nothing. I am not unwilling to die, if the Republic, which is to do so much good to us poor, will profit by my death; but I

do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonte. Such a poor weak little creature!"

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

"I heard you were released, Citizen Evrémonte. I hoped it was true?"

"It was. But, I was again taken and condemned."

"If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonte, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"O you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

The same shadows that are falling on the prison, are falling, in that same hour of the early afternoon, on the Barrier with the crowd about it, when a coach going out of Paris drives up to be examined.

"Who goes here? Whom have we within? Papers!"

The papers are handed out, and read.

"Alexandre Manette. Physician. French. Which is he?"

This is he; this helpless, inarticulately murmuring, wandering old man pointed out.

"Apparently the Citizen-Doctor is not in his right mind? The Revolution-fever will have been too much for him?"

Greatly too much for him.

"Hah! Many suffer with it. Lucie. His daughter. French. Which is she?"

This is she.

"Apparently it must be. Lucie, the wife of Evrémonte; is it not?"

It is.

"Hah! Evrémonte has an assignation elsewhere. Lucie, her child. English. This is she?"

She and no other.

"Kiss me, child of Evrémonte. Now, thou hast kissed a good Republican; something new in thy family; remember it! Sydney Carton. Advocate. English. Which is he?"

He lies here, in this corner of the carriage. He, too, is pointed out.

"Apparently the English advocate is in a swoon?"

It is hoped he will recover in the fresher air. It is represented that he is not in strong health, and has separated sadly from a friend who is under the displeasure of the Republic.

"Is that all? It is not a great deal, that! Many are under the displeasure of the Republic, and must look out at the little window. Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English. Which is he?"

"I am he. Necessarily, being the last."

It is Jarvis Lorry who has replied to all the previous questions. It is Jarvis Lorry who has alighted and stands with his hand on the coach door, replying to a group of officials. They leisurely walk round the carriage and leisurely mount the box, to look at what little luggage it carries on the roof; the country-people hanging about, press nearer to the coach-doors and greedily stare in; a little child, carried by its mother, has its short arm held out for it, that it may touch the wife of an aristocrat who has gone to the Guillotine.

"Behold your papers, Jarvis Lorry, counter-signed."

"One can depart, citizen?"

"One can depart. Forward, my postilions! A good journey!"

"I salute you, citizens.—And the first danger passed!"

These are again the words of Jarvis Lorry, as he claps his hands, and looks upward. There is terror in the carriage, there is weeping, there is the heavy breathing of the insensible traveller.

"Are we not going too slowly? Can they not be induced to go faster?" asks Lucie, clinging to the old man.

"It would seem like flight, my darling. I must not urge them too much: it would rouse suspicion."

"Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued!"

"The road is clear, my dearest. So far, we are not pursued."

Houses in twos and threes pass by us, solitary farms, ruinous buildings, dye-works tanneries and the like, open country, avenues of leafless trees. The hard uneven pavement is under us, the soft deep mud is on either side. Sometimes, we strike into the skirting mud, to avoid the stones that clatter us and shake us, and sometimes we stick in ruts and sloughs there. The agony of our impatience is then so great, that in our wild alarm and hurry we are for getting out and running—hiding—doing anything but stopping.

Out of the open country, in again among ruinous buildings, solitary farms, dye-works tanneries and the like, cottages in twos and threes, avenues of leafless trees. Have these men deceived us, and taken us back by another road? Is not this the same place twice over? Thank Heaven no. A village. Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued! Hush; the posting-house.

Leisurely, our four horses are taken out; leisurely, the coach stands in the little street, bereft of horses, and with no likelihood upon it of ever moving again; leisurely, the new horses come into visible existence, one by one; leisurely, the new postilions follow, sucking and plaiting the lashes of their whips; leisurely, the old postilions count their money, make wrong additions, and arrive at dissatisfied results. All the time, our overfraught hearts are beating at a rate that would far outstrip the fastest gallop of the fastest horses ever foaled.

At length the new postilions are in their saddles, and the old are left behind. We are through the village, up the hill, and down the hill, and on the low watery grounds. Suddenly, the postilions exchange speech with animated gesticulation, and the horses are pulled up, almost on their haunches. We are pursued!

"Ho! Within the carriage there. Speak then!"

"What is it?" asks Mr. Lorry, looking out at window.

"How many did they say?"

"I do not understand you."

"—At the last post. How many to the Guillotine to-day?"

"Fifty-two."

"I said so! A brave number! My fellow-citizen here, would have it forty-two; ten more heads are worth having. The Guillotine goes handsomely. I love it. Hi forward. Whoop then!"

The night comes on dark. He moves more; he is beginning to revive, and to speak intelligibly; he thinks they are still together; he asks him, by his name, what he has in his hand. O pity us, kind Heaven, and help us! Look out, look out, and see if we are pursued.

The wind is rushing after us, and the clouds are flying after us, and the moon is plunging after us, and the whole wild night is in pursuit of us; but, so far, we are pursued by nothing else.

## DRIFT.

### SANCTUARY-ARREST FOR DEBT.

LIKE all the dispensations of the earlier English Church, the right of "sanctuary" was so distorted from its original conditions that it proved a contention, grievance, point of quarrel, and stumbling-block between the ecclesiastics and the laity, especially the feudal chiefs who held any law rather cheap. The privilege, which had belonged to every church during the earlier ages of Christianity, of sheltering the criminal, originated, says the editor of the *Chronicon Monasterii de Abingdon*, at a time when every man went armed, when human life was little valued, when it was considered meritorious to avenge upon the spot every wrong, imaginary or real, when the opportunities of escape from the pursuit of justice were many, when the law indeed was slow of foot and weak of hand. It was a revival of that earlier law which had provided a place of refuge "that the slayer might flee thither that should kill his neighbour unawares, and hated him not in times past, and that fleeing thither he might live." What the cities of refuge had been to the Jew, the Church was to the Christian.

As the power of the Church waned, this immunity as a consequence was disregarded, nay, was set aside altogether. In the days of Richard the Second, John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward the Third, by his Queen Philippa, "feudal to the core," and a staunch friend of the reformer John Wiclif, openly violated the privi-



lege of the celebrated sanctuary at Westminster. The story is not generally known, and Mr. Shirley tells more fully than the chroniclers the main points of it in his introduction to the *Fasciculi Zizaniorum* (Bundles of Tares) Magistri Johannis Wielif.

In one of the Spanish campaigns of the Black Prince, two esquires, named Haule and Schakel, had taken prisoner the Count de Denia, a relation of the reigning house of Castille. He had agreed to pay a certain ransom, and, returning to Spain, had left his eldest son as a hostage in his place. John of Gaunt, who in right of his wife was now laying claim to the crown of Castille, found that the possession of the young count's person would aid his design. He therefore offered the esquires a price for their prisoner, which was refused. Foiled in this, he put forward some claims on the part of the crown; and demanded that in the mean time the prisoner, who was the subject of litigation, should be secured in the Tower. He again met with a refusal. He then procured an act of Parliament ordering the committal of Haule and Schakel to the Tower if the prisoner were not produced. This was in the session of one thousand three hundred and seventy-seven. But he was destined still to be baffled. The young count, from loyalty either to his native sovereign or his captors, remained concealed on parole, and Haule and Schakel went to the Tower. Soon after, however, the two prisoners appear to have become alarmed for their safety. They escaped from the Tower, and took sanctuary at Westminster. To the sanctuary, accordingly, the duke followed them. On the morrow of St. Lawrence, August 11th, 1378, in the very middle of high mass, one of his retainers, Ralph de Ferrers, entered the sacred precincts with forty armed men, killed Haule on the spot, and took Schakel back by force to his prison. Terror at the wild outrage seems to have been the first feeling of the bishops; but at length the archbishop summoned courage to unsheath the sword of St. Peter, and, with five of his suffragans, publicly excommunicated the authors, enactors, and abettors of the sacrilege. Moreover, the archbishop petitioned the "first estate," the king in parliament, "that satisfaction and amends to God and the holy Church, and to the parties damaged thereby, be fully done." A chapter of certain "doctors in theology of canon and civil law," aided by the justices, defined the privilege of sanctuary. In their decision (see *Rolls of Parliament*, Petition No. 27, vol. iii. p. 37) they laid down a law which affected by far the greater number of those who sought this privilege to protect themselves from the secular authorities. The doctors determined "that neither in case of debt, account, nor trespass, if the man should not lose life or limb, did the holy Church grant immunity." And, besides, they say that neither God, nor pope, nor king, nor prince *could* grant such a privilege. And, indeed, could any prince see fit to grant such a privilege, the Church, which is the fount and nourishment of all virtue, could not accept such a privilege whence sin or

fault, or the occasion of sin or fault, could arise, "*gar pecche est et occasion de pecche pur delaier une Homme voluntrifment de son dette et jouste recoverier del soen.*" This exemption of arrest for debt had evidently for some time been felt as a grievous infliction by the community at large. In the same year, as part of the reply to another petition, specially concerning the particular sanctuary of Westminster, it is declared that the charter of King Edgar and two charters of St. Edward (the Confessor) were examined, and found to contain no such privilege as exemption from arrest for debt by privilege of sanctuary. "But, nevertheless, for the especial affection that the king bore to Westminster than to any other place in his kingdom, and notoriously for the reverence to the noble body of St. Edward, and the other great relies there (such as the veil and some of the milk of the Virgin, the bladebone of St. Benedict, the finger of St. Alphaze, the head of St. Maxilla, and half the jaw-bone of St. Anastasia), and because his noble progenitors lie there, his Majesty declares that they who by losses at sea, fire, robbery, or *other mischief*, without fraud or collusion, shall be so impoverished that they cannot pay what they owe, and enter the sanctuary of Westminster to avoid imprisonment, shall be freely and safely allowed to remain, with immunity for their persons, so that meanwhile they may be enabled to make terms with their creditors." A pretty wide loophole, forsooth! wide enough to let any number of debtors creep through, and return to the shelter which the Church as the "fount, &c.," couldn't hold out to those who wished "delaier une homme voluntrifment" of what they owed him, allowing them, besides, as a graceful joke, the contingency of their being able "to make terms with their creditors." This freedom from arrest for debt in the precincts of sanctuary was, however, an unsettled point elsewhere. The abbot of St. John of Colchester and the abbot of Abdyon, in his town of Culcham, in Oxfordshire, anno 1393-94, claimed franchise, privilege, and immunity of all manner of people coming and fleeing within the precincts of their said abbey, for debt, detention, trespass, and all other personal actions. They were bidden to attend before the council, and declare their privileges and immunities.

So grossly, moreover, was "sanctuary" abused, that in the fourth year of King Henry the Fourth (1402-3) the Commons petitioned the king and council against the sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

On the very ground now occupied by the Post-office stood a large and fair college, founded A.D. 700. William the Conqueror confirmed all its privileges in 1068, making it independent of every other ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and from regal and even papal control. By a statute of the time of Edward the Third, I find, in Strype's edition of Stow, that, "in proof of its tuition the judge that sitteth there for the King, as in a place not of the City, but by privilege separate (the Maior not called thereto, as he is to the deliverance of Newgate and other such Acts in

the City), to have knowledge there in a case of Treason or Felony, hath ever from time that no mind is, sitten in the gate of the said sanctuary. And the person appeached or indicted of Treason and Felony, hath been kept by the officers on the further side of the street afore him, to the intent that he come not of the other side of the Channel, towards the Sanctuary there, to claim the liberty and Franchises of the same."

And now for the condensed remonstrance of the unhappy citizens against this hornets' nest, as it had become in the very heart of the City, and within the shadow of the frown of Guildhall itself. The petition ran to the following effect: "That divers persons of divers estates, apprentices and servants, dwelling in the City of London and its suburbs, as well as other people of the realm, repairing to the City, some in the absence of their Masters, day by day, flee with the goods and chattels of their masters to the College of St. Martin le Grant in London," to live at their pleasure on these goods and chattels, without execution of the temporal law, and that they are received and sheltered there, and that these same goods and chattels are seized and taken as forfeit by the servants of the said college. Debtors of all sorts also take refuge there. Forgeries of bonds, indentures, acquittances, and other muniments are perpetrated by many of its inhabitants, who there ensnail them with the names, as well of many merchants and people dwelling in the said City, as well as others of the said realm, to their disinheriment and final destruction. Merchants and victuallers are defrauded of their wares, mercery, merchandise and victuals: for when these merchandises are once received in the sanctuary, the sellers can neither get them back, nor the payment for them. "And in which College from time to time are received murderers, traitors, as well as clippers of money of the King's coin, thieves, robbers, and other sorts of felons, evil doers, and disturbers of the King's peace, skulking thro' the day, and at night issuing to commit their murders, treasons, larcenies, robberies, and felonies, both within and without the franchise of the City." The law is stopped of its course by the privileges of the college. And, therefore, for the better keeping of the king's peace within the City and the kingdom, a gracious remedy is prayed, and that conviction and punishment may follow the crimes before the king's justices, notwithstanding any privilege claimed, saving the liberties of the holy universal Church of England. Take, however, as a taste of the style, this last paragraph of the prayer: "Que please a vostre haute Regalie, considerantz les meschiefs & malfaitz avantditz & que pees & tranquillite deinz la dite Cite & aillours deinz votre dit Roialme le miex puissent estre gardez, per assent des toutz Estatz d'icest present parlement, & per auctorite d'icell ordagner graciosus remedie, per ensi que ley & execution d'icell de cy en avant soit fait sur les ditz meffaisours en la dit College habitantz, ou en apres a yeell fuantz, devant les juges temporelx du dite Citee, come le cas requiert es

lieux as tieux cases purveux & ordeignez, noun-obstantz ascuns maniers privileges ou Libertees per le dit College claymez. Salvez tant soulement les Libertees de Sainte Esglise universele d'Engleterre." The answer is, that "they are to show their privileges before the king's council, and a reasonable remedy shall be made."

## OUR EYE-WITNESS AT GLOUCESTER.

"HIM as gives most shall have my vote."

This was the ever-reiterated burden of the song sung by many mouths in the Shire Hall at Gloucester. This the chorus which rose in the court all day long. This the sordid screech which echoed to the very rafters of its roof.

For your Eye-witness has (of course) been present at the Election Inquiry instituted by the Commission at Gloucester; that inquiry of which the reader has heard so much, and in the course of which so many strange and disheartening particulars have been disclosed to the public. He takes Gloucester as a case in point. It happens to be the case readiest to his hand. He might, for the demerits of the case, have taken Wakefield, or other places quite as bad.

The Eye-witness is sorry for Gloucester, and mourns over its corruption very sincerely. Its inhabitants are, as far as he saw, a polite race, though a venal, and the town itself is a fine old place, and has an old-fashioned, comfortable look, very pleasant to those who still enjoy the sight of a stage-coach (the E.-W. saw one with four horses) or an old post-chaise painted yellow.

Truly Gloucester is a wonderful and misleading city, a city which you walk about and examine carefully, and dispose of in your own mind as a combination of an ordinary agricultural capital, and a cathedral town, till you happen to see a man in complete maritime costume turning down an obscure lane which apparently ends in the county gaol. You follow this mariner, saying to yourself, "And why a sou'-wester hat, why a blue flannel Jersey, why these canvas trousers in Gloucester?" Why? Follow the seaman but a little bit further and you will see. You will see, suddenly appearing as in a dream, long ranges of warehouses with cranes attached, endless intricacies of dock, miles of tram-road, wildernesses of timber in stacks, and huge three-masted ships wedged into little canals, floating through flood-gates with no apparent means of propulsion, and without a sail to bless themselves with. And it is this extraordinary inland port which you had disposed of so easily as a quiet cathedral town, and you are surprised that a city capable of such a piece of deception should lend itself to bribery and corruption.

Let the reader beware of another deception. The E.-W., arriving in the evening, fell into an excess of rapture at what he took to be the tower of the cathedral, but which turned out to be four gigantic poplars planted close to the railway station, evidently with a view to mislead the public.

The wonders of this dissolute capital are not exhausted yet; far from it. The Eye-witness, emerging from his hotel on the first day of his stay in Gloucester, found a great crowd of young country girls and lads assembled at that part of the city which is called the Cross, where the four principal streets meet: a sort of Forum where most of the business, and a great deal of the gossip, of the place are discussed. These youngsters of both sexes were perfectly provincial in their appearance, and the lads especially, so much so as to remind one at once of Mr. Buckstone's inimitable "get up," in the Rough Diamond. A burning thirst for information being one of the characteristics of your Eye-witness, he at once applied to that most anomalous of characters, a country policeman, with a frock-coat and a walking-stick, and asked to be enlightened as to the cause of this great gathering. This question was asked and answered twice before the E.-W. would believe that the provincial policeman had said that it was the Mop, or, as the officer pronounced it, the Mope-day. Three consecutive Mondays are set apart once a year on which the farm servants come in from the country to be hired, the men accompanied in many instances by their friends and the girls by their mothers. It is a pretty sight enough, and one which the Eye-witness would recommend (as having some reference to the breathing and moving world) to the attention of our artists, as far as he may venture to make a suggestion on a subject of which he knows nothing.

By the time that your Eye-witness had gained the information on the "mop" affair, and had noted that Gloucester, having in it a cathedral capable of providing church accommodation for the whole county, has besides, as a matter of course, about fifty other supplementary parish churches—by the time he had remarked this circumstance, which is the case in all cathedral towns, it was time for him to set off for the Shire Hall, where the Election Commission which he was bound to attend was held. He only stopped once on the way; it was to wonder at the admirable strain of irony in which the proprietor of a large sugar-plum shop spoke through a printed hand-bill in his window of a certain neighbouring brandy-ball vendor who had set up in opposition round the corner. He little knew, he said, speaking of his opponent's honour—"he little knew how much of this valuable quality he possessed, and that *it hung about him like feathers about a pig!*" The writer communicates this comparison to the literary world with great glee, pleased to think that he is enriching their stock of images with so new and chaste a simile.

The Shire Hall of Gloucester is a most embarrassing place to get into. Not, indeed, for want of doors, but rather from a too great plenty of these means of entrance. The Court in which the Election Commissioners were sitting, is a semicircular apartment in the interior of the hall, and round the whole half-circle which encloses it are set the most puzzling and repelling

doors that can be imagined, for they are all labelled as the different entrances by which every kind of person may be admitted, except an Eye-witness. The E.-W. went in great distress of mind from one of these sacred doors to another: "Judges' door." That won't do, I am not a judge; neither am I a grand jurymen, for whom I see this next entrance is set apart. Here is another for petty-jurymen, but I am not even a petty jurymen. Let me try another: 'Bailliff.' No, not so bad as that either. 'Magistrate.' No. 'Witnesses.' Stop, that will do. I am a witness, most decidedly—an Eye-witness. This is evidently my entrance."

Acting on this rash conclusion, and abandoning himself as his manner is to his destiny, the writer of this report opened the door, and, descending a flight of steps, found himself in a gloomy cell, and face to face with another provincial policeman. The following brief dialogue then took place; the E.-W. abandoning himself, as has been said, to his destiny, and to the fun of the moment:

P. P. Are you a witness?

E.-W. Yes, an Eye-witness.

P. P. A hi-witness! Who b'ye for?

E.-W. I'm for All the Year Round.

P. P. Which side's that?

E.-W. Why the right side, of course—always.

P. P. But there bea'n't no right side; they're all wrong sides here.

Hearing this fearful announcement, the Eye-witness promptly withdrew, and returned once more to the corridor, and the rows of doors. "What am I to do?" said the E.-W. to himself again, "I am not a judge nor a jurymen, nor a bailliff, nor a counsel, nor a mayor of Gloucester, nor apparently a witness. I have evidently no right in this court, unless, by-the-by, that little door at the end, which I have not yet tried, should answer my purpose. Let me examine it: 'Nisi Prius.' What's that? I dare say that's the entrance, after all. Perhaps I am a Nisi Prius—it's impossible to say."

This door gave the Eye-witness instant admission to the court, and taking the first seat he could find, he muttered to himself, "Then I am a Nisi Prius, as I supposed; and I have been living in the world all this time, and never found it out!" Even now the Eye-witness's troubles were not all over, for, finding himself the object of general attention in the court, and that much whispering was going on of which he appeared to be the subject, he looked behind him, and saw in enormous characters the words "Under-Sheriff" inscribed upon the back of the seat over his head. To say that the E.-W. cowered out of his seat, would hardly express the rapidity with which he slunk away from this conspicuous position; taking the most obscure corner he was able to find, he had at length leisure to look about him, and see what was going on.

Perjury, evasion, shuffling, inappropriate mirth, and shameless acknowledgment of shameful practices—these were some of the things that were going on. Marvellous revelations of syste-

matic bribery, and of the existence of firms established for the purpose of carrying elections on any terms—terms, generally, which the M.P. elect had better not inquire into too closely. Mystery—nobody knowing anything about anybody. Members of Parliament applying for mysterious messengers to carry mysterious sums of money to obscure inns, where mysterious assistants of the mysterious messengers pack up the money in parcels, and hand them over to furtive surgeons, who come in secret to fetch them away. Prescriptions, medicine, money, all mixed up and involved in such a sordid tissue of deceit and villany, that no man can sift the thing perfectly, no man unravel altogether so tangled a mesh, nor walk through the dreary labyrinth of lies, the clue of which is guarded so carefully from his grasp.

To report the evidence which the writer heard given at the Shire Hall on the different occasions of his attendance there would be simply to recapitulate what has already appeared in the different public prints, and an admirable report of which may be found in the Gloucestershire Chronicle, the principal local paper. The province of your Eye-witness seems rather to note any peculiarities which struck him during the progress of the case, to give the impression left on his mind by what he has seen, and heard, and read, and the conclusion he has been able to arrive at. These impressions shall be set down much as he finds them in his notes, so that this paper may be as much as possible like a sketch from nature, and may be said, in some degree, to have been written in the Court of Gloucester.

The story of a pure election in this ancient city is quite a hard thing to come at. The oldest inhabitant, when placed in the witness-box and desired to ransack his memory, beginning at 1816, can only say that he thinks before the Reform Act the bribery was more indirect, that he thinks the elections of '32, '33, and '35 were comparatively pure. The indirect bribery before the Reform Act was shown in the employment of bands, messengers, clerks, and flag-bearers, and also in swearing in so many special constables to keep the peace, that finding there was no peace to keep except their own, they used to take to fighting with each other in order to decide what was the best manner of attaining this desirable object. The money spent on elections now, is a mere joke to what was disbursed in those good times. In 1816 the sum of forty thousand pounds was laid out on an election, and no wonder when seven hundred special constables (they might happen to be voters, perhaps, one or two of them) were sworn in to keep the peace at five shillings a day. This oldest inhabitant thinks that the first decidedly and undisguisedly impure election at Gloucester was that of '37, when he considers that his side was bought out of the market, ninety votes having gone out of their possession in the first three-quarters of an hour of the poll. This gentleman, in concluding his evidence, said that he thought the venality less the fault of those

who took the bribe than of those who offered it, and that if the candidates on both sides would agree to give nothing but the necessary expenses there would be no difficulty in putting down bribery.

Turning from these comparatively ancient elections to that with which we are now concerned, and examining briefly its history as it comes out before the Gloucester Commission, it will be found that the tale so elaborately unfolded is simply this: As the period of the election of 1859 approaches, the Liberal party in Gloucester, anxious to secure another member to their side, in addition to their usual representative, Mr. Preece, despatches a deputation to London, the members of which have for their object the discovery of some suitable person holding Liberal politics and a supporter of the ballot, who will consent to stand for Gloucester. The deputation, after paying sundry night visits to a great political club in Pall-mall, after some mystery and bandying about from pillar to post, and callings again, gets at length to be introduced to a certain Mr. Monk, a son of a former Bishop of Gloucester, and therefore a likely man enough to have a chance of election in a city which was once under his father's pastoral care. After many pros and cons, and after much consulting of political friends, Mr. Monk consents to resign his pretensions to the agricultural borough of Cricklade, and to come down to Gloucester and contest the coming election with Sir Robert Carden, who is represented to be hugely unpopular in the city. So far all is plain and tolerably straightforward, but from this point the obscurity becomes impenetrable and the intricacy of the web something perfectly hopeless. From this point everybody is to manage Mr. Monk's affairs except Mr. Monk. From this point, so completely is Mr. Monk superseded by Mr. Moffatt (an ex-M.P.), by Sir William Hayter (an existing M.P.), by Mr. Ralli (Mr. Monk's father-in-law), and by many other persons, that one arrives at last at the conclusion that Mr. Monk himself must have passed his time in what Roman Catholics call a "retreat"—not opening his own letters, and finding the day to hang quite heavily on his hands. About this period of affairs, too, a certain cheque for five hundred pounds (in an envelope) makes its appearance, whose career it is quite impossible to follow, though it is as well to try. First, Mr. Moffatt asks Sir William Hayter if he knows a responsible person who will take a cheque for five hundred pounds (in an envelope) down to Gloucester. Then Sir W. Hayter asks one Webb (who serves one Gilbert, who is a parliamentary agent) the same question; then a new man, a Mr. Parkes, "who is in the habit of passing Sir W. Hayter's lodgings," comes upon the carpet, and gets mixed up with the cheque (and the envelope). To him enters another man, called Thompson, or Thornton, who, making application for the cheque (and envelope), and showing secret credentials, is entrusted with the same, and all becomes from that moment an entanglement of Moffatt,

Hayter, Thompson or Thornton, cheque, envelope, Parkes, and privacy, till the brain can stand it no more.

After the arrival of Thompson or Thornton at an hotel near the railway station at Gloucester, the evidence brought before the commissioners is more easily made out, and the machinery by which the commission works (tracing the money from the man who brings it down to the agents who disburse it, and thence to the voters who are to be bribed, examining each in turn) becomes sufficiently obvious. A person named Wilton, a surgeon at Gloucester, visits this man Thompson at his inn under pretence of prescribing for him, and, carrying away the money which the other has brought with him, distributes it in small parcels to the agents who are to come into actual communication with the electors, and to give them the money for their votes. Of course more money is soon wanted in addition to our favourite five hundred pounds, and strange, indeed, are the particulars which come out as to the secret correspondence of the agent at Gloucester with his principal in London, and an extraordinary revelation is brought about of the existence of firms whose business is election bribery, and servants of these firms who are nothing better than professional bribers, and whose function it is to conduct at elections all that dirty work which it is better the virtuous representative of the people should know nothing about.

And what is Sir Robert Carden about all this time? Suppose we let him tell his own tale, just as the writer heard him in the witness-box. We have told Mr. Monk's story for him, Sir Robert shall speak for himself.

Sir Robert Carden, a grey-headed, stalwart gentleman, tall and sturdy—Sir Robert Carden, standing erect in the witness-box, looking boldly about him, and betraying his nervousness only by a certain devil's tattoo of finger on the rail which surrounds him—Sir Robert Carden, answering the difficult questions something as a man does when playing at proverbs—is yet made to commit himself to the following statements: That in 1857 a deputation waited upon him from Gloucester, and represented to him that the Conservative party was gaining force in that city, and that in the event of his consenting to stand, there seemed every chance of his securing the election. Sir Robert Carden had no connexion with Gloucester at all, but we are not to suppose for a moment that the Conservative party in the town had heard of a certain election which once took place at St. Albans, and, knowing the value of money in the contest at Gloucester, thought that the gentleman who had shown the extent of his pecuniary resources at St. Albans would be the very man for them. This never crossed their minds—it is extraordinary, by-the-by, how few things *did* cross the minds of the different witnesses who gave their evidence in the Shire Hall; they appear all to have been the most innocent, unsuspicious, thoughtless fellows imaginable. And if all, surely most of all, Sir Robert! He thought Gloucester so pure

a borough that it seemed to him an honour to represent it. He asked the deputation, when it waited upon him, what would be the probable cost of the election, and was told between five and six hundred pounds; yet when his expenses (the petition included) came to upwards of *four thousand* pounds, he asks no questions, suspects no bribery, looks into no statements, and has received no account of the expenditure to this day. He had implicit confidence in his agent, and would have paid more still, if he had been asked. And pray, Sir Robert Carden, is it *your* practice, in other matters of business, to pay away these large sums without looking into the accounts? No, only at elections. And after paying all this money, Sir Robert still thought this election of 1857 a pure one till he heard of the evidence which had come out before the commission. Certainly this gentleman is of an unsuspicious nature; the election of '57, the hideous revelations that came out at St. Albans, all these things are thrown away upon him, and he comes down in 1859 still guiltless of any suspicion of corrupt practices, still confiding in the Gloucester electors, still ready to disburse his money to the amount of two thousand four hundred and ninety-five pounds fifteen shillings and fivepence, and all not paid yet. He had said to his agent, "Anybody who renders me a service, pay them liberal," but had never been told that it would be necessary to resort to bribery; and if he had known of the corrupt practices which took place in '57, would, he solemnly declares, never have stood in '59! Once more he reiterates that he had implicit confidence in his agent, and now he adds, that he wishes he had not had so much confidence in him, that it would have been better that he should have required an account of the expenditure that had taken place, and that he hopes Mr. Lovegrove (which is the agent's name) will account for it all honestly.

Having now got our candidates to Gloucester, it may be interesting to observe some of the chief characteristics of a thoroughly impure election; the system adopted by the local agents, the manner of its carrying out, and some of the chief points, both ludicrous and flagitious, which come out in the extraordinary process called "working an election." The first thing to be done is, for the candidate, or more probably some nameless friend who "acts for him" (whose generic title, at Wakefield, appears to be *The Man in the Moon*), to appoint an agent in the town where the election takes place, and the next thing is for all parties to have implicit confidence in each other, or, in other words, to ask no questions. The candidate, then, or his *Man in the Moon*, sends for the agent, places the affair in his hands, and asks no questions; then the agent sends for some gentleman well known as not being troubled with scruples, hands over to him certain sums of money and asks no questions; then the gentleman without scruples sends for a number of other gentlemen without scruples, hands the moneys over to them to disburse in the *expenses of the election*, and asks no ques-



tions. Here, unfortunately, this admirable system of "asking no questions" is at an end, for it appears that these lower ministers, in the actual working of the election, are obliged to ask a great many questions. They go into people's houses and ask whether they are behindhand with their rent, and how much will clear them? And then they say that they think they know a party who will "shell out" to the amount required, and they do not ask for a vote in return, far from it, but they are sadly afraid that the party aforesaid, who has strong political feelings, will not "shell out" to anybody who does not agree with him that Carden, or Monk, as the case may be, is the man for Gloucester. Nor are these the only questions that are asked. Sometimes a gentleman is discovered at tea, and is asked if that beverage is sweet enough, and, if not, how many lumps of sugar he will take in it; an innocent demand enough, unless it should turn out that the lumps of sugar mean lumps of gold, and that his tea will not be sweetened unless he plumps for Price and Monk.

Examining the proceedings of these minor agents in the "working of the election," we shall find that, were it not that the excessive seriousness of the subject makes it almost a sacrifice to laugh at anything connected with it, it would be impossible not to enjoy in an excessive degree the highly humorous performance of some of the lower actors in the ghastly melodrama.

The comedian who expressed himself as having taken so much refreshment that he was "on a running fuddle" all through the election; the apparently maddened fly proprietor, who stated that he had not been between the sheets at the time of the election for twenty-six days and nights, and who, with exquisite naïveté, wished there had never been an election, and *hoped* there would never be another; the witness who said that when he was offered 10*l.* for his vote, Mr. Monk (the candidate), who was standing near, on hearing money talked about, "very properly" walked away; the henpecked gentleman whose wife had received the bribe, and who said the attorney "didn't give it to me, he gave it to she, and she's missus and master too;" the honourable voter whose principles are worth 2*l.*, since he had rather vote for Price and Monk at 8*l.* than for Carden at 10*l.*; all these are humorists of a high order, and worthy to rank with that lawyer who said that if the election had been carried on on the purity dodge, everybody knows he would have had nothing to do with it; or that ingenious family who got 80*l.* among them for their votes, including 3*l.* for a dead man who had voted on the same terms at previous elections—"post mortem!"

But what are all these to our pet witness, Jacobs? Jacobs, the general factor, who begins his evidence at once by saying, "I received 177*l.* from Mr. John Wilton, and expended it in bribery," and who adds immediately that the first money he paid was 3*l.*—the only legitimate payment he made—to Mr. Moses (!) for coming from Liverpool to vote. This comedian, after recounting several exploits in bribing, says,

"The next man—if I can call him a man—vash vun William Merrittsh. He had 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* to vote for Price and Monk. I had to vatch him very close; he told me he should quarter on the enemy, as Mr. Lovegrovesh vash crazy after him." Jacobs sometimes meets with a voter who is troubled with a conscience, such as Mr. Welsh, who will not speak, but holds up five fingers, by which he means five pounds, then says he never takes the money, but on the ingenious Jacobs proposing to play a game of skittles or to jump with him for the amount, finds his conscience at ease. Mr. Welsh, too, is so scrupulous that he requests that the money may not be put into his hand, but may be left on the chimney-piece at a certain public-house where he can find it; and, finally, this conscientious personage, after receiving one pound in this manner, is bought over by the enemy, and votes for Carden. It was the opinion of Mr. Jacobs that this Welsh was "a Uriah Heap sort of man," and, indeed, he does not come out altogether in an estimable character. When Jacobs offers to pay his day's expenses if he will vote on the Liberal side, he answers that a man "ought to have more than a day's work to change his mind." Upon this the wily Jacobs changes his tactics, and wisely determines to get Mrs. Welsh over to his side. "There were some nice little childrensh playing about," he says, "and I takes up vun of 'em and gives it a shilling; then the goot woman varms up and says her husband shall take two or three poundsh less from us. I paid her five pounds, and she vent and bought pigs with it; but," adds the pork-abhorring Jacobs, "I did not give it her for *that*." Our good friend, with all his cunning, is sometimes, as the wisest of us may be, sadly taken in. "I now come," he goes on to say, "to three bad lots, Frederick Vingate, Thomas Vingate, and Thomas Knight. I had lots of trouble with those men. Their prices vash too high. They talked a deal of nonsense, and said they wanted fifteen poundsh a man; I told 'em I could not and could not give it; upon which they said they could get it upon the other side, and be put upon the committee, and all sorts of nice things. On the morning of the poll they sends to me and says, 'Vell, there is humbugging on the other side,' and I gave 'em six poundsh each, and after all they threw me over the bridge." Jacobs is proud of his philosophy, and when a voter whom he has been hankering after goes over to the enemy, and shouts aloud as he passes him in the street, "A plumper for Carden!" our good friend says, "He meant it to annoy me—but it did not." There is no end, however, to Jacobs, and we must cut him short most reluctantly, at once.

A word or two, now, on witnesses and witness-boxes.

There are few more embarrassing positions in the world than that of a witness in a witness-box. Elevated high above the heads of his audience, railed in as in a sort of pen, conscious that all eyes are fixed upon him, the witness becomes in almost every instance a confused and guilty-looking being, and all the more so if he



tries to look jaunty and unembarrassed. The one great object which it is desirable for a witness to attain is the power of keeping still. Let him not writhe, let him not attitudinise, let him by no means run his hand through his hair, let him keep his eye fixed on the person who is examining him, and haply he may manage to avoid looking like a pickpocket. Even at best there is so much in position, that the writer was surprised, on meeting in the street one or two of those witnesses whom he had seen examined, to note that they really looked like rather respectable men, and did not appear, as they did in the witness-box, to have two or three murders at least, weighing on their minds. While on this subject, it may be as well to mention that short witnesses have great advantages over long ones, being more sheltered by wood-work, and less bare and exposed in their appearance than those gifted with taller proportions.

The Eye-witness saw some wonderful and memorable things in connexion with the witness-box in the Shire Hall, at Gloucester, to some of which he now invites the reader's attention. There was the carpenter and "jyner," as he called himself, who moistened his palms as he ascended the rostrum, as if he were going to plane his way through his evidence. There was the lady with gloves and a veil, who was in business, and had no evidence to give on the particular matter in hand, but was quite ready to launch into many interesting statements on things in general, and especially with regard to her own affairs; and indeed in this, and in protestations of future amendment and never doing anything wrong again, all the witnesses were profuse. Then, there was the disconsolate witness, who sighed as if his heart would break between each answer; the conceited witness, who, seeing that his words were being taken down by the short-hand writer, waxed eloquent, and stopped long between his sentences, glancing down at the writer aforesaid, to see that one paragraph was finished before he began another. In addition to these, there was the witness who brought documents, and in the course of his narrative, continually put his hand in his pocket for appropriate and corroborative papers, but never found them till his tale had got long past the place where they would be of any use. Nor must we omit the witness who *would* look at anybody in court whom he happened to mention in his evidence; and besides the witness whom his friends in remote corners of the building *would* prompt, there was the man who had forgotten his part, and who deliberately appealed to his friends for assistance, saying, "In the year—I say, George, what year was it when Lightpocket lost the election for mayor?"

It was a remarkable thing, and one which perhaps proves that every man ought to have a profession, that no man who after being sworn was asked what he was, and answered that he was a "gentleman," failed to look like an ass when he said so. And this is indeed a wretched way of describing a man who has nothing to do, implying that he who has a profession is not a

gentleman, and infinitely inferior, in every way, to the Italian designation, "possedente," or the French "rentier." It is noteworthy, too, that a man sitting in court, and occupying a position between the examiner and the witness who is under examination, will not uncommonly look dreadfully confused and infinitely wretched when he hears his own name brought in in the evidence, and his own affairs discussed over the very top of his head. The Eye-witness hopes it will not be misconstrued into want of respect for the fair sex, if he says that, in addition to the things already mentioned, he was also struck by the extreme reluctance of those wives of voters who had received a bribe for their husbands, to hand the same over to their worse halves on their return from business. The man whose wife had declined to part with the money she received, and who stontly maintained in consequence that he had not been bribed at all, was a sharp fellow enough, and a close and astute reasoner.

There are some more witnesses yet, who must not be dismissed without a word. There was the man who did not know whom he had voted for, and who, in the wildness of his confusion, when he complained of the badness of his memory, put his hand to his stomach, as if that were the seat of the quality in question; there was the man who asked to be examined to relieve his mind, and who had had nothing to do with the election at all; there was the man who began an anecdote, and repenting of it, gave it up as not connected with the subject (an opinion in which the commissioners entirely coincided); there was the man who ascended the box like a clergyman coming into the pulpit, pressing his papers down heavily, arranging his handkerchief as if for a long speech, and being cut short almost before he had begun; lastly, there was the poor old attorney, all in black, with black gloves, and a high black mohair stock, whose appearance, as he held on to the sides of the witness-box, moved to an excess the pity of your Eye-witness, so that it was quite a relief to him when he heard that the poor old man had done no harm after all.

It would be an interesting thing to examine, did space permit it, how the question of an extended franchise is affected by what has recently transpired in connexion with the subject of election bribery, and how far, by increasing largely the number of electors, we should be rendering such bribery impossible. That the mere fact of giving larger numbers of the humbler orders a voice at elections will not be the means of abolishing corrupt practices is rendered sufficiently obvious by what has come out at Gloucester, where witness after witness of the lowest class proclaimed his own venality from the box, and where the words with which this article begins rang in one's ears all day. It may, indeed, be a question whether this is the case to so full an extent in our manufacturing towns, and whether the readiness to sacrifice gain to a principle (however mistaken) which has shown itself in the circumstances of the "strike," does not indicate that, in the class of intelligent workmen at any rate,

there exists an element to which bribery would appeal in vain.

Your Eye-witness, thinks it right to mention his belief that the main local actors in the Gloucester election were influenced, and influenced almost solely, by political motives. We in London have little idea of what politics are in the provinces, or, to use their own phrase, how "high they run." Here is a town like Gloucester, with its two political clubs, the Conservative and the Reform; here are men risking their professional prospects, in many instances paying money out of pocket (the writer heard this himself in evidence); here are instances of lawyers bestowing an amount of labour and time upon an election which, given to anything else, would have ensured a fee of three times the amount which the election brought in; here is a member of that profession which, of all others, requires the most, in its followers, an unsullied name—that of medicine—here is a surgeon, risking his practice, and owning that he has done what is detrimental to his personal prospects, and even to his success in life! And all this, surely not for the paltry profits of the election, but from political feeling and prejudice. Politics are in a country town almost like a religion, and an election acts on the place like a Revival.

This is the case with only the chief actors in this drama. With the rest, what is it? A race—a tearing, headlong race for gold—or for silver, as the case may be. The voluntary sale of a constituency; the barter of a seat in Parliament for so much money; a town indifferent as to who represents it, as long as it may but claw at the money, and which would feel disfranchisement itself more because it lost a marketable commodity than because it was declared to be unworthy of a great and sacred trust.

Sitting in that court, and watching the proceedings closely, it was impossible not to feel ashamed and pained to an excess, to see grey-headed citizens, and townsmen high in office, sitting in their places pale with apprehension, standing in the witness-box proclaiming their own misdeeds, or retiring from it abashed and crestfallen like chidden schoolboys. Well might that innocent perjurer, whose words we have already quoted, say that he wished there had never been an election, and hoped there would never be another; and well might a rustic, seated in the court behind the Eye-witness, turn to his mate and say, "I say, Jack, 'honesty's the best policy,' after all."

#### BOOKWORLD.

WHEN the dim presence of the awful Night

Clasps in its jewell'd arms the slumbering earth,  
Alone I sit beside the lowly light

That like a dream-fire flickers on my hearth,  
With some joy-teeming volume in my hand—  
A peopled planet, opulent and grand.

It may be Shakspeare, with his endless train

Of sceptred thoughts, a glorious progeny  
Borne on the whirlwind of his mighty strain

Through vision-lands for ever far and free,  
His great mind beaming thro' those phantom crowds,  
Like evening sun from out a wealth of clouds.

It may be Milton, on his seraph wing,

Soaring to heights of grandeur yet untrod;

Now deep where horrid shapes of darkness cling,

Now lost in splendour at the feet of God;

Girt with the terror of avenging skies,

Or wrapt in dreams of infant Paradise.

It may be Spenser, with his misty shades

Where forms of beauty wondrous tales rehearse,

With breezy vistas, and with cool arcades

Opening for ever in his antique verse.

It may be Chaucer, with his drink divine,

His Tabard old, and Pilgrims twenty-nine.

Perchance I linger with the mighty Three

Of glorious Greece, that morning land of song,

Who bared the fearful front of Tragedy,

And soared to fame on pinions broad and strong;

Or watch beneath the Trojan ramparts proud

The dim hosts gathering like a thunder-cloud.

No rust of time can sully Quixote's mail,

In wonted rest his lance securely lies;

Still is the faithful Sancho stout and hale,

For ever wide his wonder-stricken eyes;

And Rosinante, bare and spectral steed,

Still throws gaunt shadows o'er their every deed.

Still can I robe me in the old delights

Of Caliph splendid, and of Genii grim,

The star-wealth of Arabia's thousand nights,

Shining till every other light grows dim;

Wander away in broad, voluptuous lands,

By streams of silver, and through golden sands,

Still hear the storms of Camoëns burst and swell,

His seas of vengeance raging wild and wide;

Or wander by the glimmering fires of hell

With dreaming Dante and his spirit-guide;

Loiter in Petrarch's green, melodious grove,

Or hang with Tasso o'er his hopeless love.

What then to me is all your sparkling dance,

Wine-purpled banquet, or vain Fashion's blaze,

Thus roaming through the realms of rich Romance,

Old Bookworld, and its wealth of royal days,

For ever with those brave and brilliant ones

That fill Time's channel like a stream of suns!

#### ENGLISH MUTTON.

WE Englishmen are proud of our beef, but it is a question whether we have not much more reason to be proud of our mutton. English and Scotch agriculture owe more to mutton than to beef. Our earliest manufacturing fame was founded on native long wool. Our greatest agricultural revolution was produced by feeding mutton on oil-cake and sliced turnips. The latest and most approved change in modern farming involves substituting sheep for bullocks on land where sheep were unknown to our ancestors. In a culinary point of view our mutton is quite as unrivalled as our beef. Rarely out of England is a first-rate broiled chop to be obtained; nowhere can the equal of a Sussex haunch or saddle be obtained; while the little Highland, Dartmoor, and Exmoor joints and legs are only to be matched on the Continent by few and far between specimens of such native breeds as the Ardennes. Spanish mutton is uneatable. In France the mutton can seldom be presented without the disguise of a fry and a sauce; and in Germany the wise

traveller will stick to the inimitable Kalb's cutlets, and avoid Merino mutton. In Hungary there is a native breed, which, when untainted by Merino crosses and fattened by one of the disciples of English farmers, makes a very tolerable imitation of the black-faced Scotch.

But, important as the muttonian branch of British wealth is, luxury, and agricultural and manufacturing power, little or no pains have as yet been taken to diffuse and make popular the history, progress, and present condition of the British sheep among those classes who, living by them and on them, are elaborately taught the whole natural history of animals only to be found tame and worth a shilling in travelling shows and zoological gardens.

Small national and workhouse schoolboys can describe with anatomical minuteness the whole arrangements of the stomach of the camel; and young ladies frequenting colleges, at short notice will write out a neat essay on the introduction of the silkworm into Europe; but, if you were to ask the primest competitors of the middle class examinations, or those wonders of book knowledge, the civil service candidates, who founded the modern South Down—who invented the Leicester sheep—it is ten to one but they would be irrevocably floored. And yet the improvement in sheep had no small share in the agricultural changes commenced in the time of George the Third, which have doubled, trebled, and quadrupled our wheat and corn manufacture—changes only less important than those bred of the steam-engine and the spinning-jenny.

The systematic improvement of sheep, as well as of all our other cattle, dates back between eighty and ninety years, to the labour of a man whose name is a household word with the stock breeders of France, and Germany, and the United States, as well as of England—Robert Bakewell. Before his time, and long after his time, in many wide districts of Great Britain and Ireland the sheep was in the same position and occupied the same place in farming economy as it now does on the greater part of the continent of Europe, where the Merino is not carefully cultivated; that is to say, the position of a machine for producing with very little care a very little wool, and, when too old to eat, a little fatless, tough mutton.

Every district had its own breed, as for instance, Kent, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, coarse varieties of the breed, producing the long wools which were so long supposed to be the sole foundation of our woollen manufacturers, and therefore guarded by a series of anti-exporting acts of Parliament. On the short, sweet grass of the Chalk Down from Sussex to Wilts, fed the grey and black-faced progenitors of the South Down and the Hampshire Down. Dorset had the originals of the white-faced horned Dorsets. Somersetshire had the foundation of the Cotswolds. Shropshire and Staffordshire the once famous peckly-faced breed now so changed as to be claimed by both the long wools and the short wools; Norfolk, the big-horned,

black-faced, wild, and hardy wool-bearers, now almost extinct, changed as much by crossings as a tall clodhopper after seven years' service in a crack infantry regiment. Devonshire and Cornwall had the Bampton now improved one of knowledge, into "Notts," as well as the active unimproved Dartmoors and little improved Exmoors. The foundation of all the improvements in every breed of English and Scotch sheep was laid by Bakewell, when he set about to manufacture the Leicester.

It is supposed that he began by selecting the best specimens of a large Warwickshire sheep. The originals, as we may see in Bewick's quadrupeds, were not unlike the specimens of long-legged, long-wooled unimproved Dutch sheep that occasionally find their way to the metropolitan market. He began with a white-faced, hornless, docile-tempered, bred among rich pastures, where, unlike Down and Mountain breeds, they could fill themselves with very little travelling; for Bakewell foresaw that in a population like ours, mutton was worth more than wool, and so by selection he set to work to produce an animal which would grow, not only the most meat out of its small bones, but as much legs and loins as possible, and also could ripen this mutton as soon as possible. In a word, he went in for symmetry, quality, and early maturity, treating size and wool as secondary objects. Thus he struck a deadly blow at that luxury, the four-year-old launch. Without entering into tiresome details, it is enough to say that he succeeded, and probably produced Leicester sheep as perfect in symmetry as have ever been bred since, with all the aid of experience and modern advantages. And this is the more curious because the Bakewell or Dishley sheep, now a fixed type, is not an improved aboriginal breed, but a creature from a series of judicious crosses of divers long-wooled breeds. In obtaining this success, he materially reduced the size, but what he lost in bones he gained in flesh and fat.

In 1790 he had so far succeeded, not only in establishing a breed, but in inspiring the confidence of his agricultural friends, that he was able to found a Secret Sheep Breeding Club under the name of the "Dishley Society." By secrecy he attempted to supply the want of the protection of patent for his invention.

The rules are as mysterious as those of a society of political freemasons, and as exclusive as the model tariff of a French Protectionist.

For instance, by Resolution 1: Eleven subscribers, including Mr. Bakewell himself, agree to pay the sum of ten guineas each, in such sums, and at such times, and for such purposes as shall hereafter be agreed upon by the majority of subscribers.

And Resolution No. 4, declares: "That secrecy shall be kept by all members respecting the business of these meetings; and that any member quitting the society keep secret, upon his honour, the transactions before he left it." In 1794: "It is resolved, that no ram be let to any ram breeder at less than forty guineas."

In 1795: "That no ram shall be let to any members of the Lincolnshire Society, in classes, at less than two hundred guineas." This was a hit at the rival Lincolnshire breed, a kindred tribe of long wools. Also, "That no member shall sell any ewes, except to kill, at less than ten guineas each."

In 1796, it was "Resolved, that whoever deals with Mr. —, shall pay the society fifty guineas; that not less than one hundred guineas be taken from any of the persons whose names are hereafter written, for their first contract for one ram; if two join, not less than two hundred guineas, after which the price to be thirty guineas for each ram." And the list included upwards of fifty of the first noblemen, gentlemen, and farmers in the kingdom. So well had these measures succeeded, that in a letter quoted in the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, dated September, 1797, a Mr. Astley offers four hundred guineas for leave to send fifty ewes to the rams of Mr. Stubbin, of Holmptierpoint, an original member of the Dishley Society.

The Dishley Society so far fulfilled its objects that the mild, weak, indolent, white-faced, small-boned, thorough-bred new Leicester became a rage and a fashion, and spread all over the kingdom, into suitable, and into the most unsuitable districts. A Lincolnshire farmer, the late Mr. Loft, of Louth, hired two rams at a thousand guineas for the year. A Cornish man, Mr. Peters, unknown to fame, brought a waggon-load at a fabulous price into his county, and conquered the wool-bearing native Celts.

About the same time that Bakewell was creating and popularising the new Leicester and long-woolled sheep, and laying down the axioms on which all breeds of sheep were to be improved, Mr. Ellman, of Glynde, in Sussex, was quietly engaged in cultivating the South Down, a small active sheep, with dark or speckled face, and dark grey legs, found from time immemorial on the downs of Sussex, as far as we can learn; for the friends of this eminent breeder are much more liberal with big words than facts, and have published a life, which contains all sorts of details, except information on the subject that made him an agricultural benefactor. Before Ellman's time they were small, high on the shoulders, high on the loins, low on the rump, sharp on the back, with flat ribs; they were rarely fat before four years old, and were valued as much for their fine wool as for their meat. Ellman, by judicious breeding, gave the South Down symmetry, and obtained early maturity. For a long series of years, the Leicester long-wool and the South Down short-wool sheep were rivals, and hot discussions were carried on, and many wagers laid in a wagering age as to their comparative superiority. But, in time, each settled down to its place. The Leicester, the Lincoln, and kindred long-wools, to richer and fallow land, the South Down to Downs, and dry light chalk or sandy lands, and a cross of one of the two was found available on every soil and in every climate. Mr. Coke, of Holkham, afterwards Earl

of Leicester, with his usual sagacity, soon hit on this truth. He began with the most improved breed, the Leicesters, for he found the native Norfolks were perfectly unprofitable, of "no more a source of profit," he said, "than a dung-cart;" but experiments and experience afterwards showed him that on the light turnip land of West Norfolk, the South Down was the right animal. And the South Down improved in size and constitution, and, made perfect by Jonas Webb, the Cambridgeshire breeder, has almost superseded, or rather crossed out, the native county black-faced, sharp-backed breed, which had been bred on the wild moors which then covered half the district, because they could live on anything, and bear any hardship of climate. It must be owned that a Norfolk wether, when four years old, and really fat, was, and is, mutton of the highest class. At the present day, the South Down is identified with Jonas Webb, who gave it size and constitution, fitted it for all climates, for Scotland and the United States, France and Australia. A Quarterly Reviewer tells how this change was the dreams of his childhood.

Almost all agricultural improvements have been followed by a reaction.

The Leicester fell into disrepute from being so overbred that the fat sheep were all fat, and the breeding ewes could not even rear their lambs.

The South Downs suffered between the years 1800 and 1816 from an attempt to render the wool a substitute for Merino, so as to render this country self-supplying in short wool as well as long wool, and also, from attempts by crosses with the Merino, to put a Merino fleece on a South Down carcass. The late Lord Western pursued this last scheme with great zeal and no success, up to 1835. Lord Somerville tried to introduce the German plan of housing or coting Down sheep in winter. Even Lord Leicester fell into the delusion of spoiling South Downs with Merino rams. The rise of our Australian sheep colonies, and the repeal of the restrictions on wool importation, put a final stop to these misdirected efforts. For at least twenty years, mutton and mutton alone has been the main object of the sheep farmer.

Within the same time, by the help of artificial food and portable manures, sheep husbandry has been introduced on tens of thousands of acres previously in waste, or in coarse pasture devoted to breeding colts, or coarse horned cattle, as well as on arable farms growing little or no natural grass. Another curious change has taken place; every local breed in England has been crossed and improved either by the Leicester or South Down, or both. Or if like the Dorsets not permanently crossed, one of the two superior breeds has been used to procure a large and superior class of lambs. For instance, one of the oldest breeds in England is the Cotswold, which no doubt flourished on those limestone ranges in the time of Mr. Justice Shallow. The Cotswold is a large, lively, long-woolled sheep,

with usually, now, a white, but formerly an invariably grey, face. To the eye of an amateur, these sheep are superior to the Leicester. They are more active and vigorous, with a splendid fleece, and better mutton. But, when their nature is closely examined, there remains no doubt first, that they have been improved in symmetry and early maturity while retaining their great size, by Leicester crosses; and next, that neither pure nor as a cross, are they so universally useful as either of what may fairly be called the two standard breeds. Of course, Cotswold breeders do not admit this.

The Leicester goes everywhere like the Short horn bull, and crosses and improves in the cold and in the warm latitudes. The South Down, superior in quality of meat, has a less extended range of usefulness, although a very wide one. The Cotswold is now an established breed; that is, it can go on reproducing its improved character without crosses. Nay, it is said to have been used formerly to give size to Leicesters, and has created sub-breeds in Downs, Cotswolds, &c.

The old Teeswater sheep grown in Berwick and the old Romney Marsh, still found in natural history books, have lost their characteristic features under repeated crosses of Bakewell's new Leicester.

If we travel to the extreme west in Devonshire and Cornwall, we find the native Bampton materially changed in character by Leicester crosses, which, as before mentioned, were introduced into Cornwall, in the time of Bakewell, by Mr. Peters, and into Devonshire by the father of the present celebrated Devon cattle-breeder, Mr. George Turner, of Barton. The best-known tribe in the vales and flat lands is a cross called Bampton Notts, because the Leicester alliance has deprived them of their original horns. South Downs have not succeeded in the moist climate of the Devon hills, but a future rival of the South Down in quality and quantity of meat is supposed to be found in the Exmoor white-faced horned-sheep, of a mild and tame disposition, which inhabits the range of hills from North Devon to Somerset, once fed chiefly for their wool, and lately made more valuable by the tapping powers of railroads making them better pasture. If these have been crossed at all, it has been with Leicesters. But they seem, like the Downs, to be capable of most improvement, from within, by selection. The Dartmoor is an unimproved sheep, and small. When we leave Devonshire for Dorsetshire, we come into the great lamb manufacturers for the London market. We find an aboriginal breed of horned sheep, wilder, and longer in the leg, than the Exmoor: no doubt the breed which Roman soldiers consumed broiled, and wore as winter coats in their bleak Dorsetshire encampments. The Dorset sheep are peculiar for being very prolific; giving generally two, sometimes three lambs at a time, like certain Dutch herds, and are also remarkable for a tendency to breed very early in the year, and very young; a tendency which, properly encouraged, gives

house lamb, and meat that passes for house lamb. These lambs are the result of a first cross with a South Down ram; after which the ewes, travelling before lambing to the metropolitan counties, are themselves fattened on roots and cake and duly slain. The Dorset will thrive where the Down would starve. The Dorsets, like every other British breed, are a much more uniform and symmetrical sheep, and keep much more muttonish than they were five-and-twenty years ago. Still they show all the signs of a distinct breed; while, as to three out of four of the long-woolled breeds intermixed with Bakewell's Leicesters, no one but an expert could tell where they began and ended. The Wiltshire and Hampshire Downs, as distinguished from the Sussex, rejoice in a fine, lively, black-faced, black-legged, Roman-nosed, large-boned, slowly maturing, hardy travelling sheep: a sort of Esau brother to the Sussex Jacob, feeding on the short Down grass, and extending far and wide with the help of the eternal turnip. But all these Down districts have been more or less invaded and crossed, with the assistance of root crops, by the more genteel and precocious Sussex and Cambridgeshire South Down, which has less bone, and, like royalty, comes of age a year or two sooner than his Roman-nosed relation.

If we advance into the midland counties, taking a stretch between Oxfordshire, Bucks, and Bedfordshire, we find that of late years a taste and demand has sprung up for crosses, with the view of combining size and heavy fleece, with a better quality than a pure long-woolled sheep, still retaining early maturity. Bakewell's successors have produced a small, delicate, fat sheep. At breeding shows, the great prizes are very properly given for pure blood, which is the source of all improvement. But the butchers demand includes quantity and quality. To answer this demand there has been manufactured the Down Cotswold, which is the result of a South Down, a Hampshire Down, and a Cotswold, with probably a dash of the Leicester. There has also, within ten years, been produced a sheep, which, dressed with red-oehre, produced a great sensation at the late Paris agricultural show, as "*les brebis rouges*," and which has been recently named the "*Oxford Down*;" a mixture of Cotswold, Leicester, and South Down, raised in Oxfordshire and Bedfordshire, a race which its breeders maintain has at last established itself as a distinct type. It is larger than either a Leicester or a Down, with a great fleece, and very good mutton. Indeed, it would seem as if (with the exception of the limited area of the Downs, and dry, chalky, or sandy soils), pure sheep would rarely be found out of the hands of ram breeders, and that farmers of arable land would confine themselves to crosses. The fashionable South Coast and West-end London butchers must have pure South Down lamb and mutton for their customers. In Norfolk and Suffolk, Down crosses prevail; in Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Lincolnshire, the Leicester and Lincoln blood, and long-woolled character prevail; and all the manufacturing districts,

whether iron or cotton, like a large sheep until you reach Northumberland. A manufacturing and seaport population must have quantity and fat meat. But our colliers and iron men are more dainty than their fathers were a quarter of a century ago, when the maxim was, "A little fat mutton makes a great many fat potatoes."

In Shropshire, on very doubtful grounds, but with great vehemence, native breeders claim as a pure breed, the Shropshire Downs: a very fine, large, dark-faced sheep, with a round carcass and a heavy fleece, sufficiently established to reproduce itself, although Leicestermen claim the back and Down men the quality. Outsiders point to the fact that the "peckly" face which once distinguished the hill sheep of Shropshire has become a uniform grey. On the other hand, the Shropshire men declare that the modern South Down owes its great size to a stolen cross with the Shropshire, whether or not, there is no doubt it is an excellent sheep.

Scotland and the borders of England are supplied with two breeds of sheep of a very distinct character, that are rarely, if ever, found south, except in the butchers' shops: the Cheviot, a white, tame, hornless sheep, and what is commonly called the black-faced Highlander. The latter is the dark, wild-faced fellow, with enormous curled horns, which, from figuring so often in the shape of Scotch mulls, adorned with cairngorms set in silver thistles, is identified with the Highlands almost as much as plaids and bare legs. But this wild, shaggy, long-woolled sheep, which feeds and thrives, in spite of mist and snow, on the heath-covered tops of Highland mountains, where every other kind of sheep would starve, is really a native of the English border hills, and only emigrated to Scotland late in the last century, where it has been carefully bred into the model shape without losing hardiness. Thus bred, fed so cheaply, although not so soon fit to kill as other breeds, it furnishes throughout the winter many tons of legs, loins, and saddles, which are forwarded by steam-boat and rail to the southern, and especially the London, markets—there, in a great degree, superseding the wretched stuff called Welsh mutton. This black fellow not only thrives on mountain-tops, but fattens comfortably and contentedly on roots, when transplanted to the turnip farms of the Lowlands.

On a lower zone than the black-faced, but as high up as grass will grow, feeds the hardy, white-faced, hornless Cheviot: an admirable mutton-producing sheep, more hardy than the South Down, in fact, a true hill sheep. This is, a colonist from England, which, however, owes much to the careful selection and breeding talents of Scotch sheep farmers. It is with the Cheviot and the Black-faced, that hills and dales, which once only fed caterans and their cattle, have been made productive and profitable.

Both these breeds are largely crossed, for one cross with Leicesters and Cotswolds for mutton, and the Highlanders for lambs, with South Downs and with Leicesters for wethers, the Leicester cross being the most used. But prime

Leicesters and Downs have also been acclimatized in Scotland.

In this sketch, all species of any importance at the present day in numbers have been mentioned, except Welsh, which are so deficient in everything that should make a profit, that it is the universal opinion of mutton judges that the best thing for Wales—next to introducing the Scotch system of improving mountain pastures—would be, to supersede the native long legged, bony, fatless breed, by black-faced Highland Cheviots, improved Exmoors, and the hardier tribes of Downs; for to improve so small and wild a sheep would cost more than they are worth. Talking of Welsh sheep, the present Lord Llanover told an agricultural meeting how, when his father wanted to introduce turnips as winter food into his native country, his tenants and neighbours declared, with true Celtic fire, that a Welsh sheep would disdain to look at a Saxon turnip. Mr. Hall did not argue the point, but, in a snug gorge of a sheepmountain, surrounded a few acres with a stone wall topped with hurdles which no sheep could leap or penetrate; this enclosure he planted with turnips. When winter came, and the sheep were half starved, he had the hurdles taken down, one night. The sheep, of course, leaped in, and when they had feasted full, Mr. Hall sent his men to drive them into the parish pound, as trespassers. The next day Llanover House was besieged by the owners of the turnip-eating sheep for their release. But he met them with, "These can't be your sheep; you said they would not touch a Saxon turnip!" The Welshmen very humbly ate their leek, and the turnip-eaters were given up.

For all practical purposes, the intelligent foreigner, studying our sheep agriculture, may confine his attention to the Leicester and Lincoln tribes, the Cotswolds, the Downs; perhaps the Shropshire Downs, the Cheviots, and the improved Highland black-faced. From these, crosses of more or less value, more or less fixed types, have arisen, and are rapidly increasing in number, in consequence of the demand for weight in meat and wool. After carefully examining the sheep cultivation from the extreme south to north of the island, we have come to the conclusion that, in all arable districts there is a tendency to use sheep with more muscle and less fat than the pure Leicester, more size and wool than the pure Down. A change has recently taken place in our manufacturing demands which has made British long wool more valuable than short wool. A change in taste has also been established which creates a demand for quality in most markets, which can only be obtained by a dash of Mountain or Down sheep.

It is curious to look back, less than one hundred years, and observe that the gauge of animal merit first publicly propounded by Bakewell (who ruined himself with his experiments), has since been applied to all our live stock, and especially to sheep, with the effect of improving every breed worth preserving; so that, although



there is very little four-year-old mutton, there is more good food, and probably ten times as much mutton, as in Bakewell's time. The legs are longer and rounder, the backs are flatter, and the ribs more hoop-like. The shoulders, too, have gained, while as to maturity, which means increased number of pounds of legs, loins, chops, and shoulders turned off a farm in a year, let one of the greatest salesmen in the London market speak :

"Twenty years ago I was sent to the London market to buy a lot of sheep to graze, and was told to be sure to get a few shearlings, or one-year-old sheep; but I could find none less than two, three, or four years old. Now, you may go through the sheep market and not find twenty per cent over one year old, two per cent over two years old; and three-year-old sheep are almost unknown in the London live market." This really means that a farm feeds three or four times as many sheep on the same land in four years, as before Bakewell's principles became, with the assistance of corn and oil-cake, guano-grown roots, and clay drainage, almost universal. With a moderate unlimited pasture, and time no object, it is very easy to produce excellent mutton, as good as on the best and highest farmed estate of 1859. But, our breeders and farmers, with the assistance of engineers, chemists, and merchants, have found out how to increase the supplies of mutton a hundred-fold without increasing the area of our island.

We have said nothing of Ireland, because Ireland does not shine in sheep, but in Short-horns. The climate of Ireland best suits English long wool. There are no native Irish breeds.

### TWISTED WORDS.

THE Dean of Westminster knows better than any man in England how to teach his countrymen, that it is pleasant work to look below the surface of their language. To his delightful little book upon "The Study of Words," and upon "English Past and Present," Dr. Trench has lately joined a companion volume called "A Select Glossary of English Words, used formerly in Senses Different from their Present." It is illustrated from his own reading among early English authors, and is not less remarkable for independent scholarship than for simplicity. We see in it wherein we may gather a small etymological posy, and find satisfactory amusement. Let us mean by Amusement what our forefathers meant; something to muse over, something that seizes the attention. To a certain limited extent, that sense remains. For example, we may say that a thief keeps a man amused with empty questions, while he takes his watch. But we should not now say of a man, as Fuller did, that "being amused with grief, fear and fright, he could not find a house in London (otherwise well known to him), whither he intended to go." In the word Amusement, then, we do not quite abandon the idea of occupation of the mind.

Abandon, banish, give to the bann or open proclamation, which was commonly a condemnation to the penalty of law, but not necessarily so. When we publish the banns or proclamings of marriage, we are not supposed to mean a condemnation of the bachelors and spinsters to some legal pains. A bandit—ban-spoken—is a man against whom law has proclaimed itself. A house is in the fullest sense abandoned, when its owner has not only left it, but has also put it into the hands of an auctioneer, who advertises that it will be sold to the best bidder; or when it is left to fall under the ban of a Public Health Act, and be pulled down by a Board of Works. To denounce, or leave to be denounced, was to abandon, the sense of the word corresponding fully in old time to its internal Anatomy.

Anatomy is Greek for dissection, and means only the cutting asunder the several parts of a thing. After all this dissection of a man was done, the bones remained, and thus what we now call the skeleton (from the Greek word for dry) used to be called the anatomy. A skeleton, on the contrary meant, not the bones only, but the entire body dried into a mummy, though no bones whatever were apparent.

The word apparent is here used in the old sense of manifest, though Dr. Trench tells us that the one phrase "heir apparent" is the only instance of our use of the word as meaning that which appears and is, in opposition to its present customary sense of that which appears but is not. We suggest as a question, whether there may not be a slight tendency to use this word in one sense as an adjective before its noun, and in the other sense when it is the noun that is first spoken or written. The heir apparent is not the same thing as the apparent heir. Does not a like distinction hold good rather generally? Between such phrases, for example, as apparent anger in his letter and anger apparent in his letter?

Here let us diverge to make a grammatical remark. There is a curious instinct about common usage. Everybody knows that there are verbs—like swim, and sink—that represent the past with two forms. Swim makes swam and swum; sink makes sank and sunk. The double form arose from a fact wholly dead to the existing language. In the oldest English, one vowel was used in the singular, and the other in the plural, of the perfect tense; it was (to speak roughly) I sank, but we sunk. Both forms, disengaged from their first tie, were at one time left to drift loosely about in the language, and grammarians now teach that one is doomed to be got rid of. Probably not. Without accepting rule from anybody, by mere consent and usage of all educated English speakers, the loose fragments have crystallised afresh into a fixed shape that has no reference whatever to their first position. The forms in a are confined to the active past tense, and the forms in u are all changed into participles. We say I drank and I was drunk, never I drunk and I was drank. We speak of money sunk, not money sank. It is no longer

regarded as pure English to say, I sung a song. Nobody would say that a song had been sang; and so forth. Now there has never been a rule to settle this; possibly the fact, tacitly admitted by all writers, is here for the first time recognised in formal words. Simply the fact shows how, through the minds of all the speakers, language seems to work as its own artist.

An artist meant a cultivated scholar once, especially a scholar in the classics, which were commonly known as the chief liberal arts. What we still call at the universities being a Master of Arts, used to entitle men to rank as artists. He whom we now call an artist was then called an artisan. Shakespeare writes of

The wise and fool, the artist and unread.

Waller admires in a painter, the

Rare artisan, whose pencil moves

Not our delights alone, but loves.

But it needs much study to ascertain the way in which society has acted upon language to produce these transfers of name from one class to another.

There is the word ascertain. It now means only to acquire certain knowledge of a thing; once it meant to give certainty to the thing itself; to ascertain, to assure it. Then assurance very commonly was an affiancement or betrothal. So easy a transition causes no astonishment.

Our tendency to use exaggerated words has made it possible to speak even of being astonished at a curiosity in etymology, although that word is but the Latin form for thunderstruck. Once it was used more strictly. It was even chosen by the old translator of Pliny to represent the effect of an electric shock, when he wrote that "The cramp-fish (torpedo) knoweth her own force and power, and being herself not benumbed, is able to astonish others." Cannon astonished men, and though we now call nothing but guns artillery, it is to be observed that bows or any engines for projecting missiles used to be so called. "And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad, and said unto him, Go carry them to the city."

There may be deadly shots fired from the barrel of a pen. Nobody knows this more clearly than your attorney, who declines now to be known as your attorney, and accounts himself solicitor. Yet an attorney meant so generally one who is put in the place, stead, or "turn" of another, that the man who would serve your turn at the law courts had especially to be defined as your attorney-at-law, while teachers in the Church did not shrink from applying in the very highest sense that word for substitute, in preaching "Our only attorney, only mediator, only peacemaker between God and men." The word solicitor has at its root the meaning of a tempter or enticer, one who pulls at us by hope or fear. Judged by the etymology alone, the change of phrase is awkwardly significant.

The word awkward has not yet come to mean only clumsy or maladroit. It retains, though

Dr. Trench does not allow it credit for so doing, in very many cases the old sense of untoward. Thus, an awkward question does not usually mean a question clumsily put, but cunningly put and untoward for the person who must answer it. When a man says that he finds himself placed in an awkward position, he means that he is pulled in contrary directions by the circumstances to which he refers. Indeed, he will commonly complete the train of thought by going on to explain: If I stay here, there's my difficulty; and if I go there, here's my difficulty. Awkward and wayward represent only two modifications of the same old word, aweg, for away. The awk end used to be the name for the end of a rod away from the hand that held it:

She sprinkled us with bitter juice of uncouth herbs,  
And strake the awk end of her charmed rod upon our heads.

There is a study of old manners in the present meaning of such words as base, villain, catiff, and the like. Base formerly meant only low in birth, and Our Lord was said to be "equal to them of greatest baseness;" but the pride of the aristocracy (who by that very word declare themselves to be morally the best) assumed that lowest birth meant lowest worth. A knave once meant only a boy. The patient Grisel bore "a knave child" to the cruel marquis who had robbed her of her daughter. In German the old word (with only a b for a v, knabe for knave) still means boy simply, and is no term of reproach. Among us it was borne by the boys in great lords' kitchens. These were reviled and beaten by the great lords who, when they called Knave! turned up their high and mighty noses. Catiff, again, is only the Norman French form of the word captive. Dr. Trench observes that captivity tends to degrade; but the later sense of the word catiff must have arisen in no small degree out of the bluster of the conqueror. The black guards were the scullions and kitchen people who, in old English days, when great families migrated from one residence to another, had charge of the sooty pots and pans, and other kitchen utensils. We read in Webster of a fellow "that within this twenty years rode with the black guard in the duke's carriage, mongst spits and dripping-pans;" whilst an old treatise on Divinity speaks of "dukes, earls, and lords, great commanders in war, common soldiers and kitchen boys, glad to trudge it on foot in the mire, hand in hand, a duke or earl not disdaining to support or help up one of the black guard ready to fall, lest he himself might fall into the mire, and have none to help him."

There is another sort of social truth illustrated by the passage of the large word with its large meaning, charity, into a word that means a mere giving of alms, and of a word bounty, that meant goodness once, into the mere sense of free giving. Men fighting about for hard-won gains, have seen all charity or goodness in the neighbour, who will throw what they want into their lap and ask for nothing in return.

Bombast was the Elizabethan crinoline, being the old name for the cotton which supplied a

vast amount of wadding to the clothes of polite people. "Certain I am," says Stubs, "there was never any kind of apparel ever invented that could more disproportion the body of man than these doublets, stuffed with four, five, or six pound of bombast at the least." The globular buttons, now worn only by pages, were worn also in those days as bullions by the exquisite, "in his French doublet with his blistered bullions." Bullion properly means, and used always to mean, any gold metal baser than the standard of the Mint.

Words, whilom flourishing,  
Pass now no more, but, banished from the court,  
Dwell with disgrace among the vulgar sort;  
And those which eld's strict doom did disallow  
And damn for bullion, go for current now.

In the word *buxom* we can trace the whole course of the change of meaning from the original sense of *bendable* (still the meaning of the German form of it, *biegsam*), which implied obedient or pliable. Being pliable was being ready to accommodate one's self to others, and to be obliging. But that is a feminine virtue most especially, it makes a woman cheerful company, and, ten to one, this cheerful and companionable woman, who has taken the world easily, and bent aside under its blows instead of bearing them, who is not of the anxious sort, is not of the lean sort. She is plump and has no wrinkles in her face. Yet in the old days, with the cares of a martyr on him, the lean man could say, "I submit myself unto this holy Church of Christ, to be ever *buxom* and obedient to the ordinance of it."

Is it because we are more lazily disposed to be carried than to carry, that the word *carriage* means no longer what we ourselves bear, but that which bears us. We have quite lost the original sense of the text, "And David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage." Certainly it must be because we are all so much more ready to condemn than to applaud our neighbour, that the word *censure*, which means only an expression of opinion, now means only blame. On the other hand such words as *delicacy*, and *luxury*, which once meant only offences of the self-indulgent, have become terms by which animal pleasure is caressed. The sins of the rich have come to honour by the same process of language that has made reproach of the poor man's privations and necessities. "Thus much," says an old writer, "of delicacy in general; now more particularly of his first branch, *gluttony*." Chaucer declaims against '*foule lust of luxurie*' that taints the minds of men.

There is an inference not flattering to the condition of society to be drawn from the twist of meaning undergone by many words. Cunning used to mean simply knowing, having knowledge, and it was not profane to ascribe to the three persons of the Trinity "power, cunning, and might." The perverse and selfish use commonly made of superior knowledge,—early or exclusive intelligence, has at last led to an habitual employment of this word in a bad sense.

When the battle of Waterloo was fought, the King of France was in a Flemish town, where he was in the habit of breakfasting with his household at an open balcony, in presence of the public. Speedy news of the fall of Napoleon having reached this royal household, there was mutual felicitation and embracing visible from the street. An emissary of the house of Rothschild was outside, instantly divined the truth, and shot over to London. When the house he represented had made use of the intelligence to effect its own little arrangements upon "Change," government was informed of what it knew, and the house turned a penny by its cunning.

Again, the word *demure* once honestly meant what it now expresses only with a latent sneer. We knew better than to trust one another as "*demure* and innocent." Facetiousness was once the mirth of the refined, but we must question the fairness of the Dean's inference that, because now the name is applied only to the ruder sort of jesting, men have degenerated. Facetiousness of the most courtly ladies, a few centuries ago, would in some respects suit better in these days the precincts of the Coal Hole than those of the Court of St. James. The word means what it did mean; but our sense of refined jesting has improved. We are more disposed to accept without inquiry the moral drawn from the twist of meaning in a word like *garb*. A man's *garb* used to be his whole outside demeanour:

First for your garb, it must be grave and serious,  
Very reserved and locked.

Now it means only so much of him as he may find catalogued and priced at stated seasons by his tailor. Or again, we may add a couple of letters to that word, and find, in the way we have dealt with the word *garble*, evidence against the humanity of critics. *Garble* is derived from a later Latin verb, meaning a sifting of corn, which again was derived from *garba*, a wheat-sheaf. The word used to mean any picking or sorting: *garbled* spices were picked spices. We apply the word now only to a picking and choosing of bits out of books, and always assume that this picking of extracts is done dishonestly, with an unfriendly purpose.

We take now some general suggestions of the twist that certain words have undergone. Copy is, almost unchanged, the Latin word for plenty. An English historian could of old time seek praise for "*choice and copy of tongue*." To make a book or writing plentiful by transcribing it again and again, was to copy. To transcribe was to copy. Afterwards, to copy meant but little more than to transcribe.

Defiance means a breaking of the bonds of faith with any one or any thing. To what we defy we declare that no treaty or natural obligation shall any longer bind us. Conflict necessarily used to follow on defiance, and the old sense of the word has been obscured. In the present war, the Power that first set at naught the Treaty of Vienna may be said, at any rate among the etymologists, to have defied Europe by that act.

Desire is now only a forward longing, once it was a backward longing, a wish to recover the beloved dead. That is the sense of the word when in the Book of Chronicles it is said of Jehoram that "he reigned in Jerusalem eight years, and departed without being desired." Disease, meaning, in fact, only want of ease, is now a word only applied to serious sickness. It used to mean any discomfort or distress.

Another word of which the sense has been intensified, and even altered, is explode. It is explaud the opposite to applaud, and meant, at first, the driving of an actor from the stage by a loud clapping of the hands. From the loudness we get the present idea of an exploded thing—as something that has burst with noise, and suppose that an "exploded opinion" is our figurative phrase for an opinion that has burst and gone to pieces. Nevertheless, the phrase did really mean, when it was first used, an opinion that has been—as we should now say—hissed off by the public. "Shall then," South asks, in one of his sermons, "that man pass for a proficient in Christ's school, who would have been exploded in the school of Zeno or Epictetus?"

We have talked over a very small number of the words gathered into Dean Trench's little glossary. From first to last it is suggestive, and we part from it unwillingly, with a glance only at two more curious words—formality and common-sense. What can there be curious in words like that, the steady Briton asks. Formality, simple thing as it seems to us, is an old logical term, and the formality of a thing used to mean its essential part, its very heart. But in life a man who looked only at formalities abided rigidly by principles of things, and paid no great attention to externals. He was not pliable and buxom, he was a man of rules, formal and dry, by no means popular. It was a bad thing, therefore, to be formal, and formality is now our word for an absurd precision in adherence only to external and trivial rules. The word once brought into light use by the trivial, soon worked its way out of the centre of life to its surface.

And common sense; if there be anything that steady Britons put their faith in, it is common sense. They play a practical part with that old metaphysical term, which really represented something complex and confusing. It was held to be an additional nous with which the five wits were in communication, and by which their several accounts were discussed and settled. It was, as Henry Shore described, "some part of the body wherein seeing, hearing, and all other perceptions meet together, as the lines of a eirele in the centre, and where the soul does also judge and discern of the difference of the objects of the outward senses." Its metaphysical definition gave to this term of common sense its present meaning, for it never meant sense common to all people, or such sense as common people have, although it is in some such way that most persons would now interpret it.

Yet one note more we must set down to re-

cognise the fact common to English and to other languages, that there is a deeply significant tendency to unite in one word the ideas of wickedness and misery. It was so of old with the word unhappy, and it is so yet with the word wretch.

### MUSICAL PRIZE FIGHT.

FEW London frequenters of spas and watering-places know the sandy town of Redcar, on the north coast of Yorkshire. It is one of those remote refuges which Nature has provided for bathers who are tired of even the moderate gaiety of Worthing; for north-country millowners who wish to wash away the smoke of Barnsley, or the soot of Sheffield; for invalids who are advised to fly from the noise of society into the noise of the elements, and for yachting barristers on the Northern Circuit who have more taste for catching cod-fish a score of miles out in the German Ocean, than for dangleing after broad-hatted beauties at Harrogate or Scarborough. These are the high and important objects for which Redcar has risen from an old and obscure collection of fishing-huts on a line of sand-hills, into a broad, calm street of red-bricked lodging-houses. There is no more human tumult, there are no more signs of life, there is much less of dissipation, in the Redcar High-street on a September evening, than in any well-conducted metropolitan cemetery. The place may be likened to a long cell, into which it is good for worldlings to retire for a while and reflect on the tenor of their past life, with a view of improving the future. The few silent shops seem sacred to the memory of the names over their doorways; and, although the draper's sends forth a perfume of merinoes, silks, and fustian, and the grocer's a scent of coffee, tea, and pepper, both shops may, with very little imagination, be taken for family sepulchres. A shaky cart may jolt by with a load of glistening sea-weed for manuring land, but the horse looks drowsy and contented, as his hissing cargo drops in long brown flakes on the sandy road, and the driver moves as if he had his whole lifetime in which to perform his task. So close as Redcar is to the jar and din of the Middlesboro' iron-works, it neither hears them, nor cares for them one jot. It wants to be left alone. It has been a fishing-town beyond the memory of the oldest man, and a fishing town you will be pleased to let it remain. It has gone so far for half a century as to net lodgers as well as fish; but the lodgers were none of its seeking. As they think proper to come, they must be respectably provided for; but with no idea of extortion, or of making the most by them. Its principal hotels, while they furnish every comfort, have not yet got beyond the simplicity and moderation of commercial travellers' prices.

The iron road is too near not to tantalise the inhabitants with the prospect of cheap and rapid travelling—too distant to be readily available; the stage coach is unknown, the omnibus has faded away, and the heavy rumbling carrier's cart, with its three coarse horses harnessed

head and tail, remains the undisputed master of the position.

The inhabitants of this hill district are clanish and self-reliant. They live and marry amongst themselves, and present the high cheek-bones and hard features which generally mark the Yorkshire race. A few wild offshoots are occasionally sent out as scouts, in the shape of wandering boys who see the misty sea between the hills, and go down to its tempting fishing-boats, and away in its gliding ships; but they return as "master mariners" to be buried in their native moorland churchyard, and to add their testimony to those who have been round the world, and pronounce that there is nothing in it worth mentioning.

A favourable specimen of a moorland village in the hills, is Lofthouse, in Cleveland, about half way between Redcar and Whitby. Attracted by a handbill advertisement of a "Grand Village Band Contest" at this place, on Friday, September 30, 1859, I procured a dog-cart at Redcar, and was driven over the greatest part of the way, like the hero of Lammermoor, along the sands, but with not quite such a melancholy result. At length, winding slowly down a hill which we had reached into a valley; past a waggon heavily laden with provisions, which was toiling over to the village festival, while the group of shouting schoolboys who were interested in its contents were making short cuts to Lofthouse, by scampering over the stubbly fields; past the village clergyman and his favourite monitor, driving over on the same cheerful errand in a substantial four-wheeled chaise; past another waggon, loaded with gravel-coloured peasants mixed with women, boys, and girls, on shafts, back, front, and sides, and almost on the wheels; past a solitary omnibus from Guisboro', specially chartered by one of the competing bands, in which an ophicleide, as large as a village pump, appeared to hold the post of honour, and dingy Sax-horns were nursed by rough-looking musical nurses, as if they were children of priceless worth; past many pedestrians who were jolting down one hill, and toiling up another, on their road to the scene of the musical prize fight; past all the signs of a not very distant attraction, down into the valley, across a stone bridge, and up through a dark fir-wood, until at last we drove up to the door of the principal inn in Lofthouse, the Golden Lion.

There was nothing very peculiar in my appearance, except that I was an alien and a stranger in a place unaccustomed to public visitors; but my general impression is that Lofthouse was wholly unable to make me out. Several dogs came up to examine me, lolled out their tongues and wagged their tails, and then disappeared in one or other of the open doorways. A large shopkeeper, in a small general way of business, surveyed me from between a number of miscellaneous articles that stood in his shop window amongst dead blue-bottles and expiring wasps. A young lady in full evening costume, even to a low dress and crinoline (the daughter of a leading

draper in the village), came out to her father's door, and after surveying me for several minutes, retired into the dim recesses of the shop, totally incapable of making me out. Another young lady at a rival draper's, who was adorning herself for the mid-day festival, after examining me several times, for periods of from one to five minutes each, from her chamber window, continued her toilet, at last, in despair, because she, too, was unable to make me out. A number of boys with vacant faces and open mouths, who stood motionless in the road at the front of the Golden Lion door, with their heads bent forward, their hands thrust into their pockets, and their knees disposed of at different degrees of inward inclination, were also perfectly unable to make me out. An aged bandy-legged man in drab cloth gaiters, who came to, and went from, the threshold of an opposite doorway, like the figure over a Swiss fancy clock, was probably making himself quite ill in his fruitless endeavours to make me out. A tottering old woman in an adjoining doorway was another observer of the single alien and stranger, and she, like the others, was incapable of making me out.

The Golden Lion, and its landlord, were far above any such idle curiosity on such a busy day (for them), and while they were as ignorant as any one in the village as to who I was, or who I might be, they made me pretty clearly understand that they cared very little to know, as long as I stood out of the way. The usual hotel form of "showing" me "to a room," was certainly gone through, and I availed myself of it to deposit my great-coat, and my travelling-bag; but, finding that six Lofthouse men were engaged at the window in hanging out a flag, and that preparations had been made for turning this and all the other sleeping apartments into tap-rooms at a later period of the day, I gave it up, without a murmur, into the hands of resolute festivity, and proceeded down stairs to the old-fashioned stone-floored parlour, that was also kitchen, tap-room, and bar.

Here I found the first band that had come into Lofthouse to try its musical skill, very busily engaged in trying the Lofthouse rum and ale; while, hanging up by hooks from the ceiling, amongst many bundles of dried winter herbs, were several cornopeans to be used in the harmonious fight.

The usual plan of band-approach appeared to be, to stop about two hundred yards outside the houses, and then to tramp in, playing a defiant march. Upon drawing up before the Golden Lion, the players formed a circle, and finished off with another defiant tune, which seemed to say to all Lofthouse, "We are Farnedale; beat that if you can!"

Before the arrival of another party of combatants, these performers retired to one of the drinking rooms, where the landlord gazed upon them with a silent but fatherly interest, having more regard to what they drank than to what they played.

They sat upon tables, and along benches



against the wall; they puffed pipes until they were almost invisible in clouds of tobacco-smoke; they disposed of their brass instruments in the window, until the hostelry looked, from the outside, like a military trumpet-maker's shop. Their faces were flushed with beer, if not with anticipated triumph, and they were encouraged to seek victory by the presence of certain gentle beings who had sworn to wear their colours to the last. A couple of Yorkshire "Arabs" had somehow drifted up from some city of large population in the county, and, while one offered to clean boots at a penny a pair, the other stood up with his nose just above the beer mugs on a table, and sang a popular song, until a member of a brass band extinguished him with the mouth of a yawning ophicleide. I am sorry to have to admit, in all candour, that these were the only two boys in the village who seemed quite capable of making me out.

I now give the rules and the programme, as they were given in excellent print to me:

#### REGULATIONS.

"That the district shall embrace all villages within a distance of thirty miles. That each band intending to compete shall consist of not more than fourteen members, each member having been enrolled in the said band at least three months before contesting. That each band shall have the privilege of choosing one piece of music, the other to be selected by the judge. That no professional shall be allowed to play with any band."

#### LOFTHOUSE GRAND VILLAGE BAND CONTEST.

On Friday, September 30, 1859.

N.B.—Placards announcing the name of each band, as they play, will be displayed upon the platform; reference then can be made to the programme. The order of playing will be decided previously by drawing lots.

#### PROGRAMME.

Test piece, to be played by each of the bands—  
"Grand Parade March" . . . . . Jones.

AINSLBY BRASS BAND, 9 Performers.—Leader, Mr.

R. Corney.

Selection . . . "La Somnambula" . . . Bellini.

BILSDALE BRASS BAND, 12 Performers.—Leader, Mr.

W. Hart.

Selection . . . "Twelfth Mass" . . . Mozart.

FARNDALE BRASS BAND, 11 Performers.—Leader,

Mr. Potter.

Selection . . . "Lucrezia Borgia" . . . Donizetti.

GUISBORO' BRASS BAND, 12 Performers.—Leader, Mr.

Bannister.

Selection . . . "Il Trovatore" . . . Verdi.

LOFTHOUSE SAX-HORN BAND, 10 Performers.—

Leader, Mr. J. Walker.

Hallelujah Chorus . . . . . Handel's *Messiah*.

The contest will commence at one o'clock.

The first three of these bands were what is called "moor-bands;" that is, a troop of performers collected in a straggling district of cottages, extending from ten to twenty miles, the inhabitants of which have proportionately few opportunities for practising music together. The Guisboro' band has the good fortune to come from a town that boasts a railway terminus, and which can scarcely be called a village; while the Lofthouse Sax-horn company was the only

strictly "village" band that was entered for the musical contest.

The whole village, though it could not quite make out all the important points in the combat, was quite willing to stand still, with its hands in its pockets, and to give itself up to gazing at everything and everybody, and the moderate dissipation of an extemporised fair. The daddies (and what village is without a dozen of them?) crawled up and down the hilly street with blinking, smiling satisfaction; while the grannies (and what village is also without a dozen of them?) conferred with each other across cottage garden palings. The children assembled round every object of the slightest show or interest, in speechless astonishment, and listened wherever there was one man speaking to another.

The individual who seemed to take in the whole festival with a quiet grasp of intellect, was a dusty, yellow-coloured quarryman—or something of that kind—who was returning home to dinner from his morning's work. He said nothing, although he stood in the midst of a (Lofthouse) crowd; but the twinkle of his eye, and the saucy tilt of his ragged cap, spoke volumes, even without words. His jacket was flung over his shoulder, in the form of a soldier's breast-belt; and in his hand he held dangling a tin can, like a small oil-can, which was most probably devoted to his daily allowance of tea. He looked as if his body had been buried in clay three parts of his life, without destroying his sense of enjoyment, or his belief that whatever is, is right. The children gathered round him, as round one who was evidently good at thinking, and who might possibly give utterance to something that it would not be well to lose. Their expectations, however, were doomed to be disappointed, for, after regarding the Golden Lion, the assembled bands, and the spectators at the opposite cottages, with another eye twinkle, and another meaning smile, he walked slowly down the village hill at the Whitby end, as he had walked slowly up the other hill at the Redcar end, swinging his tea-can jauntily at his side, and dragging his heavily-booted legs after him, but making no further sign.

At length the time approached for the musical struggle, and the order was given to desert the rum-glass and the ale-can, and to march to the meadow, where the judge and the orchestra were ready. This was done in noble style, each band of performers playing its own favourite march, in its own favourite way, and being headed by its own favourite musical vivandières. This time it was the turn of the oxen in an adjoining paddock to be thoroughly astonished, and, after regarding the troop of visitors and players with becoming gravity, they evidently came to the usual Lofthouse verdict, that they were not able to make it out. The four or five policemen from the different villages were disposed of round the meadow, and their first duty, as usual, was to chase unruly boys, who dodged behind hedges instead of paying sixpence, and coming in by the legal entrance, up a lane.

The judge got into a bathing-machine, which



had drifted up from the coast on to the hills, to serve him as an observatory, and being duly fortified with apples and a bottle of liquid, he gave the necessary and long-expected sign to begin.

It was Guisboro' that led off first (by lot) with Mr. Jones's March; and, without pretending to be critical, I may say that the performance more than equalled the composition. The Lofthouse Sax-horn band then took possession of the arena, and showed the judge and the visitors what village amateurs can do. Both of these companies were dressed in something like uniform, which may, or may not, have had an effect upon their musical unity; and it was not until the Aislaby players stepped on the platform that I, for one, amongst the audience, had an opportunity of regarding a lonely Yorkshire moor-band, standing up without any adventitious aid. Without inquiring too closely into the daily occupations of the performers (which, I am given to understand, may range from farming to iron-working, and sometimes to keeping a shop), I should say that a journeyman baker, two regular canal bargemen, three Dudley colliers in their Sunday clothes, a working blacksmith without much adornment, and two Scotch tally-men, provided with dingy trombones, corneopans, Sax-horns, and ophicleides, would complete the picture of the Aislaby band. The Farndale and Bilsdale moor-bands that followed them, were twin brothers in appearance; and I say this with no disrespect to these humble students of a refined accomplishment, but rather to their infinite credit. They were all working men of the hardest working class, and they manfully showed like what they are.

When Mr. Jones's March had been decently blown through the five brass bands and then got rid of, the second test of comparative merit took place; the performance of the operatic and sacred selections. The same rotation was again observed, and after Guisboro' had led off with a number of airs from *Il Trovatore*, the Lofthouse band followed with the *Hallelujah Chorus*, and the moor-bands of Aislaby, Farndale, and Bilsdale respectively, with selections from *La Sonnambula*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Mozart's Twelfth Mass*. To say that the performance of these difficult pieces approached perfection, would only convey an untruth, but it far exceeded the ordinary standard of civilisation existing at the places from which the bands were drawn. The Bilsdale band, although playing with less spirit, perhaps, than some of their rivals, had a keen sense of harmony, and a rich mellow tone, which suited my taste even better than the performance of their more successful competitors. It was a sight to see the leader of this band, a short and sunburnt young man, like a country "boots," dressed in a waistcoat that might have been a piece of leopard's skin, except that the ground, instead of being brown, was crimson, and the

spots, instead of being black, were a very prominent white. There were several other moor flowers in this and other bands, with a taste for very similar waistcoats; and not the unapproachable Jullien, in all his glory, could compare with one of these.

To see such conductors waving a corneopan, while "T' Twel' Mass o' Mozart," or "S'lect-shuns fram t' Narma," as they were conversationally called, were being played in rather slow—and consequently Lofthouse—time, was a hopeful sight for those who travel through the moorland district in the constant fear that some ruffian will "fettle their mouths with a brick." I do not pretend to say, that because Ah, che la morte! is blown upon a Yorkshire trumpet, fighting is altogether a stranger to Yorkshire fists, but I think that the man who conducts the melodies of Bellini, although in a crimson waistcoat and corduroys, is not likely to bite off his neighbour's ear, or to gouge out his neighbour's eye, and is very likely to have a humanising influence on some of his less cultivated brethren, besides.

The excitement when the prizes were declared to be awarded in the following rotation

Lofthouse . . . . .	First
Guisboro' . . . . .	Second
Farndale . . . . .	Third
Bilsdale . . . . .	Fourth
Aislaby . . . . .	Last

was sufficient to show that the cudgels and the wrestling ring had not altogether been exchanged for the harp; and the cheers and groans were sufficiently loud and antagonistic to warrant the presence of the police officers, who had come from every village within twenty miles. The final musical assault of the day was the triumphal return of the five bands, in the order of their adjudged excellence, to the devoted and expectant Golden Lion, where all the dirty glasses and mugs of the morning had been washed for the afternoon, and where fresh barrels of ale were set under groaning machines to satisfy alike the demands of the victor and the vanquished. The noise that these enraged and delighted musicians made, as they marched into the village, all playing at once, and all playing different tunes, amidst the barking of dogs, the shouting of children, the cheering of friends, and the groaning of enemies, can only be compared to Bartholomew Fair in its palmiest days, when every showman was beating his gong, and declaring that he alone was the possessor of the original spotted boy.

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## A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XIV. THE KNITTING DONE.

IN that same juncture of time when the Fifty-Two awaited their fate, Madame Defarge held darkly ominous council with The Vengeance and Jacques Three of the Revolutionary Jury. Not in the wine-shop did Madame Defarge confer with these ministers, but in the shed of the wood-sawyer, erst a mender of roads. The sawyer himself did not participate in the conference, but abided at a little distance, like an outer satellite who was not to speak until required, or to offer an opinion until invited.

"But our Defarge," said Jacques Three, "is undoubtedly a good Republican? Eh?"

"There is no better," the voluble Vengeance protested in her shrill notes, "in France."

"Peace, little Vengeance," said Madame Defarge, laying her hand with a slight frown on her lieutenant's lips, "hear me speak. My husband, fellow-citizen, is a good Republican and a bold man; he has deserved well of the Republic, and possesses its confidence. But my husband has his weaknesses, and he is so weak as to relent towards this Doctor."

"It is a great pity," croaked Jacques Three, dubiously shaking his head, with his cruel fingers at his hungry mouth; "it is not quite like a good citizen; it is a thing to regret."

"See you," said Madame, "I care nothing for this Doctor, I. He may wear his head or lose it, for any interest I have in him; it is all one to me. But, the Evrémonde people are to be exterminated, and the wife and child must follow the husband and father."

"She has a fine head for it," croaked Jacques Three. "I have seen blue eyes and golden hair there, and they looked charming when Samson held them up." Ogre that he was, he spoke like an epicure.

Madame Defarge cast down her eyes, and reflected a little.

"The child also," observed Jacques Three, with a meditative enjoyment of his words, "has golden hair and blue eyes. And we seldom have a child there. It is a pretty sight!"

"In a word," said Madame Defarge, coming out of her short abstraction, "I cannot trust my husband in this matter. Not only do I feel, since last night, that I dare not confide to him the details of my projects; but also I feel that if I delay, there is danger of his giving warning, and then they might escape."

"That must never be," croaked Jacques Three; "no one must escape. We have not half enough as it is. We ought to have six score a day."

"In a word," Madame Defarge went on, "my husband has not my reason for pursuing this family to annihilation, and I have not his reason for regarding this Doctor with any sensibility. I must act for myself, therefore. Come hither, little citizen."

The wood-sawyer, who held her in the respect, and himself in the submission, of mortal fear, advanced with his hand to his red cap.

"Touching those signals, little citizen," said Madame Defarge, sternly, "that she made to the prisoners; you are ready to bear witness to them this very day?"

"Ay, ay, why not!" cried the sawyer. "Every day, in all weathers, from two to four, always signalling, sometimes with the little one, sometimes without. I know what I know, I have seen with my eyes."

He made all manner of gestures while he spoke, as if in incidental imitation of some few of the great diversity of signals that he had never seen.

"Clearly plots," said Jacques Three. "Transparently!"

"There is no doubt of the Jury?" inquired Madame Defarge, letting her eyes turn to him with a gloomy smile.

"Rely upon the patriotic Jury, dear citizeness. I answer for my fellow-Jurymen."

"Now, let me see," said Madame Defarge, pondering again. "Yet once more! Can I spare this Doctor to my husband? I have no feeling either way. Can I spare him?"

"He would count as one head," observed Jacques Three, in a low voice. "We really have not heads enough; it would be a pity, I think."

"He was signalling with her when I saw her," argued Madame Defarge; "I cannot speak of one without the other; and I must not

be silent, and trust the case wholly to him, this little citizen here. For, I am not a bad witness."

The Vengeance and Jacques Three vied with each other in their fervent protestations that she was the most admirable and marvellous of witnesses. The little citizen, not to be outdone, declared her to be a celestial witness.

"He must take his chance," said Madame Defarge. "No; I cannot spare him! You are engaged at three o'clock; you are going to see the batch of to-day executed.—You?"

The question was addressed to the wood-sawyer, who hurriedly replied in the affirmative: seizing the occasion to add that he was the most ardent of Republicans, and that he would be in effect the most desolate of Republicans, if anything prevented him from enjoying the pleasure of smoking his afternoon pipe in the contemplation of the droll national barber. He was so very demonstrative herein, that he might have been suspected (perhaps was, by the dark eyes that looked contemptuously at him out of Madame Defarge's head) of having his small individual fears for his own personal safety, every hour in the day.

"I," said madame, "am equally engaged at the same place. After it is over—say at eight to-night—come you to me, in Saint Antoine, and we will give information against these people at my Section."

The wood-sawyer said he would be proud and flattered to attend the citizeness. The citizeness looking at him, he became embarrassed, craved her glance as a small dog would have done, retreated among his wood, and hid his confusion over the handle of his saw.

Madame Defarge beckoned the Juryman and The Vengeance a little nearer to the door, and there expounded her further views to them thus:

"She will now be at home, awaiting the moment of his death. She will be mourning and grieving. She will be in a state of mind to impeach the justice of the Republic. She will be full of sympathy with its enemies. I will go to her."

"What an admirable woman; what an adorable woman!" exclaimed Jacques Three, rapturously. "Ah, my cherished!" cried The Vengeance; and embraced her.

"Take you my knitting," said Madame Defarge, placing it in her lieutenant's hands, "and have it ready for me in my usual seat. Keep me my usual chair. Go you there, straight, for there will probably be a greater concourse than usual, to-day."

"I willingly obey the orders of my Chief," said The Vengeance, with alacrity, and kissing her cheek. "You will not be late?"

"I shall be there before the commencement."

"And before the tumbrils arrive. Be sure you are there, my soul," said The Vengeance, calling after her, for she had already turned into the street, "before the tumbrils arrive!"

Madame Defarge slightly waved her hand,

to imply that she heard, and might be relied upon to arrive in good time, and so went through the mud, and round the corner of the prison wall. The Vengeance and the Juryman, looking after her as she walked away, were highly appreciative of her fine figure, and her superb moral endowments.

There were many women at that time, upon whom the time laid a dreadfully disfiguring hand; but, there was not one among them more to be dreaded than this ruthless woman, now taking her way along the streets. Of a strong and fearless character, of shrewd sense and readiness, of great determination, of that kind of beauty which not only seems to impart to its possessor firmness and animosity, but to strike into others an instinctive recognition of those qualities; the troubled time would have heaved her up, under any circumstances. But, imbued from her childhood with a brooding sense of wrong, and an inveterate hatred of a class, opportunity had developed her into a tigress. She was absolutely without pity. If she had ever had the virtue in her, it had quite gone out of her.

It was nothing to her, that an innocent man was to die for the sins of his forefathers; she saw, not him, but them. It was nothing to her, that his wife was to be made a widow and his daughter an orphan; that was insufficient punishment, because they were her natural enemies and her prey, and as such had no right to live. To appeal to her, was made hopeless by her having no sense of pity, even for herself. If she had been laid low in the streets, in any of the many encounters in which she had been engaged, she would not have pitied herself; nor, if she had been ordered to the axe to-morrow, would she have gone to it with any softer feeling than a fierce desire to exchange places with the man who sent her there.

Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe. Carelessly worn, it was a becoming robe enough, in a certain weird way, and her dark hair looked rich under her coarse red cap. Lying hidden in her bosom, was a loaded pistol. Lying hidden at her waist, was a sharpened dagger. Thus accoutred, and walking with the confident tread of such a character, and with the supple freedom of a woman who had habitually walked in her girlhood, bare-foot and bare-legged, on the brown sea-sand, Madame Defarge took her way along the streets.

Now, when the journey of the travelling coach, at that very moment waiting for the completion of its load, had been planned out last night, the difficulty of taking Miss Pross in it had much engaged Mr. Lorry's attention. It was not merely desirable to avoid overloading the coach, but it was of the highest importance that the time occupied in examining it, and its passengers, should be reduced to the utmost; since their escape might depend on the saving of only a few seconds here and there. Finally, he had proposed, after anxious consideration, that Miss Pross and Jerry, who were at liberty

to leave the city, should leave it at three o'clock in the lightest-wheeled conveyance known to that period. Unencumbered with luggage, they would soon overtake the coach, and, passing it and preceding it on the road, would order horses in advance, and greatly facilitate its progress during the precious hours of the night, when delay was the most to be dreaded.

Seeing in this arrangement the hope of rendering real service in that pressing emergency, Miss Pross hailed it with joy. She and Jerry had beheld the coach start, had known who it was that Solomon brought, had passed some ten minutes in tortures of suspense, and were now concluding their arrangements to follow the coach, even as Madame Defarge, taking her way through the streets, now drew nearer and nearer to the else-deserted lodging in which they held their consultation.

"Now what do you think, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose agitation was so great that she could hardly speak, or stand, or move, or live; "what do you think of our not starting from this court-yard? Another carriage having already gone from here to-day, it might awaken suspicion."

"My opinion, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "is as you're right. Likewise wot I'll stand by you, right or wrong."

"I am so distracted with fear and hope for our precious creatures," said Miss Pross, wildly crying, "that I am incapable of forming any plan. Are *you* capable of forming any plan, my dear good Mr. Cruncher?"

"Respectin' a future spear o' life, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "I hope so. Respectin' any present use o' this here blessed old head o' mine, I think not. Would you do me the favour, miss, to take notice o' two promises and vows wot it is my wishes fur to record in this here crisis?"

"Oh, for gracious sake!" cried Miss Pross, still wildly crying, "record them at once, and get them out of the way, like an excellent man."

"First," said Mr. Cruncher, who was all in a tremble, and who spoke with an ashy and solemn visage, "them poor things well out o' this, never no more will I do it, never no more!"

"I am quite sure, Mr. Cruncher," returned Miss Pross, "that you never will do it again, whatever it is, and I beg you not to think it necessary to mention more particularly what it is."

"No, miss," returned Jerry, "it shall not be named to you. Second: them poor things well out o' this, and never no more will I interfere with Mrs. Cruncher's flopping, never no more!"

"Whatever housekeeping arrangement that may be," said Miss Pross, striving to dry her eyes and compose herself, "I have no doubt it is best that Mrs. Cruncher should have it entirely under her own superintendence—O my poor darlings!"

"I go so far as to say, miss, moreover," proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with a most alarming tendency to hold forth as from a pulpit—"and let my words be took down and took to Mrs. Cruncher through yourself—that wot my opinion respectin' flopping has undergone a change, and that wot I only hope with all my heart as Mrs. Cruncher may be a flopping at the present time."

"There, there, there! I hope she is, my dear man," cried the distracted Miss Pross, "and I hope she finds it answering her expectations."

"Forbid it," proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with additional solemnity, additional slowness, and additional tendency to hold forth and hold out, "as anything wot I have ever said or done should be visited on my earnest wishes for them poor creaturs now! Forbid it as we shouldn't all flop (if it was anyways convenient) to get 'em out o' this here dismal risk! Forbid it, miss! Wot I say, for—*BID* it!" This was Mr. Cruncher's conclusion after a protracted but vain endeavour to find a better one.

And still Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.

"If we ever get back to our native land," said Miss Pross, "you may rely upon my telling Mrs. Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember and understand of what you have so impressively said; and at all events you may be sure that I shall bear witness to your being thoroughly in earnest at this dreadful time. Now, pray let us think! My esteemed Mr. Cruncher, let us think!"

Still, Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.

"If you were to go before," said Miss Pross, "and stop the vehicle and horses from coming here, and were to wait somewhere for me; wouldn't that be best?"

Mr. Cruncher thought it might be best.

"Where could you wait for me?" asked Miss Pross.

Mr. Cruncher was so bewildered that he could think of no locality but Temple Bar. Alas, Temple Bar was hundreds of miles away, and Madame Defarge was drawing very near indeed.

"By the cathedral door," said Miss Pross. "Would it be much out of the way, to take me in, near the great cathedral door between the two towers?"

"No, miss," answered Mr. Cruncher.

"Then, like the best of men," said Miss Pross, "go to the post-house straight, and make that change."

"I am doubtful," said Mr. Cruncher, hesitating and shaking his head, "about leaving of you, you see. We don't know what may happen."

"Heaven knows we don't," returned Miss Pross, "but have no fear for me. Take me in at the cathedral, at Three o'Clock or as near it as you can, and I am sure it will be better than our going from here. I feel certain of it. There! Bless you, Mr. Cruncher! Think—

not of me, but of the lives that may depend on both of us!"

This exordium, and Miss Pross's two hands in quite agonised entreaty clasping his, decided Mr. Cruncher. With an encouraging nod or two, he immediately went out to alter the arrangements, and left her by herself to follow as she had proposed.

The having originated a precaution which was already in course of execution, was a great relief to Miss Pross. The necessity of composing her appearance so that it should attract no special notice in the streets, was another relief. She looked at her watch, and it was twenty minutes past two. She had no time to lose, but must get ready at once.

Afraid, in her extreme perturbation, of the loneliness of the deserted rooms, and of half-imagined faces peeping from behind every open door in them, Miss Pross got a basin of cold water and began laving her eyes, which were swollen and red. Haunted by her feverish apprehensions, she could not bear to have her sight obscured for a minute at a time by the dripping water, but constantly paused and looked round to see that there was no one watching her. In one of those pauses she recoiled and cried out, for she saw a figure standing in the room.

The basin fell to the ground broken, and the water flowed to the feet of Madame Defarge. By strange stern ways, and through much staining blood, those feet had come to meet that water.

Madame Defarge looked coldly at her, and said, "The wife of Evrémonde; where is she?"

It flashed upon Miss Pross's mind that the doors were all standing open, and would suggest the flight. Her first act was to shut them. There were four in the room, and she shut them all. She then placed herself before the door of the chamber which Lucie had occupied.

Madame Defarge's dark eyes followed her through this rapid movement, and rested on her when it was finished. Miss Pross had nothing beautiful about her; years had not tamed the wildness, or softened the grimness, of her appearance; but, she too was a determined woman in her different way, and she measured Madame Defarge with her eyes, every inch.

"You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer," said Miss Pross, in her breathing. "Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an English-woman."

Madame Defarge looked at her scornfully, but still with something of Miss Pross's own perception that they two were at bay. She saw a tight, hard, wiry woman before her, as Mr. Lorry had seen in the same figure a woman with a strong hand, in the years gone by. She knew full well that Miss Pross was the family's devoted friend; Miss Pross knew full well that

Madame Defarge was the family's malevolent enemy.

"On my way yonder," said Madame Defarge, with a slight movement of her hand towards the fatal spot, "where they reserve my chair and my knitting for me, I am come to make my compliments to her in passing. I wish to see her."

"I know that your intentions are evil," said Miss Pross, "and you may depend upon it, I'll hold my own against them."

Each spoke in her own language; neither understood the other's words; both were very watchful, and intent to deduce from look and manner, what the unintelligible words meant.

"It will do her no good to keep herself concealed from me at this moment," said Madame Defarge. "Good patriots will know what that means. Let me see her. Go tell her that I wish to see her. Do you hear?"

"If those eyes of yours were bed-witches," returned Miss Pross, "and I was an English four-poster, they shouldn't loose a splinter of me. No, you wicked foreign woman; I am your match."

Madame Defarge was not likely to follow these idiomatic remarks in detail; but, she so far understood them as to perceive that she was set at naught.

"Woman imbecile and pig-like!" said Madame Defarge, frowning. "I take no answer from you! I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her, or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her!" This, with an angry explanatory wave of her right arm.

"I little thought," said Miss Pross, "that I should ever want to understand your nonsensical language; but I would give all I have, to the clothes I wear, to know whether you suspect the truth, or any part of it."

Neither of them for a single moment released the other's eyes. Madame Defarge had not moved from the spot where she stood when Miss Pross first became aware of her; but, she now advanced one step.

"I am a Briton," said Miss Pross, "I am desperate. I don't care an English Twopenny for myself. I know that the longer I keep you here, the greater hope there is for my Ladybird. I'll not leave a handful of that dark hair upon your head, if you lay a finger on me!"

Thus Miss Pross, with a shake of her head and a flash of her eyes between every rapid sentence, and every rapid sentence a whole breath. Thus Miss Pross, who had never struck a blow in her life.

But, her courage was of that emotional nature that it brought the irrepressible tears into her eyes. This was a courage that Madame Defarge so little comprehended as to mistake for weakness. "Ha, ha!" she laughed, "you poor wretch! What are you worth! I address myself to that Doctor." Then she raised her

voice and called out, "Citizen Doctor! Wife of Evrémonde! Child of Evrémonde! Any person but this miserable fool, answer the Citizeness Defarge!"

Perhaps the following silence, perhaps some latent disclosure in the expression of Miss Pross's face, perhaps a sudden misgiving apart from either suggestion, whispered to Madame Defarge that they were gone. Three of the doors she opened swiftly, and looked in.

"Those rooms are all in disorder, there has been hurried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground. There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look."

"Never!" said Miss Pross, who understood the request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer.

"If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back," said Madame Defarge to herself.

"As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not, you are uncertain what to do," said Miss Pross to herself; "and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that, or not know that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you."

"I have been in the streets from the first, nothing has stopped me, I will tear you to pieces but I will have you from that door," said Madame Defarge.

"We are alone at the top of a high house in a solitary court-yard, we are not likely to be heard, and I pray for bodily strength to keep you here while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling," said Miss Pross.

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms, and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and to strike; Miss Pross, with the vigorous tenacity of love, always so much stronger than hate, clasped her tight, and even lifted her from the floor in the struggle that they had. The two hands of Madame Defarge buffeted and tore at her face; but, Miss Pross, with her head down, held her round the waist, and clung to her with more than the hold of a drowning woman.

Soon, Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike, and felt at her encircled waist. "It is under my arm," said Miss Pross, in smothered tones, "you shall not draw it. I am stronger than you, I bless Heaven for it. I'll hold you till one or other of us faints or dies!"

Madame Defarge's hands were at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, struck out a flash and a crash, and stood alone—blinded with smoke.

All this was in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness, it passed out on the air, like the soul of the furious woman whose body lay lifeless on the ground.

In the first fright and horror of her situation, Miss Pross passed the body as far from it as she could, and ran down the stairs to call for fruitless

help. Happily, she bethought herself of the consequences of what she did, in time to check herself and go back. It was dreadful to go in at the door again; but, she did go in, and even went near it, to get the bonnet and other things that she must wear. These she put on, out on the staircase, first shutting and locking the door and taking away the key. She then sat down on the stairs a few moments, to breathe and to cry, and then got up and hurried away.

By good fortune she had a veil on her bonnet, or she could hardly have gone along the streets without being stopped. By good fortune, too, she was naturally so peculiar in appearance as not to show disfigurement like any other woman. She needed both advantages, for the marks of gripping fingers were deep in her face, and her hair was torn, and her dress (hastily composed with unsteady hands) was clutched and dragged a hundred ways.

In crossing the bridge, she dropped the door key in the river. Arriving at the cathedral some few minutes before her escort, and waiting there, she thought, what if the key were already taken in a net, what if it were identified, what if the door were opened and the remains discovered, what if she were stopped at the gate, sent to prison, and charged with murder! In the midst of these fluttering thoughts, the escort appeared, took her in, and took her away.

"Is there any noise in the streets?" she asked him.

"The usual noises," Mr. Cruncher replied; and looked surprised by the question and by her aspect.

"I don't hear you," said Miss Pross. "What do you say?"

It was in vain for Mr. Cruncher to repeat what he said; Miss Pross could not hear him. "So I'll nod my head," thought Mr. Cruncher, amazed, "at all events she'll see that." And she did.

"Is there any noise in the streets now?" asked Miss Pross again, presently.

Again Mr. Cruncher nodded his head.

"I don't hear it."

"Gone deaf in a hour?" said Mr. Cruncher, ruminating, with his mind much disturbed; "wot's come to her?"

"I feel," said Miss Pross, "as if there had been a flash and a crash, and that crash was the last thing I should ever hear in this life."

"Blest if she ain't in a queer condition!" said Mr. Cruncher, more and more disturbed. "Wot can she have been a takin', to keep her courage up? Hark! There's the roll of them dreadful carts! You can hear that, miss?"

"I can hear," said Miss Pross, seeing that he spoke to her, "nothing. O, my good man, there was first a great crash, and then a great stillness, and that stillness seems to be fixed and unchangeable, never to be broken any more as long as my life lasts!"

"If she don't hear the roll of those dreadful carts, now very nigh their journey's end," said



Mr. Cruncher, glancing over his shoulder, "it's my opinion that indeed she never will hear anything else in this world."

And indeed she never did.

### GOOD SAMARITANS.

WOMEN and children under five years old form several hundred thousand more than half the London population. Women and young children, all the world over, are more numerous than men. Wherever they may be, or whatever they may do, they are in man's opinion a peculiar people. Among the clumsiest male stammerers of ignorance, the women move, knowing more than their lords, talking a dozen times as much, but uttering far less of what is in them.

We laugh at the woman's tongue, and wonder when a woman keeps a secret; but every true woman keeps a box of choice reserves for her own private indulgence. The man's mysteries are not hers; if he cannot keep them to himself let him expect them to be blown abroad. Her own secrets of love, of loss, of self-denial, of unsuspected suffering, no woman exposes altogether, even to her nearest friend. There never lived a husband happy in the true love of his wife, who fairly knew all the depths of her mind about him. Every man profits stupidly by the wise little perceptions that arise so quietly and have no utterance except in deeds, of which we vaguely ascribe the fitness to a special faculty called woman's tact. Women, in short, keep to themselves four-fifths of the secrets of society, and do it with a winning air of frankness all their own. A man with a secret will be stony or portentous, or provokingly suggestive; he will keep his mouth shut ostentatiously. A woman is too absolutely secret to set up a public sign over whatever may lie buried in her mind. She gossips, prattles, pours out what she does not care to hold, with such an air of unreserved simplicity that all mankind is mystified, and says, in friendly jest, "A woman only hides what she don't know."

Among the uneducated poor, this difference between the woman and the man is most conspicuous. The innate powers of her sex place her at once upon an eminence which man can only reach by education. She must needs often be tied to one in whom there is not the grain of understanding requisite to the formation of true sympathy. By far the greater number of the wives of unskilled labourers and mechanics live more or less happily, and more or less conscious of the hidden life within them, having such a seal upon their minds and hearts.

Let them fall sick and the truth of this is evident. The sick woman becomes nervously sensitive. Though she may be surrounded with all that a man's wit and wealth and love can furnish, she will generally crave for more and more assurance that her heart's desire for sympathy is satisfied. The child living on love, dependent, under Heaven, for all things from day to day

upon the tenderness of those about it, craves, not less than a woman, for the kind word and the understanding look. Depressed by sickness, either a woman or a child, away from home in the hospital bed, needs, in fact, more than the fine skill and the rough kindness that are abundantly sufficient for a man.

But a child's ailments and diseases often are peculiar to itself. Diseases, also, which are common to the child and the adult, take in the child a peculiar course, require a special habitude of observation, and an extreme vigilance. There might most reasonably be a body of physicians wholly devoted to the treatment of diseases in children. There must reasonably be hospitals devoted specially to such a purpose, and the want of such an institution in London, before the foundation of the Hospital for Sick Children, in Great Ormond-street, was a large hole in our manners as a nation. We are not so civilised as we suppose ourselves to be if, instead of understanding that we ought to maintain in London five such hospitals, we should allow even this one to languish half-supported.

Women have also their peculiar diseases, but for a woman's hospital the demand is not, as for a child's hospital, absolute and urgent. Little children, who should have their threescore years before them, perish by millions because of our great want of understanding, and death sups especially upon the young. But women sicken as men sicken; their obvious peculiarities of constitution require study—special heed to them produces larger understanding of their treatment—but whatever may be done, according to the present average, a woman lives a little longer than a man.

A dozen years ago, the founders of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Young Children observed that of seventy-five public institutions for supplying medical relief to the sick poor, only two very small establishments confined themselves to the treatment of the weaker sex and age. Of women and children under five years old, there were then in London a million and a hundred and fifty thousand; the whole remaining population was only eight hundred thousand. Women and children had, however, equal admission with the men to all the charities. There was, and there is, no hospital or dispensary for men alone. For children, equal rights like this did not supply the full measure of scientific care; for women, as far as concerned science, they were not inadequate. Increase has indeed been made to medical and surgical knowledge by the physicians and surgeon at this very Hospital for Women of which we now speak. Nevertheless, hospitals for women have mainly to rest their claim to support, on the fact that a sick woman requires something more than food and medicine. Particular regard should be had to the ease and solace of her mind.

In a great, general hospital, the natural secretiveness of a woman is increased. She is thrust back upon herself. Although lodged in a ward

which only women occupy, she is where her sex receives only mechanical consideration, and a woman is never more woman-hearted than when lying on a sick-bed. She is treated with kindness and medicine—to the best of human knowledge, the right medicine; but not exactly, to the best of human knowledge, the right form of kindness. She is not tempted to look for the peculiar sympathy she craves, and becomes only the more secretive, speaks with reserve even about the details of her sickness, which must needs be told. But if it is natural for a poor woman to feel most at ease, and therefore to thrive better mentally and bodily, when she receives medical treatment in a hospital wholly designed for the help of women and young children, the relief it is to her to receive surgical treatment in such an establishment must be greater still. Let any lady ask herself whether she would rather, when in peril of her life, lie sick as a person in a general hospital, or as a woman in a hospital for women, and observe how far the choice is determined by her rank, and how far by the nature that she has, in common with the humblest of her sex.

We believe, then, that although there may be resources for the treatment of the diseases peculiar to women in the general hospitals, yet the establishment of special hospitals for women is a matter not so much of "facts and figures" as of feeling. It results not from a calculation of the number of sick women among the poor, great as the number is, but from a consideration of their ways of thought and of the influences they will find most wholesome. If this opinion be right, it will be easy to judge of the working of a Woman's Hospital, and easy to say whether it is doing all its duty.

Twelve years ago, the institution we have named—the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Young Children—was founded by a few kind-hearted people who subscribed a little money among themselves; rented, for five shillings a week, a small room in a back-street in a densely peopled part of Marylebone; and opened it as a dispensary for sick women and children—as a place of help for the weak when at their weakest. In the first year nearly four thousand of these feeble sufferers found their way to the dingy little room in search of help, and had it. That such help was wanted, the increasing pressure of those who applied for it, was evidence enough.

The number of patients was too great for the resources of so narrow an establishment. The ground floor of a house was taken. Ladies possessing means and leisure, and the heart to use them well, assisted actively in this endeavour to relieve their poorer sisters and the sick children they cherished. The number asking for relief increased to six or seven thousand in a year. The choice between hunger and toil pressed in its direst form on many of these people. With their flesh pierced by the dart of death, they quivered in their work-rooms, tottered about their labour in the streets, hugged

to their hearts the little creatures depending on their industry for daily life, often concealed the wound from the hard-working husband, upon whom the fall of his household would descend, perhaps, as utter ruin upon earth, or from the idle husband who mocked suffering with drunken gibes. Five times more tedious, five times more hopeless in such homes than in a hospital, is the malady that can receive only a few snatches of attention, that is deepened by privation, overstrained exertion, and the gnawing of a brood of cares which have their nest by the cold hearth.

To join the help of medicine, the comfort of kind words, and gentle human deeds, became the labour of the ladies who associated themselves with the working of this institution. A special fund was established by them for the relief of some of that worldly distress which is the source of sorrow and of sickness, and it is still maintained as a Samaritan Fund in association with the Samaritan Hospital. It is a fund managed by a Committee of Ladies that has its own meetings twice a week within the house upon true woman's business, their study being to maintain to the utmost in all workings of the institution that peculiar sympathy with the sick woman and child which should be the distinctive character of any hospital designed for their especial use. The Committee is composed of Ladies having rank and consideration, and of the energy with which they carry out their undertaking there is evidence in the fact that when, the other day, an active resident matron was removed for a few weeks by sickness from her duty, one of these ladies came herself to reside in the hospital, and gave her time up to the doing of the matron's daily round of work.

But we have not yet finished the story of the past. In the year 'fifty-one the development of this institution had been so rapid that a house was taken for it in Orchard-street, Portman-square, and a few beds were fitted up, so that complete charge might be taken of a few among the many sufferers in need of relief. Last year, when altogether more than sixty thousand women and young children had received help through the endeavour, simply and quietly begun in a poor room, rented at five shillings a week; when the annual number helped had come to be about eight thousand, and the daily counsel of accomplished surgeons and physicians was being freely given to about one hundred and thirty daily applicants; the strength represented by a subscription list had enlarged to about twelve hundred a year—the strength represented by the patronage of men of influence had become great—and, above all, the strength represented by the influence and energy of the Ladies' Committee was at its highest.

The institution then again enlarged its influences. The spacious house now occupied by it in Edward-street, Portman-square, was fitted up as a wholesome, well-appointed hospital. The dining-room (or we should rather say, since the street is one of trade, the place of the shop) is fitted up as a committee-

room, in which the business of the establishment is carried on at periodical meetings. The back parlour, in which the shopkeeper would light his household fire, belongs to the ladies. It is their committee-room, in which they meet every week to decide on the best manner of distributing their own particular fund for the comfort of the afflicted. They follow distressed patients from the hospital to their own homes, and they have regard to wounds that are not open to the surgeon's eye. The drawing-room furniture consists of sick-beds, beside which the skilful physician and the willing nurse strive to recalc women sinking under the sore burdens of disease and toil, to cheerful life again.

All the rooms of the house are airy and lofty, specially supplied with ventilation, and no one of them containing more than the four or five beds that can be occupied in it with perfect comfort. They are thus used as havens of rest for the sad women to whom the street-door is freely open. No recommendation from subscriber, no certificate of any kind, is asked from in-patient or out-patient. The utmost need of poverty and sickness is the highest claim to a place among sick inmates of the house. As out-patients, all poor women and children may come, or be brought, showing no more than the real need of help as their sufficient claim upon this institution for obtaining it. Up-stairs there is a well-appointed operating room, where remarkable success has attended one of the most serious operations to which women alone become subject. Down-stairs, with a distinct entrance, there have been specially constructed, waiting-rooms, a dispensary always open, and consulting-rooms, which are crowded on stated days with out-patients.

Besides the gentlemen to whom the hospital is especially indebted for services in these departments, two eminent physicians, and an equally eminent surgeon, give their care to the in-patients: four undertaking to wait in turn on the out-patients. Of course, also, the Ladies' Committee furnishes gratuitous help to distressed women during their confinements, under conditions that exclude mere waste of charity on the improvident. These ladies, in their back parlour, are as glad to receive help in gifts of baby linen, rags, old clothes, and all the miscellanies of which active charity knows the good use, as the gentlemen in the front parlour are glad to have help offered in more current form and substance. That is all matter of course.

We are not preaching a charity sermon for the Samaritans. Our purpose has been simply to show how easily good may be done by those who will but set about doing it actively: also to show that every one among us—the humblest and apparently least influential—has it in his power to make small beginnings that may end in large results. The growth of the subscription of shillings, and the room in a back street, into an institution such as here described, is, indeed, one of many signs of the good heart, energy, and

perseverance of English people, and not only of the English; for they are by nature common to the brotherhood and sisterhood of all mankind.

### SINCE THIS OLD CAP WAS NEW.

ONE of the dearest friends I have is pleased to think that he is a staunch Conservative. I say: to think, for in reality he is no more a Tory than I am; but he is a quiet man, and somewhat timorous and shrinking, and much preferring to go without than to ask for things. A Reformer must be always asking for things, and in a pretty loud tone of voice, too. There are some Rights and Liberties which it is expedient not to beg the next gentleman, in a soft tone of voice, to pass, but to stretch our hands boldly across the table, and take. Still my friend fancies himself a Conservative. He deprecates the anarchical tendencies of the age, thinks the people don't want any more Parliamentary Reform; opines that education has done more harm than good to the masses, and that national schools have ruined the breed of domestic servants; he admires the landed proprietary as the best and wisest of mankind, and winces when you reduce the Duke of Grafton's pension and the Duke of St. Albans' falconry sinecure to their abstract merits. He is for Finality; sets up his flagstaff like Constantine's standard-bearer with a "Here we had better remain," and opines, that if the army continues its progress, it must march eventually to the devil. They are perfectly harmless, these sentimental Conservatives, cherishing a generous, chivalrous, merry England, every rood of ground-maintaining-its-man Idea, that seems to be clothed in a blue coat, brass buttons, and top-boots; but it is only an Idea, like the Jacobite and Cavalier figments. Do you think Professor Aytoun would like to meet Grahame of Claverhouse in the flesh? Do you think Prince Charlie was at all "bonny" to the valet who helped him to bed, tipsy, or to the lady favourites whom he kicked and beat? The way in which I usually confute my sentimental Conservative is this. I ask him: "Would you like to have Grampound and Gattou, the Admiralty Droits and the Pension List, the Test and Corporation Acts, and the Penal Laws against the Catholics, thousand-lashes-by-court-martial sentences, the Alien Bill, the Spy system, the Corn Laws, yeomanry butcheries, Lord Eldon's Chancery Court, the Gagging and Sedition Laws, and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus back again? For these were all pure Toryisms in their time, and their removal was deprecated by Tories as conscientious and as honourable as yourself; if they were removed, sentimentalists said, thirty years ago, the tide must inevitably roll onward—and to the deuce of course." No; my friend would not have them back, but he would stop, now. "Insensate," I cry, "shallow man, whose horizon is at the tip of your fine aquiline nose: we cannot stop. We

must obey the Law. Every obstruction, to the minutest point of social life, is Toryism, and its removal is Reform. In sheer shame and craving for a reputation for consistency, the persons who call themselves Tories adhere to certain broad articles of Tory faith in politics, but they vindicate their humanity and common sense by working sedulously for social reforms. The only genuine Tories are the Very Old, who should be tenderly dealt with and left to their harmless reminiscences. The rest I take to be mainly Humbugs or Sentimentalists."

We do not quarrel, my sentimental friend and I, albeit we are both hot of temper and hasty of speech. My adversary cannot argue unless he smokes, and as he never can preserve an incandescent tip to his cigar, a half accomplished angry phrase, such as "Sir, you are imper—" or "Your language is becom—," is frequently cut short by a placid request for a light. Moreover, he is given to caressing his moustache and to humming opera tunes; and it is difficult under those circumstances for a man to get very much enraged.

It was recently after one of these discussions that, at home, I took a fair sheet of paper and endeavoured to work out my theory that we cannot stand still—no, not for one instant, no, not any more than can the blood within the veins or the seed within the earth—by jotting down some new Things whose advent I can remember as having taken place "since this old cap was new." It is not such a very long time ago that the cap was new and glossy, and had a glazed peak and a golden band to it. It is not such a very old cap now, though it has seen some service; but it is not the cap it was, and never will be more. I tried to recollect the things to which we have grown so accustomed in our daily lives, and which have become so much necessities of our daily lives, that usance has begotten familiarity, and if that has not bred contempt, has engendered, at least, indifference. And with some reference of retrospect to a paper I wrote eight years since in this periodical's predecessor, called "Things Departed," I taxed my memory to enumerate the things among us, which have been born and grown strong and lusty and become affiliated to our households and are of them now, since this old cap was new. The wonder is, that using them so much, at present, we could ever have done without them. Haven't analogous thoughts ever struck you going over that wonderful Pompeian House in the Crystal Palace? haven't you puzzled yourself almost involuntarily as to how the ancients managed without a Manchester for the spinning of their toga-stuffs, without printing-presses to disseminate the poetical works of Messrs. Ovid, Horace, and Virgil? without steam-engines to pump and heat and carry away the water of the great Thermæ? The best corrective of this uneasy sensation of wonderment is, first, to remember that an Almighty Providence was just as busy two thousand years ago in fitting backs to burdens, tempering winds to shorn lambs, opening doors when others were

shut, and making days sufficient for the evil thereof, as now; and, at a reverent distance of appreciation, to recal the pleasant enumeration of appliances of life which Sydney Smith remembered since *his* old cap was new. Gas, steam, braces, coach-springs, lucifer matches, are all things of which the good canon of St. Paul's had seen the birth and progress; and yet Mr. Pitt lived without them. Sir Isaac wrote the Principia without them. Johnson finished the Dictionary, and Sir Joshua painted his deathless portraits without them. Sir Joshua! why he hadn't any megulph, any patent cap-suled colour tubes, any prepared canvases from Winsor and Newton's; yet he managed, somehow, to produce Master Braddock and the Strawberry Girl.

Since this old cap was new, I have seen railways. Huskisson had been killed and George Stephenson had walked over Chat Moss, and with his son had built the great-great-grandmother of locomotives, the "Rocket;" but there were no London railway termini when this old cap was new. Mr. Perkins's steam coach, a cumbrous yellow concern with the chimney belching black smoke at the rear, a man tugging at the steering apparatus in front, the outsiders clinging on for dear life, and the insides looking from the windows with scared faces—this famous machine grated about the New-road, somewhere between Paddington-green and the Yorkshire Stingo, to the wonderment of mankind and the despair of the commissioners of turnpike trusts. I was reminded, oddly enough, of the steam coach, only yesterday, when I met a huge lumbering Bonassus of a locomotive, dragging some tons of trucks behind it, and staggering in a vacant manner about Agar-street, Strand. It was called, I believe, a Traction Engine, and will, no doubt, be useful in its generation; but it was a sight not to be forgotten to mark the scorn with which a smart Hansom cabman, who was compelled to draw up behind it, surveyed the entire concern from chimney to tender, and the impotent rage with which the monkey in the court suit, who stands on the tripod and fences with his Italian proprietor, and who was then going through his entertainment at the corner of King William-street, gibbered and shook his lean paw at the dusky mass. Perhaps the monkey and the cabman, all unconscious of the impeachment, were Conservatives, and perceived that this exceedingly ugly and awkward Traction Engine meant progress in the rough, after all. For are we not to have side-walk railroads, mid-way railroads, underground railroads, and flying railroad bridges, like the bamboo causeways over Hindoo ghauts, some of these days? There were none of them when this old cap was new. London-bridge, Paddington, King's-cross, Waterloo, Shoreditch stations, existed not. How the world slid into railway life is a marvel of marvels. The world's people woke up one morning and found themselves in a train. A railway language, with a complete grammar, dictionary, and Gradus ad Parnassum, seems to start up ready made. Whence came—though Dean Trench would tell

us, I dare say—those strange terms “shunting,” “sidings,” “switches,” “points,” “buffers,” “stokers,” “sleepers,” “brakesmen,” and the like? At what time of day was it that people left off saying half-past twelve, and called the half-hour following noon “twelve thirty?” Who could have been the first sage who devised the model of a first-class carriage? There is, decidedly, originality in the conception of those scroll-like padded partitions and arm rests; yet very slight alterations have taken place in the English railway train since its first appearance, sudden and ready made, like Cinderella’s coach and horses, from the pumpkin. The lamp in the roof, and the rack for sticks and umbrellas, have been added, with some trifles in the way of interior gilding and flower painting; and, when this old cap was new, the second-class carriages on the Great Western Railway were open at the sides, and protected only by leathern curtains, while the third-class carriages, as a rule, were the mere seatless and unsheltered cattle-trucks that still linger on the road from London to Greenwich. Again, it is since this old cap had lost a considerable extent of its bran-newness that railway stations have become galleries of art, and that waiting-rooms, platform walls, and even panels formed in the sides of cuttings, have been decorated with monstrous cartoons having reference, in the most floridly pictorial manner, to the language of the eye—which, so far as its advertising eloquence is concerned, mentions very plainly the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Martin—to food for cattle, perambulators, Arabian bedsteads, Sydenham trousers (which I have yet to learn are true to their name in being constructed of iron and glass), and other ingenious devices of that which was a trade when this old cap was new, but which, fostered by the immortal Warren and the incomparable Rowland, has now grown into an elaborate science—and a very offensive, impertinent science too—tending chiefly to the glorification of impudence and the success of lies. Beyond these particulars, railways seem not much to have altered since the cap was new. The same old by-laws, approved by “Granville” and “Edward Ryan,” stare one in the face in the entrance halls. Our railway companies have not yet been able to manage a decent proportion of smoking-carriages, and the consumer of a cigar is still obliged to go through a process of genteel fraud and elegant bribery and corruption, at the risk of being pounced upon and denounced by a disguised director reading the Edinburgh Review in the corner. Hot water cases in first-class carriages in winter are as yet (generally speaking) institutions too subversive for the squeamish nerves of the directors; and, though I suppose improvements have gone on in the engineer’s department till perfection is the result, the engine, with the exception of the huge pair of glass goggles in front of the driver, looks about the same machine as of yore; nor do I hear that railway signals answer much better, or that any important steps have been taken to ensure a proper communication between the guard and the driver since this old cap was new.

Yet the marvels are marvellous, notwithstanding. Since this old cap was new, I have torn down to Brighton by the express in sixty minutes. I have written a column of close “copy” in a coupé; I have been swept over the houses on the Surrey side—a day Asmodeus—and have seen what the good folks of Lambeth and Vauxhall have had for dinner. I have seen a queen making her progress by railway, and judges going circuit, and coffins going to the cemetery, and murderers going to be hanged, likewise per rail. Who takes any account of these wonders? We are used to them; and was it not one of the shrewdest remarks made in his well-known treatise “Stokers and Pokers,” by Sir Francis Head, that when railways were first started, cows and sheep and horses used to scamper away as fast as ever their legs could carry them, at the mere sound of the advancing train, whereas, now, you can’t get the cows off the line; and the dappled dobbins wink lazily, without a whisk of the tail or a lifting of the hoof, as the four o’clock express soreams and rushes by! New classes of houses and people, new types of life and character, have sprung up about railway termini since this old cap was new. The guard is a character, with not a single element of the old mail guard in him. He could not sound a horn if he were paid for it. The driver, the stoker, are characters. Watch their steady, anxious faces as they come, “trolling,” as I may call it, into the station. The railway porter is a character, and seems to have been born in velvet, white at the seams, and to have a hand curved specially, and turned backwards from his wrist, for the reception of surreptitious six-pences. The newspaper boy at the railway station, with his rapid shuffle, keeping pace with the moving train, his astonishing shrill shurring of the names of newspapers, such as Saturday Review into “Sarriew,” and All the Year Round into “Arryeound;” his arms, which must possess a preternatural faculty of elongation, and so reach to the furthestmost recesses of carriages from the off window; and his mouth, which appears to contain an inexhaustible supply of small change; this curious, red-comfortered, sharp-spoken youth resembles no other boy that I can remember when this old cap was new. The young lady in the refreshment room is not in the least like the tavern or hotel barmaid; and who will tell me that railway tea or railway soup bears the remotest assimilation to the refreshments under those titles obtained elsewhere? There is something, too, about the whiskers of a station-master, of which the world was not aware when this old cap was new. The odd little streets of low-browed, feverish brick houses, the railway hotels, railway coffee-houses and reading-rooms, that are circumjacent to the termini, have all a peculiar stamp and significance about them. Even railway vans and railway trucks are not the things we recollect long years ago. And yet people used to have vans and trucks, even then.

If you will take any one well-frequented, prosperous street in this metropolis, and ponder and be patient a little, a flood of things, quite



new since the first wearing of that cap of yours, will come upon you. Try and remember a street as you saw it in eighteen twenty-nine, or, as I saw it, in eighteen thirty-nine. What strange novelties eighteen fifty-nine offers to our inspection! Look at the photographs. Could we do without photography now? And yet when the gloss was on the cap we could only go, if we wanted our portraits taken, to the gentleman in Soho or Fitzroy-square, who painted us in oils, with the column, the curtain, or the cut orange on the plate, with an unnatural shirt collar, clothes too new for us, and eyes staring into vacancy. For miniatures, there was the fashionable artist in a shawl dressing-gown and a Turkish cap, who stippled us up in ivory, with pink eyes like a white rabbit or an albino, an elaborate gold chain round our necks, and a highly finished Buhl inkstand, with a great quill pen to break the dark background on the curiously arabesqued table-cloth. Cheaper performances "in this style" were undertaken by modest practitioners, who dwelt in second floors of the Strand or Oxford-street, and exhibited gold frames full of specimens on the street door; simpering ensigns in scarlet, and languishing ladies with low-necked dresses, evidently copies in water-colours from the Book of Beauty. Photography has swept all these poor mediocre artists away. Some, the better section, have started up again as first class photographers, or find employment in colouring to miniature texture the productions of the sun and lens. Others, the more inferior, take photographs, abominable in quality, for sixpence and a shilling, in vile little slums; Sunday being their great market day: there are legions of people abroad on the Sabbath who have their portraits taken for want of something better to do. Some, the very worst, may have sunk into the touters who stand at the doors in the aforesaid slums, with shilling specimens in their grimy hands, wheedling or bullying the passers-by to come into their masters' murky studios and be belaboured on glass. And some, poor wretches, for aught I know, may be picking up sorry crumbs as photographers, sitting as models for the personages in those stereoscopic slides which look so curiously like life, and so hideously unlike it, showing their bleared faces and crinolines and legs, and playing their miserable antics for a penny wage. Most noteworthy feature of the things that have taken possession of London since this old cap was new is this stereoscopic mania. It is very good, I think, to look on marvellous transcripts of nature, to peep through two little holes at a scrap of cardboard, and say: There are the Grands Mulets, there is the Court of Lions, there is the Alameda of Seville, not to have seen which is not to have seen a wonder. There is Mount Hor, there the Mount of Olives, there the church of the Supulchre, there the place of Job's tribulation—not as painters and poets have imagined them, but in their actual, terrible reality—barren, sunburnt, arid, desolate. See; that little speck among a thousand heads is Queen Victoria. By her side is Eugénie, in a

white bonnet; that little dark streak is the real life-like twist of the moustache of his Imperial Majesty Napoleon III. These are not phantoms; they are real, and the sun cannot lie. It is good, I say, to look into these magic mirrors, and the reflective man may glean many and salutary lessons from them; but how does it stand when we come to photograph humanity tortured into the similitude of an ape, or caricatured into sham angels and sham ghosts? What a cold, pallid glare is thrown by the stereoscope on the deliberate indecencies the knaves have striven to perpetrate. Laugh! take away this miserable wresting of sunbeams, this forcing them to irradiate dust-heaps and sewers.

Not to be denied, however, is this great fact of photography: very potent and various in its usefulness at this time—and all since this old cap was new! It has taken giant strides from its little dim cradle, full of misty shadowings of corpse-like colour, and distorted parts called daguerreotypes. Photography is everywhere now. Our trustiest friends, our most intimate enemies, stare us in the face from collodionised surfaces. Sharp detectives have photographs of criminals of whom they are in search. Foreign police agents speculate upon the expediency of having the portraits of travellers photographed on their passports. People are photographed on their visiting cards, or have tiny albuminised portraits of themselves in the crowns of their hats. There are photographs so minute as to be invisible, save under the microscope. They photograph infants and dead people. I was in Bedlam the other day, and the kind physician showed me an album full of photographs of the mad folks. There was Case XVI., raving in acute mania, hair erect, eyes starting, muscles distorted, mouth convulsed, hands clenched, limbs thrown here and there; and lo! on the opposite page was Case XIV. again, in a lucid interval, clean shaven, prim, demure, with an irreproachable collar, a white neckcloth, and a faultlessly buttoned coat. Could the old mad doctors ever have dreamed of this, among the phantasma of chains, manacles, gags, whips, and whirligig chairs, among which they kept the stricken people! What sore and terrible an astonishment photography would have been to them in the days when their old caps and three-cornered hats, their powdered wigs, and golden-headed canes were new. This photography seems an obedient slave, and has never claimed any fierce or arrogant mastery. It has never blown any one up, or rent anybody asunder, or maimed anybody; though a skilful photographer tells me that the art may yet exact such penalties for extreme rashness or dense stupidity. The worst harm it has wreaked has been to stain a few manipulators' finger-tips a little. It is not free from vice: witness those semi-ribald stereoscopes; but it abhors the crimes of violence. My cap is but middle aged, but when it is in truth old, and covers a bald, wrinkled head, what marvels may not have been added to photography! Of course it is in its infancy. Steam, you know, is in its infancy. So is ballooning. So is cotton-spinning ma-



chinery. Crompton's mules and Hargreave's spinning jennies will be preserved as curiosities in museums some day. And we go maundering on about things being in their infancy in this old old world, till our hair falls off and our teeth fall out, and we, too, are in our infancy, and Goody Crossbones comes and tucks us up, and gives us a spoonful of that Daffy's Elixir which lasts us till Trumpet-time.

Gutta-percha is another of the things that have been manifest in street shops, since this old cap was new. We got on very well without it, as the generation that preceded us got on without india-rubber; but, it is the old story over again, and gutta-percha is now a necessary of life. I hope there is a huge underground store of slabs of the material somewhere kept in reserve like the bullion in the Bank cellars, for if the supply were to fail we should soon have to sing the song "It's O! what will become of us! O what shall we do?" Gutta-percha soles for boots and shoes, gutta-percha picture-frames and images, gutta-percha baths, pipkins, vases, oys, cups-and-balls, goblets, life-preservers. And twenty years since, nobody had heard of gutta-percha, or knew where the Gutta-percha Islands (if any) were. Gutta-percha is in immense request for walking-sticks and riding-whips, and, ah! it is strange how very soon mankind become habituated to things that can be turned to a wicked and cruel use. Within eighteen months after the introduction of this useful substance into civilised life, a woman was tried in India for the murder of a child by beating it to death with a gutta-percha whip. *She* had found out the tough, pliant qualities of gutta-percha in a trice—the Jezebel. But it has been turned to nobler purposes, and married to substances as marvellous. See yon dandy who, among the charms at his watch-guard, carries what appears to be a little cylinder of chocolate, with tiny pips or spangles of copper at the summit and base. That is a tiny toy fragment of the Atlantic cable, wire incased and isolated by gutta-percha. Once, twice, the great attempt has failed, but it will be renewed again, and must eventually succeed. The Atlantic cannot suffer the puny British Channel, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean, to laugh her to scorn. The cable must be laid, and gutta-percha and wire safely submerged beneath the roaring waves will tremble at the thoughts of men, and carry from world to world the tidings of the greatest marvel that has been accomplished since the oldest human cap was new.

It would be easy to multiply examples, but who would have the patience to listen to them? Some doctors tell us that we change our corporeality once in every seven years, and that we have not the same bones, muscles, sinews, that we had then. 'Tis as certain that our lives themselves are changed, and in the manner of them different every year, as that the days follow and do not resemble one another. "Where is the life that once I led?" sings madcap Petruccio in the play. Where, indeed, are the lives we have led? We can live

them no more, no, not one iota, one moment, one fractional spark of their time again. I set little store by Fashion and its changes, by the sleeves that were long yesterday having given way to the sleeves that were short thirty years ago. Once the "Lancers" as a dance was fashionable, then it sank into desuetude, then it was revived again, and became doubly fashionable. This chopping and changing and wheeling about, and coming back again to the starting-point, is worthy of Fashion: fashion in dress, diet, reading, and the bowing and scraping customs of society. But this paper would have been written in vain had I not endeavoured to maintain that we see every year and every day, new Things, that are built up on the ruins of the effete and useless past, that suffer opposition for a time, but progress, and wax strong in the land, and ultimately obtain and prevail. Our state is no millennium, Heaven in its justice knows; but every year sees a bad old Thing disappear, and something new and smiling in its place. Not that the new things are perfect. Damp and unseasoned as in their youth they must be, the weeds and fungus and mildew will cover them with lightning rapidity if the greatest vigilance be not displayed. Witness railways, photography, gutta-percha, all attacked by foul parasitical plants almost so soon as they were known. But it is the greatest argument against Finality that few things stand so much in need of Reforming as Reform itself. When there is nothing left to Reform and we have Perfection, not in sentimental theory, but in truthful practice, Conservatives and Radicals may shake hands, for the Millennium will have arrived, and the caps that were old shall be made new again.

### THREE PHASES.

#### PHASE I.

Far o'er the azure depths, in which the earth  
Reposes now as at its primal birth,  
Imagination takes a daring flight,  
And penetrates to realms remote and bright.  
Thought chases thought, and in the crowded race,  
A bridge of beauty quivers over space;  
An arc created in youth's golden dreams,  
As fragile as the floating web which seems  
A skein unravelled from an Iris-bow,  
To glisten on the summer air below.  
But tho' so fragile, o'er it fancies fly,  
And mock the limits of earth's boundary;  
Within the furnace of the brain they burn,  
And darting upward into space, return  
Bright with attrition of some lustrous sphere,  
Or laden with the treasures gathered there.  
Or some have caught, from wing of astral breeze,  
The mystic whispers of the Pleiades,  
And then, deep-shadowed in youth's glances, dwell  
Those dreamy looks the painter loves so well.  
But other fancies from his teeming brain,  
Fly o'er the void, and ne'er come back again:  
They find within that far ethereal sea,  
Beauty with theirs, in strange affinity;  
A force mysterious lures them to the shore,  
And they are lost to youth for evermore

But soon these visions mystical depart,  
And Love assumes his throne to rule the heart;  
And tho' a despot, yet his soft control,  
Like sweet bells, chimes within an inner soul.  
Deep, deep within, a bliss he bids arise,  
And all things range themselves in melodies;  
The streams of life to music's murmurs flow,  
And in youth's heart there falls "love's purple glow."  
Then do emotions new exert their might,  
And song translates the language of delight;  
E'en as the sky-lark bathes her soaring wings  
In balmy waves of air, and, ravished, sings  
In wanton joy: so youth, with passion new,  
Sends up his glad notes to the heaven's blue;  
Sends up his wild notes upon pinions strong,  
And scatters happiness in shreds of song.  
Yes, sweetest Eoline, he sings to thee,  
In accents soft as that low melody  
Which evening breezes whisper in the ear  
Of bending reeds, when not a sound is near.

## PHASE II.

Oh man, arise, before thee lies the goal;  
Arise! cast off the lethargy of soul,  
Which poesy and song around thee fling;  
Put by thy trembling lyre, thy harp unstring,  
Bid music cease, and fold thy poet's wing:  
Life is the call.

Thy manhood doth demand a sterner theme  
Than beauteous phantoms of thy early dream;  
Turn thy rapt vision from yon distant star,  
Recall thy mystic thoughts, which wander far,  
For here on teeming earth thy duties are:  
Here stand or fall.

Wring from the stirring world some prize to prove,  
That thou art worthy of that higher Love,  
Who dwelleth not for aye in Pathian bowers,  
But gathers riches from the toiling hours,  
And binds his brow with laurels, not with flowers:  
Do thou the same.

Forge on the glowing anvil of the world,  
Some manacle for vice. Thy flag, unfurled,  
Let flutter wide where human energy  
Enrols within its ranks the brave, the free,  
For action is life's noblest poesy,  
And work is fame.

The ceaseless toil of muscle and of mind  
Illumines life, and lights and leads mankind.  
Then, onward ever! and amidst the din,  
With hope and strong heart plunge thou fearless in,  
And Fortune's guerdon thou shalt surely win  
For Eoline.

Then, if thou wilt, in leisure's peaceful hours,  
Find happy solace in thy minstrel powers.  
And oh! when life has borne good fruit for thee,  
How doubly sweet those tender words will be  
Which woo, and win her with their melody,  
And she is thine!

## PHASE III.

Deeply we have quaffed together,  
Passion fervent, love sincere;  
But the chalice is not empty—  
Some hath gone, but much is here.

In vain the world has brought us sorrow,  
You have been my solace true;  
Every wave of adverse fortune  
Hath been bravely stemmed by you.

Estasy of joys departed  
Leaves behind no feeble light;  
Chastened love is love augmented—  
There is strength in gentle might.

What tho' now a line of silver  
Glistens in your raven hair?  
In playful mood, with loving finger,  
Time too soon hath placed it there.

At this moment, orange-blossoms  
Midst your tresses seem to twine,  
And their perfume lingers sweetly  
Round the brow of Eoline.

Yet, dear love, 'tis twenty summers  
Crown the term of wedded life,  
And garlands hang all down the vista,  
Placed there by a perfect wife.

## A "REVIVAL" UNDER LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

It is often asserted, in a tone which passes for being profoundly philosophical, that "there is nothing new under the sun," and which believers in human progress express their faith in the destinies marked out for this world by its Creator, and their conviction that, in truth, each sun that rises looks on something new—something that it never looked on before—in as much as it finds mankind advanced, however imperceptibly, some steps on the path of social, moral, and spiritual amelioration, they are generally answered by a reference to some phase of human error and folly, which is found recurring after long intervals, reappearing in the world long after it had been fondly hoped that it was dead and buried, springing up again from some tap-root deep down in the core of the human heart, like those ill weeds which *will* grow again and again, however often lopped off and cut down, until every fibre of their spreading roots shall have been eradicated.

It is never difficult in any department of human affairs to find such instances. But though they are often melancholy and disheartening enough, they are rarely perplexing to those whose faith in human progress is based on an enlightened study of human history. For such students know how oscillating the great onward march has always been, and must ever be—after how many repulses each foot of progress has been won and made good—and how patiently and how often the laggards and the stragglers of the great host must be waited for, and brought back yet once again into the ranks. Nor are these references to long past appearances of error which again revisit the glimpses of the moon, vexing and troubling mankind, always and altogether discouraging or valueless to the cause of progress. They usefully prove and illustrate the operation of law in the moral and spiritual world no less than in the world of physics. They give us opportunities of observing in this sphere also the indissoluble and constant connexion of cause and effect. And such references to past cases of malady, and comparisons of them with present phenomena,

furnish us with not only the best, but the only means of scientifically treating the evil.

And it may be further observed, that the fewer the points of similarity which exist between any two social systems and historical epochs, the more easy will it be to discover the law which rules any phenomena that may be common to both of them. For as this law must of course be sought for by examining the circumstances in which they are like each other, the smaller this area, the less difficult the search. The true causes of an entirely unknown epidemic, which should be found equally prevalent among the inhabitants of these islands and the Esquimaux, would be more readily discoverable by science than those of a malady which confined its attacks to the different nations of civilised Europe.

It was at the beginning of the second quarter of the eighteenth century that a religious movement took place at Paris, the phenomena and scope of which were so singularly similar to those of the exhibitions which have recently been taking place among ourselves, that, though the modern term "Revival" had not then been invented, they are at once recognised as belonging to the same category, and as depending for their outward manifestations on the same principle of physical law. That such manifestations are very far from rare or new, we all know. But, for the reasons given above, it will not be without interest at the present moment to observe the curious identity of the phenomena, while adverting to the very marked difference in most of the features of the social systems amid which they arose.

The age of Louis the Fifteenth in France is understood by the merest tyro in history to have marked the lowest degree of corruption and depravity to which it was possible for a social system to sink, and yet to continue to exist—to continue for a short time—for it could not continue to hold together long, as we know. And in this case, at least, every more careful investigation of the time but confirms the popular notion. We are generally wont also to speak of the eighteenth century as of a period of very generally diffused and avowed infidelity, especially in France. But this ought to be understood to apply chiefly to a later part of the century than that with which we are now concerned. When Louis the Fifteenth was declared, at sixteen years old, to be capable of reigning, in the year 1726, all the world was still orthodox, and prized its orthodoxy so highly, that the quarrel between the two religious parties, into which society was divided, as to which was the more orthodox, occupies a foremost place in the history of the time, and filled a very large space in the thoughts and lives of the French men and women of that day.

The two parties were the Jesuits, or Molinists, as the party was more especially called at that time, from one of the principal expounders of their scheme of doctrine, and the Jansenists. It is, happily, by no means needful to the tolerably clear understanding of the social

position occupied by these parties respectively, to enter on any attempt at an exact account of the theological points and doctrinal niceties which divided these sects of the "invisible and infallible" Roman Catholic Church. We know but too well how great the difference may be "twixt tweedledum and tweedledee." And it will be quite sufficient for our present purpose to understand that the first of the above-named sections of the Church, the Molinists, were in doctrine and tendencies analogous to our High-Church party, and the Jansenists to the Low-Church men. The first assigned a larger place in its scheme to the indispensability of priestly ministrations, and, consequently, to the dignity, authority, power and ascendancy of the priesthood; and more especially of Rome, as the head and fountain of priestly power. The latter went to lengths, which the shrewder worldly wisdom of most of the higher ranks of the hierarchy clearly perceived to be dangerous, in making spiritual communication between man and his Maker a matter of individual competence and consciousness.

Of course the former scheme of doctrine was that most favoured by the ruling powers both in Church and State. Religion, to be useful for state purposes, must be an outward and visible thing. Despotie monarchs, however, are apt to find one drawback to the advantages of High-Church Romanism. Although it loves lay despotism much, it loves ecclesiastical despotism more; and, when it is too luxuriantly vigorous, is wont to flinch for the profit of its own special master at Rome a larger portion of the lay despot's power, than the latter is, when strong and fearless, willing to tolerate.

Louis the Fourteenth accordingly very strenuously held his own in these matters; and the "liberties of the Gallican Church" were safe in the keeping of a monarch, jealous, energetic, and powerful enough to insist, despite his profound and pious orthodoxy, on being the pope of his own kingdom. But under worthless, indolent, indifferent, superstitious Louis the Fifteenth, things were changed. Ultramontanism became rampant. And the celebrated bull, called, from the first word of it, "Unigenitus," which supported Molinism in all its pretensions against Jansenism, was accepted by the court, its creatures, and the great body of the episcopacy, despite the vigorous resistance of the Jansenists and of the parliament, to which its ultramontanism made it extremely obnoxious. The parliament, however, weaker than the weak court, was compelled to yield, despite protests and remonstrances. France was divided into "constitutionnaires," or those who were in favour of the bull, and "appelants," or those who declared that it was contrary to their conscience to receive it. Much persecution resulted from this state of things. Priests were turned out of their benefices, and many, both priests and laymen, were imprisoned or exiled. Many fled to Utrecht, which became, as the French historian Henri Martin expresses it, a Jansenist

Geneva. The Jansenist party had thus all the energy, strength, and prestige, which persecution never fails to confer. But they had little else. The great and well-known names of the Port-Royal Society, which had so long made head against the Jesuit and ultramontane doctrines and party—the Arnaulds, Nicole, and others—were gone. And Jansenism in the hands of inferior men had undergone the usual fate of sects, kept alive only by the violent stimulus of opposition and persecution.

Things were in this position, when, on the 1st of May, 1727, an ecclesiastic in deacon's orders, of the name of Paris, died in the remote and obscure Faubourg of Saint-Marcou. A violent Jansenist, he had lived a life of ascetic devotion and unbounded charity, having retired to that wretched part of the city in order to spend all his property in relieving the poor. When he had given away nearly all, he bought a stocking-frame, that by the produce of his labour he might still be able to assist others as well as maintain himself. He had made himself remarkable as a very violent "appellant," or opposer of the famous bull, and for these combined reasons had obtained among the inhabitants of the Rue Mouffetard, in which he lived, a high reputation for sanctity. There existed, and I believe there still exists, amid the miserable and squalid houses of the ill-famed Rue Mouffetard, now peopled mainly by the chiffonniers, or rag-pickers of Paris, a small but very ancient little church, dedicated to Saint Médard. And behind this obscure church there was—but, in obedience to sanitary laws, is no longer—a still more obscure little burial-ground. And in this secluded spot the saintly Deacon Paris was buried.

The death of such a man at thirty-seven years of age, hastened as it seems to have been by the privations to which he submitted himself, made of course a considerable sensation in the neighbourhood. And several of the poor and the infirm, whom he had fed, went, in conformity with ordinary Roman Catholic practice, to pray and recite litanies at his tomb.

This tomb, it may be mentioned, seems to have been what is called an altar tomb, large, but not very high, being raised above the surface of the soil about one foot only. And it was on and around this, that in the first instance began those strange scenes which shortly excited the most intense interest throughout all France. As usual in these cases, the great majority of the daily increasing concourse around the saintly deacon's tomb were women, and mostly young women. The ecclesiastics, who "directed" the consciences of these devotees, were continually enlarging on the great ecclesiastical topic of the day, and insisting that the acceptance of the bull was the death-blow to all true religion. "France was abandoned by God to the fatal false teaching of hireling shepherds whose own the sheep were not; these were the 'latter days' in which so many terrible things were to happen; the elect must flee from the wrath to come." The recitals of various cases of persecution on the part of the

government contributed an element of real fact to the excitement thus occasioned. And under these circumstances it was far from strange, or out of the well-known path of ordinary cause and effect, that one day, not long after Deacon Paris's death, one of the girls among the company of fervent devotees around his tomb had an attack of hysterical convulsions.

As little will it surprise any one conversant with the nature of such affections to hear that very shortly other girls began to manifest similar phenomena. The next step was, that these attacks of convulsion were looked for and expected as the consequence of a visit to the deacon's tomb. Of course the result duly followed the expectation. Then, the cry of "A miracle!" was raised; and those most violently convulsed were deemed most acceptable to, and most highly favoured by, Heaven. Nothing more was needed to multiply the number of "convulsionnaires," to excite them to emulation in the violence of their attacks, and to call forth an immense amount of that strange and ill-defined condition of mind, in which good faith and conscious imposture are separated from each other by so very uncertain and often imperceptible a line, and that curious physical condition of the nervous system in which the action of the volition on the body, and of bodily irregularities on the volition, are mixed and confused in a manner which has often baffled science in its endeavours to assign to either action its due share as a causing agent.

Soon, crowds began to assemble to witness the strange things which were reported to take place in the remote little cemetery of Saint-Médard. A morbid vanity and emulation were excited among the devotees. Several girls began to acquire notoriety on account of the superior energy and violence of their convulsive contortions. For some time the practices were confined to prayers addressed to the deceased deacon, to prostrations on his tomb, and to the hysterical convulsions which appeared to result from so doing. But as the attention of all Paris—and, indeed, more or less of all France—became aroused, and as the miraculous nature of these phenomena became a hotly debated party question between the Molinists, who denied it, and the Jansenists, who maintained it, the "convulsionnaires" gradually raised their pretensions, and increased the strangeness and violence of their performances.

Cures began to take place. The deaf, the lame, the blind, the epileptic, were brought to the tomb, and declared themselves cured, or more or less relieved of their infirmities. All Paris was filled with stories, as Voltaire scoffingly puts it, "of deaf people who had heard a word or two, of blind who had received some glimmer of light, and of lameters who for a few steps had walked upright." Testimony to these miracles was, of course, not wanting. Declarations sworn to in due form before judicial authorities by numbers, in almost every class of life, were abundant. The miracles were amply attested, says the same witty scoffer, "by wit-

nesses who had almost seen, because they came with the determination to see." There was, however, one class of men whose testimony, when it was invoked, was unanimous in declaring that nothing miraculous in any way, either as regarded the convulsions or the cures, had taken place. And this class was the medical faculty. The formal declaration to this effect, signed by a great number of names, including all the leading physicians in Paris, is given at length in Picart's History of Religious Ceremonies. But, this does not appear to have in the least daunted the great bulk of the Jansenist party. Some few, indeed, of the more enlightened men among them expressed their conviction that the whole thing was a delusion. But the party in general strove vehemently to use the facts and the excitement produced by them as a means of re-acquiring the credit they had been recently losing, and as a weapon against their adversaries. Deacon Paris had been a notoriously violent "appellant," or opposer of the "Unigenitus" bull, which inflicted so fatal a blow on Jansenism. The miracles done at his tomb, therefore, were Heaven's plain declaration of its disapproval of the bull, and its adherence to the Jansenist theology and party. The press teemed with writings on either side, abounding in abuse, threats of the Divine displeasure and vengeance, and theological argument of the usual calibre. There is little worth noting in the productions of either side, save the somewhat curious fact that the Molinist divines did not for the most part assert that the supernatural manifestations had not in truth occurred, but preferred maintaining that they were the work of the Evil One. It was a more professional solution of the difficulty, and had the advantage of enabling them to point out that the entire creed and party of Jansenism was thus shown to be under the especial patronage and protection of the fiend.

From cures, the "convulsionnaires" soon advanced to prophecies; and more than one large collection of these, for the most part, unconnected ravings, was published. Meanwhile, the violence and the scandal of the scenes occurring daily and nightly in the cemetery of Saint-Médard went on increasing. The devotees consisted no longer exclusively of women, though, as might be expected, they were always the majority. But it now began to be announced, by the "convulsionnaires" and their admirers, that the "work of God in them could not be accomplished save by means of suffering." The patients, in the midst of their convulsions, cried aloud for help—"secours;" and persons called "secouristes" were appointed for the purpose of affording it: *were appointed*, for it seems that those afflicted with this insanity and their supporters, from an early stage of the business, had formed themselves into a society. These "secouristes" were generally men, and this share of the business appears to have been the principal part borne in it by the stronger sex. The "secours" were divided into the *little* and the *great* kind. The former consisted in merely

catching the convulsed patients when in danger of falling, in composing their disordered dress, and so forth. The "grands secours" were afforded by supplying in various manners that bodily suffering which was declared to be needful to the completion of God's work in the convulsed patient; and the trustworthy accounts which are extant of the torments thus inflicted, and borne without flinching, form one of the most truly wonderful chapters in the long sad history of human folly and delusion. The wretched women were thrown to the ground and trampled on with the utmost violence. Their faces were stamped on by vigorous men. They were mercilessly beaten with huge oaken clubs. One case is recorded in which as many as twenty men were at once trampling on the prostrate body of a young woman. The unhappy fanatics would call out the while to their executioners to redouble their blows and increase their exertions. In Picart's large work, above referred to, are to be found two plates representing the burial-ground of Saint-Médard during the performances of these eighteenth century revivalists; and the scenes depicted fully confirm the statements of many contemporary witnesses, which have been here condensed.

All that ecclesiastical reprobation and condemnation could do to put down the "convulsionnaires" and their supporters, had been done from an early period of their appearance. But at length, after the now celebrated cemetery had been for four years, with more or less of intermission, the scene of these disorderly doings, the scandal, and even the breach of the public peace, became such that the government thought it necessary to interfere with a strong hand. The lieutenant-general of police, Bertin, who seems to have been a man of sense, had thought ridicule a better arm than violence against such offenders; and when applied to to act against them, he had contented himself with telling them that he would give them a regular license for exhibiting themselves at the fairs. But ridicule to be effective must be general. And the great bulk of Paris, both friends and foes of the revivalists, agreed in regarding the matter in a very serious light.

At length, therefore, on the 27th of January, 1732, the cemetery of Saint-Médard was closed by authority, an act which gave rise to a couplet that has been remembered more generally than the facts of the case it alluded to. On the day following the closing of the cemetery a placard was posted on its gate, with these words:

De par le roi, défense à Dieu,  
De faire miracle en ce lieu.

The closing of the cemetery was, probably, under the circumstances, judicious. But the course of inquisition and persecution on which the government now entered was very much otherwise; and no doubt (as is now recognised to be invariably the case) tended more than anything else to give force and persistency to the delusions which it sought to put an end to. The "convulsionnaires" and their friends, shut out from their wonted trysting-place, con-

tinued their practices in private houses. The influence of Deacon Paris, it was discovered, was by no means necessarily circumscribed to the vicinity of his bodily remains, but followed his faithful devotees wherever they could find a shelter from the perquisitions of the police. It was now found that these fanatics had formed themselves into a regularly organised sect. They had their chiefs, their rules, a certain costume which they wore when engaged in their devotions, and, above all, patrons, who supplied funds for their expenditure. A certain Count Daverne, we find, was sent to the Bastille in 1735 for dissipating his property in supporting the "convulsionnaires." One Guy, a mercer, was condemned to the same punishment for the same cause. The records of a vast number of condemnations to imprisonment, to exile, to the pillory, to confiscation of goods, are still extant. One Carré Montgérón, a member of the parliament, collected in a quarto volume accounts of a great number of the so-called miracles, together with a vast body of attestations to their truth and genuineness, and was mad enough to present this precious history to the king. He was forthwith consigned to the Bastille. But this did not prevent him from adding two more bulky quarto volumes to his work. And he was sent from one prison to another till he died. The most distinguished honours of persecution, however, were reserved for an anonymous Life of the Blessed Deacon Paris. This volume was sent to Rome to be judged and condemned by the highest authority, with all the pomp and circumstance by which Rome seeks to work on the imagination of mankind. A congregation of cardinals, on the 29th of August, 1731, pronounced the greater excommunication against all who should be guilty of reading the work, and, not having the author in their hands, condemned the volume to be burned in a solemn *auto da fe*—to borrow a phrase from the language most conversant with such matters. A vast scaffolding was erected in the open space in front of the convent of La Minerva, on which the cardinals took their seats in solemn state. And in front of this a huge bonfire was prepared. The condemned criminal, represented by his volume, was then brought out, fettered and bound in chains, and was handed to the dean of the sacred college, and by him passed to the grand inquisitor, who, in turn, handed it to the gaoler. The gaoler delivered over the culprit to the provost for execution; the provost consigned it to a soldier of the guard, and he finally placed it in the hands of the executioner. The latter, solemnly raising the corpus delicti high in air, turned slowly to the four points of the compass, then unchained the victim, and tearing leaf from leaf, dipped each severally in a boiling cauldron of pitch, and cast it on the flames.

But neither this solemn farce, nor the utmost efforts of Louis the Fifteenth's police, availed aught towards putting down the "convulsionnaires," or quenching their insane enthusiasm. On the contrary, from the time when they were

driven from the cemetery of Saint-Médard, and when the police commenced a vigorous crusade against them, their fanaticism took a more violent and abominable form. The unhappy victims, who "felt that the Lord's work was being accomplished in them," who "were convinced of sin," and were "seeking for peace," strove to outdo each other in the monstrosity of the tortures to which they submitted themselves; and the accounts which have been left by many contemporary writers of the horrible scenes enacted in the different meeting-houses of the sect would be incredible if they were not confirmed by a multiplicity of testimony.

Here is the statement of an eye-witness, who visited one of the meetings in question, solely from motives of curiosity. It is M. de la Condamine, a man well known in the literary world of that day, who writes; and his letter has been preserved in that amusing mass of gossip which goes under the name of Grimm's correspondence.

"My eyes," says he, "have witnessed what I desired to see. Sister François, aged fifty-five, was in my presence nail'd with four nails to a cross. She remained fixed to it more than three hours. She suffer'd much, especially in the right hand. I saw her shudder and gnash her teeth with agony when the nails were drawn out. Sister Marie, her proselyte, aged twenty-two years, had much difficulty in making up her mind to the task. She wept, and said naïvely that she was afraid. At last she made up her mind; but she could not bear the fourth nail, which was not entirely driven home. In this state she read the history of Christ's passion aloud. But her strength fail'd her; she nearly fainted; and cried out, 'Take me down, quick!' She remained fixed to the cross for twenty or twenty-five minutes."

Some remained suspended by the feet with the head hanging down; others caused their breasts to be violently wrenched and torn with pincers. This latter was a very favourite mode of martyrdom. One case is recorded by a medical witness, of a girl not twenty-three years old, who received a hundred blows on the stomach from a heavy bludgeon. Her face beamed with joy the while, and she kept crying, "Ah, how good it is! What delight it gives me! My brother, redouble the force of your blows, if you can."

Dr. Morand, physician to the royal army, having obtained admission to a meeting of "convulsionnaires" held in the Rue des Vertus, in the Quartier Saint-Martin, has left an account of what he saw, from which the following is extracted:

Sister Félicité, a young woman of thirty-five years of age, prepared herself in her turn for crucifixion. She said she was about to undergo it for the twenty-first time. Two planks were nailed together in the form of a cross in a horizontal position. She stretched herself upon it. They drove into her hands and her feet, nails five inches long, which penetrated far into the wood. In this condition she conversed with



the bystanders. Shortly after, she demanded that her tongue should be pierced, which was done with the point of a sword. Then she desired that it might be slit; and she was obeyed. Next, a woman of sixty years of age, named in the sect Sister Sion, rolled herself on the ground, pronounced a long unconnected discourse, and prayed ardently. The "papa" (so they called an elderly man who directed the performances) then threw himself on her and trampled all parts of her body, until she said, "Enough." Very soon she cried out "Again!" and the "papa" renewed his trampling with redoubled violence. Then she had convulsions. They next administered to her the "secours of the log." It was a great log of oak-wood, about half a foot in diameter, with which they struck her with the whole swing of their arms again and again. Then she called for the torture of the "press." This consisted in violently compressing the body with straps drawn together with great force. During this horrible compression they kicked her body so violently that the room was shaken by it.

Upon another occasion, when Dr. Morand was present, the police broke in upon the assembly while the "secours" of the log was being administered. On being ordered to cease, the "papa" continued to strike his victim, remarking that "the work of God must be accomplished." Whereupon, he and six women were taken off to the Bastille.

Yet it would seem that idle denizens of the world of fashion, in search of a "sensation," would then, as they have since been seen to frequent as questionable scenes, go to see these revolting exhibitions as to a place of amusement; for, in another account, we read of a victim on the cross, breaking out into violent invective against the rouge worn by a "princess" who entered the room while she was being crucified.

The increasing outrageousness of the fanatics kept pace with the increasing vigilance and violence of the police in its vain efforts to cure a mental malady by bodily pains and penalties. And the police, do what they would, were beaten in the struggle. But the most striking instance of their impotence, and, perhaps, one of the most curious cases on record of the failure of an organised and powerful police to act in opposition to the feelings of a large portion of the public, was seen in the regular appearance of a periodical entitled the *Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques*, which gave a detailed account of these meetings and the scenes enacted at them. Notwithstanding the unlimited power and resources at their command, and despite all their perquisitions unrestrained by any respect for any man's rights or station, the police were never able to discover the authors of this publication, or the place where it was printed, or to stop the regular appearance of it. A great number of persons both clerical and lay were thrown into prison on suspicion of being connected with it; but the *Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques* were written, printed, and distributed, as regularly as

ever. Sometimes it was printed in the country; sometimes in the city; now in the boats on the river; now again between the stacks of wood in the vast wood-yards, by printers disguised as sawyers. It is related that on one occasion, while the lieutenant of police, Héroult, was making a perquisition in a house in the faubourg St. Jacques, in the hope of finding the printing-press of the ubiquitous *Nouvelles*, a number of the sheets wet from the press were thrown into his carriage.

An amusing account is given of the manner in which Paris, when the authors wished it, was placarded with advertisements of their work. A woman, apparently a rag-picker, with one of those large baskets which the chiffonniers of Paris still carry, at her back, and apparently filled with rags, would lean the basket against the wall, as if to rest herself. Immediately, a little child, concealed in the basket, opened a trap contrived in the back of it, applied the previously prepared placard to the wall, shut up the trap again, the rested rag-picker moved on, and the trick was done.

In conclusion, it may be observed that in this case, as in many others of similar character, it was abundantly proved that fanaticism and imposture were mingled in a manner that made it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to separate them, or ascertain the exact proportion of either element. It was, at all events, satisfactorily ascertained, both that in several instances girls were paid to become "convulsionnaires," and that there were persons, mostly ecclesiastics, who gave instructions in the art of becoming such.

For what motive did they thus spend their money, and risk spending the remainder of their lives in the Bastille? Doubtless the answer given by them to their own consciences on this point, was, that it was to secure the ascendancy of their own party, and the consequent glory of God, and maintenance of true religion. Doubtless, too, the answer, strange as it may seem, would have been a sincere one. For, the Jansenists of the eighteenth century were unquestionably as earnest in their religious convictions and practices as the modern "convulsionnaires," whose feats fall short of those of their predecessors, because they are deprived of the invigorating and encouraging stimulus of persecution.

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#### THE FOO-CHOW DAILY NEWS.

THE Foo-chow Daily News is a fair example of a Chinese newspaper. It is of about the size and texture of a Bank of England note, only of somewhat greater length, and, perhaps, a trifle narrower. Its copies are multiplied by writers, not by printers—but it has a printed title—and the contents are supplied from a placard daily affixed to the governor's office. The intelligence mainly consists of reports of visits interchanged between the two chief officers of the province, the Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor, and of the visitors received by them.

But this Daily News gives also an occasional supplement, on a minute scrap of paper, and the supplement is commonly worth reading.

As a fair specimen of the state of the newspaper press in China, we translate the entire number of the Foo-chow Daily News for the 10th of last March:

"To-day, at the Court of the Governor-General, the following officers reported their arrival: Wei-yin-fang, who had brought prisoners to the capital from Yung-an; Ma-kien-shen and Ping-pien-yuh, who had returned from public business at Chang-chon, and Ko-tson-spin, who had come to announce a victory. Ma-kien-shen also begged for leave of absence. Pien-kin-lan called to pay his parting visit upon going to Yen-ping, to distribute supplies among the troops. To-day the Lieutenant-Governor went out to the temple of the God of Literature, and paid homage by a presentation of broth, pork, mutton, and beef. After offering incense in sacrifice, he returned to his Court, when an officer, Chin-choo-lung, announced his arrival here on special business."

And that is all the newspaper contains: A file of it for half a year may almost be read through at a single breakfast. Looking through the file of it for a month, I, writing in China, translate all that is likely to be read with any interest in England, and interpolate among the news a note or two of explanation. The file is for March, eighteen 'fifty-nine, and we begin with March the first, alias the twenty-seventh day of the first moon of the Emperor Hien-fung's ninth year. On that day,

"The high officials—Viceroy, Lieutenant-Governor, Judge, Treasurer, &c.—met in the Great Hall, called out the malefactors Lin-van-san and others, eight in all" (they had been engaged in a river piracy a few months previously, when they attacked and plundered the Literary Chancellor, on one of his routes), "and, after examination, deputed a military officer respectfully to take the Imperial Command, and drag these eight fellows to the execution-ground outside the north gate, where they were beheaded as a warning to the public. After the execution he restored the Sovereign's warrant to its usual place." The Royal Command here mentioned is a board so inscribed which is lodged in the Governor-General's bureau. All persons found guilty of treason, parricide, murder, piracy, or robbery with violence, may suffer capital punishment by warrant of the production of this board. It sanctions the immediate beheading of the criminal, but requires that the execution be reported for his Majesty's approval. Other sentences of condemnation to death have to be reported before execution.

Next day's paper records that the chief authorities of the city went to pay their respects to the Viceroy and the Lieutenant-Governor, the day being the twenty-eighth of the moon, and the rule being that visits of etiquette are payable whenever the numbers two, three, five, seven, eight, or ten appear in the dates. This happens on eighteen days in a full month. On special business, it is lawful to pay visits on other days.

The day following, our third of March, "being the anniversary of the Empress, wife of the Emperor Kien-lung" (who died a century ago), "with all due honours her funeral tablet was placed in the Great Hall of the Two Governors." On such a day there were to be no more friendly visits, and no private entertainments.

March the Fourth.—An officer reports his return from Chün-chon (a maritime department of the province), whither he had been sent to solicit subscriptions for the public service. This is the mild way of obtaining contributions in addition to the taxes. Next day the chief news was that the Literary Chancellor had taken leave on his departure to the lower departments for the approaching examinations for degrees. And on the next day to that a gentleman, "by donation elevated," otherwise promoted by purchase, reports his arrival from Kian-ning; another prays for leave of absence. Records like these last occur daily. The seventh of March was, by its Chinese computation, one of those dates in which a three, a six, or an eight occurs, and which are, consequently, right days for the receiving of petitions in high places. Therefore our Daily News informs us that "the two Governors deputed a military officer to go out and bring up what petitions had been handed in—four for the Viceroy, two for the Lieutenant-Governor. The Lieutenant-Governor went out to worship at one of the temples, and afterwards proceeded to a tea-arbour." Our own Court Circular could not be more explicit. On the eighth of March, two officers waited on the Viceroy to inform him that they were about to lodge a quantity of lead in one of the government storehouses. The government had been deploring the demand of lead for ordnance stores, and the impossibility of finding all that was required. It had been driven to enforce a claim of five per cent on all the lead employed in making tea-chest linings.

Among the departures announced in the paper of the ninth of March was that of a mandarin, to distribute food and wages to the troops about a large neighbouring city. A mandarin also published his thanks for (or advertisement of) permission from the Emperor to wear a peacock's tail. The paper for the tenth of March we have already translated in full. In the next number we read of the anniversary of the demise of another empress, and of the going forth of the Lieutenant-Governor at five o'clock to pay his homage to Heaven at the North Altar, outside the city gates. This is, in fact, the season for adoration by the high official before two altars, a north and a south, dedicated to the Supreme Being alone, under the name of Heaven or the High Ruler. At Pekin the Emperor himself leads in this service. On the day following, the most notable fact was, that forty well-disciplined troops were despatched on service as spies. Then on the thirtieth of March, at a special sitting of the Viceroy's Court, three men were brought up for final examination, ring-leaders in tumult last year, when they moved the people in one part of the city to shut up shop and beset the Viceroy's palace. Sentence

of death was pronounced in the manner already described, and one of the three men was executed. The tumult had been caused by an oppressive demand on the part of government that raised the price of money. The man executed suffered in the neighbourhood of his own shop. The other two were spared for a time, because other riots were anticipated, and it was thought advisable to hold the terrors of another execution or two in reserve.

The leading news for us, next day, is the arrival of a special messenger from Peking, with despatches for the local government. His Majesty being about to celebrate his thirtieth birthday, orders that there shall be special grand examinations for literary honours during the next six or ten months. The date of the messenger's departure from Peking is named, and it appears that he occupied thirty-two days in posting to Foo-chou, a distance of one thousand four hundred miles, or three and a half times the distance between London and Edinburgh.

On the day following there is the demise of another historical empress to be celebrated, and on this day, as occurs with many upon many days during the month, somebody "begs to be released from duty for a while, in consequence of having caught cold." Three officers who have been disgraced are summoned to appear for final examination to-morrow. Also a private literary examination for aspirants is announced as about shortly to take place. To-morrow comes, and the three officers appear. The Lieutenant-Governor goes to the temple of a certain idol to commemorate the birthday of its god. Forthcoming official visits of the high officers to some of the temples are announced. There returns from Peking, next day, an officer who had been sent thither with important letters, and he is entrusted to deliver to the Viceroy the Emperor's autograph in the character "fuh," denoting happiness, or his blessing. The loss of a town to the rebels in this province is, at the same time, reported.

Next day there is nothing but the usual Court Circular, then follows a day of official visits to Gods of Learning, War, Fire, Wind, &c., with announcement of approaching celebration of the birthdays of two mandarins' ladies.

The Queen of Heaven was visited by the Lieutenant-Governor on the twentieth of March, in her own temple, and it was officially announced that in eight days a marriage would take place between the second son of my Lord Chung, and a young lady, Miss E. The Lieutenant-Governor paid his compliments on the twenty-first to the God of Fire, and on the twenty-second visited the God of War, after which he proceeded to the Hall of Examination to examine the essays handed in by several youthful competitors for literary honours. Next day a captain reported his return to the provincial capital with a strong band of Canton troops, employed in putting down some neighbouring bandits.

On the twenty-fourth of March the great event was, that the Viceroy sent a despatch to Peking. On the twenty-fifth a paper handed in

by an aged citizen (name given) was announced to be worthy of consideration; for which reason it had been entrusted to four high officers who were instructed instantly to act on its suggestion. The high officers belonged to the military and commissariat departments, so we may conclude that the suggestions were of ways and means for raising some of the money which these branches of government are at their wits' end to find. Announcement is made of the approaching birthdays of a gentleman and lady mandarin. The twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh were days passed in compliment, a like day was the twenty-eighth of March, when all the officials, civil and military, called to congratulate the lady of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor upon her birthday. Two days of mere court compliments then again follow, and on the last day of March, at the end of our month's file, the only special news we find is, that the tribute bearers from Loo-choo who are now here, have determined to start for Peking on the eighth of April." There is a small colony of Loo-chooans in this city, and the Empress has granted them a fine site for a cemetery in the foreign settlement.

Such is the tenor of provincial news in China, and the feeling of the Chinese public, in as far as one of their provincial papers may be held to represent it.

### COUNTY GOSSIP.

For an unpleasant form of solitary confinement there is nothing like a first-class carriage on a railway, moving slowly through a rural district, a couple of hours after the Express has carried away all the cream of the traffic. At least I thought so, one dull day this last autumn, as I travelled by a stopping train, fifty miles with a sprained ankle propped up on an extempore couch of two walking-sticks and the cushion of the opposite seat, feeling just enough remains of pain to like to be talked to without wanting to talk.

A station seemed to come every five minutes, and I looked anxiously out for some companionable face, but none appeared; the travellers were under the category of "what to avoid:" a curate with two chubby school-boys under his charge, and three townsmen, in outrageous costumes, going out shooting, and requiring a whole compartment for their traps.

However, at the Triangle Station, just where the Great Cerberus line enters Greenshire, transfixing it like a hare on a spit, a tall, apple-cheeked, white-haired, active old man, in a broad-brimmed hat, a loose overcoat, and leather leggings, was waiting. He caught my weary eye, and, guided by that freemasonry that exists between the talker and the listener, passed the parson and the shooters, took his seat beside me, and lost no time, but began with—

"Lame, I see, sir. Gout?"

"No, sprained ankle."

"Ah! shooting, I suppose?"

I nodded with a smile that said, "Proceed. I listen!"

"Thought it might be gout, from your look, sir. Excuse me, I have a touch of gout at times myself; but for a sprain there's nothing like a lump of alum, the size of a pigeon's egg, mixed into a froth with the white of an egg and a little salt, on a plate, rubbed into the ankle night and morning. I've cured scores and scores with it; had the receipt thirty years come Christmas, from a famous lady you may have heard of, although she was rather before your time, I guess. Madamasell Dodu, the famous dancer at the Opera, London. She stopped at my house—it was before these railroad times—to luncheon, with another stage-playing lady, and had post-horses on to the Hall. They used to come to visit Lord Cranberry. Lots of them, and very good customers they were—light come light go, you know, sir. Not the present earl. Lord bless you, he's quite a different kind of a gent. It was his father's uncle, Black Dick, as they used to call him; he was a rum 'un—yes, he was." And here the old boy winked furiously.

"I keep the Cranberry Arms," he continued, "and have done better than forty years, and my father before me. Beautiful lady the present Lady Cranberry; this here's a dog of hers, I'm taking to the great vet, Mr. S., in Park-lane, London, to be doctored." And he pulled out of a capacious pocket a little white, flossy-haired, weak-eyed brute, labouring under a decided attack of asthma, from over feeding and want of exercise. "Charlton," says her ladyship to me, 'you'll be sure and travel first class with my darling Floss.' So of course I obeyed her ladyship, tho' I fancy in a year or two Lady May won't care much for dogs. Lord, how things are changed from the old lord's times! There's Waxington, just on the hill there, where the famous election was in my father's time, between Lord Halliford and the old Earl Cranberry, each backing his own man. It lasted a month, and the voters could have just what they pleased. I've heard my father say—he was head groom to the earl—that at the earl's head house in Waxington—the Duke of Cumberland's Head—and same at Lord Halliford's—the Old Angel—there was the lawyers sitting with each a bushel measure of guineas before 'em, and the voters were called in and could have just what they liked. Some of the freemen were so sauey, they'd say, 'I can't make up my mind, I'd like to go over to the hall or to the castle for a day or two for fresh air, and have a bit of shooting or fishing.' And there were common stockingers and weavers living on the fat of the land, and smoking and spilling about at Halliford and at Bilberry. Why there were voters, the last few days—it was times when elections lasted a month—that got their houses for their votes. If you walk through the back streets of Waxington you'll see houses with 'Cranberry for ever!' and 'Halliford for ever!' cut deep in the block-stone over the doors. I was in one of them election houses last week, and asked the tenant—he's a cobbler, and works for my nevy the maltster—what he got

for his vote this last time. So he laughs, and says, 'I don't mind telling you as a friend, I got from blue and orange too. Blue give me a sovereign, orange bought my cat for four sovereigns. There she is, a washing her face on the window-sill. He only took her to the end of the street, and let her go, and she was back again in a jiffy. Hope I'll sell her again next election; will have something for my vote if it's only a pint of beer. What's the use,' says he, 'of a vote to a poor man if he can't get summat for it.'"

Here my communicative friend took breath, and the train stopped at Skene station. There was a Stanhope phaeton with a pair of blood bay ponies waiting for the down express, and I remarked that it looked like the Earl of Swansea's turn-out. "So it is," answered Mr. Charlton, with something of the manner of an old hound hitting off the scent after a cheek. "You have seen him often, I suppose, up in London. Don't he look vicious behind them long yellow moustaches of his, sitting bolt upright, and cussing and swearing at his soldiers when they don't exactly drill to his mind? I've known him this many year, before he came to the title, when he used to come shooting to the earl's. I was gamekeeper before my father died. Awful man to go on, is Lord Swansea; but he isn't half a bad sort to his farmers and the poor people, although he is a temper and no mistake. He's not unlike the Black Earl when his monkey's up; but then Black Dick, though he kept open house, and flung half-crowns and guineas about, never thought of building schools or doing up churches like Lord Swansea. Yes; he's a capital landlord, and will do anything his farmers want in building or draining, and such-like, if they don't contradict him about game or politics. Did you ever hear that story about his lordship's bringing the band of his regiment down to Skene Park?"

Well, no; I had heard many stories about Swansea's peace and war campaigns, and adventures with the law and the sword, but not the band story.

"Why, you see his lordship was going to have the Duke of Frankfort, or some such name—a German royal duke—to visit him, and he wanted to have his regiment's band during the week, besides battues, and a breakfast meet, and no end of shines; but he was afraid his tenants' daughters might get too fond of these fine fellows in their pink and gold regimentals, for he was obliged to lodge them in the farm-houses. My house was full of servants and grooms, greater swells than their masters. So what does he do, but sends for all the tenants to the hall, gives them a feed, and tells what he was going to have, and offers to pay the expenses for sending their wives and daughters on a trip for a week to the sea, or wherever they liked. Well, of course, the most of them were willing enough, and away went a whole train of girls with their mothers from the Skene parish—such a lark! You see he was determined, if his soldiers made any sore hearts, it should not be in his parish.

They talk of it to this day, and when a wife wants a sea-side trip, they say 'we must wait for the Band.' My lord would like to be popular—not like Black Dick who didn't care a hang for any one—but his unlucky temper won't let him. I remember, as it was yesterday, when he was standing for Greenshire, the first time when he was Lord Blareton, before he came to the title—he was only a captain then—his own committee nearly pitched him out of the window. It was the first day's polling, and my lord being quite safe, they put all their strength on Mr. Trysdale, to get in two blues if they could. The chairman of the head committee was Squire Vavaser, just the very opposite to my lord, except that he was about the same height. My lord was, as he is now, as thin as a whipping-post; the squire was stout and big every way, with a shoulder like a leg of mutton. My lord's pale London face was covered with light hair and curls, the squire's face was smooth, close-shaved, of a brown, red colour, like a ripe pear on a southern wall, and his dark hair was cropped close. My lord was a dandy in his dress, all rings and chains; the squire looked the squire, in his frilled shirt and brown cutaway, with the Hunt Club buttons.

I had just ridden over with a copy of the returns of the first day's poll: they showed Mr. Trysdale a score of votes ahead. The chairman had scarcely read the numbers, when tramp, tramp, jingle, jingle, up the stairs at a run, and in burst my lord, in a white rage, with another copy of the returns in his hand. He turns round, locks the door, puts the key in his pocket, and cries out, 'What the *blank blank* is the meaning of this?' Mr. Vavaser stood up in a minute to his full length, and, waving his hand to the committee, said, very slow and fierce, 'Gentlemen, I beg you not to say one word.' Then, and I thought his voice trembled a bit with passion, 'Lord Blareton, take that key out of your pocket, and unlock that door.' Young Sir Francis Preston was opening his mouth. 'Not a word,' said the squire, as fierce as a bull. 'Lord Blareton,'—this time it was a breath deeper, and slower, and fiercer—'unlock that door!'

"His lordship looked like a great rat in a corner, and stared at the old squire, but the old squire looked him down as they look down a madman; then slowly, with a shaking hand, and grinding his teeth, he put the key in the lock, and turned it, while you might hear a pin drop.

"Says the squire, very hard and cold, 'Your lordship is perfectly safe, but you must let us manage this business our own way. I must ask you to retire.'

"His lordship, quite beat, in a shaking voice, says, 'Is that so?'

"Mr. Vavaser just bows a yes, and waves him out of the room like a king, and my lord goes tramp, tramp, jingle, jingle, with his long spurs, slowly down the stairs, jumped into his carriage, and *blessed* the postboys above a bit all the way to the park, because they didn't drive fast enough, and they did the six miles in twenty minutes. After he gets to the park, he says to his valet, 'Give the *blank* scoundrels a couple

of guineas.' Crooked Billy that's now on the omnibus told my nery all about it hisself. That's about the only time he ever was matched in this county. But for all he's such an awful temper, he's uncommon good to the poor, and makes the farmers very wild with the wages he gives to all the labourers in the home farm and park."

After this bit of county history, like Oliver Twist, wanting more, I presented him with a Regalia cigar good enough for a President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, which he sucked with immense zest, and asked him if he knew Sir Peter de Rawley, until lately, M.P. for Greenshire.

"Should think I did; knew Sir Peter in his best days, when he hunted six days a week and went to church on Sundays in buckskins and top-boots. Fine-spoken gentleman, of the old blood, Sir Peter; as different from Lord Swansea as chalk from cheese. They tell me they've lived at Rawley a matter of five hundred years. Shouldn't think Sir Peter was ever out of temper in his life, except about the Reform Bill and that Free Trade business. He don't like no improvements except in stock and blood horses; couldn't abide roads, much less railroads. I mind the farmers wanting a presentment for a road from Rawley parish past his park; and one of 'em—Farmer Vackel it was—said something about a gig. 'Gig,' says he, 'what does a farmer want with wheels? I always go on a hack; so did my father and my grandfather, and I'll have no roads to encourage a parcel of coekncy farmers.' And didn't he fight against the railroad. But he travels by it now, and has taken to trousers, and I seen him in a brougham actually last summer; but then he's over eighty, and there's none of his old friends to keep him in heart in Greenshire. Most of the old sort are dead. One of the last was old Colonel Kidthorpe—not so old either; but I mind once the colonel was telling Sir Peter that he would allow no steam-engines to be put up on his estate, called them d—d free-trading, cotton-spinning humbug. 'Quite right, colonel,' says Sir Peter—'quite right; but, colonel, I think a little better stock would do your Oxbridge farmers no harm,' for Sir Peter's Short-horn herd is known all over the world. 'I tell you what, Sir Peter,' says the colonel, 'if you live another ten years I'm—blessed'—he swore awful did the colonel—'but you'll be a radical, for the Short-horn is a regular radical beast. The long horn is the genuine old Tory.' And then they ha-ha-ha'd! till it did your heart good to hear 'em. It was that same time, at the dinner of the Greenshire Agricultural Society, that Sir Peter, when his health was drunk, was obliged to make a speech, which was always hard work for him. I think he began and told 'em he ought to know something about the county, for he'd been on every hedge and in every ditch in the county, but he wound 'em up with saying that it was all very fine what Professor Waddler—a visitor—had been telling them about guano and such foreign things, but for his part he thought there was nothing like *muck*. How they roared



and cheered him; just the speech for them. But, after all, I heard from Sir Peter's own bailiff that he ordered a ton of guano the very year he left off his leathers and took to travelling by railway. I've heard say that his forefathers were terrible radicals in the old times; were against King Charles in the oak, and all that. Last year the workmen were pulling down a party wall of the old house; they found a curiosity, and Mr. Reginald, that's his eldest son, who's as fond of a joke as Sir Peter, comes running to him, crying, 'Father, we've found the bones of your greatest enemy.' And, when he came to look, it was a printing-press, what they used to print songs and speeches against King Charles or King James, I don't rightly know which, that had been built up for fear of the officers finding it. 'For,' says Mr. Reginald, 'that's the father of the Reform Bills and Railways and Free Traders.' Sir Peter sticks to his thorough-bred hacks and his snaffle bridle. It's a pity he ever gave up the leathers, but he's a picture still, with his Duke of Wellington face and short sent, in Rotten-row; better on his horse than half the young dandies."

This warm sketch of Sir Peter, who has long been one of my favourite studies, for I look on him and Sir Wharton Dyke as the last of the Romans, or, rather, last of the squires, born, bred, and fashioned in the pre-scientific age, led me to ask my colloquial friend if he remembered another of my early objects of admiration, Lord Battlethorpe, or, properly, Earl Bentthorne, although every one loves to remember him by his parliamentary title.

"Ah, don't I? wasn't his a pleasant face and a pleasant way? Why, every man, woman, and child in Greenshire loved him, in spite of his awful politics. We are blue, you know—all the Cranberrys are blue—and the Battlethorpe family is orange. I mind him as if it was yesterday, when Parliament was up, riding into Roddington on market day on a big bay, white-legged hunter, in his broad-brimmed hat and blue coat, with gilt buttons, and wide flap buff waistcoat, white cords, and tops just wrinkled down a little, not on purpose, but because he forgot to button them up, showing the silk stockings between; and, but for that silk stocking, just like any other of our great grazier farmers, but they hadn't his pleasant manner. Lord, what a sacrifice to shut such a trump as that up in the hot Parliament House! he that liked gossiping in the market-place, tasting and blowing samples of wheat, and handling a fat bullock, and never so happy as when hallooing the fox-hounds; and he could halloo, too, like an organ. But he must have been fond of his book too, for he always had one in his pocket. Curious his simple ways, for his father, the earl, was a great gentleman. Never stirred without his coach and four and outriders, kept up a house full of servants, and was so stiff, and grand, and stately, although a kind heart, like all the Battlethorpes. But when he died he left, they say, what with elections and open house, as much as a quarter of a million on the estates. Lord Battlethorpe, as soon as he came to be

earl, made up his mind to clear the property. He pensions off the old servants, sells the carriage horses, gives all the deer away, fills the park with good Short-horns and Herefords, and when he wants to go to Roddington, just walks, or rides with a coat strapped before him, or drives in an old-fashioned gig in very bad weather. Once or twice a year, at his shooting parties or the agricultural meetings, he would do the thing in style, and bring out the famous old port from the Battlethorpe cellars. And this way, before he died, he managed to pay off the whole two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and the present young lord, his nephew, has it clear. Poor dear man, he was gouty, and he thought he could starve the gout out; so he took to dining off a finger biscuit and a cup of coffee and a cigar, and so we lost him. The gout won't stand none of that nonsense. I say feed it, and pour in a stiff glass of brandy and water pretty often. The poor lost a good friend when he died, for none deserving ever went away empty-handed, nor sad either, if he could help it. After, his brother came next, quite a different style of man, rather starched—he'd been so long at court. He sold most of the live stock, and lived mostly in town or at the sea. We knew nothing of him except at election times; but now he's gone, and the young earl seems to take after his uncle, although he does not feature him, and, lord, what a beautiful lady he's married lately! it's a pleasure to see them, they're as fond and good to the poor as Lord Battlethorpe.

"But it's curious, now, that there were two others of our squires brought up at Battlethorpe Hall—leastways, one was a real squire, and the other, though very rich, was more of a farmer's son—turned out quite different. I remember how Lord Battlethorpe and Squire George Rance, and Squire Harrybrow, were all brought up in the same house, same tutors and everything; for the old earl was left guardian to Squire George Rance and young Harrybrow, and brought them up with the same tutors to provide for them when Lord Battlethorpe went to college. Lord Battlethorpe was a great Parliament man, and wrote in books, and hunted the hounds almost as well as a huntsman, and was a better judge of a Short-horn than most of the farmers, though he was heir to sixty thousand a year; and these two young squires—they ain't young now—rode hard, and drank hard, but knew nothing above hunting the hounds, and couldn't say Bo! at an election dinner. They run through everything—that is, George Rance has lived on his wits any time this ten years, after getting rid of a hundred thousand pounds ready money, and as pretty an estate as any in Greenshire of ten thousand a year. Harrybrow—his uncle was a rich skinflint farmer—was the first gentleman of his family, and he had the luck to marry a sensible wife before his estate was quite gone. I don't know whether you're a married man, sir, but in my notion a wife is the making or the spoiling of many a gentleman.

"Talking of edication, you saw that ivy-covered



old house as you drove from Roddington to Rayham: that's Sir Bickham Bickham's. His father was a queer old fish, married late, and never would allow his two boys to go to school or see any other lads of their own age. At fourteen and fifteen they wore pinafores, and stood before him sucking their thumbs—regular softies—couldn't have a fish, or a shoot, or anything. Well, of course, one day the old one died, and the eldest—the late Sir Bickham—tumbled into a fine income. He went crazy-like, ran into a sort of low stupidity, got drunk with his grooms at little public-houses, had the soldiers and their wives to dance at the Hall, within twelve months was regularly used up, and cut his throat in a fit of delirium tremi. And his brother, the present Rufus Bickham, would not have been much better, only that he had the good luck to fall in love and marry a poor parson's pretty daughter, and she has kept him straight and polished him a bit. But he's only a molly-coddle after all.

"Now these stories beat me. Lord Battlethorpe, and Mr. George Rance, and Mr. Harrybrow, were brought up exactly the same—same tutors, same books. The young lord—for he was young once—turns out an honour and a credit to his family and his county. George Rance, the most delightful man to man, woman, and child, spends his money, and is little better than a poor outside leg, not even got a square place among the blacks of the betting-ring; while Harrybrow brings his noble to ninepence, and crawls about the wreck of a man, with just enough to keep a house over his head. Because Harrybrow's father was a grazier, they say 'he was bad bred,' but then that won't do, for beside Mr. Rance, there's young Lord Rosemount, the great statesman, Lord Uppercrust's stepson, and Lord Cantliver, the nephew of the Duke of Cheviot, both brought up with everything that books and tutoring and parsons could do, and both went to the turf and the dogs before they were five-and-twenty. These young bloods are like their favourite race-horses—no matter how they are bred, or fed, or trained, they may cost thousands, and after all not be worth twopence."

Here my friend paused, and puffed away steadily at his cigar for a minute or so while we whirled through a tunnel, but on my asking if we were not in Lord Wichwode's country, he started with, "Know Lord Wichwode, eh? What a fine man he used to be five-and-twenty years ago! he and his brother, the Honourable William, like twins, always together, and so fond of each other, always hunting and shooting and larking together. I mind my lord sending me to fetch a Dutch pug-dog he'd bought, a nasty, ugly brute, good for nought, he gave ten pounds for. Mr. William, he was a nice-tempered young fellow; my lord was always rather hot. But, then, again, by the rule of contraries, it was

marrying that parted these brothers. My lord married Lord Flytington's sister, poor as Job, and proud as Lucifer, as all the Flytingtons are, except the young captain that wouldn't go to the Crimea because he'd such a good book on the Leger. Mr. William, he married the rich Miss Lozena, with half a million they say, and a beauty, too. Well, Mr. William has a family and sons; Lord Wichwode has no children, and the beauty with blood turns up her nose at the beauty with money and no blood, and there are these two fond brothers at each other like bull-terriers. My lord's a Conservative—Mr. William turned Radical to vex him. My lord wants to sell a few miles of streets, and buy land close to Wichwode—Mr. William goes to the Lord Chancellor and stops him; and then my lord is in such a fury that the next day, when his hounds lost the fox, he laid his malacca crop across his huntsman, and the huntsman takes his coat off and offers to fight him, and my lord has to give in there, too, and swears awful. So, whether a lot of money and land is a curse or a blessing, it's difficult to say. There's young Earl of Cranberry and old Sir Peter Rawley as happy as the day is long, both of them; and there's the Earl of Swansea and Lord Wichwode, what our parson calls in his joking way, 'miserable sinners.'

"I tell you what, sir, every man to his taste, but give me a snug farm-house, with about five hundred acres of good land, in Greenshire—none of your nasty cold clay counties, with little fields you can hop across—under such a landlord as poor dear Lord Battlethorpe, with a good nag in my stable, and about half a pipe of old port in my cellar, and I wouldn't envy any parson, or lord, or duke either.

"Believe me, I called last year on Squire Jobs—him that was a banker and was worth millions and millions, and bought up every bit of land that was for sale in the county—and if he was not busy mending an old gig harness with a bit of string, and blowing up the butcher for not sending 'his chop good weight!' And his servants were on board wages! What was the use of money to him, poor old creature?"

Here the whirl of the breaks, and the cry of "Tickets! tickets!" finally stopped the county gossip, and as soon as we had collected our impedimenta, he went off in a Hansom with her ladyship's pet.

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## A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

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### CHAPTER XV. THE FOOTSTEPS DIE OUT FOR EVER.

ALONG the Paris streets, the death-carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine. All the devouring and insatiate Monsters imagined since imagination could record itself, are fused in the one realisation, Guillotine. And yet there is not in France, with its rich variety of soil and climate, a blade, a leaf, a root, a sprig, a pepper-corn, which will grow to maturity under conditions more certain than those that have produced this horror. Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms. Sow the same seed of rapacious licence and oppression ever again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind.

Six tumbrils roll along the streets. Change these back again to what they were, thou powerful enchanter, Time, and they shall be seen to be the carriages of absolute monarchs, the equipages of feudal nobles, the toilettes of flaring Jezabels, the churches that are not my father's house but dens of thieves, the huts of millions of starving peasants! No; the great magician who majestically works out the appointed order of the Creator, never reverses his transformations. "If thou be changed into this shape by the will of God," say the seers to the enchanted, in the wise Arabian stories, "then remain so! But, if thou wear this form through mere passing conjuration, then resume thy former aspect!" Changeless and hopeless, the tumbrils roll along.

As the sombre wheels of the six carts go round, they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the ploughs go steadily onward. So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle, that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupations of the hands is not so much as suspended, while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils. Here and there, the inmate has visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with some-

thing of the complacency of a curator or authorised exponent, to this cart and to this, and seems to tell who sat here yesterday, and who there the day before.

Of the riders in the tumbrils, some observe these things, and all things on their last roadside, with an impassive stare; others, with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men. Some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; again, there are some so heedful of their looks that they cast upon the multitude such glances as they have seen in theatres, and in pictures. Several close their eyes, and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror that he sings, and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals, by look or gesture, to the pity of the people.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for, it is always followed by a press of people towards the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart, frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is, to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down, to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart, and holds his hand. He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. Here and there in the long Street of St. Honoré, cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming-up of the tumbrils, stands the Spy and prison-sheep. He looks into the first of them: not there. He looks into the second: not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears, as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" says a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries "Down, Evrémonde! To the guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evrémonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the Spy entreats him, timidly.

"And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit; it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But, the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evrémonte!" the face of Evrémonte is for a moment turned towards him. Evrémonte then sees the Spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs, stands The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

"Thérèse!" she cries, in her shrill tones. "Who has seen her? Thérèse Defarge?"

"She never missed before," says a knitting-woman of the sisterhood.

"No; nor will she miss now," cries The Vengeance, petulantly. "Thérèse."

"Louder," the woman recommends.

Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thee. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added, and yet it will hardly bring her. Send other women up and down to seek her, lingering somewhere; and yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is questionable whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her!

"Bad Fortune!" cries The Vengeance, stamping her foot in the chair, "and here are the tumbrils! And Evrémonte will be despatched in a wink, and she not here! See her knitting in my hand, and her empty chair ready for her. I cry with vexation and disappointment!"

As The Vengeance descends from her elevation to do it, the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held up, and the knitting-women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonte descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put

to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate—for I cannot write—and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is."

"Yes, yes: better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this:—If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time; she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think?" the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble: "that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting women count Twenty-Two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

They said of him, about the city that night,

that it was the peace fullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

"I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honoured and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both.

"I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man, winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honoured men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement—and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

THE END.

We purpose always reserving the first place in these pages for a continuous original work of fiction, occupying about the same amount of time in its serial publication, as that which is just completed. The second story of our series

we now beg to introduce to the attention of our readers. It will pass, next week, into the station hitherto occupied by *A Tale of Two Cities*. And it is our hope and aim, while we work hard at every other department of our journal, to produce, in this one, some sustained works of imagination that may become a part of English Literature.

## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

### PREAMBLE.

THIS is the story of what a Woman's patience can endure, and of what a Man's resolution can achieve.

If the machinery of the Law could be depended on to fathom every case of suspicion, and to conduct every process of inquiry, with moderate assistance only from the lubricating influences of oil of gold, the events which fill these pages might have claimed their share of the public attention in a Court of Justice.

But the Law is still, in certain inevitable cases, the pre-engaged servant of the long purse; and the story is left to be told, for the first time, in this place. As the Judge might once have heard it, so the Reader shall hear it now. No circumstance of importance, from the beginning to the end of the disclosure, shall be related on hearsay evidence. When the writer of these introductory lines (Walter Hartright, by name) happens to be more closely connected than others with the incidents to be recorded, he will describe them in his own person. When his experience fails, he will retire from the position of narrator; and his task will be continued, from the point at which he has left it off, by other persons who can speak to the circumstances under notice from their own knowledge, just as clearly and positively as he has spoken before them.

Thus, the story here presented will be told by more than one pen, as the story of an offence against the laws is told in Court by more than one witness—with the same object, in both cases, to present the truth always in its most direct and most intelligible aspect; and to trace the course of one complete series of events, by making the persons who have been most closely connected with them, at each successive stage, relate their own experience, word for word.

Let Walter Hartright, teacher of drawing, aged twenty-eight years, be heard first.

THE NARRATIVE OF WALTER HARTRIGHT, OF CLEMENT'S INN, LONDON.

### I.

It was the last day of July. The long hot summer was drawing to a close; and we, the weary pilgrims of the London pavement, were beginning to think of the cloud-shadows on

the corn-fields, and the autumn breezes on the sea-shore.

For my own poor part, the fading summer left me out of health, out of spirits, and, if the truth must be told, out of money as well. During the past year, I had not managed my professional resources as carefully as usual; and my extravagance now limited me to the prospect of spending the autumn economically between my mother's cottage at Hampstead, and my own chambers in town.

The evening, I remember, was still and cloudy; the London air was at its heaviest; the distant hum of the street-traffic was at its faintest; the small pulse of the life within me and the great heart of the city around me seemed to be sinking in unison, languidly and more languidly, with the sinking sun. I roused myself from the book which I was dreaming over rather than reading, and left my chambers to meet the cool night air in the suburbs. It was one of the two evenings in every week which I was accustomed to spend with my mother and my sister. So I turned my steps northward, in the direction of Hampstead.

Events which I, have yet to relate, make it necessary to mention in this place that my father had been dead some years at the period of which I am now writing; and that my sister Sarah, and I, were the sole survivors of a family of five children. My father was a drawing-master before me. His exertions had made him highly successful in his profession; and his affectionate anxiety to provide for the future of those who were dependent on his labours, had impelled him, from the time of his marriage, to devote to the insuring of his life a much larger portion of his income than most men consider it necessary to set aside for that purpose. Thanks to his admirable prudence and self-denial, my mother and sister were left, after his death, as independent of the world as they had been during his lifetime. I succeeded to his connexion, and had every reason to feel grateful for the prospect that awaited me at my starting in life.

The quiet twilight was still trembling on the topmost ridges of the heath; and the view of London below me had sunk into a black gulf in the shadow of the cloudy night, when I stood before the gate of my mother's cottage. I had hardly rung the bell, before the house-door was opened violently; my worthy Italian friend, Professor Pesca, appeared in the servant's place; and darted out joyously to receive me, with a shrill foreign parody on an English cheer.

On his own account, and, I must be allowed to add, on mine also, the Professor merits the honour of a formal introduction. Accident has made him the starting-point of the strange family story which it is the purpose of these pages to unfold.

I had first become acquainted with my Italian friend by meeting him at certain great houses, where he taught his own language and I taught

drawing. All I then knew of the history of his life was, that he had once held a situation in the University of Padua; that he had left Italy for political reasons (the nature of which he uniformly declined to mention to anyone); and that he had been for many years respectably established in London as a teacher of languages.

Without being actually a dwarf—for he was perfectly well-proportioned from head to foot—Pesca was, I think, the smallest human being I ever saw, out of a show-room. Remarkable anywhere, by his personal appearance, he was still further distinguished among the rank and file of mankind, by the harmless eccentricity of his character. The ruling idea of his life appeared to be, that he was bound to show his gratitude to the country which had afforded him an asylum and a means of subsistence, by doing his utmost to turn himself into an Englishman. Not content with paying the nation in general the compliment of invariably carrying an umbrella, and invariably wearing gaiters and a white hat, the Professor further aspired to become an Englishman in his habits and amusements, as well as in his personal appearance. Finding us distinguished, as a nation, by our love of athletic exercises, the little man, in the innocence of his heart, devoted himself impromptu to all our English sports and pastimes, whenever he had the opportunity of joining them; firmly persuaded that he could adopt our national amusements of the field, by an effort of will, precisely as he had adopted our national gaiters and our national white hat.

I had seen him risk his limbs blindly at a fox-hunt and in a cricket-field; and, soon afterwards, I saw him risk his life, just as blindly, in the sea at Brighton. We had met there accidentally, and were bathing together. If we had been engaged in any exercise peculiar to my own nation, I should, of course, have looked after Pesca carefully; but, as foreigners are generally quite as well able to take care of themselves in the water as Englishmen, it never occurred to me that the art of swimming might merely add one more to the list of many exercises which the Professor believed that he could learn impromptu. Soon after we had both struck out from shore, I stopped, finding my friend did not gain on me, and turned round to look for him. To my horror and amazement, I saw nothing between me and the beach but two little white arms, which struggled for an instant above the surface of the water, and then disappeared from view. When I dived for him, the poor little man was lying quietly coiled up at the bottom, in a hollow of shingle, looking by many degrees smaller than I had ever seen him look before. During the few minutes that elapsed while I was taking him in, the air revived him, and he ascended the steps of the machine with my assistance. With the partial recovery of his animation came the return of his wonderful delusion on the subject of swimming. As soon as his chattering teeth would let him speak, he smiled vacantly, and said he thought it must have been the Cramp.

When he had thoroughly recovered himself and had joined me on the beach, his warm Southern nature broke through all artificial English restraints, in a moment. He overwhelmed me with the wildest expressions of affection—exclaimed passionately, in his exaggerated Italian way, that he would hold his life, henceforth, at my disposal—and declared that he should never be happy again, until he had found an opportunity of proving his gratitude by rendering me some service which I might remember, on my side, to the end of my days. I did my best to stop the torrent of his tears and protestations, by persisting in treating the whole adventure as a good subject for a joke; and succeeded at last, as I imagined, in lessening Pesca's overwhelming sense of obligation to me. Little did I think then—little did I think afterwards when our pleasant Brighton holiday had drawn to an end—that the opportunity of serving me for which my grateful companion so ardently longed, was soon to come; that he was eagerly to seize it on the instant; and that, by so doing, he was to turn the whole current of my existence into a new channel, and to alter me to myself almost past recognition.

Yet, so it was. If I had not dived for Professor Pesca, when he lay under water on his shingle bed, I should, in all human probability, never have been connected with the story which these pages will relate—I should never, perhaps, have heard even the name of the woman, who has lived in all my thoughts, who has possessed herself of all my energies, who has become the one guiding influence that now directs the purpose of my life.

## II.

PESCA's face and manner, on the evening when we confronted each other at my mother's gate, were more than sufficient to inform me that something extraordinary had happened. It was quite useless, however, to ask him for an immediate explanation. I could only conjecture, while he was dragging me in by both hands, that (knowing my habits) he had come to the cottage to make sure of meeting me that night, and that he had some news to tell of an unusually agreeable kind.

We both bounced into the parlour in a highly abrupt and undignified manner. My mother sat by the open window, laughing and fanning herself. Pesca was one of her especial favourites; and his wildest eccentricities were always pardonable in her eyes. Poor dear soul! from the first moment when she found out that the little Professor was deeply and gratefully attached to her son, she opened her heart to him unreservedly, and took all his puzzling foreign peculiarities for granted, without so much as attempting to understand any one of them.

My sister Sarah, with all the advantages of youth, was, strangely enough, less pliable. She did full justice to Pesca's excellent qualities of heart; but she could not accept him implicitly, as my mother accepted him, for my sake. Her insular notions of propriety rose in perpetual

revolt against Pesca's constitutional contempt for appearances; and she was always more or less undisguisedly astonished at her mother's familiarity with the eccentric little foreigner. I have observed, not only in my sister's case, but in the instances of others, that we of the young generation are nothing like so hearty and so impulsive as some of our elders. I constantly see old people flushed and excited by the prospect of some anticipated pleasure which altogether fails to ruffle the tranquillity of their serene grandchildren. Are we, I wonder, quite such genuine boys and girls now as our seniors were, in their time? Has the great advance in education taken rather too long a stride; and are we, in these modern days, just the least trifle in the world too well brought up?

Without attempting to answer those questions decisively, I may at least record that I never saw my mother and my sister together in Pesca's society, without finding my mother much the younger woman of the two. On this occasion, for example, while the old lady was laughing heartily over the boyish manner in which we tumbled into the parlour, Sarah was perturbedly picking up the broken pieces of a teacup, which the Professor had knocked off the table in his precipitate advance to meet me at the door.

"I don't know what would have happened, Walter," said my mother, "if you had delayed much longer. Pesca has been half-mad with impatience; and I have been half-mad with curiosity. The Professor has brought some wonderful news with him, in which he says you are concerned; and he has cruelly refused to give us the smallest hint of it till his friend Walter appeared."

"Very provoking: it spoils the Set," murmured Sarah to herself, mournfully absorbed over the ruins of the broken cup.

While these words were being spoken, Pesca, happily and fussily unconscious of the irreparable wrong which the crockery had suffered at his hands, was dragging a large arm-chair to the opposite end of the room, so as to command us all three, in the character of a public speaker addressing an audience. Having turned the chair with its back towards us, he jumped into it on his knees, and excitably addressed his small congregation of three from an impromptu pulpit.

"Now, my good dears," began Pesca (who always said "good dears," when he meant "worthy friends"), "listen to me. The time has come—I recite my good news—I speak at last."

"Hear, hear!" said my mother, humouring the joke.

"The next thing he will break, mamma," whispered Sarah, "will be the back of the best arm-chair."

"I go back into my life, and I address myself to the noblest of created beings," continued Pesca, vehemently apostrophising my unworthy self, over the top rail of the chair. "Who found me dead at the bottom of the sea (through Cramp); and who pulled me up to the top; and what did I



say when I got into my own life and my own clothes again?"

"Much more than was at all necessary," I answered, as doggedly as possible; for the least encouragement in connexion with this subject invariably let loose the Professor's emotions in a flood of tears.

"I said," persisted Pesca, "that my life belonged to my dear friend, Walter, for the rest of my days—and so it does. I said that I should never be happy again till I had found the opportunity of doing a good Something for Walter—and I have never been contented with myself till this most blessed day. Now," cried the enthusiastic little man at the top of his voice, "the overflowing happiness bursts out of me at every pore of my skin, like a perspiration; for on my faith, and soul, and honour, the Something is done at last, and the only word to say now, is—Right-all-right!"

It may be necessary to explain, here, that Pesca prided himself on being a perfect Englishman in his language, as well as in his dress, manners, and amusements. Having picked up a few of our most familiar colloquial expressions, he scattered them about over his conversation whenever they happened to occur to him, turning them, in his high relish for their sound and his general ignorance of their sense, into compound words and repetitions of his own, and always running them into each other, as if they consisted of one long syllable.

"Among the fine London houses where I teach the language of my native country," said the Professor, rushing into his long-deferred explanation without another word of preface, "there is one, mighty fine, in the big place called Portland. You all know where that is? Yes, yes—course-of-course. The fine house, my good dears, has got inside it a fine family. A Mamma, fair and fat; three young Misses, fair and fat; two young Misters, fair and fat; and a Papa, the fairest and the fattest of all, who is a mighty merchant, up to his eyes in gold—a fine man once, but seeing that he has got a naked head and two chins, fine no longer at the present time. Now mind! I teach the sublime Dante to the young Misses, and ah!—my-soul-bless-my-soul!—it is not in human language to say how the sublime Dante puzzles the pretty heads of all three! No matter—all in good time—and the more lessons the better for me. Now mind! Imagine to yourselves that I am teaching the young Misses to-day, as usual. We are all four of us down together in the Hell of Dante. At the Seventh Circle—but no matter for that: all the Circles are alike to the three young Misses, fair and fat,—at the Seventh Circle, nevertheless, my pupils are sticking fast; and I to set them going again, recite, explain, and blow myself up red-hot with useless enthusiasm, when—a creak of boots in the passage outside, and in comes the golden Papa, the mighty merchant with the naked head and the two chins.—Ha! my good dears, I am closer than you think for to the business, now. Have you been patient, so far? or have you said to yourselves, 'Deuce-

what-the-deuce! Pesca is long-winded to-night?'"

We declared that we were deeply interested. The Professor went on:

"In his hand, the golden Papa has a letter; and after he has made his excuse for disturbing us in our Infernal Region with the common mortal business of the house, he addresses himself to the three young Misses, and begins, as you English begin everything in this blessed world that you have to say, with a great O. 'O, my dears,' says the mighty merchant, 'I have got here a letter from my friend, Mr. ——— (the name has slipped out of my mind; but no matter; we shall come back to that: yes, yes—right-all-right). So the Papa says, 'I have got a letter from my friend, the Mister; and he wants a recommend from me, of a drawing-master, to go down to his house in the country.' My-soul-bless-my-soul! when I heard the golden papa say those words, if I had been big enough to reach up to him, I should have put my arms round his neck, and pressed him to my bosom in a long and grateful hug! As it was, I only bounced upon my chair. My seat was on thorns, and my soul was on fire to speak; but I held my tongue, and let Papa go on. 'Perhaps you know,' says this good man of money, twiddling his friend's letter this way and that, in his golden fingers and thumbs, 'perhaps you know, my dears, of a drawing-master that I can recommend?' The three young Misses all look at each other, and then say (with the indispensable great O to begin) 'O, dear no, Papa! But here is Mr. Pesca——' At the mention of myself I can hold no longer—the thought of you, my good dears, mounts like blood to my head—I start from my seat, as if a spike had grown up from the ground through the bottom of my chair—I address myself to the mighty merchant, and I say (English phrase), 'Dear sir, I have the man! The first and foremost drawing-master of the world! Recommend him by the post to-night, and send him off, bag and baggage (English phrase again—ha?), send him off, bag and baggage, by the train to-morrow!' 'Stop, stop,' says the Papa, 'is he a foreigner or an Englishman?' 'English to the bone of his back,' I answer. 'Respectable?' says Papa. 'Sir,' I say (for this last question of his outrages me, and I have done being familiar with him), 'Sir! the immortal fire of genius burns in this Englishman's bosom, and, what is more, his father had it before him!' 'Never mind,' says the golden barbarian of a Papa, 'never mind about his genius, Mr. Pesca. We don't want genius in this country, unless it is accompanied by respectability—and then we are very glad to have it, very glad indeed. Can your friend produce testimonials—letters that speak to his character?' I wave my hand negligently. 'Letters?' I say. 'Ha! my-soul-bless-my-soul! I should think so, indeed! Volumes of letters and portfolios of testimonials, if you like?' 'One or two will do,' says this man of phlegm and money. 'Let him send them to me, with his name and address. And—stop,

stop, Mr. Pesca—before you go to your friend, you had better take a note.’ ‘Bank-note!’ I say, indignantly. ‘No bank-note, if you please, till my brave Englishman has earned it first.’ ‘Bank-note?’ says Papa, in a great surprise, ‘who talked of bank-note? I mean a note of the terms—a memorandum of what he is expected to do.’ Go on with your lesson, Mr. Pesca, and I will give you the necessary extract from my friend’s letter.’ Down sits the man of merchandise and money to his pen, ink, and paper; and down I go once again into the Hell of Dante, with my three young Misses after me. In ten minutes’ time the note is written, and the boots of Papa are creaking themselves away in the passage outside. From that moment, on my faith, and soul, and honour, I know nothing more! The glorious thought that I have caught my opportunity at last, and that my grateful service for my dearest friend in the world is as good as done already, flies up into my head and makes me drunk. How I pull my young Misses and myself out of our Infernal Region again, how my other business is done afterwards, how my little bit of dinner slides itself down my throat, I know no more than a man in the moon. Enough for me, that here I am, with the mighty merchant’s note in my hand, as large as life, as hot as fire, and as happy as a king! Ha! ha! ha! right-right-right-all-right!” Here the Professor waved the memorandum of terms over his head, and ended his long and voluble narrative with his shrill Italian parody on an English cheer.

My mother rose the moment he had done, with flushed cheeks and brightened eyes. She caught the little man warmly by both hands.

“My dear, good Pesca,” she said, “I never doubted your true affection for Walter—but I am more than ever persuaded of it now!”

“I am sure we are very much obliged to Professor Pesca, for Walter’s sake,” added Sarah. She half rose, while she spoke, as if to approach the arm-chair, in her turn; but, observing that Pesca was rapturously kissing my mother’s hands, looked serious, and resumed her seat. “If the familiar little man treats my mother in that way, how will he treat *me*?” Faces sometimes tell truth; and that was unquestionably the thought in Sarah’s mind, as she sat down again.

Although I was myself gratefully sensible of the kindness of Pesca’s motives, my spirits were hardly so much elevated as they ought to have been by the prospect of future employment now placed before me. When the Professor had quite done with my mother’s hands, and when I had warmly thanked him for his interference on my behalf, I asked to be allowed to look at the note of terms which his respectable patron had drawn up for my inspection.

Pesca handed me the paper, with a triumphant flourish of the hand.

“Read!” said the little man, majestically. “I promise you, my friend, the writing of the golden Papa speaks with a tongue of trumpets for itself.”

The note of terms was plain, straightforward, and comprehensive, at any rate. It informed me,

First, That Frederick Fairlie, Esquire, of Limmeridge House, Cumberland, wanted to engage the services of a thoroughly competent drawing-master, for a period of four months certain.

Secondly, That the duties which the master was expected to perform would be of a twofold kind. He was to superintend the instruction of two young ladies in the art of painting in water-colours; and he was to devote his leisure time, afterwards, to the business of arranging and mounting a valuable collection of drawings, which had been suffered to fall into a condition of total neglect.

Thirdly, That the terms offered to the person who should undertake and properly perform these duties, were four guineas a week; that he was to reside at Limmeridge House; and that he was to be treated there on the footing of a gentleman.

Fourthly, and lastly, That no person need think of applying for this situation, unless he could furnish the most unexceptionable references to character and abilities. The references were to be sent to Mr. Fairlie’s friend in London, who was empowered to conclude all necessary arrangements. These instructions were followed by the name and address of Pesca’s employer in Portland-place—and there the note, or memorandum, ended.

The prospect which this offer of an engagement held out was certainly an attractive one. The employment was likely to be both easy and agreeable; it was proposed to me at the autumn time of year when I was least occupied; and the terms, judging by my personal experience in my profession, were surprisingly liberal. I knew this; I knew that I ought to consider myself very fortunate if I succeeded in securing the offered employment—and yet, no sooner had I read the memorandum than I felt an inexplicable unwillingness within me to stir in the matter. I had never in the whole of my previous experience found my duty and my inclination so painfully and so unaccountably at variance as I found them now.

“Oh, Walter, your father never had such a chance as this!” said my mother, when she had read the note of terms and had handed it back to me.

“Such distinguished people to know,” remarked Sarah, straightening herself in her chair; “and on such gratifying terms of equality, too!”

“Yes, yes; the terms, in every sense, are tempting enough,” I replied, impatiently. “But, before I send in my testimonials, I should like a little time to consider——”

“Consider!” exclaimed my mother. “Why, Walter, what is the matter with you!”

“Consider!” echoed my sister. “What a very extraordinary thing to say, under the circumstances!”

“Consider!” chimed in the Professor.

"What is there to consider about? Answer me this! Have you not been complaining of your health, and have you not been longing for what you call a smack of the country breeze? Well! there in your hand is the paper that offers you perpetual choking mouthfuls of country breeze, for four months' time. Is it not so? Ha? Again—you want money. Well! Is four golden guineas a week nothing? My-soul-bless-my-soul! only give it to *me*—and my boots shall creak like the golden Papa's, with a sense of the overpowering richness of the man who walks in them! Four guineas a week, and, more than that, the charming society of two young Misses; and, more than that, your bed, your breakfast, your dinner, your gorging English teas and lunches and drinks of foaming beer, all for nothing—why, Walter, my dear good friend—deuce-what-the-deuce!—for the first time in my life I have not eyes enough in my head to look, and wonder at you!"

Neither my mother's evident astonishment at my behaviour, nor Pesca's fervid enumeration of the advantages offered to me by the new employment, had any effect in shaking my unreasonable disinclination to go to Limmeridge House. After starting all the petty objections that I could think of to going to Cumberland; and after hearing them answered, one after another, to my own complete discomfiture, I tried to set up a last obstacle by asking what was to become of my pupils in London, while I was teaching Mr. Fairlie's young ladies to sketch from nature. The obvious answer to this was that the greater part of them would be away on their autumn travels, and that the few who remained at home might be confided to the care of one of my brother drawing-masters, whose pupils I had once taken off his hands under similar circumstances. My sister reminded me that this gentleman had expressly placed his services at my disposal, during the present season, in case I wished to leave town; my mother seriously appealed to me not to let an idle caprice stand in the way of my own interests and my own health; and Pesca piteously entreated that I would not wound him to the heart, by rejecting the first grateful offer of service that he had been able to make to the friend who had saved his life.

The evident sincerity and affection which inspired these remonstrances would have influenced any man with an atom of good feeling in his composition. Though I could not conquer my own unaccountable perversity, I had at least virtue enough to be heartily ashamed of it, and to end the discussion pleasantly by giving way and promising to do all that was wanted of me. The rest of the evening passed merrily enough in humorous anticipations of my coming life with the two young ladies in Cumberland. Pesca, inspired by our national grog, which appeared to get into his head, in the most marvellous manner, five minutes after it had gone down his throat, asserted his claims to be considered a complete Englishman by making a series of speeches in rapid succession; proposing my mother's health, my sister's health, my health,

and the healths, in mass, of Mr. Fairlie and the two young Misses; pathetically returning thanks himself, immediately afterwards, for the whole party. "A secret, Walter," said my little friend, confidentially, as we walked home together. "I am flushed by the recollection of my own eloquence. My soul bursts itself with ambition. One of these days, I go into your noble Parliament. It is the dream of my whole life to be Honourable Pesca, M.P.!"

The next morning I sent my testimonials to the Professor's employer in Portland-place. Three days passed; and I concluded, with secret satisfaction, that my papers had not been found sufficiently explicit. On the fourth day, however, an answer came. It announced that Mr. Fairlie accepted my services, and requested me to start for Cumberland immediately. All the necessary instructions for my journey were carefully and clearly added in a postscript.

I made my arrangements, unwillingly enough, for leaving London early the next day. Towards evening Pesca looked in, on his way to a dinner-party, to bid me good-by.

"I shall dry my tears in your absence," said the Professor, gaily, "with this glorious thought. It is my auspicious hand that has given the first push to your fortune in the world. Go, my friend! When your sun shines in Cumberland (English proverb), in the name of Heaven, make your hay. Marry one of the two young Misses; inherit the fat lands of Fairlie; become Honourable Hartright, M.P.; and when you are on the top of the ladder, remember that Pesca, at the bottom, has done it all!"

I tried to laugh with my little friend over his parting jest, but my spirits were not to be commanded. Something jarred in me almost painfully, while he was speaking his light farewell words.

When I was left alone again, nothing remained to be done but to walk to the Hampstead Cottage and bid my mother and Sarah good-by.

### III.

THE heat had been painfully oppressive all day; and it was now a close and sultry night.

My mother and sister had spoken so many last words, and had begged me to wait another five minutes so many times, that it was nearly midnight when the servant locked the garden-gate behind me. I walked forward a few paces on the shortest way back to London; then stopped, and hesitated.

The moon was full and broad in the dark blue starless sky; and the broken ground of the heath looked wild enough in the mysterious light to be hundreds of miles away from the great city that lay beneath it. The idea of descending any sooner than I could help into the heat and gloom of London repelled me. The prospect of going to bed in my airless chambers, and the prospect of gradual suffocation, seemed, in my present restless frame of mind and body, to be one and the same thing. I determined to stroll home in the purer air, by the most round-about way I could take; to follow the white

winding paths across the lonely heath; and to approach London through its most open suburb by striking into the Finchley-road, and so getting back, in the cool of the new morning, by the western side of the Regent's Park.

I wound my way down slowly over the Heath, enjoying the divine stillness of the scene, and admiring the soft alternations of light and shade as they followed each other over the broken ground on every side of me. So long as I was proceeding through this first and prettiest part of my night-walk, my mind remained passively open to the impressions produced by the view; and I thought but little on any subject—indeed, so far as my own sensations were concerned, I can hardly say that I thought at all.

But when I had left the Heath, and had turned into the by-road, where there was less to see, the ideas naturally engendered by the approaching change in my habits and occupations, gradually drew more and more of my attention exclusively to themselves. By the time I had arrived at the end of the road, I had become completely absorbed in my own fanciful visions of Limmeridge House, of Mr. Fairlie, and of the two ladies whose practice in the art of water-colour painting I was so soon to superintend.

I had now arrived at that particular point of my walk where four roads met—the road to Hampstead, along which I had returned; the road to Finchley; the road to West End; and the road back to London. I had mechanically turned in this latter direction, and was strolling along the lonely high-road—idly wondering, I remember, what the Cumberland young ladies would look like—when, in one moment, every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid lightly and suddenly on my shoulder from behind me.

I turned on the instant, with my fingers tightening round the handle of my stick.

There, in the middle of the broad, bright high-road—there, as if it had that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from the heaven—stood the figure of a solitary Woman, dressed from head to foot in white garments; her face bent in grave inquiry on mine, her hand pointing to the dark cloud over London, as I faced her.

I was far too seriously startled by the suddenness with which this extraordinary apparition stood before me, in the dead of night and in that lonely place, to ask what she wanted. The strange woman spoke first.

"Is that the road to London?" she said.

I looked attentively at her, as she put that singular question to me. It was then nearly one o'clock. All I could discern distinctly by the moonlight, was a colourless, youthful face, meagre and sharp to look at, about the cheeks and chin; large, grave, wistfully-attentive eyes; nervous, uncertain lips; and light hair of a pale, brownish-yellow hue. There was nothing wild, nothing immodest in her manner: it was quiet and self-controlled, a little melan-

choly and a little touched by suspicion; not exactly the manner of a lady, and, at the same time, not the manner of a woman in the humblest rank of life. The voice, little as I had yet heard of it, had something curiously still and mechanical in its tones, and the utterance was remarkably rapid. She held a small bag in her hand: and her dress—bonnet, shawl, and gown all of white—was, so far as I could guess, certainly not composed of very delicate or very expensive materials. Her figure was slight, and rather above the average height—her gait and actions free from the slightest approach to extravagance. This was all that I could observe of her, in the dim light and under the perplexingly-strange circumstances of our meeting. What sort of woman she was, and how she came to be out alone in the high-road, an hour after midnight, I altogether failed to guess. The one thing of which I felt certain was, that the grossest of mankind could not have misconstrued her motive in speaking, even at that suspiciously late hour and in that suspiciously lonely place.

"Did you hear me?" she said, still quietly and rapidly, and without the least fretfulness or impatience. "I asked if that was the way to London."

"Yes," I replied, "that is the way: it leads to St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park. You must excuse my not answering you before. I was rather startled by your sudden appearance in the road; and I am, even now, quite unable to account for it."

"You don't suspect me of doing anything wrong, do you? I have done nothing wrong. I have met with an accident—I am very unfortunate in being here alone so late. Why do you suspect me of doing wrong?"

She spoke with unnecessary earnestness and agitation, and shrank back from me several paces. I did my best to reassure her.

"Pray don't suppose that I have any idea of suspecting you," I said, "or any other wish than to be of assistance to you, if I can. I only wondered at your appearance in the road, because it seemed to me to be empty the instant before I saw you."

She turned, and pointed back to a place at the junction of the road to London and the road to Hampstead, where there was a gap in the hedge.

"I heard you coming," she said, "and hid there to see what sort of man you were, before I risked speaking. I doubted and feared about it till you passed; and then I was obliged to steal after you, and touch you."

Steal after me, and touch me? Why not call to me? Strange, to say the least of it.

"May I trust you?" she asked. "You don't think the worse of me because I have met with an accident?" She stopped in confusion; shifted her bag from one hand to the other; and sighed bitterly.

The loneliness and helplessness of the woman touched me. The natural impulse to assist her and to spare her, got the better of the judgment,

the caution, the worldly tact, which an elder, wiser, and colder man might have summoned to help him in this strange emergency.

"You may trust me for any harmless purpose," I said. "If it troubles you to explain your strange situation to me, don't think of returning to the subject again. I have no right to ask you for any explanations. Tell me how I can help you; and if I can, I will."

"You are very kind, and I am very, very thankful to have met you." The first touch of womanly tenderness that I had heard from her, trembled in her voice as she said the words; but no tears glistened in those large, wistfully attentive eyes of hers, which were still fixed on me. "I have only been in London once before," she went on, more and more rapidly; "and I know nothing about that side of it, yonder. Can I get a fly, or a carriage of any kind? Is it too late? I don't know. If you could show me where to get a fly—and if you will only promise not to interfere with me, and to let me leave you, when and how I please—I have a friend in London who will be glad to receive me—I want nothing else—will you promise?"

She looked anxiously up and down the road; shifted her bag again from one hand to the other; repeated the words, "Will you promise?" and looked hard in my face, with a pleading fear and confusion that it troubled me to see.

What could I do? Here was a stranger utterly and helplessly at my mercy—and that stranger a forlorn woman. No house was near; no one was passing whom I could consult; and no earthly right existed on my part to give me a power of control over her, even if I had known how to exercise it. I trace these lines, self-distrustfully, with the shadows of after-events darkening the very paper I write on; and still I say, what could I do?

What I did do, was to try and gain time by questioning her.

"Are you sure that your friend in London will receive you at such a late hour as this?" I said.

"Quite sure. Only say you will let me leave you when and how I please—only say you won't interfere with me. Will you promise?"

As she repeated the words for the third time, she came close to me, and laid her hand, with a sudden gentle stealthiness, on my bosom—a thin hand; a cold hand (when I removed it with mine) even on that sultry night. Remember that I was young; remember that the hand which touched me was a woman's.

"Will you promise?"

"Yes."

One word! The little familiar word that is on everybody's lips, every hour in the day. Oh me! and I tremble, now, when I write it.

We set our faces towards London, and walked on together in the first still hour of the new day—I, and this woman, whose name, whose character, whose story, whose objects in life, whose very presence by my side, at that moment, were fathomless mysteries to me. It was like a

dream. Was I Walter Hartright? Was this the well-known, uneventful road, where holiday people strolled on Sundays? Had I really left, little more than an hour since, the quiet, decent, conventionally-domestic atmosphere of my mother's cottage? I was too bewildered—too conscious also of a vague sense of something like self-reproach—to speak to my strange companion for some minutes. It was her voice again that first broke the silence between us.

"I want to ask you something," she said, suddenly. "Do you know many people in London?"

"Yes, a great many."

"Many men of rank and title?" There was an unmistakable tone of suspicion in the strange question. I hesitated about answering it.

"Some," I said, after a moment's silence.

"Many"—she came to a full stop, and looked me searchingly in the face—"many men of the rank of Baronet?"

Too much astonished to reply, I questioned her in my turn.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I hope, for my own sake, there is one Baronet that you don't know."

"Will you tell me his name?"

"I can't—I daren't—I forget myself, when I mention it." She spoke loudly and almost fiercely, raised her clenched hand in the air, and shook it passionately; then, on a sudden, controlled herself again, and added, in tones lowered to a whisper: "Tell me which of them *you* know."

I could hardly refuse to humour her in such a trifle, and I mentioned three names. Two, the names of fathers of families whose daughters I taught; one, the name of a bachelor who had once taken me a cruise in his yacht, to make sketches for him.

"Ah! you *don't* know him," she said, with a sigh of relief. "Are you a man of rank and title yourself?"

"Far from it. I am only a drawing-master."

As the reply passed my lips—a little bitterly, perhaps—she took my arm with the abruptness which characterised all her actions.

"Not a man of rank and title," she repeated to herself. "Thank God! I may trust *him*."

I had hitherto contrived to master my curiosity out of consideration for my companion; but it got the better of me, now.

"I am afraid you have serious reason to complain of some man of rank and title?" I said. "I am afraid the baronet, whose name you are unwilling to mention to me, has done you some grievous wrong? Is he the cause of your being out here at this strange time of night?"

"Don't ask me; don't make me talk of it," she answered. "I'm not fit, now. I have been cruelly used and cruelly wronged. You will be kinder than ever, if you will walk on fast, and not speak to me. I sadly want to be silent—I sadly want to quiet myself, if I can."

We moved forward again at a quick pace; and for half an hour, at least, not a word passed

on either side. From time to time, being forbidden to make any more enquiries, I stole a look at her face. It was always the same; the lips close shut, the brow frowning, the eyes looking straight forward, eagerly and yet absently. We had reached the first houses, and were close on the new Wesleyan College, before her set features relaxed, and she spoke once more.

"Do you live in London?" she said.

"Yes." As I answered, it struck me that she might have formed some intention of appealing to me for assistance or advice, and that I ought to spare her a possible disappointment by warning her of my approaching absence from home. So I added: "But to-morrow I shall be away from London for some time. I am going into the country."

"Where?" she asked. "North, or south?"

"North—to Cumberland."

"Cumberland!" she repeated the word tenderly. "Ah! I wish I was going there, too. I was once happy in Cumberland."

I tried again to lift the veil that hung between this woman and me.

"Perhaps you were born," I said, "in the beautiful Lake country."

"No," she answered. "I was born in Hampshire; but I once went to school for a little while in Cumberland. Lakes? I don't remember any lakes. It's Limmeridge village, and Limmeridge House, I should like to see again."

It was my turn, now, to stop suddenly. In the excited state of my curiosity, at that moment, the chance reference to Mr. Fairlie's place of residence, on the lips of my strange companion, staggered me with astonishment.

"Did you hear anybody calling after us?" she asked, looking up and down the road affrightedly, the instant I stopped.

"No, no. I was only struck by the name of Limmeridge House—I heard it mentioned by some Cumberland people a few days since."

"Ah! not *my* people. Mrs. Fairlie is dead; and her husband is dead; and their little girl may be married and gone away by this time. I can't say who lives at Limmeridge now. If any more are left there of that name, I only know I love them for Mrs. Fairlie's sake."

She seemed about to say more; but while she was speaking, we came within view of the turnpike, at the top of the Avenue-road. Her hand tightened round my arm, and she looked anxiously at the gate before us.

"Is the turnpike man looking out?" she asked.

He was not looking out; no one else was near the place when we passed through the gate. The sight of the gas-lamps and houses seemed to agitate her, and to make her impatient.

"This is London," she said. "Do you see any carriage I can get? I am tired and frightened. I want to shut myself in, and be driven away."

I explained to her that we must walk a little further to get to a cab-stand, unless we were

fortunate enough to meet with an empty vehicle; and then tried to resume the subject of Cumberland. It was useless. That idea of shutting herself in, and being driven away, had now got full possession of her mind. She could think and talk of nothing else.

We had hardly proceeded a third of the way down the Avenue-road, when I saw a cab draw up at a house a few doors below us, on the opposite side of the way. A gentleman got out and let himself in at the garden door. I hailed the cab, as the driver mounted the box again. When we crossed the road, my companion's impatience increased to such an extent that she almost forced me to run.

"It's so late," she said. "I am only in a hurry because it's so late."

"I can't take you, sir, if you're not going towards Tottenham-court-road," said the driver, civilly, when I opened the cab door. "My horse is dead beat, and I can't get him no further than the stable."

"Yes, yes. That will do for me. I'm going that way—I'm going that way." She spoke with breathless eagerness, and pressed by me into the cab.

I had assured myself that the man was sober as well as civil, before I let her enter the vehicle. And now, when she was seated inside, I entreated her to let me see her set down safely at her destination.

"No, no, no," she said, vehemently. "I'm quite safe and quite happy now. If you are a gentleman, remember your promise. Let him drive on, till I stop him. Thank you—oh! thank you, thank you!"

My hand was on the cab door. She caught it in hers, kissed it, and pushed it away. The cab drove off at the same moment—I started into the road, with some vague idea of stopping it again, I hardly knew why—hesitated from dread of frightening and distressing her—called, at last, but not loudly enough to attract the driver's attention. The sound of the wheels grew fainter in the distance—the cab melted into the black shadows on the road—the woman in white was gone.

Ten minutes, or more, had passed. I was still on the same side of the way; now mechanically walking forward a few paces; now stopping again absently. At one moment, I found myself doubting the reality of my own adventure; at another, I was perplexed and distressed by an uneasy sense of having done wrong, which yet left me confusedly ignorant of how I could have done right. I hardly knew where I was going, or what I meant to do next; I was conscious of nothing but the confusion of my own thoughts, when I was abruptly recalled to myself—awakened I might almost say—by the sound of rapidly approaching wheels close behind me.

I was on the dark side of the road, in the thick shadow of some garden trees, when I stopped to look round. On the opposite, and lighter, side of the way, a short distance below



me, a policeman was strolling along in the direction of the Regent's Park.

The carriage passed me—an open chaise driven by two men.

"Stop!" cried one. "There's a policeman. Let's ask him."

The horse was instantly pulled up, a few yards beyond the dark place where I stood.

"Policeman!" cried the first speaker. "Have you seen a woman pass this way?"

"What sort of woman, sir?"

"A woman in a lavender-coloured gown——"

"No, no," interposed the second man. "The clothes we gave her were found on her bed. She must have gone away in the clothes she wore when she came to us. In white, policeman. A woman in white."

"I haven't seen her, sir."

"If you, or any of your men meet with the woman, stop her, and send her in careful keeping to that address. I'll pay all expenses, and a fair reward into the bargain."

The policeman looked at the card that was handed down to him.

"Why are we to stop her, sir? What has she done?"

"Done! She has escaped from my Asylum. Don't forget: a woman in white. Drive on."

### LOVED AND LOST.

"ICH HABE GELEBT UND GELIEBT."

So you tell me Annie's dying, dying all for love of me!

Spirits gone and beauty flying, cheek as pale as flesh may be;

And you sue me for your sister, telling me I shall repent,

I shall mourn her when I've missed her, when my present rage is spent.

Mabel Durham, rage no longer fires my spirit, shakes my frame;

There is yet a passion stronger, which I do not care to name,

Deeper in its root than many which more rapidly enslave:

Mabel, between me and Annie falls the shadow of a grave!

Ellen Vaughan, her rank forgetting, promised to become my bride;

Every night the sun in setting saw me whispering by her side—

Whispering 'mid her golden tresses, whispering in her trellised car.

Ah! those days which memory blesses. Ah! these days so dark and drear!

Loved we with a love so holy, so intense and so entire,

Jealousy progressed but slowly, when she tried to thin its fire;

We were heart, and heart together, love was unto love avowed.

Hast thou marked the summer weather specked by but one fleecy cloud?

That small cloud was Annie's raising. Ere its influence passed away,

I had marked Nell's bright eye glazing, seen her lithe form turn to clay;

She who would have fronted danger, learned at gossips' breath to pale,  
She herself to doubt a stranger, sank beneath the slanderer's tale.

False and fickle then they called me, lightly wooing, lightly won;

Every woman's eye enthralled me, but my heart was caught by none;

I had proffered vows to many, whom I since had met with scorn;

I had whispered love to Annie, e'en while pledged to Ellen Vaughan!

Lies prevailed, and Ellen faded. I was absent. When I came,

But her closing eyes upbraided, scarce a word her lips could frame;

All she said was meek and loving, prayer that sin might be forgiven,

Not a sentence of reproving—peace on earth and hope in Heaven.

Ellen died, and then I learned it—learned what said the public liar!

Anger in my memory burned it, stamped it there in words of fire!

O'er her grave I swore detection, swift discovery of the hand

Which had stabbed my life's affection, which my death in life had planned.

Soon I knew my false accuser; Mabel, now you know her too.

Think you, e'en lest you should lose her, I could e'er your sister woo?

Vengeance I've foresworn; but never, to the latest hour of life,

Could I venture to forgive her, dream of making her my wife!

### ITALIAN DISTRUST

MR. GALLEGA, in his late work on Piedmont, referred to at page 461 of this journal, has had the courage to tell his countrymen a number of home truths, which, whatever may be the fruit they are destined to bear, have assuredly not increased his own popularity amongst them. It is not at any time a very gracious task to comment upon the social life and civilisation of a people; the moment chosen for the present criticism was peculiarly unhappy. For a long time back it has been the habit for all writers on Italy to hold a certain tone of compassionate pity for the people. Compared with their great ancestors, whose monuments stood around on every side, it was not very difficult to disparage them; and it was actually to satiety that we were told they were priest-ridden, bigoted, superstitious, ignorant, lazy, and regardless of truth. The English clergyman who passed his winter at Rome came back full of the gross ignorance of the priesthood, their lax morals, and their infidelity. The English politician brought back stories of numberless atrocities in the administrative rule of the peninsula—men arrested on mere hearsay, and left to rot out the remainder of life in a gaol. The English sentimental tourist recorded his griefs

and disappointments over a people who accepted slavery for their indolence, and would never resent any tyranny that did not encroach upon their idleness. In fact, with an occasional contemptuous remark on some possible capability—some half-dubious hope of what Italy might become under a better and more enlightened government—the general tone in speaking of the Italians was severely condemnatory and re-buffful.

Late events in the peninsula—the great efforts made to throw off the yoke of Austria and to win an independence—have presented the people in a new light; and whether reviewing their conduct in the field, or their maintenance of order under immense difficulties, men have been forced to own that the nation has been unfairly dealt with, and that, for every fault or short-coming ascribed to it, it would not be hard to find some compensating good quality. Had the recognition gone so far, much good might have resulted. Unfortunately, however, the acknowledgment was a reaction, and, like all reactions, unmeasured and exaggerated. Our writers—especially newspaper correspondents—next took to praising and extolling everything Italian. They discovered in the people not only all the great qualities of their glorious ancestors, but a host of gifts to which their forefathers could lay no claim. It was not only that they were heroes in the field and sages in council, but they were models of home affection and domestic virtues. Our lady writers took the lead in these panegyrics: never very chary in strong epithets, here they were splendidly profuse. Such husbands, sons, wives, daughters and sisters as Italy presented were nowhere to be found. The whole tableau was Godfrey de Bouillon, with a dash of Paul and Virginia. It is needless to say that these were about as far from truth as the others, and that the *fact* about Italy lay in the interval between them.

The Italians have many great and good qualities; they have some most brilliant qualities: they are eminently adapted for a very high civilisation; but, with all this, it may be doubted whether they are yet exactly suited to the forms of constitutional government, or whether, from the character of their intellects, their traditions, and natures, they would not thrive better under the rule of a wise and temperate monarchy. The question is too wide and too far-reaching to be discussed here, and the writer will simply adduce one, only one, characteristic of this people, which he regards as totally incompatible with the safe working of all constitutional government.

The bane and poison of Italian nature—and this, be it understood, not limited to class or rank, but extending throughout all conditions, and permeating all gradations—the bane of Italy is Distrust. No man believes his neighbour, nor does any man expect implicit credit to himself. Every assertion, every statement—no matter from how high the quarter they may have proceeded, no matter how many hostages to honour the speaker may have given, no matter how unsullied the fame, how pure the life, how respon-

sible the station of him who uttered them—is received as something that may be, but not that of necessity must be, true. Thus, Cavour may speak, and some ignoble demagogue reply to him, and the Italian world will accord no more faith to the statement of the one than the other, though they will readily concede more importance to the words of the minister than to those of the penny-a-liner. What share the Church of Rome may have had in implanting this baneful trait in the Italian heart, how far the casuistic doctrines of Jesuitry may have contributed towards it, how much its growth may have been aided by the natural craft and subtlety of a people who feel no greater shame than that of being duped, is not the purpose here to inquire. The writer would simply limit himself to the assertion, that, of all the people of Europe, the Italian is the most distrustful, and that this same distrust is fatal to everything like the working of free institutions.

We, in England, do not for a moment pretend that our own Parliament is above many and grave suspicions; the very papers of the day are filled with accounts of bribery the most barefaced and disgraceful; the history of party is not exactly a record of unsullied honour and uncompromising fidelity; but there is still amongst us such a thing as public honour and good faith. There are men on each side of the House, on whose word, once spoken, the nation would as implicitly rely as upon any law of the land; rely upon it, too, in its plain and ordinary significance, not deeming it a thing to admit of this meaning, or that explanation, not to be accepted in a half sense, or with a certain qualification, but as the assertion of a fact about which no two honest men could ever dispute. With a somewhat lengthy experience of Italy and its people, the writer does not believe this to be possible there. He cannot imagine any statement to be so clear as to be accepted without reservation, nor any pledge to be so literal as to be regarded as infallibly binding.

What Macaulay uttered as an illustration, it has occurred to him to witness as a fact. "Let Othello," said Macaulay, "be represented before an Italian audience, and the whole sympathy of the public will be with Iago; and all they will accord his dupe will be a sort of contemptuous pity." This the writer has seen—seen, too, when Othello was represented by the first actor of Europe—Salvini. Yet even Salvini's genius, aided by all that the greatest dramatist of the world placed in his hands, could not depict the noble Moor as anything higher than the poor weak victim of an easily detected fraud—a common-place vulgar intelligence, in conflict with one of masterly skill and power. As to the moral elements of the struggle, they were never thought of. There was before the audience, a man who lied, and a man who believed him. The man who lied, was the type of all that intellect could boast as subtle, deep, and designing; the other was a poor, weak, confiding fool, and he got his deserts.

"Remember, dear John," said Lord Byron,

in writing to Mr. Murray, "remember, above all things, that *their* morality is not *your* morality." And this profound truth should never be lost sight of in our judgments of a foreign nation. Although the man who could not command credit for his words, would be with us, in England, a very worthless public man, the case would be very different in Italy, since he would be only exposed to the epidemic of distrust that afflicts the whole people.

This distrust implies no censure nor blame of the individual discredited. Far from it. It very often indicates a high estimate of his craft and ability. To give an instance: About two years ago an English Secretary of Legation, in a moment of absence, and under the influence of a zeal to carry out a peculiar policy, had the misfortune to substitute his own views for those of a ministerial despatch. It was on the memorable ease of the Cagliari. For this mistake—and that it was a mistake his own confession proved—he incurred the severe reprimand of his chief, and forfeited—for a time, at least—the reputation which long and most valuable services had acquired for him.

What was the Italian version of the incident? It was, that the English Foreign Secretary having determined to revoke certain pledges he had given, and change the line of policy he had adopted, resolved to sacrifice the character of one of his subordinates, throwing upon *him* the entire blame of words written by himself, and destroying—so far as such an imputation could destroy—the character for usefulness of a most efficient public servant. It was useless to answer this allegation, by stating that no English minister would stoop to such a subterfuge, nor any English gentleman submit to become his accomplice in it. The ruse was accounted not only a very fair and honourable one, but actually as exhibiting a high capacity for office, and considerable diplomatic skill in the man who devised it.

Where, therefore, Falsehood is shorn of a great deal of its blackness, Incredulity is venial, and Distrust scarcely a fault.

Any one who has ever lived in Italy, or had ordinary dealings with Italians, must have found out how far his character for acuteness and intelligence depended upon his never believing anybody or anything. To assume as a fact something which you had not submitted to the test of your own knowledge was always the sign of a weak, credulous nature, of one who was, and deserved to be, a dupe.

Now—not to take any higher or better ground—what a lamentable loss of time, what a cruel waste of human life, is incurred in all this incredulity! How slowly would the work of construction go on if the mason had to test every brick before he laid it! Only fancy the man who would not venture on a voyage if he had not inspected the vessel before she was coppered!

The spectacle Italy presents at this moment

is, rightfully and wrongfully, Universal Distrust; nor can you so successfully appeal to the Italian public as by the expression of your want of confidence in this man or in that, and your firm conviction with the Psalmist in his impatience, "that all men are liars."

## HOUSE-TOP TELEGRAPHS.

ABOUT twelve years ago, when the tavern fashion of supplying beer and sandwiches at a fixed price became very general, the proprietor of a small suburban pot-house reduced the system to an absurdity by announcing that he sold a glass of ale and an electric shock for fourpence. That he really traded in this combination of science and drink is more than doubtful, and his chief object must have been to procure an increase of business by an unusual display of shopkeeping wit. Whatever motive he had to stimulate his humour, the fact should certainly be put upon record that he was a man considerably in advance of his age. He was probably not aware that his philosophy in sport would be made a science in earnest in the space of a few years, any more than many other bold humorists who have been amusing on what they knew nothing about. The period has not yet arrived when the readers of Bishop Wilkins's famous discourse upon aerial navigation will be able to fly to the moon, but the hour is almost at hand when the fanciful announcement of the beer-shop keeper will represent an every-day familiar fact. A glass of ale and an electric shock will shortly be sold for fourpence, and the scientific part of the bargain will be something more useful than a mere fillip to the human nerves. It will be an electric shock that sends a message across the house-tops through the web of wires to any one of a hundred and twenty district telegraph stations, that are to be scattered amongst the shopkeepers all over the town.

The industrious spiders have long since formed themselves into a commercial company, called the London District Telegraph Company (limited), and they have silently, but effectively, spun their trading web. One hundred and sixty miles of wire are now fixed along parapets, through trees, over garrets, round chimney-pots, and across roads on the southern side of the river, and the other one hundred and twenty required miles will soon be fixed in the same manner on the northern side. The difficulty decreases as the work goes on, and the sturdiest Englishman is ready to give up the roof of his castle in the interests of science and the public good, when he finds that many hundreds of his neighbours have already led the way.

The out-door mechanical exigencies of this London district telegraph require at least six house-top resting-places in the space of a mile. To get these places at the nominal rental of a shilling a year (with three months' notice for removal) has been the object of the company, professedly that a low tariff of charges may be based upon a moderate outlay of capital on the

permanent way. The peculiarity of the company's operations, in appealing rather to the public sentiment of the middle and lower classes, than to their sense of business or desire for gain, has prolonged its out-door negotiations; though not to any great extent. The trial may have been severe, but the British householder, with a few exceptions, has nobly stood the test. He has shown that, if properly applied to and properly treated, he may belong to a nation of shopkeepers, and yet be something more than a mere mercenary citizen.

The first time the proposition to electrify all London was brought before the British householder, it was calculated to inspire considerable alarm. The telegraph, as at present existing, is not a popular institution. Its charges are high; its working is secret and bewildering to the average mind. Its case, as displayed at the railway stations, may look like a mixture of the beer machine and the eight-day clock; but the curious hieroglyphics and restless arrows on its dial surface are like the differential calculus framed in a gooseberry tart. The unknown may masquerade in the dress of the known; but the railway porter will still shake his head.

When the sole depository of the telegraphic secret has gone to dinner, the whole electric system of that particular railway station must stand absolutely still. A certain amount of familiarity will breed contempt; an equal amount of unfamiliarity will breed awe and dread. The British householder has never seen a voltaic battery kill a cow, but he has heard that it is quite capable of such a feat. The telegraph is worked, in most cases, by a powerful voltaic battery, and therefore the British householder, having a general dread of lightning, logically keeps clear of all such machines.

The British householder (number one) took time to consider. The pole that the company wished to raise upon his roof might not be ornamental; might not suit the taste of his wife, who, at that moment, was unwell; might not meet with the approbation of his landlord, who was very fastidious, and very old. If the company would like to communicate with his landlord, that gentleman was to be found in Berkshire, if he had not gone to Switzerland, if he was not up the Rhine. The British householder (number sixty) was only one of a firm, and he could give no definite answer without his partners' consent. The British householder (number sixty-eight) was of a vacillating disposition, and after he had said yes, he took the trouble to run up the street, because he had suddenly decided to say no. The British householder (number seventy) was the second mate of a trading vessel, at that time supposed to be running along the South American coast. His wife was not prepared to say whether he had any objection to a flag-staff (although she thought he had not); and she could give no permission to the company until his return. The British householder (number seventy-four) very politely allowed a survey of his roof; and when the most

eligible point was fixed upon, he had legal doubts whether he had any power over it, as it was on a party wall. His next-door neighbour, when applied to, was equally scrupulous, and without counsel's opinion it was impossible to get any further. The British householder (number ninety) was in a mist with regard to the whole scheme. He associated telegraphs of all kinds with large railway stations; and large railway stations with red and white signal lights. He would sacrifice a good deal for science and the public interest, but to have his parapet glaring all night like a doctor's doorway, was more than he could bear to think of. An explanation, accompanied by a display of small pocket models (one of a standard, as large as a pencil-case; the other of a bracket, the size of a watch) was necessary to pacify him, and when he found that no lamp was required, he gave his conditional consent. The British householder (number ninety-two) was inclined to be facetious, and he hoped that the company would not do anything to blow him up. The British householder (number ninety-eight) was only too glad to be of service, but unfortunately his house was so old and so crumbling, that not another nail could be driven into it with safety. The British householder (number five hundred and four) was an old lady subject to fits, and she only wondered what next would be proposed to her to hurry her into the grave. The British householder (number six hundred and ten) was another old lady who worshipped a clean passage; and she merely consented upon condition that the workpeople only passed through her house once, to get at the roof, carefully wiping their shoes, on the mat in the passage, and once again, to leave the premises, on coming down, carefully wiping their shoes on the mat in the attic. An agreement was made upon this peculiar basis; and the carpenters were kept sixteen hours amongst the chimney-pots; their food being drawn up by a rope from the street. The British householder (number seven hundred and six) was almost rash in his obliging disposition, and he gave the company full permission to take his roof off if they found it in the way. The British householder (number seven hundred and four) might have been induced to give his assistance, had not his wife loudly warned him, from the depths of the shop parlour, to beware. The consent of British householder (number eight hundred and ten) was secured by a display of the pocket-models; but, when the workmen arrived with a pole as long as a clothes-prop, he stopped them, on the ground that they were attempting an imposition. He had not allowed for the portable character of the models; and the pole he expected to see fixed on the house-top, was about the size of a tooth-pick.

Nearly four thousand calls were made upon this errand, to get the consents of some nineteen hundred people; and this only for the hundred and sixty miles of metropolitan wire already raised. The hundred and twenty miles remaining to be surveyed will involve, perhaps,

nearly three thousand more visits before the requisite fourteen hundred consents are obtained. The landlords of all house property are to be consulted as well as the tenants, which doubles the labour of the company's agents. When the wire is finally fixed over the two hundred and eighty miles, there will have been about seven thousand interviews and negotiations, and nearly three thousand five hundred contracts.

Such is the labour required to spin the thin web that is now shooting across crowded thoroughfares, or creeping under the heavy paving-stones, and joining the hands of chapels, taverns, palaces, police-stations, warehouses, hovels, and shops. Other labour will be required to bring down the mysterious strings, so that every one may be able to move the living puppets, from station to station, from Highgate to Peckham, from Hammersmith to Bow.

Some of these strings (perhaps to the number of ten) will drop into district stations—offices that will act as centres of particular divisions; others (perhaps to the number of a hundred) will drop into familiar shops and trading-places: amongst the pickle-jars of the oilman, the tarts of the pastrycook, the sugar-casks of the grocer, the beer-barrels of the publican, the physic-bottles of the dispensing chemist. The Post-office, industrious and effective as it is, will find an active rival standing by its side—bidding against it for popularity, coming in to share its message-carrying trade. The elements of nature will be harnessed for hack-work; and four pennyworth of lightning will be as common as a box of pills. The old cab-horse will wonder why he is resting so long on his stony stand; and the two millions and more of busy metropolitan inhabitants may welcome another means of easing their crowded streets. Everybody will find a way of talking over everybody else's head, or under everybody else's feet, or behind everybody else's back. "No door-mat to-night" will be whispered from Brompton to Hampstead, and no one will be aware of the fact but the two communicants. The Elephant and Castle will despatch the tenderest messages to the Angel at Islington; and as soon as the back of young Emma's mamma is turned at Camberwell, young Edwin will be fully informed at Chelsea. St. John's-wood will suddenly be invited to a roughly got up, but pleasant party at Holloway; and Kensington will be told that a private box for the Opera is waiting for it at Bow-street. The doctor at Finsbury will be requested to step up, at once, to Park-lane; and Bayswater will stop the toilet of Clapham by announcing a sudden postponement of a dinner party. Greenwich will be told by Kensington to prepare a whitebait banquet in three hours; and Rotherhithe will be informed by Camden-town that the child is a boy, and that the mother is doing extraordinarily well. The firemen of Cannon-street will be called to a red-hot task at Blackheath; and when a policeman is missing—as usual—from his beat, a "re-

serve" can be summoned from the station. The saddest of all messages will also fly across the tidings of hope; for Death will sometimes present himself at the shop-counter to whisper his ghostly dispensations along the wires.

The great centre of all this system is in Lothbury, London, where a graceful school of about sixty young ladies are even now learning the mysteries of the old railway telegraph signals. Whether they are training their minds and hands in an art that will be wholly set aside, yet remains to be seen; but whatever machines may be used as the central and district stations, it is certain that the sub-district, or shop-stations, will require something exceedingly simple and convenient.

The telegraphs most generally in use, both in this country and on the Continent, require great skill and practice to work; and, in translating their arbitrary signs into ordinary language, it becomes necessary to have specially educated persons to work them. This necessity was, for the first time, obviated by the system of telegraphs invented by Professor Wheatstone in 1840, in which either the letters of the alphabet on a fixed dial were pointed to by a moving hand, or a moving dial presenting the letters successively behind a fixed aperture. In these, the transmission of the message consisted simply in bringing in succession the letters composing it opposite a fixed mark, by means of an apparatus called the transmitter. These instruments were constructed to work, either by the currents generated by induction from a permanent magnet, or by the aid of a voltaic battery; in the former case the instruments required no preparation to put them, or attention to keep them, in action. Since then, Professor Wheatstone has devoted much time to the improvement of this class of telegraphs; the principal object of which has been to effect their movements with greater steadiness, certainty, and rapidity than hitherto, and by means of magnets of small dimensions. As the instruments are at present constructed, a lady or a child may, after a few minutes' instruction, send or receive a message by them; and, with practice, as many signals may be conveyed per minute as by any telegraphs in present use. Especially applicable to house-top telegraphs, they are more efficient than any others for interchanging messages on railways, in public offices, manufactories, private mansions, docks, mines, &c. Being very portable, and requiring no preparation, they are the best telegraphs for military purposes; and being constructed so as not to be affected by any extraneous movement, they can be used with perfect safety in ships, even on a rough sea, or on railway trains in motion. Professor Wheatstone's new telegraphs have been some time in daily use at the London Docks, and between the Houses of Parliament and the Queen's Printing-office, two miles distant. In form these telegraphs are as portable and familiar as a quart pot or a loaf of bread. A circular box, the shape and size of a small

ship's compass, is placed over a battery of magnets that would go in an ordinary hat-case. The surface of the box presents a dial face, like a clock, round which are arranged the letters of the alphabet, a sign or two, and the ten numerals. Opposite each of the letters—spreading out from the side of the box, like an ornamental fringe round the dial-plate—is a single tongue of brass, resembling a large key of a German flute. By pressing down one of these tongues with your finger (opposite the letter A, for example) you cause a needle, like the long hand of a watch, to point at the same letter on another dial, exactly similar in form, but smaller in size, placed under the eye of your correspondent at the other end of the wire, if need be, miles off. The distance of your needle-dial from your battery may be thirty miles, or further, according to the power of your magnets; but the action of the letter-key upon the letter-needle is instantaneous and infallible. The same operation, accompanied by the same result, will indicate numerals, according to a preconcerted sign, as the figures are placed round the two dials, as far as they will go, in a circle outside the letters. If the battery is portable, the corresponding machinery is much more so, being even smaller than many an ordinary French mantel-shelf clock. The needle-dial is fixed in a small barrel, and fitted up so as to revolve like a microscope, and suit the height of the person observing it. A voltaic battery would be less costly than magnets, but more liable to get out of order in shop-stations. The whole apparatus, as it stands, would not take up half the space required by a post-office desk, or require any more intellect to work it than is required to write or read a letter. An average housemaid could receive and despatch a message, if the shopman had just stepped round the corner, providing she could spell a few words of one, two, or three syllables.

Upon the adoption of some such apparatus as this—most probably upon this particular machine—will depend the success of the London District Telegraph Company. The whole scheme of popular telegraphs runs in a circle. Without simplicity and clearness of machinery there can be no extensive formation of cheap stations; without a number of cheap stations there can be no moderate tariff of charges; without this moderate tariff there can be no general patronage of telegraphs by the great body of the public. Without general patronage, again, there can be no moderate tariff.

Starting, as the company does, in some degree, upon a sentiment, by soliciting the unpaid co-operation of numerous householders and landlords, it will be morally bound to place itself in that position in which it can effect the greatest amount of public good at the lowest possible tariff of charges. The trading instincts of its board of directors will compel them to do this, if they are not kept in the right path by any higher feeling. It will be fortunate, therefore, for the metropolitan public that, though the electric shock may not always be

required with the glass of ale, both may be included in the fourpence, when absolutely necessary.

## A PHYSICIAN'S DREAMS.

I.

DREAMS being the stronghold of the mysterious, it may be supposed that I have greater wonders to relate than any waking phenomena on which I have dwelt. But it is not so; and, a slight consideration of what sleep is, will show my reader that it cannot be so. Dream-books rest on a very flimsy foundation; our life is a unity; sleep is not an interruption of natural laws, but a carrying on of the unvarying laws of our being; not a phenomenon, but a fact in our human constitution.

What is sleep?

Nay. "What is the beating of the heart?" What is breathing? Sleep, like these, is a vital necessity, an act, or (to use the word in its philosophical sense) a *passion* of life. Being a vital state, it answers to the words of Pope:

Like following life through creatures you dissect,  
You lose it in the moment you detect.

To define sleep would only be to render less clear the idea which is attached to the well-known word. Shakespeare wisely describes it in a passage needless to quote entire, by its effects merely. He calls it, amongst other things,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Pursuing this truthful thought, we ask, "Why chief nourisher?" The answer must be, "Because it brings us needful rest—relaxation of the tired and stretched-out nerves and muscles—but, above all, repose and refreshment of brain." Active thought is almost entirely suspended in sleep: habitual and wearisome thought are interrupted. Sleep is truly the "death of each day's life."

Physically, sleep is a passive state of the brain, in which that organ pulsates equably, and for the most part in a manner undisturbed by the agitation of thought. A medical man had opportunity, for a long time, of observing the brain of a patient, which, to a considerable extent, had been laid bare by a fracture, and removal of part of the skull. He looked often at the bare brain, while the patient was awake: while the patient was asleep. The observer saw that, in a waking state, the brain had intelligent, and, as one might say, telegraphic motions, correspondent with the thoughts which it was printing off. The doctor, looking at the exposed brain while the patient was conversing, perceived that different cerebral motions accompanied the different ideas it was excited by. He was looking manifestly at the great laboratory of thought. But, in a state of sleep, the patient's brain worked and telegraphed no more. It became a mere pulse, like that at the wrist, and, indeed, was found to correspond, in its regular beat, with the beat of the artery. Hence follows that, in as far as the quietude of the brain is hindered, sleep is hindered in the same proportion. Thus, a mere mechanical quieting of the brain induces sleep. I have read of sleepless men, who, to drown the



busy brain in a kind of artificial apoplexy, have had themselves whirled about on a millstone, with their heads inclining outward, so that the blood being thrown from all parts upward, to the great workshop of the mind, flooded it, and washed out the wakefulness. Opium, morphine, counting to a hundred (doubtful), hop-pillows, fancying you see your own breath (very doubtful), draughts of heavy drink at bedtime, gin, punch, and other night-caps, have all the same intention as the mill-stone: namely, to deaden the brain, and bring it to a regular pulsation.

Yet too heavy sleep is nearly as unhealthy as, and is, perhaps, more unhealthy than, a considerable degree of habitual sleeplessness. It may be questioned if they who boast that they find themselves, after eight hours' sleep, just where they first lay down in bed, without even turning round, and certainly without dreaming, are not short-necked and apoplectic. Yet, on the other hand, horrible, perplexing, fatiguing dreams are, in themselves, a disease.

I saw, in my far-gone days, two wonderful bachelor brothers (twins, I think they were), who, like Hamlet, had "bad dreams." Yet, only to look at them, you saw at once the men were good, honest, wiry, simple-hearted, old hunting squires, of some four thousand a year each. They did not drink mightily—at least I think they did not; they chased lustily, I know. Yet I heard, with my own (then) boyish ears, the driest, tallest, and thinnest one say, that he and his brother were so harassed by horrible dreams that they both slept in contiguous apartments, with nothing but an open door between them, on the firm mutual compact that the moment one should hear the other groan in his sleep, that one should jump out of bed, and give the groaner a good shaking to call him back from his world of agony.

"But do you not, by this, get very little sleep and refreshment?" asked my father of the narrator.

"Perhaps," replied the wiry brother; "but the dreams fatigue us a great deal more than lying awake all night would do."

I am a great dreamer, and dreams (not quite so bad as the squires') make a vast part of the life of multitudes of mankind.

What, then, are dreams?

I would answer in brief: Dreams are a combination of imperfect sensation with imperfect thought.

Most of their phenomena seem to be brought about by what a watchmaker would call the duplex movement in man—namely, of mind and matter—and are only what might be expected of a living substance that requires rest, and a living soul that demands activity. The mind, always sympathising, more or less, with the body, gets lazy with the body's sleep, and can no longer exercise her functions clearly; yet still she makes a faint struggle to exercise them; continues to invent when she can no longer perceive; executes her dance though in manacles (sometimes glittering, sometimes gloomy ones); and even, when the sleep is light and imperfect,

endeavours to correct the errors of her clouded perceptions.

"Does the mind always think?" asks Locke; and, rashly as it seems to me, concludes from our frequent non-remembrance of dreams, that the question should be resolved in the negative. But how frequently we think we have passed a dreamless night, and yet, in the course of the ensuing day, some little circumstance shall suddenly cry, "Open, Sesame!" to the brain: the key turns in the door of the closet to which the mind has consigned her vagaries, and we find, duly ticketed and labelled, a long and perhaps strange dream, which, but for that touch of kindred circumstance, we should never have remembered. The mind, then, may always think, though its thinking may not always leave a durable impression on the brain.

But there are persons who scarcely can be said to have minds, and who never think to any purpose. The error of philosophers is to judge all phenomena by their own philosophic consciousness. "Cogito, ergo sum," was the dictum of a philosopher. "Non cogito, ergo non sum," might be the equally good reasoning of a very dull man. Could we take a peep at some slumbering mass of mortality, whose brains are in his stomach, whose snore imitates the grunt of a swine, we should decidedly say, "The mind does not always think." From such a one we should have no right to expect dreams or dream-phenomena. Dreams! he never dreams by night, simply because he never thinks by day. But I think I may assert, of those who know they are alive, that there is a vital consciousness running through even dreamless slumber, which is very different from the senselessness of a swoon.

Dreaming is natural. Animals dream. The old dear greyhound, Transit, in my paternal home, used to move his legs on the rug by the fire as if he were coursing. My little Skye terrier faintly barks in his sleep, chasing, doubtless, an imaginary cat—the only game he knows, poor town-bred fellow!

Dryden says, I suppose on the authority of experience,

The little birds in dreams their songs repeat.

The phenomena of dreaming so puzzled an essayist on sleep, that he invented a theory about them, which he declared could alone solve their difficulties. This writer (whose name I forget, but whose work I read long since) affirmed boldly that all our dreams were caused by external agency, since to external agency they were often apparently due. He invented a troop of small familiar spirits. They were 'the external agency.' "Would the soul," he asked, "torment herself in sleep by horrible creations? Could the soul play the wires of such a multitude of personages as peopled her visions?" The reasoning is shallow. Man, when awake, often torments himself with disagreeable thoughts. Indigestion, to say nothing of conscience, will create hypochondriac horrors to any amount: a too full blood throbbing through the brain will people

space with visions, seemingly palpable as those that distressed Nicolai, the Berlin bookseller. Then, since animals dream, one might ask, "What sort of spirits are employed in suggesting dreams to dogs?" and so knock down the argument by an appeal to absurdity.

As to the external nature of the phantasmagoria of dreams, we may, from the mere constitution of man, show that the soul needs no one but herself to prepare and paint the slides, or to set up in dream-land the magic-lantern of her puppet theatre. The mind is a great conjuror. Some have said that she is like a double-actioned harp, and can play many chords at one and the same moment. Certainly the duality of the nerves and organs of sense seem to indicate a power in the mind of (at least) a duplex action. The thought has been carried out in an ingenious volume called *The Duality of the Brain*. But the scenery of the soul is too varied to be accounted for by a mere double-action. To trace her phenomena we need that multiplicity of operation which her varied faculties do really imply. Within her consciousness is comprised creation—nay, God himself, or all that we can conceive of God. What wonder, then, that the mind can people her own territory, haunt herself, alarm herself, but, above all, amuse herself?

Not incompatible with repose are pleasing dreams, when life is just kept from stagnation by some small outlay of invention, some small exercise of the imaginative faculty. Thus, a vast proportion of the phenomena of dreams are explicable by a simple reference to the natural uses of sleep. "Laziness" is a great word to explain dreams. The soul is too wise to exert herself in sleep; for exertion would contradict the very reason why she sleeps. This consideration explains why dreams are mostly imperfect, unconnected, and void of volition. They are lazily constructed. Most dreamers, I doubt not, have observed that if they dream they are going to a play, or to hear a favourite singer, they seldom get to the play or succeed in hearing the singer. If they do enter what they suppose to be a theatre, the theatre is very dimly seen, and partaking more of the character of a room than of a theatre. If they do see the prima donna before them, something mostly prevents her singing. If they hear her sing—I never heard a man sing in a dream—the notes are few, and soon break off for some unimaginable reason. I imagine that a dream of sound is caused by an actual sound, which, at a moment of imperfect sleep, impresses the ear. I have, after hearing music in a dream, heard, on waking, the sound which manifestly prompted the dream: perhaps nothing more musical than a London cry. Occasionally, the sound in the dream, has been actually the sound out of the dream. I remember dreaming that I was sitting by a lady, and conversing with her (I think that conversations are not audibly carried on in dreams), when suddenly she began, to my infinite consternation, to crow like a cock. I woke with a start, and became aware

that a small bantam, in a yard over which I at that time slept, was really crowing in a shrill and female tone.

Another sort of abortive dream that I may mention, is a dream of vengeance. I have often seemed to be fighting with an imaginary adversary, always having the advantage, always pommeling him well. But never did it happen that I seemed to hurt my antagonist. After having rained blows upon him enough to kill him ten times over, he has invariably smiled at me, as if he said, "Thank you!" In the same way, I have sometimes dreamt I was arguing in anger with some obstinate person, whom I never succeeded in throwing into a rage.

The explanation of these abortive cases of dreaming is (as I take it), that our own sensations are clear to us in sleep, but very little beyond them. Some stray memory, some throb in the blood, makes us wish to hear a singer or to punish a foe; but the mind is too idle elaborately to create the theatre, or to put force into the adversary. In a state of imperfect sleep, that state in which a man says to himself, "I know that this is all a dream," I have sometimes known that I could see nothing of persons or objects, which yet I fancied were around me. Then, by an effort of momentary volition, I have torn open, as it were, my mental eyes, and had a strange burst of light, and a brief revelation of objects, sometimes very beautiful. I remember once dreaming I was climbing up the Acropolis of Athens—which I had never seen—in this sort of mind-blindness. Suddenly I reached the top, which I had approached from landward, and suddenly the wondrous dream-illumination, so strong when it does come, revealed to me the Archipelago, and all its islands, with a distinctness which is even now vivid in my memory.

On the whole, it may be averred that imperfect sensation is the great cause of dreams. Motions of the brain, motions of the blood, craving, or derangements of the stomach, various states of the fluids of the mouth, all bring with them, and reproduce in sleep, the sensations and ideas with which, in a waking state, they are associated.

It is a great and an interesting truth, which throws prodigious light on the mysteries of sensation, that sensation has her invariable language; that even in sleep she is consistent with herself; that, even when she reads in a disordered book, she herself is immutable. The last change in sensation, let it be originated how it may, engenders the idea. This is the great law of conscious being; and singular it is, that, through the falsity of some sensuous impressions, we become most aware of the truth of the law that regulates them.

From irregular motions of the brain, or too rapid passage of the blood (all the vital movements are quickened in sleep), we get many of those strange phenomena of dreams which are well-known to most people, but especially to the young, whose blood

—glows lively and returns

Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.

There are few human beings who have not dreamt of flying through the air; of falling from precipices, or the roofs of houses; or who have not, as boys, experienced the sensation, at the first approach of sleep, of suddenly being pulled up in a lively run by tumbling into a ditch—a startling feeling which has immediately awakened them, the explanation of which is the sudden relaxation of the fibres of the brain, by the very quick slumber of boyhood. Many of these hot-blooded phenomena become less frequent with advancing years, and die out altogether with old age: proof additional, that physical causes are nearly paramount in producing dreams.

The beginning of life, too, is the era of those disorders which I once saw thus emphatically catalogued on a tombstone, that recorded the deaths of three babies:

Hooping-cough!  
Measles!  
Small-pox!  
Oh! dire diseases!

I know from experience that, when such maladies are hatching in the body, the dreams for a long time beforehand are terrible. There is a vastness of horror in the somnolent visions of childhood that is never matched at any later period. Often, as a boy, I have felt myself toiling on through some palpable obscure, through the whole of which, infinite spiders' webs and infinite threads from infinite looms were endlessly weaving about me—no, not *me*, but about some other identity into which I was half converted. Then, the peculiar horror seemed to lie in the very, very fine, spun-glass sort of texture of the webs and threads which I had to draw through my enormously swollen and puffy hands. Many, whom I have questioned on the subject, have told me that, in youth, the dance of infinite distaffs spinning infinite threads about their distended hands, or highly enlarged heads, was an amazing torment to them.

Crawling insects, slippery snakes, scratching cats, are dream-forms of perturbed blood. Even dream books prove this, for there is scarcely a dream of this kind, which perhaps the vain individual thinks peculiar to himself, that is not interpreted for the benefit of the million, thus showing that multitudes agree in their dreams. Pity that the ingenuity of the dream-interpreter should be wasted in explaining what a dream portends, not whence it arises. Misfortunes cannot be averted (nor does the necromancer pretend they can) by noting ominous dreams; but diseases possibly may. When dreams are very ugly, very horrifying, the sufferer, instead of looking out for a fall in the stocks, or the treachery of a friend, should take care of the stomach, and reform his diet accordingly. Fuseli, it is said, supped on raw pork (would not roast pork have sufficed?) before he painted the foul fiend.

Indigestion, both in its labour and its fatigue, is a prolific hag-mother of ugly dreams. So is any uncomfortable sensation, however slight it

may be; for, in the passive state of sleep, effects are produced disproportionate to causes. I have sometimes dreamt of being stung by a serpent, or having my fingers held tight by the teeth of a dog. On waking, I have invariably found some slight uneasiness or pain in the part which I had fancied so stung or squeezed. Or perhaps I was lying with my arm or hand pressed under me.

Another consideration that shows dreams to be coloured, according to the state of the stomach or head, is, that frequently a horrid dream turns off by degrees into a more pleasant one. I remember once going to bed after a later supper and more wine than I usually take. My first dreams were frightful. I imagined myself to be in some unknown country, arriving at a mysterious hotel. I was put to sleep in a mysterious room, which resembled the hall of an old castle. A statue clad in black armour stood at each of the four angles of the apartment. I was lying in a dim, shadowy bed, with a strong sense of the supernatural upon me, when suddenly I thought I saw the four figures in armour move on their pedestals. The sense of the supernatural now became in me horrifying and intense. A long time seemed to pass, during which I strained my eyes to see if the statues really did move. I was, by a sort of nightmare feeling, held motionless in the bed. Again the figures seemed to stir. This state of things continued during what appeared to me to be hours. I watched the statues in a fascinated manner. Suddenly the statues lifted their arms, then stepped down from their pedestals, and advanced towards me. I struggled to get up, but could only utter faint cries. I never, all this time, imagined the figures to be earthly. But now, a sudden change came over me. I felt loosed from my nightmare bonds, and, by a prodigious effort leaped out of bed. At the same moment a conviction seized me that the figures were men—robbers, perhaps, or enemies; but certainly flesh and blood. I rested on the thought that the whole thing was a trick to frighten me. Then I vigorously set to work to thrash the intruders all round (they, as usual in dreams, making no resistance), and kicked them out at the door in a most satisfactory manner. After this I awoke, and lay really awake for a short time, with no disagreeable impression left upon me. Again I fell asleep. I was still at the hotel, which was no longer mysterious, taking breakfast with some ladies, with whom I had formerly travelled. I was thinking of my supposed adventure in the statue-room, and came to the conclusion (with some difficulty) that I had dreamt it. Still, I wished to put the matter beyond doubt. So, the landlord just then entering, I asked him some question about the room. He, in real landlord fashion, began to prose in reference to my bedroom, excusing himself that it looked old and shabby, and, saying he meant to newly furnish it soon, I felt myself quite ashamed of my suspicions, and concluded I had dreamt the statues. Still, I wanted to be extra sure,

and requested that the landlord would take me to look at the apartment where I had slept. The landlord did go up with me to the room; and, when I saw it, the last lingering ideas about the supernatural or the tricky, disappeared from my mind. There were no pedestals in the room, certainly no statues, and the whole apartment, with its faded tester-bed, and its common-place aspect—for it had shrunk from the proportions of a baronial hall to those of a mere sleeping-room—looked so unfit for an adventure of any kind, that I laughed the inward laugh of Leather-stockings, to think I had ever been romantic about it. In this amused state of sensation I again woke. A third time I slept. The old dream was still dimly carried on, but, by the sole thread of the idea of travelling. I was on a pleasant tour; I was with the charming ladies; the haunted inn was left far behind, only remembered to be laughed at. Glimpses of many lands greeted me agreeably, and at half-past seven, my usual hour, I awoke with a feeling of mingled amusement and comfort.

This dream, or rather series of dreams, represents, I doubt not, the phases of sensation in many a sleeping human being, who lives, as we most of us live, rather too well, with a "rudis indigestaque moles" passing slowly off from our well-nourished stomachs at about four of the clock in the morning. There is, first, horror, then nightmare, then effort and exertion, which overcome nightmare; then alleviation, relief, yet still doubt, and what Wordsworth calls "some perplexity;" but, with the dawn, and with the passing of that worst of the small hours, when men die most, and (as the poet says) "Heaven's breath is coldest," comes true good sleep.

### THE HAPPY FISHING-GROUNDS.

THERE has always been a charm to me about the fisherman's trade; a picturesque aspect, not only in those red-handed, heavy-booted, half-sailor-like dwellers upon the stony coast, who go slowly out in short, fat, bounding boats, to cast their brown wiry nets into the sea, but a rude poetry even about the sloppy fish-market of Lower Thames-street, with the steep and narrow City lanes that lead down to the loaded hoys, and end in a tangled web of rigging, masts, and cranes. Some portion of this bloom is thrown, to my fancy, over the old salt, small-windowed, yellow City oyster-shop; and it always seems to me that I have only to listen against the wall of such a place and hear the hissing of the sea, or to take up the floor of the little dry, fishy counting-house, and find the blue waves rolling and beating at my feet. The solid surroundings of such a storehouse melt silently away, and shadowy ancient mariners pass in and out. The din of the busy street is suddenly hushed, and I hear nothing but the roaring of the wind. The low black rafters, hung with striding forms of bat-like fish, press down on me no more, and nothing but the grey sky, or the blood-red sunset, is over my head. I see the dwarfed fishing village across the waves; the cobwebbed

lane of drying nets that winds down to the sands; and the soddened lobster-catches struggling between the sunken rocks. I hear the mellow tolling of the church bells in the little turret that peeps over the huts. I see even further, to a small harbour on the Normandy coast, where a high-capped fisherman's wife is helping her sons and her husband as they drag out their battered boat. She watches them leave the shelter of the little breakwater and plunge into the open sea; she looks anxiously at the black mountain of cloud that stretches, like a menacing angel, over the distant town; at the blinding columns of sand that come whirling along the old winding pier; and she drops in silent prayer before a weather-beaten crucifix that is raised upon a mound at the roadside.

With such day-dream visions as these, even in an old City oyster-shop, it is not to be wondered at that I have a passion, in all weathers, for dropping quietly down to the coast, and burying myself, for a time, in one of those hilly nooks, where none but boatmen and fishermen can be born, can live, and can die. The places that I love most are those where the "season-visitor" is almost, if not totally, unknown; where bathing-machines have never yet penetrated; where the stranger is truly a being of another world; and where the inhabitants believe, with a proud and simple faith, in the unequalled beauty and importance of their little sealy town. Many such places as these do I know, even within fifty miles of the Royal Exchange; and Whitstable, in Kent, the port of Canterbury, on the estuary of the Thames, is one of my especial favourites.

Many important towns, in many parts of England, exist upon one idea; and Whitstable, though not very important, is amongst the number. Its one idea is oysters. It is a town that may be called small, that may be considered well-to-do, that is thoroughly independent, and that dabbles a little in coals, because it has got a small muddy harbour and a single line of railway through the woods to Canterbury, but its best thoughts are devoted to oysters. Its aspect is not slightly, if looked at with an eye that delights in the stuccoed terraces and trim gravelled walks of a regular watering-place; for the line of its flat coast (which takes up one side of a bay formed by the Swale, a branch of the Medway) is occupied by squat wooden houses, made soot-black with pitch, the dwellers in which are sturdy freeholders, incorporated free-fishers, or oyster-dredgers, joined together by the ties of a common birthplace, by blood, by marriage, capital, and trade. It has always been their pride, from time out of mind, to live in these dwarfed huts on this stony beach, watching the happy fishing-grounds that lie under the brackish water in the bay, where millions of oysters are always breeding with marvellous fertility, and all for the incorporated company's good. How can the free-dredgers, and the whole town of Whitstable, help thinking of oysters, when so many oysters seem to be always thinking of them?

A primitive and curious joint-stock company it is; a joint-stock company whose shares are

unknown upon the Stock Exchange, because they are never in any market except Billingsgate market; a joint-stock company that may not be peculiar to Whitstable, but is peculiar, so it seems, to all happy fishing-grounds, where oysters are cultivated, and the capricious bounty of sea-faring nature is reduced to a mathematical certainty by the application of capital and laborious care. It was not formed by any active and calculating company-maker, whose office is in the city of London, whose profit is a percentage upon all capital raised, and whose ambition is a secretarial chair. It came together, in the dim old times, as a family compact, and a family compact it still remains. Its three hundred and forty odd members are all Whitstable men, or Whitstable widows and children. The stranger is never admitted to the rights and profits of a dredging-freeman, though the strange woman may be brought, by marriage, into the oyster tents, and may rear up sons who shall go forth and fish. The male infant is born, a young shareholder, in one of the low, pitch-black wooden houses on the beach; he is nursed to the tune of an oyster-dredging lullaby, to the howling of the wind, to the hissing of the surge. He staggers into the back parlour as soon as he can walk, and finds it a Robinson Crusoe's store-room, filled with canvas, coils of rope, old oars, nails, paint-pots, and parts of ships. He tumbles out of a door at the end, and down some steps, on to the pebbly shore, where he plays on the border of his happy fishing-ground, or clambers into a boat bearing his father's name, which lies high up on the beach, half filled with the skins of dead star-fish, with cockle-shells, and muddy crabs. As he grows older, he sees nothing to wonder at if a wooden staircase comes down from the top rooms of his father's house at the exterior of the side wall; and he thinks an old figure-head of Minerva, swept ashore, perhaps, from the wreck of some collier, an ornament for a parapet, superior to any statue that was ever hewn out of stone. His first budding geographical idea is that Billingsgate is the chief city of the world; as that is the only part of the great metropolis which comes into immediate and constant contact with his native town. He thinks that the handkerchief which his sister wears over her head and shoulders in summer, like a monk's cowl, or the shawl which she wears, for greater warmth, in the same way, in winter, the most elegant head-dress that was ever planned. The fact that Canterbury, a cathedral city, about seven miles off, has never adopted this head-dress, is nothing to him, for he knows that Whitstable men are perfect in matters of fish, and he gallantly considers that Whitstable women must consequently be perfect in matters of taste. He looks upon a crowd of fifty blue-woollen-shirted, heavy booted, oilskin-capped free-dredgers, standing in the Whitstable High-street (the one main street of the town), as something which a place called Cheapside has never yet matched for noise and bustle, even on its most busy days. He is aware that the South-Eastern Railway has long since joined his native

town to London, and that the North Kent Railway, with its continuations, has also advanced to within a single stage. As the produce, however, of his happy fishing-ground is never landed at all, being shipped in his old, round, soppy market hoys that are anchored in the bay, and conveyed to market direct by water (the cheapest way), he is not brought much in communication with the iron road, and he leaves it to the harbour traffic in coals and stone.

The free-dredger is thoroughly independent, not given to touch his hat to lord or squire; and if he does pay any mark of respect to the Duke of Cumberland, it is only as the sign of the dredgers' public-house, where the profits of the free company of oyster fishers are divided and paid. At fourteen years of age he may look with hope towards this old smoky tavern, and may enter as a fisherman's apprentice, to see his master paid; but at twenty-one he comes into his full birthright, his share in the myriads of oysters he has so long been thinking about, with all the claims and privileges that belong to the free-fishing state. He is then permitted to attend the "Water-Court" on the second Thursday in July. Here all the dredgers meet and vote by ballot, revise the by-laws, appoint the nine watchmen with three watching boats, the foreman of the ground, with his deputy, and twelve jurymen are chosen as the board of management for the year.

On this great day the whole town of Whitstable is hung with flags; and the sound of festivity is heard in the two principal taverns, and in the many small wooden drink-shops that are scattered along the shore. The inhabitants, who have long brooded over the oyster in the privacy of their homes, come forward now, and sacrifice publicly in its honour and praise. The young freemen are led into flirtations with maidens who are outside the incorporated dredgers' exclusive pale, and young brides are soon brought into the huts of the faithful, to gladden the hearts of the old freemen with the prospect of the company being preserved from decay. If a free-dredger dies without male issue, then his share becomes engulfed in the common stock, but his widow receives a certain reduced payment out of each day's fishing profits, up to the time of her death. The aged, infirm, and superannuated, about one fifth, are provided for in the same way, as well as those who are compelled, by temporary illness, to stop on shore. No one that has once been connected with the happy fishing-grounds is ever found begging for a loaf of bread.

The industrious little fleet consists of about eighty fishing-smacks, and fourteen market-hoys. The hoys are, of course, occupied in going to and coming from Billingsgate, but the fishing-boats are always moored in the bay, opposite the free dredging settlement of the town. During three days of the week these floating representatives of the happy fishers (each one named after its chief-master, or the head of the family to which it belongs) are employed with the happy fishers themselves in what is called "dredging for



planting," and the general cultivation of the ground. Young oysters are caught and transferred to places where they will find the most nourishment; samples are drawn up, like wine out of a cask, inspected, specimens tasted, and the remainder returned to the sea. The natural enemies of the oyster are sifted out and destroyed—especially the poisonous star-fish, and the mysterious "borer." The former must be the old original regular oyster-eater, as it devours them without pepper, vinegar, bread-and-butter, or brown stout; while the latter—a creature like a periwinkle—stabs them to the heart, and leaves no sign but a few black specks upon the shell. The whole of this planting process is agricultural in its character; and it occupies about six hours on each of the three days. So important is it to the welfare of the happy fishing-ground, and so necessary is it not only to preserve the young oysters already distributed, but to import fresh life into the plantation, that last year (in 1858) the sum of fifteen thousand pounds was invested by the free company in a young oyster brood purchased from the coast of Essex.

The dredging for the London market, a task of about two hours' duration, is performed on the other three days of the week—generally on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. It is regulated by the two salesmen who represent that happy fishing-ground in the market of Lower Thames-street, and it is this regulation which prevents any violent fluctuations of price. The telegram received from these agents directs the number of bushels that are to be caught for market on each fishing day, and the catching of these bushels is work that is equally divided amongst all the effective members of the little oyster fleet. Each crew of three men goes off to its particular boat to dredge its particular "stint" (the number it is to catch), and it is not allowed to draw up more than its allotted portion.

The first step in oyster-dredging is to put on an armour of warm clothing in which it is extremely difficult for a novice to move or breathe. There are long worsted stockings to be drawn on over the trouser-legs; a pair of long, heavy, sewer-boots, reaching almost to the waist, to be forced on over these, a thick Guernsey shirt to be stretched over your body-coat, and an oilskin sou'-wester hat (like a dustman's) to be placed on your head. It is not easy to put on a Guernsey shirt without some care and practice, as the material is so highly elastic, that the arms are contracted to about the size of gun-bags, and the head hole is like the mouth of a stone bottle. As the whole fabric is struggled into from the bottom upwards, there is a short period when you are enveloped in total darkness, when you feel your mouth full of wool, the grip of some tight though soft binding substance across your nose, and a strong sense of the impossibility of getting your head out through the chimney-pot above. When you emerge, once more, into the daylight, you feel flushed and rumpled, and you know that it requires some physical force to pull down the blue strait-jacket-

like wrapper as far as your waist. In case of dirty weather, which is always provided for, you have a black, or yellow, salt, clammy oilskin overcoat thrown into your arms, which feels like the soddened skinny casing of some large fish.

About eight o'clock on a fresh October morning, the united company of free, happy family oyster-fishers, plunge heavily and slowly through the stones on the beach, and proceed, in a thoughtful and deliberate manner, to push off their boats, and row out to their little oyster fleet. They are all equal; they are all working together for good. The father meets his son, who is apprenticed out of the domestic circle—perhaps to a brother fisher next door but two; the nephew meets his uncle, the uncle meets his cousin, the cousin inquires after his aunt, who is laid up with the lumbago; the grandson lends a helping hand to his grandfather; the brother-in-law is in attendance upon his relations by marriage, and the whole scene is a picture of quiet, profitable, patriarchal trade. A dozen happy family shareholders will join to shoulder a rope, and pull off a barge-like boat that the tide has left high and dry. So confidentially do they lay their heads together to do this, that they look like a little open air board meeting held on the beach. Their whole movements seem to be regulated by a strong feeling that they have many centuries before them in which to do their work; and whatever accusation may be brought against them, there is no man who can say that he ever saw them in a hurry. They have lived amongst oysters, and thought of them so long, till, at last, it is possible to trace something of that steady, stationary shell-fish in their nature. They have fallen upon favourable ground where they fatten and thrive; they show no disposition to wander or move.

The ship to which we row off is a small yacht-like smack, of about fifteen tons burden. Its deck is almost flush with the bulwarks, and covered with baskets, buckets, and nets; its aspect is brown and yellow; and its flavour is as decidedly salt and fishy as that of a freedredging oyster smack ought to be. When our grey sails are set we skim away from our inner coast moorings, through the little busy fleet, which, under all canvas, is already at work within the pole-marked bounds of the happy growing-ground, until we come to our proper anchorage, as settled by the foreman, the deputy, and the jury-board. The bright green hills of Kent, and the island of Sheppey, half circle us on the landscape. The blue salt water comes rolling in from the North Sea at the mouth of the bay; the thin, pale, fleecy, grey and golden clouds are flying over our heads; and the dull sound of boat-building hammers comes to us from the low black town.

Our nets are like fish—a thick trellis-work of undressed buffalo hide, washed almost white with repeated dipping; and the iron knife-like bar at the mouth is formed so as to scrape the oyster beds. They are dropped with their iron work, like small anchors; and, when they are hauled



in, there are shelly heaps in each net, numbering about eight hundred oysters. The haul is emptied on to the soppy deck, the nets are again cast over, and the happy dredgers stoop down in their tight thick costume, with very red faces and red hands, to begin the labour of sorting.

A few wheelks have come up in the haul; a few strips of green glistening seaweed; a few cockles, whose kicking claws are hanging from their shells, as if they were struggling to crawl in out of the cold; a few snuff-coloured old oyster-shells, eaten through till they are like rusty rings; and a few muddy spider crabs, who run quickly from between the crevices of the little shelly hill. The oysters are of all sizes, in their different stages of growth. Some are like blocks of flint, a mass that, perhaps, numbers thirty nearly mature oyster lives. Some shells are covered with little pearly counters, the size of shillings, which represent a brood of infant oysters, all less than a year old. Some shells are ornamented with red-looking pimples, which the happy free-dredgers call "quats." Some oysters come up highly clean and perfect in their formation, but not much larger than half-a-crown. These are generally the two-year olds, and, with all the preceding varieties, they are pushed on one side by the dredger, while he picks out only the slightly fish of four years' growth, and casts them into his basket. His theory is that the oyster, if left alone, may live about ten years; and that it is extremely good eating at five years of age. He knows the five-year old oyster by the layers outside the bottom shell. The little perfect yellow circle at the small end of the fan represents one year; the three successive brown pearly semicircles represent three other years, and the rough fringe round the outer edge represents the one year more. He is satisfied with the four-year old oyster for general eating; and what he considers good the London market is compelled to take. His belief about the origin of the oyster is that the spawn, or "spat," as it is termed, will float, in the season of June and July (in this climate), upon the surface of the water until the sun has dried it into lumps. When these lumps reach a weight sufficient to sink, they fall to the bottom of the sea, where they find a bed which produces the nourishment they want. This is his natural history, and it is good enough for all practical ends.

When the sorting of the oysters is finished, and the baskets, which serve as measures, are filled with the picked fish, the refuse is swept back into the sea through trap-holes in the bulwarks. This latter process gives rise to reflections on the advantages of ugliness. It shows that an old oyster, with a repulsive exterior, may be pulled up many times in a general haul, but with the certainty that it will be returned to the water, to live there till it dies.

The loaded baskets, after being dipped in the bay, for the purpose of giving the oysters a

slight wash, are placed on one side, and the same work is gone through again, until the "stint" (or allotted number) is caught. The vessel shifts its moorings once or twice in the course of a single morning's dredge, in order that the hauls may be mixed, and that the taste of the metropolitan oyster-eater may not be spoiled by feeding upon one quality, and that quality, perhaps, the best. When the proper number of baskets are filled, they are placed in the boat belonging to the smack, and rowed to one of the market-hoys that are anchored amongst the fleet. Each one of these hoys is capable of receiving about one hundred bushels, or nearly one hundred and sixty thousand oysters; and fourteen of these vessels, as before stated, are constantly employed going to and fro in the Whitstable happy fishers carrying trade. The baskets are lifted out of the boat into the hands of the hoy sailors—a very fishy, patched, and soppy crew—and their separate hundred-weights of contents are tilted, like coals, into the long wet hold. A saddened inspector, who looks like a hoy captain, is kneeling on the deck, and watching through a pair of spectacles the descent of the quantity and quality at the same time. When the last smack has delivered its required load, the market-hoys turn their heads due Billingsgate; the fishing vessels are mopped up, are run to their coast moorings, and made tight for the night; and the happy fishers go on shore to dinner, the masters of their own time for the remainder of the day. Towards night they assemble at the "Duke of Cumberland" to hear and participate in the result of the last sale. The money is sent down by the two market salesmen in London, through the town agent of a Canterbury bank, and the sum is drawn out and divided by the managing jury of twelve. Their gains may fluctuate, being dependent upon profits, but it is generally found that if they want a pound on account, they know exactly where they can get it.

Without wishing to pry into free-dredging trade secrets, and overhaul the company's account-books, it is easy to see that they are not very hardly dealt with by nature and the metropolitan appetite, from certain signs that are not easily concealed. The joyous songs that come from the free-dredgers' chief tavern up to a late hour of the night, are not the sounds usually made by men who linger over an unsatisfactory pay table.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

IV.

"SHE has escaped from my Asylum."

I cannot say with truth that the terrible inference which those words suggested flashed upon me like a new revelation. Some of the strange questions put to me by the woman in white, after my ill-considered promise to leave her free to act as she pleased, had suggested the conclusion, either that she was naturally flighty and unsettled, or that some recent shock of terror had disturbed the balance of her faculties. But the idea of absolute insanity which we all associate with the very name of an Asylum, had, I can honestly declare, never occurred to me, in connexion with her. I had seen nothing, in her language or her actions, to justify it at the time; and, even with the new light thrown on her by the words which the stranger had addressed to the policeman, I could see nothing to justify it now.

What had I done? Assisted the victim of the most horrible of all false imprisonments to escape; or cast loose on the wide world of London an unfortunate creature whose actions it was my duty, and every man's duty, mercifully to control? I turned sick at heart when the question occurred to me, and when I felt self-reproachfully that it was asked too late.

In the disturbed state of my mind, it was useless to think of going to bed, when I at last got back to my chambers in Clement's Inn. Before many hours elapsed it would be necessary to start on my journey to Cumberland. I sat down and tried, first to sketch, then to read—but the woman in white got between me and my pencil, between me and my book. Had the forlorn creature come to any harm? That was my first thought, though I shrank selfishly from confronting it. Other thoughts followed, on which it was less harrowing to dwell. Where had she stopped the cab? What had become of her now? Had she been traced and captured by the men in the chaise? Or was she still capable of controlling her own actions; and were we two following our widely-parted roads towards one point in the mysterious future, at which we were to meet once more?

It was a relief when the hour came to lock my door, to bid farewell to London pursuits,

London pupils, and London friends, and to be in movement again towards new interests and a new life. Even the bustle and confusion at the railway terminus, so wearisome and bewildering at other times, roused me and did me good.

My travelling instructions directed me to go to Carlisle, and then to diverge by a branch railway which ran in the direction of the coast. As a misfortune to begin with, our engine broke down between Lancaster and Carlisle. The delay occasioned by this accident caused me to be too late for the branch train, by which I was to have gone on immediately. I had to wait some hours; and when a later train finally deposited me at the nearest station to Limmeridge House, it was past ten, and the night was so dark that I could hardly see my way to the pony-chaise which Mr. Fairlie had ordered to be in waiting for me.

The driver was evidently discomposed by the lateness of my arrival. He was in that state of highly-respectful sulkiness which is peculiar to English servants. We drove away slowly through the darkness in perfect silence. The roads were bad, and the dense obscurity of the night increased the difficulty of getting over the ground quickly. It was, by my watch, nearly an hour and an half from the time of our leaving the station, before I heard the sound of the sea in the distance, and the crunch of our wheels on a smooth gravel drive. We had passed one gate before entering the drive, and we passed another before we drew up at the house. I was received by a solemn man-servant out of livery, was informed that the family had retired for the night, and was then led into a large and lofty room where my supper was awaiting me, in a forlorn manner, at one extremity of a lonesome mahogany wilderness of dining-table.

I was too tired and out of spirits to eat or drink much, especially with the solemn servant waiting on me as elaborately as if a small dinner-party had arrived at the house instead of a solitary man. In a quarter of an hour I was ready to be taken up to my bedchamber. The solemn servant conducted me into a prettily furnished room—said: "Breakfast at nine o'clock, sir"—looked all round him to see that everything was in its proper place—and noiselessly withdrew.

"What shall I see in my dreams to-night?" I thought to myself, as I put out the candle;

"the woman in white? or the unknown inhabitants of this Cumberland mansion?" It was a strange sensation to be sleeping in the house, like a friend of the family, and yet not to know one of the inmates, even by sight!

## v.

WHEN I rose the next morning and drew up my blind, the sea opened before me joyously under the broad August sunlight, and the distant coast of Scotland fringed the horizon with its lines of melting blue.

The view was such a surprise, and such a change to me, after my weary London experience of brick and mortar landscape, that I seemed to burst into a new life and a new set of thoughts the moment I looked at it. A confused sensation of having suddenly lost my familiarity with the past, without acquiring any additional clearness of idea in reference to the present or the future, took possession of my mind. Circumstances that were but a few days old, faded back in my memory, as if they had happened months and months since. Pesca's quaint announcement of the means by which he had procured me my present employment; the farewell evening I had passed with my mother and sister; even my mysterious adventure on the way home from Hampstead, had all become like events which might have occurred at some former epoch of my existence. Although the woman in white was still in my mind, the image of her seemed to have grown dull and faint already.

A little before nine o'clock, I descended to the ground-floor of the house. The solemn manservant of the night before met me wandering among the passages, and compassionately showed me the way to the breakfast-room.

My first glance round me, as the man opened the door, disclosed a well-furnished breakfast-table, standing in the middle of a long room, with many windows in it. I looked from the table to the window farthest from me, and saw a lady standing at it, with her back turned towards me. The instant my eyes rested on her, I was struck by the rare beauty of her form, and by the unaffected grace of her attitude. Her figure was tall, yet not too tall; comely and well-developed, yet not fat; her head set on her shoulders with an easy, pliant firmness; her waist, perfection in the eyes of a man, for it occupied its natural place, it filled out its natural circle, it was visibly and delightfully undeformed by stays. She had not heard my entrance into the room; and I allowed myself the luxury of admiring her for a few moments, before I moved one of the chairs near me, as the least embarrassing means of attracting her attention. She turned towards me immediately. The easy elegance of every movement of her limbs and body as soon as she began to advance from the far end of the room, set me in a flutter of expectation to see her face clearly. She left the window—and I said to myself, The lady is dark. She moved forward a few steps—and I said to myself, The lady is young. She approached nearer—and I said to myself (with a sense of

surprise which words fail me to express), The lady is ugly!

Never was the old conventional maxim, that Nature cannot err, more flatly contradicted—never was the fair promise of a lovely figure more strangely and startlingly belied by the face and head that crowned it. The lady's complexion was almost swarthy, and the dark down on her upper lip was almost a moustache. She had a large, firm, masculine mouth and jaw; prominent, piercing, resolute brown eyes; and thick, coal-black hair, growing unusually low down on her forehead. Her expression—bright, frank, and intelligent, appeared—while she was silent, to be altogether wanting in those feminine attractions of gentleness and pliability, without which the beauty of the handsomest woman alive is beauty incomplete. To see such a face as this set on shoulders that a sculptor would have longed to model—to be charmed by the modest graces of action through which the symmetrical limbs betrayed their beauty when they moved, and then to be almost repelled by the masculine form and masculine look of the features in which the perfectly shaped figure ended—was to feel a sensation oddly akin to the helpless discomfort familiar to us all in sleep, when we recognise yet cannot reconcile the anomalies and contradictions of a dream.

"Mr. Hartright?" said the lady, interrogatively; her dark face lighting up with a smile, and softening and growing womanly the moment she began to speak. "We resigned all hope of you last night, and went to bed as usual. Accept my apologies for our apparent want of attention; and allow me to introduce myself as one of your pupils. Shall we shake hands? I suppose we must come to it sooner or later—and why not sooner?"

These odd words of welcome were spoken in a clear, ringing, pleasant voice. The offered hand—rather large, but beautifully formed—was given to me with the easy, unaffected self-reliance of a highly-bred woman. We sat down together at the breakfast-table in as cordial and customary a manner as if we had known each other for years, and had met at Limmeridge House to talk over old times by previous appointment.

"I hope you come here good-humouredly determined to make the best of your position," continued the lady. "You will have to begin this morning by putting up with no other company at breakfast than mine. My sister is in her own room, nursing that essentially feminine malady, a slight headache; and her old governess, Mrs. Vesey, is charitably attending on her with restorative tea. My uncle, Mr. Fairlie, never joins us at any of our meals: he is an invalid, and keeps bachelor state in his own apartments. There is nobody else in the house but me. Two young ladies have been staying here, but they went away yesterday, in despair; and no wonder. All through their visit (in consequence of Mr. Fairlie's invalid condition) we produced no such convenience in the house as a flirtable, danceable, small-talkable creature of

the male sex; and the consequence was, we did nothing but quarrel, especially at dinner-time. How can you expect four women to dine together alone every day, and not quarrel? We are such fools, we can't entertain each other at table. You see I don't think much of my own sex, Mr. Hartright—which will you have, tea or coffee?—no woman does think much of her own sex, although few of them confess it as freely as I do. Dear me, you look puzzled. Why? Are you wondering what you will have for breakfast? or are you surprised at my careless way of talking? In the first case, I advise you, as a friend, to have nothing to do with that cold ham at your elbow, and to wait till the omelette comes in. In the second case, I will give you some tea to compose your spirits, and do all a woman can (which is very little, by-the-by) to hold my tongue."

She handed me my cup of tea, laughing gaily. Her light flow of talk, and her lively familiarity of manner with a total stranger, were accompanied by an unaffected naturalness and an easy inborn confidence in herself and her position, which would have secured her the respect of the most audacious man breathing. While it was impossible to be formal and reserved in her company, it was more than impossible to take the faintest vestige of a liberty with her; even in thought. I felt this instinctively, even while I caught the infection of her own bright gaiety of spirits—even while I did my best to answer her in her own frank, lively way.

"Yes, yes," she said, when I had suggested the only explanation I could offer, to account for my perplexed looks, "I understand. You are such a perfect stranger in the house, that you are puzzled by my familiar references to the worthy inhabitants. Natural enough: I ought to have thought of it before. At any rate, I can set it right now. Suppose I begin with myself, so as to get done with that part of the subject as soon as possible? My name is Marian Halcombe; and I am as inaccurate, as women usually are, in calling Mr. Fairlie my uncle, and Miss Fairlie my sister. My mother was twice married: the first time to Mr. Halcombe, my father; the second time to Mr. Fairlie, my half-sister's father. Except that we are both orphans, we are in every respect as unlike each other as possible. My father was a poor man, and Miss Fairlie's father was a rich man. I have got nothing, and she is an heiress. I am dark and ugly, and she is fair and pretty. Everybody thinks me crabbed and odd (with perfect justice); and everybody thinks her sweet-tempered and charming (with more justice still). In short, she is an angel; and I am—— Try some of that marmalade, Mr. Hartright, and finish the sentence, in the name of female propriety, for yourself. What am I to tell you about Mr. Fairlie? Upon my honour, I hardly know. He is sure to send for you after breakfast, and you can study him for yourself. In the mean time, I may inform you, first, that he is the late Mr. Fairlie's younger brother; secondly, that he is a single man; and, thirdly, that he is Miss Fairlie's

guardian. I won't live without her, and she can't live without me; and that is how I come to be at Limmeridge House. My sister and I are honestly fond of each other; which, you will say, is perfectly unaccountable, under the circumstances, and I quite agree with you—but so it is. You must please both of us, Mr. Hartright, or please neither of us; and, what is still more trying, you will be thrown entirely upon our society. Mrs. Vesey is an excellent person, who possesses all the cardinal virtues, and counts for nothing; and Mr. Fairlie is too great an invalid to be a companion for anybody. I don't know what is the matter with him, and the doctors don't know what is the matter with him, and he doesn't know himself what is the matter with him. We all say it's on the nerves, and we none of us know what we mean when we say it. However, I advise you to humour his little peculiarities, when you see him to-day. Admire his collection of coins, prints, and water-colour drawings, and you will win his heart. Upon my word, if you can be contented with a quiet country life, I don't see why you should not get on very well here. From breakfast to lunch, Mr. Fairlie's drawings will occupy you. After lunch, Miss Fairlie and I shoulder our sketch-books, and go out to misrepresent nature, under your directions. Drawing is *her* favourite whim, mind, not mine. Women can't draw—their minds are too flighty, and their eyes are too inattentive. No matter—my sister likes it; so I waste paint and spoil paper, for her sake, as composedly as any woman in England. As for the evenings, I think we can help you through them. Miss Fairlie plays delightfully. For my own poor part, I don't know one note of music from the other; but I can match you at chess, backgammon, écarté, and (with the inevitable female drawbacks) even at billiards as well. What do you think of the programme? Can you reconcile yourself to our quiet, regular life? or do you mean to be restless, and secretly thirst for change and adventure, in the humdrum atmosphere of Limmeridge House?"

She had run on thus far, in her gracefully bantering way, with no other interruptions on my part than the unimportant replies which politeness required of me. The turn of the expression, however, in her last question, or rather the one chance word, "adventure," lightly as it fell from her lips, recalled my thoughts to my meeting with the woman in white, and urged me to discover the connexion which the stranger's own reference to Mrs. Fairlie informed me must once have existed between the nameless fugitive from the Asylum, and the former mistress of Limmeridge House.

"Even if I were the most restless of mankind," I said, "I should be in no danger of thirsting after adventures for some time to come. The very night before I arrived at this house, I met with an adventure; and the wonder and excitement of it, I can assure you, Miss Halcombe, will last me for the whole term of my stay in Cumberland, if not for a much longer period."

"You don't say so, Mr. Hartright! May I hear it?"

"You have a claim to hear it. The chief person in the adventure was a total stranger to me, and may perhaps be a total stranger to you; but she certainly mentioned the name of the late Mrs. Fairlie in terms of the sincerest gratitude and regard."

"Mentioned my mother's name! You interest me indescribably. Pray go on."

I at once related the circumstances under which I had met the woman in white, exactly as they had occurred; and I repeated what she had said to me about Mrs. Fairlie and Limmeridge House, word for word.

Miss Halcombe's bright resolute eyes looked eagerly into mine, from the beginning of the narrative to the end. Her face expressed vivid interest and astonishment, but nothing more. She was evidently as far from knowing of any clue to the mystery as I was myself.

"Are you quite sure of those words referring to my mother?" she asked.

"Quite sure," I replied. "Whoever she may be, the woman was once at school in the village of Limmeridge, was treated with especial kindness by Mrs. Fairlie, and, in grateful remembrance of that kindness, feels an affectionate interest in all surviving members of the family. She knew that Mrs. Fairlie and her husband were both dead; and she spoke of Miss Fairlie as if they had known each other when they were children."

"You said, I think, that she denied belonging to this place?"

"Yes, she told me she came from Hampshire."

"And you entirely failed to find out her name?"

"Entirely."

"Very strange. I think you were quite justified, Mr. Hartright, in giving the poor creature her liberty, for she seems to have done nothing in your presence to show herself unfit to enjoy it. But I wish you had been a little more resolute about finding out her name. We must really clear up this mystery, in some way. You had better not speak of it yet to Mr. Fairlie, or to my sister. They are both of them, I am certain, quite as ignorant of who the woman is, and of what her past history in connexion with us can be, as I am myself. But they are also, in widely different ways, rather nervous and sensitive; and you would only fidget one and alarm the other to no purpose. As for myself, I am all aflame with curiosity, and I devote my whole energies to the business of discovery from this moment. When my mother came here, after her second marriage, she certainly established the village school just as it exists at the present time. But the old teachers are all dead, or gone elsewhere; and no enlightenment is to be hoped for from that quarter. The only other alternative I can think of—"

At this point we were interrupted by the entrance of the servant, with a message from Mr. Fairlie, intimating that he would be glad to see me, as soon as I had done breakfast.

"Wait in the hall," said Miss Halcombe, answering the servant for me, in her quick, ready way. "Mr. Hartright will come out directly. I was about to say," she went on, addressing me again, "that my sister and I have a large collection of my mother's letters, addressed to my father and to hers. In the absence of any other means of getting information, I will pass the morning in looking over my mother's correspondence with Mr. Fairlie. He was fond of London, and was constantly away from his country home; and she was accustomed, at such times, to write and report to him how things went on at Limmeridge. Her letters are full of references to the school in which she took so strong an interest; and I think it more than likely that I may have discovered something when we meet again. The luncheon hour is two, Mr. Hartright. I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to my sister by that time, and we will occupy the afternoon in driving round the neighbourhood and showing you all our pet points of view. Till two o'clock, then, farewell."

She nodded to me with the lively grace, the delightful refinement of familiarity, which characterised all that she did and all that she said; and disappeared by a door at the lower end of the room. As soon as she had left me, I turned my steps towards the hall, and followed the servant on my way, for the first time, to the presence of Mr. Fairlie.

## VI.

My conductor led me up-stairs into a passage which took us back to the bedchamber in which I had slept during the past night; and opening the door next to it, begged me to look in.

"I have my master's orders to show you your own sitting room, sir," said the man, "and to inquire if you approve of the situation and the light."

I must have been hard to please, indeed, if I had not approved of the room, and of everything about it. The bow-window looked out on the same lovely view which I had admired, in the morning, from my bedroom. The furniture was the perfection of luxury and beauty; the table in the centre was bright with gaily bound books, elegant conveniences for writing, and beautiful flowers; the second table, near the window, was covered with all the necessary materials for mounting water-colour drawings, and had a little easel attached to it, which I could expand or fold up at will; the walls were hung with gaily tinted chintz; and the floor was spread with Indian matting in maize-colour and red. It was the prettiest and most luxurious little sitting-room I had ever seen; and I admired it with the warmest enthusiasm.

The solemn servant was far too highly trained to betray the slightest satisfaction. He bowed with icy deference when my terms of eulogy were all exhausted, and silently opened the door for me to go out into the passage again.

We turned a corner, and entered a long second passage, ascended a short flight of stairs at the

end, crossed a small circular upper hall, and stopped in front of a door covered with dark baize. The servant opened this door, and led me on a few yards to a second; opened that also, and disclosed two curtains of pale sea-green silk hanging before us; raised one of them noiselessly; softly uttered the words, "Mr. Hartright," and left me.

I found myself in a large, lofty room, with a magnificent carved ceiling, and with a carpet over the floor, so thick and soft that it felt like piles of velvet under my feet. One side of the room was occupied by a long bookcase of some rare inlaid wood that was quite new to me. It was not more than six feet high, and the top was adorned with statuettes in marble, ranged at regular distances one from the other. On the opposite side stood two antique cabinets; and between them, and above them, hung a picture of the Virgin and Child, protected by glass, and bearing Raphael's name on the gilt tablet at the bottom of the frame. On my right hand and on my left, as I stood inside the door, were chiffoniers and little stands in buhl and marquetterie, loaded with figures in Dresden china, with rare vases, ivory ornaments, and toys and curiosities that sparkled at all points with gold, silver, and precious stones. At the lower end of the room, opposite to me, the windows were concealed and the sunlight was tempered by large blinds of the same pale sea-green colour as the curtains over the door. The light thus produced was deliciously soft, mysterious, and subdued; it fell equally upon all the objects in the room; it helped to intensify the deep silence, and the air of profound seclusion that possessed the place; and it surrounded, with an appropriate halo of repose, the solitary figure of the master of the house, leaning back, listlessly composed, in a large easy-chair, with a reading-easel fastened on one of its arms, and a little table on the other.

If a man's personal appearance, when he is out of his dressing-room, and when he has passed forty, can be accepted as a safe guide to his time of life—which is more than doubtful—Mr. Fairlie's age, when I saw him, might have been reasonably computed at over fifty and under sixty years. His beardless face was thin, worn, and transparently pale, but not wrinkled; his nose was high and hooked; his eyes were of a dim greyish blue, large, prominent, and rather red round the rims of the eyelids; his hair was scanty, soft to look at, and of that light sandy colour which is the last to disclose its own changes towards grey. He was dressed in a dark frock-coat, of some substance much thinner than cloth, and in waistcoat and trousers of spotless white. His feet were effeminately small, and were clad in buff-coloured silk stockings, and little womanish bronze-leather slippers. Two rings adorned his white delicate hands, the value of which even my inexperienced observation detected to be all but priceless. Upon the whole, he had a frail, languidly-fretful, over-refined look—something singularly and unpleasantly delicate in its association with a man, and, at the same time, some-

thing which could by no possibility have looked natural and appropriate if it had been transferred to the personal appearance of a woman. My morning's experience of Miss Halcombe had predisposed me to be pleased with everybody in the house; but my sympathies shut themselves up resolutely at the first sight of Mr. Fairlie.

On approaching nearer to him, I discovered that he was not so entirely without occupation as I had at first supposed. Placed amid the other rare and beautiful objects on a large round table near him, was a dwarf cabinet in ebony and silver, containing coins of all shapes and sizes, set out in little drawers lined with dark purple velvet. One of these drawers lay on the small table attached to his chair; and near it were some tiny jewellers' brushes, a washleather "stump," and a little bottle of liquid, all waiting to be used in various ways for the removal of any accidental impurities which might be discovered on the coins. His frail white fingers were listlessly toying with something which looked, to my uninstructed eyes, like a dirty pewter medal with ragged edges, when I advanced within a respectful distance of his chair, and stopped to make my bow.

"So glad to possess you at Limmeridge, Mr. Hartright," he said, in a querulous, croaking voice, which combined, in anything but an agreeable manner, a discordantly high tone with a drowsily languid utterance. "Pray sit down. And don't trouble yourself to move the chair, please. In the wretched state of my nerves, movement of any kind is exquisitely painful to me. Have you seen your studio? Will it do?"

"I have just come from seeing the room, Mr. Fairlie; and I assure you—"

He stopped me in the middle of the sentence, by closing his eyes, and holding up one of his white hands imploringly. I paused in astonishment; and the croaking voice honoured me with this explanation:

"Pray excuse me. But *could* you contrive to speak in a lower key? In the wretched state of my nerves, loud sound of any kind is indescribable torture to me. You will pardon an invalid? I only say to you what the lamentable state of my health obliges me to say to everybody. Yes. And you really like the room?"

"I could wish for nothing prettier and nothing more comfortable," I answered, dropping my voice, and beginning to discover already that Mr. Fairlie's selfish affectation and Mr. Fairlie's wretched nerves meant one and the same thing.

"So glad. You will find your position here, Mr. Hartright, properly recognised. There is none of the horrid English barbarity of feeling about the social position of an artist, in this house. So much of my early life has been passed abroad, that I have quite cast my insular skin in that respect. I wish I could say the same of the gentry—detestable word, but I suppose I must use it—of the gentry in the neighbourhood. They are sad Goths in Art, Mr. Hartright. People, I do assure you, who would have opened their eyes in astonishment, if they had seen



Charles the Fifth pick up Titian's brush for him. Do you mind putting this tray of coins back in the cabinet, and giving me the next one to it? In the wretched state of my nerves, exertion of any kind is unspcakably disagreeable to me. Yes. Thank you."

As a practical commentary on the liberal social theory which he had just favoured me by illustrating, Mr. Fairlie's cool request rather amused me. I put back one drawer and gave him the other, with all possible politeness. He began trifling with the new set of coins and the little brushes immediately; languidly looking at them and admiring them all the time he was speaking to me.

"A thousand thanks and a thousand excuses. Do you like coins? Yes. So glad we have another taste in common besides our taste for Art. Now, about the pecuniary arrangements between us—do tell me—are they satisfactory?"

"Most satisfactory, Mr. Fairlie."

"So glad. And—what next? Ah! I remember. Yes? In reference to the consideration which you are good enough to accept for giving me the benefit of your accomplishments in art, my steward will wait on you at the end of the first week, to ascertain your wishes. And—what next? Curious, is it not? I had a great deal more to say; and I appear to have quite forgotten it. Do you mind touching the bell? In that corner. Yes. Thank you."

I rang; and a new servant noiselessly made his appearance—a foreigner, with a set smile and perfectly brushed hair—a valet every inch of him.

"Louis," said Mr. Fairlie, dreamily dusting the tips of his fingers with one of the tiny brushes for the coins, "I made some entries in my tablettes this morning. Find my tablettes. A thousand pardons, Mr. Hartright. I'm afraid I bore you."

As he wearily closed his eyes again, before I could answer, and as he did most assuredly bore me, I sat silent, and looked up at the Madonna and Child by Raphael. In the mean time, the valet left the room, and returned shortly with a little ivory book. Mr. Fairlie, after first relieving himself by a gentle sigh, let the book drop open with one hand, and held up the tiny brush with the other, as a sign to the servant to wait for further orders.

"Yes. Just so!" said Mr. Fairlie, consulting the tablettes. "Louis, take down that portfolio." He pointed, as he spoke, to several portfolios placed near the window, on mahogany stands. "No. Not the one with the green back—that contains my Rembrandt etchings, Mr. Hartright. Do you like etchings? Yes? So glad we have another taste in common. The portfolio with the red back, Louis. Don't drop it! You have no idea of the tortures I should suffer, Mr. Hartright, if Louis dropped that portfolio. Is it safe on the chair? Do you think it safe, Mr. Hartright? Yes? So glad. Will you oblige me by looking at the drawings, if you really think they're quite safe. Louis, go

away. What an ass you are. Don't you see me holding the tablettes? Do you suppose I want to hold them? Then why not relieve me of the tablettes without being told? A thousand pardons, Mr. Hartright; servants are such asses, are they not? Do tell me—what do you think of the drawings? They have come from a sale in a shocking state—I thought they smelt of horrid dealers' and brokers' fingers when I looked at them last. Can you undertake them?"

Although my nerves were not delicate enough to detect the odour of plebeian fingers which had offended Mr. Fairlie's nostrils, my taste was sufficiently educated to enable me to appreciate the value of the drawings, while I turned them over. They were, for the most part, really fine specimens of English water-colour Art; and they had deserved much better treatment at the hands of their former possessor than they appeared to have received.

"The drawings," I answered, "require careful straining and mounting; and, in my opinion, they are well worth——"

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr. Fairlie. "Do you mind my closing my eyes while you speak? Even this light is too much for them. Yes?"

"I was about to say that the drawings are well worth all the time and trouble——"

Mr. Fairlie suddenly opened his eyes again, and rolled them with an expression of helpless alarm in the direction of the window.

"I entreat you to excuse me, Mr. Hartright," he said, in a feeble flutter. "But surely I hear some horrid children in the garden—my private garden—below?"

"I can't say, Mr. Fairlie. I heard nothing myself."

"Oblige me—you have been so very good in humouring my poor nerves—oblige me by lifting up a corner of the blind. Don't let the sun in on me, Mr. Hartright! Have you got the blind up? Yes? Then will you be so very kind as to look into the garden and make quite sure?"

I complied with this new request. The garden was carefully walled in, all round. Not a human creature, large or small, appeared in any part of the sacred seclusion. I reported that gratifying fact to Mr. Fairlie.

"A thousand thanks. My fancy, I suppose. There are no children, thank Heaven, in the house; but the servants (persons born without nerves) will encourage the children from the village. Such brats—oh, dear me, such brats! Shall I confess it, Mr. Hartright?—I sadly want a reform in the construction of children. Nature's only idea seems to be to make them machines for the production of incessant noise. Surely our delightful Raffaello's conception is infinitely preferable?"

He pointed to the picture of the Madonna, the upper part of which represented the conventional cherubs of Italian Art, celestially provided with sitting accommodation for their chins, on balloons of buff-coloured cloud.

"Quite a model family!" said Mr. Fairlie,

leering at the cherubs. "Such nice round faces, and such nice soft wings, and—nothing else. No dirty little legs to run about on, and no noisy little lungs to scream with. How immeasurably superior to the existing construction! I will close my eyes again, if you will allow me. And you really can manage the drawings? So glad. Is there anything else to settle? If there is, I think I have forgotten it. Shall we ring for Louis again?"

Being, by this time, quite as anxious, on my side, as Mr. Fairlie evidently was on his, to bring the interview to a speedy conclusion, I thought I would try to render the summoning of the servant unnecessary, by offering the requisite suggestion on my own responsibility.

"The only point, Mr. Fairlie, that remains to be discussed," I said, "refers, I think, to the instruction in sketching which I am engaged to communicate to the two young ladies."

"Ah! just so," said Mr. Fairlie. "I wish I felt strong enough to go into that part of the arrangement—but I don't. The ladies, who profit by your kind services, Mr. Hartright, must settle, and decide, and so on, for themselves. My niece is fond of your charming art. She knows just enough about it to be conscious of her own sad defects. Please take pains with her. Yes. Is there anything else? No. We quite understand each other—don't we? I have no right to detain you any longer from your delightful pursuit—have I? So pleasant to have settled everything—such a sensible relief to have done business. Do you mind ringing for Louis to carry the portfolio to your own room?"

"I will carry it there, myself, Mr. Fairlie, if you will allow me."

"Will you really? Are you strong enough? How nice to be so strong! Are you sure you won't drop it? So glad to possess you at Limeridge, Mr. Hartright. I am such a sufferer that I hardly dare hope to enjoy much of your society. Would you mind taking great pains not to let the doors bang, and not to drop the portfolio? Thank you. Gently with the curtains, please—the slightest noise from them goes through me like a knife. Yes. *Good morning!*"

When the sea-green curtains were closed, and when the two baize doors were shut behind me, I stopped for a moment in the little circular hall beyond, and drew a long, luxurious breath of relief. It was like coming to the surface of the water, after deep diving, to find myself once more on the outside of Mr. Fairlie's room.

As soon as I was comfortably established for the morning in my pretty little studio, the first resolution at which I arrived was to turn my steps no more in the direction of the apartments occupied by the master of the house, except in the very improbable event of his honouring me with a special invitation to pay him another visit. Having settled this satisfactory plan of future conduct, in reference to Mr. Fairlie, I soon recovered the serenity of temper of which

my employer's haughty familiarity and impudent politeness had, for the moment, deprived me. The remaining hours of the morning passed away pleasantly enough, in looking over the drawings, arranging them in sets, trimming their ragged edges, and accomplishing the other necessary preparations in anticipation of the business of mounting them. I ought, perhaps, to have made more progress than this; but, as the luncheon-time drew near, I grew restless and unsettled, and felt unable to fix my attention on work, even though that work was only of the humble manual kind.

At two o'clock, I descended again to the breakfast-room, a little anxiously. Expectations of some interest were connected with my approaching reappearance in that part of the house. My introduction to Miss Fairlie was now close at hand; and, if Miss Halcombe's search through her mother's letters had produced the result which she anticipated, the time had come for clearing up the mystery of the woman in white.

### REAL HORRORS OF WAR.

THE spade is now busy on the ground of Solferino and Magenta. The manumitted husbandman, now bidden to look up and be cheerful because he has been set free gloriously, ruefully takes thought how he shall remedy the disorder his deliverers have brought to him. Almost with despair he gazes upon his crops, trodden into a mash by swiftly passing legions; upon the stumps of his vine-trees, cut down pitilessly to warm his benefactors' soup; above all, upon the memorials they have left to him, of bodies thrust barely a foot below his soil, from which the sweltering sun distills the thick miasma of decomposition, encompassing him in a cloud too broad to travel out of. It will be long before those human shambles can be made to take the smooth, decent, tranquil aspect of a graveyard.

But for the people outside, who stood round watching the fight, with bated breath and senses painfully strained, it seemed a glorious, thrilling spectacle, that campaign just now played out. For those who sit at a distance and read all the shifts and turnings and general theatrical business of a war in the open field, the trumpet-blowing and fanfares, the flaunting colours and gaudy liveries, the marching and manœuvring, the desperate charges and bits of dramatic heroism have a grand and pulse-thrilling effect which makes the eyes sparkle and the colour come and go. There is, at home, data from Aldershott, to furnish the upholstery and supply a light basis for fancy.

But this is all no more than the fine colouring of a consumptive cheek, or the bloom of a rotten apple. There is not, of all things existent, a more repulsive, coarse, untheatrical business than war, and what it brings with it. The delicate film of gaudiness rubs off in

an hour; the gold lace tarnishes in a night; the bright uniforms, faded with rain and puddle stains, fall into rags and show great patches. Improvised camps become presently filthy swamps and open sewers. The grand "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" is well enough in the abstract: in its details and private bearings it is offensive, rough, and overpowering.

Think only of the common hackneyed expressions which pass so lightly between the lips when speaking of a great battle. We talk exultingly, and with a certain fire, of "a magnificent charge!" of "a splendid charge!" yet very few will think of the hideous particulars these two airy words stand for. The "splendid charge" is a headlong rush of men on strong horses urged to their fullest speed, riding down and overwhelming an opposing mass of men on foot. The reader's mind goes no further: being content with the information that the enemy's line was "broken" and "gave way." It does not fill in the picture. To do so effectively, we must think first, of an ordinary individual run down in the public street by a horseman at an easy pace. The result is, usually, fracture and violent contusion. We may strengthen the tones of the picture by setting this horseman at full gallop, and joining to him a company of other flying horsemen. How will it then be with the unhappy pedestrian? So when the "splendid charge" has done its work, and passed by, there will be found a sight, very much like the scene of a frightful railway accident. There will be the full complement of backs broken in two; of arms twisted wholly off; of men impaled upon their own bayonets; of legs smashed up like bits of firewood; of heads sliced open like apples; of other heads crunched into soft jelly by iron hoofs of horses; of faces trampled out of all likeness to anything human. This is what skulks behind "a splendid charge!" This is what follows, as a matter of course, when "our fellows rode at them in style," and "cut them up famously." Again, how often does the commander, writing home in his official despatches, dwell particularly on the gallant conduct of Captain Smith, who, finding the enemy were "annoying our right a little, got his gun" into position, and effectually "held them in check." Both expressions are fair drawing-room phrases, to be mentioned cheerfully by ladies' lips. It is, as it were, a few flies buzzing about "our right wing," teasing and fretting "our" men. And yet, properly translated, it signifies this: that stray men of that right wing are now and then leaping with a convulsive start into the air, as a Minie bullet flies with sharp sting through their hearts; that stray men, suddenly struck, are rolling on the ground, that a man, here and there, is dropping down quite suddenly with a shriek, his firelock tumbling from his hand; in short, that there is a series of violent death-scenes being enacted up and down the long line.

The reading public—instructed by journals and books of memoirs—can form for itself

satisfactory pictures of the poor soldiers in hospital, lying on their pallets in rows, say at Seutari, having their pillows smoothed and cooling drinks proffered by those kind, charitable ladies who went out to be their nurses. Has not the public viewed paintings of the scene—the sick warrior lying in comfortable convalescence, and taking with grateful languor the cool beverage from his gentle attendant? The sympathising public has also had presented to it in manly and affecting language, by MR. RUSSELL, some pictures of those sufferings which fall under the frightful category of gun-shot wounds. Doctor Williamson has now collected a number of cases from the late Indian mutiny, with the view of assisting his profession; take a few samples from this miscellany as among the real horrors of War.

Private John Halliday received a gun-shot wound in the head, which carried away "a large portion of the scalp and bone," and left a "large irregular opening" about two inches in diameter, through which the brain might be seen pulsating. This injury was done by bits of the telegraph wire ingeniously cut up into slugs. Private O'Leary was stricken by a large fragment of shell, and at first appeared not to be seriously injured. Presently he complained of headache and sickness, and a "crucial" incision was at once made. Here was discovered a fracture, and an opening left "about the size of a shilling." The dura mater at once protruded through the wound and was punctured. In a few days convulsive fits came on, with paralysis, and he died comatose. Poor private O'Leary! On post-mortem examination, one half of his head, internally, was discovered to be a mass of blood and "disorganised cerebral matter." Private M'Kenzie had been hit in the same place, and had several large fragments of bone removed from him by means of an instrument known as Hey's saw; still "inflammation of the brain and its membranes" set in, and the surgeons thought of making a closer examination, when a great fragment of bone was discovered, "turned edgeways," and sticking into the dura mater! Strange to say, private M'Kenzie recovered, and is doing duty now.

Another soldier was brought in with "nearly half the roof of his skull blown off by a shell," yet who held on, till the tenth day.

Often, a ball striking on the scalp splits into two pieces, so stout is the bony texture of the skull. One fragment, however, is sure to penetrate. Sometimes, it leaves a clean round hole with cracks radiating from it in all directions as in a broken pane of glass.

Often, the ball cannot be found, and has to be groped for unsuccessfully, with the probe. One wretched private had to carry it twenty-five days in his head. Another man's piece burst in his hand, and part of the lock got embedded under his eye, too far in to be removed. Many more were afflicted by a ball making entrance just behind the ear, and passing out over the temple.

Then, come the bayonet wounds, jagged, perplexing, and painful. Now has it been thrust vio-

lently through the chest and lungs and out at the back, and is as violently withdrawn with a peculiar twist, whence come suppuration, painful gasping for breath, and all manner of horrid accompaniments. Now it has impaled the intestines, producing strange complication. Now it has pierced the lower extremity of the heart, and, curious to say, the victim has lived five days. The spine comes in, too, for its share of injury. A bullet skims through the body, smashes the lower vertebrae of the column, makes its escape the other side. The bones come away in little pieces. The new Minié ball has, we are told, the useful property of shivering the bone into numberless splinters and fragments. The conical point acts as a wedge, and the scattering of the splinters adds much to the inflammation. So the dismal catalogue runs on.

The real horrors of war are played out to the utmost on the hospital pallet when the theatrical business is all over.

### HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

WE have had a great many guides and teachers in the art of money-making; but none so practical and straightforward as Mr. Edwin Freedley, U.S. One Thousand Chances to make Money has that gentleman given to an underserving public; and we have not heard of any one, including himself and his publisher, who has been a penny the richer. A thousand chances on which to build a colossal fortune, and not so much as a shantie or a shealing erected? Surely something must be amiss! The schemes read feasible and rational enough, with nothing impracticable about them: which renders this neglect more than ever an anomaly in the money-making British public. At all events, our readers shall judge for themselves: and, if a plum be the result, we shall claim at least the kernel.

Mines, monopolies, contracts, and speculation in government securities with the advantage of early information, have been the most celebrated foundations on which large fortunes have been raised. No one ever made such successful hits in the first, as the Spaniards, when they first possessed South America; and Rothschild has been, and is still, the lord of the last. Monopolies were the great sources of middle-age wealth; and contracts in war-times have transformed beggars into princes. Slave-trading is another very profitable speculation. In fifty years Brazil made a clear profit of seven hundred and sixty millions of dollars; and even now the thirty thousand negroes annually shipped from Africa to Cuba and the Brazils represent an annual income of about eleven millions of dollars. Slave-raising, again, is a certain fortune to the raiser; but with these last two chances we Englishmen, thank Heaven, have nothing to do. Speculations in land lots have been vastly profitable, especially in America, to which country we may as well state, Mr. Freedley's book more directly refers. Trading in furs gave Astor two hundred and fifty thousand

dollars in less than twenty years. Another chance lies down among the horned and swinish multitudes. In Venezuela, and other portions of South America, thousands of beasts are annually slaughtered for the sake of their tallow, hoofs, and hides. In the mean time, beefsteaks are eighteen cents the pound in New York, or one shilling in London, while the bodies of our horned and bristled friends are left to decay in the South American fields. Now, what Mr. Freedley proposes is this:—that some enterprising individual should start off to those fields with a sufficient stock of ferruginous, or iron, syrup, which syrup “dries up fresh meat so that it resists the most active effects of putrefaction,” and could thus supply fresh meat at sixpence the pound to New York and London. For, when required for use, if the meat is put into cold water, it swells out to its original volume, and has all the colour and odour of fresh meat. This, and the making a concentration of meat, is what Mr. Freedley advises. Casareep, a delicious sauce made from the cassava plant, being also a powerful antiseptic, will preserve meat, for any length of time, even in the tropics; and pyroligneous acid, obtained by the destructive distillation of wood, will not only keep meat fresh and sweet, but even restore that which has already begun to decay. Then, stock-raising is recommended as a good speculation, especially “jack raising,” which we suppose to mean the breeding of jackasses. Again, more sheep are wanted, both for food and flannel, the clear returns of which speculation are shown as indubitably fifty per cent. Poultry and eggs, too, are scarcer and dearer than need be: why not establish extensive heneries, hatch by steam, and make a fortune while feeding hungry thousands? A M. de Sora, near Paris, has made a fortune by his heneries. He breeds by steam and science, and feeds on knackers' horses, of which he sells skin, blood, bones, and hoofs, and thus reduces the cost of his poultry-food to next to nothing. He has his twenty-two horses per diem cut into sausage-meat, seasoned with salt and a little ground pepper. This sausage-meat he keeps in large barrels, always at freezing point, so that the meat never becomes putrid. The hens eat it greedily. He fattens them off for three weeks on crushed grain, and never keeps a hen for more than four years. He hatches by steam, and allows no maternal longings to find expression in his henery. His hens have only to lay, eat, and get fat; when their work is done. They then appear at Véfours or Les Frères Provençaux, stuffed with truffles or à la financière, and thus attain the highest end and aim of a hen's ultimate being. If you want to make a farm-yard profitable, Mr. Freedley goes on to say, keep no roosters and allow no nest-eggs; feed your hens on chopped meat from fall to spring—say half an ounce daily—and give them buckwheat instead of corn.

Why should we be limited to cane sugar? Beetroot sugar, discovered by Margraf so long ago as 1747, would answer everybody's turn just as well. But not half enough beetroot

sugar is made, though the production is no trifling matter as it stands. France alone consumes one hundred and fifty thousand tons yearly, and the rest of the European countries half as much more. Still more might be made. Mr. Freedley tells his readers a few secrets in beetroot sugar-making, which he thinks they ought to know: he is liberal of all sorts of manufacturing secrets, allowing no close guilds anywhere. The white, or Silesian beet, he says, yields the most saccharine matter—from two to ten and a half per cent.—allowing a somewhat wide margin for differences; the yellow beet comes next, then the red, and, last of all, the common field beet. Count Chaptal says that, in his manufactory, five tons of clean roots produced four and a half hundredweight of coarse sugar, which, in its turn, gave one hundred and sixty pounds of double-refined, and sixty pounds of inferior lump sugar. The residue was in the form of molasses, yielding a good spirit. Achard, the principal sugar manufacturer in Silesia, says that from one ton of roots he gets one hundred pounds of raw sugar, fifty-five pounds of refined, and fifteen pounds of treacle. Beetroot sugar is like cane sugar in sweetness and nutritious qualities, and even refines more easily. Consumers do say that beetroot sugar would be perfect, if it were only a little sweeter.

The manufacture of maple sugar offers many advantages to the modern seeker after money; and the extensive cultivation of the sorghum, or Chinese sugar-cane, would give a fortune to the cultivator. Dr. Sicard, of Marseilles, has manufactured an excellent sugar from the sorghum. By grinding the seed, he has obtained flour, of which he has made delicious bread and chocolate. Alcohol, too, he has got in large quantities from the same plant; as well as paper, gamboge, ginseng, and carbon, and dyes, by which he has dyed silks, woollens, and cottons in those delicate and varying shades which have hitherto been found only in native Chinese manufactures. The cultivation of the sorghum would seem to promise a new race of Monte Christos.

The world wants hemp: some among us think that hemp should be a perpetual institution among us: a universal order of the national garter. Mr. Freedley recommends the cultivation of the New Zealand flax, a vegetable described as three times as strong as the Agave Americana, twice as strong as ordinary flax, and stronger even than Russian hemp. He does not say that New Zealand flax is already used in this country; but speaks of it as a novelty. A single three-inch leaf of the New Zealand flax, split into strips, will, when knotted together, form a flat green cord fifty feet long, which no slight strain will break. The natives use it for girths, halters, measuring-tapes, boot-laces, and strings; and if a pig or sheep has to be tied, a couple of leaves split, or whole, form a cord as strong as fate and vengeance. It can also bear hacking out to an almost inconceivable fineness; and altogether is a most valuable member of the vegetable fra-

ternity, cheap to buy, easy to rear, and with capabilities by no means reduced to their ultimate. The sisal hemp, which is the product of the Agave Americana, is also very enticing to the speculator. It grows on the poorest kind of land, even on barren, stony islands and waste places, requires no kind of cultivation, and after the fourth year will yield one thousand dollars annually per acre. All that is needful to be done is to drop the seed in ground, leave it to nature and itself for the first four years, and after that go in, cut, clean, and sell. Money is to be made by importing foreign growths, and raising them on our home soils. Turkish flint-wheat is one of those recommended as "a hardy, full variety, with a dark-coloured chaff, a very heavy beard, and a long, flinty, light-coloured berry." It stands cold well; its beard saves it from insects, and its flinty seed does not get mouldy or weevily in the stack or bin. Other wheats are recommended, of fabulous returns and ideal plumpness and clearness of skin; and substitutes for potatoes are urged on consumer and producer; the Chinese yam and the saa-ga-ban, or glycine apios, are specially introduced as chief candidates for the place. The Chinese yam will remain for some years under ground without shooting, and uninjured by the frost; and the saa-ga-ban, as the Macinac Indians call the glycine apios, is even more nutritious than the ordinary potato. This last contains about fourteen per cent. of starch to seventy-six per cent. of water: the saa-ga-ban is reported to make the numbers twenty-one per cent. of starch and fifty per cent. of water. The starch is very white, and closely resembles that made from arrowroot, and the tubers contain vegetable albumen, gum, and sugar. The prairie turnip, in form and size like a hen's or goose's egg; the wild bean, with its rich and pleasant flavour; the earth-mouse (*Lathyrus tuberosus*), which the French peasant will not cultivate because, he says, it walks underground, and leaves one field for another, but which, like an earth-mouse in form and colour, and like an earth-chesnut in flavour, is a very desirable acquaintance; the Brazilian api; the tapioca, or bay rush, which grows in the Bahamas group, in the form of a large beet, from twelve to sixteen inches long, and which makes excellent bread; the koomah plant (*Valeriana edulis*); the kamas root (*Camassia esculenta*), like preserved quince in flavour; the seeds of the arancanian pine, of the nut pine, and the Australian pine; and the singhara, or water-nut, are all highly recommended by Mr. Freedley to the notice of producers, as substitutes for potatoes, or as garden vegetables of excellent properties.

Grasses, again, offer means for the investment of capital and the employment of industry superior to many other more favourite speculations. The wonderful flavour of the Philadelphia spring butter has been proved to result from the sweet-scented vernal grass, of which the cows are immoderately fond. Why not import the sweet-scented vernal grass into English meadows? Failing this, why not make it artificially? Its

peculiar perfume is owing to benzoic acid, and one smart farmer, having discovered this, forthwith, twice a day, gave his cows from twenty to thirty grains of benzoin, dissolved in hot water, then stirred into their corn or meal. He got the same kind of butter as the Philadelphian. May butter, which all Americans go wild about. Grow China grass, for cloth; grow jute hemp from the two plants chonch and isbund, and make quantities of gunny and gunny-bags, also carpets that will sell at a profit at eightpence the yard, and shrivel up into rags if they get wet. This last is a quality about which the manufacturer has no cause to trouble himself. Sow Chinese rice, which will grow well in moderately warm climates, and give good harvests at a trifling cost; and where you can—say, in the southern states, or our own warm colonies—plant oranges and lemons, bamboos, coca plants, camphor-trees, and tea-shrubs; and especially cultivate the mati, or Paraguay tea, which adulterates the real souchong wholesomely and cunningly. We want more drugs; so say the allopathists. Why not, then, cultivate the liquorice-root, the opium poppy, the rhatany plant, and quassia, which is such a handsome shrub; vanilla, at present a costly luxury denied to modest incomes; ginger, castor-oil (palma Christi), and cardamom? says Mr. Freedley. Go to the southern states and try them all; a million sterling will reward the perfect acclimatisation of any one of these products.

Cultivate oleaginous plants, and express the oil. This is Chance One hundred and four. Colza oil is got from a species of cabbage allied to the rape: plant, then, acres of colza cabbages; plant ground nuts; the bene plant, said to exceed all others in the amount of oleaginous matter which it contains; great Macaw trees, that yield an oil largely used in toilet soaps, and held as a sovereign remedy against "bone ache;" horse-radish trees, giving perfumers and watchmakers that famous oil of Ben, which can hardly ever be obtained pure, and which is so costly even when adulterated; arzo trees, which furnish almond oil worth twenty-five cents. a pound; and, lastly, cotton-seed oil, with which you may fatten milch cows far better than with linseed. The root of the soap weed would save much trouble and expense. There you have your household soap made to your hand; and, of the leaves, you may make plaited hats, ropes, and sacks. The seeds of the *Sapindus saponaria* will cleanse more linen than thirty times their weight of soap would have done: never mind if they corrode the linen after a time, that is not your business. The fruit is a soap as well, and perhaps more innocent than the leaves; at all events, try both upon the public. In Chili there is a soap-tree called *Quillaya saponaria*, which cleanses silks, velvets, and woollen, better than any French chalk in the world. In Brazil, a soap is made from the ashes of the bassura, or brown plant (*Sidu lanceolata*), and the leaves of the American aloe form a soap "as detergent as Castille soap for washing linens, and with the remarkable quality of mixing with salt water as

well as with fresh." The tallow-tree of China is another very remarkable production. Its fruit contains a substance that may be regarded as pure vegetable stearine: in addition to this, the kernel of the nut gives about thirty per cent. of valuable oil, and, moreover, changes grey hair into black; the husks and shells feed furnace fires, and the cakes which remain after the tallow has been expressed are invaluable as manure.

Go to the proper climate, and cultivate cocoa palms. Thirty thousand trees, once established, assure competence for a generation and a half; but the tree is long before it bears, and the cocoa planter must have patience as well as capital. Coffee is not half plentiful enough. The world has got over its first horror both of tobacco and this strange beverage, which caused an old preacher to say that "men cannot wait till the smoke of the infernal regions surrounds them, but encompass themselves with smoke of their own accord, and drink a poison which God made black that it might bear the devil's colour." Instead of hurling thunderbolts like these, even preachers now smoke tobacco and drink coffee, and the lay world follows their example. But there is not half enough coffee grown, and one-third more of tobacco would not be too much; wherefore Mr. Freedley says to the idle speculator, Grow coffee and tobacco, and make cent. per cent. for your pains. Work out the capabilities of aluminum, and find an efficient substitute for black-lead; but, above all—Chance Seven hundred or so—"discover and manufacture artificial substitutes for such natural objects as are rare and costly." But this deserves a separate paragraph to itself.

Hitherto we have dealt with speculations more or less dependent upon climate; now, we have to treat of matters that are independent of weather, sun, and the longitude. First on the list come artificial gems. Any one may make these, who has dexterous fingers and understands proportions. If you want emeralds and rubies, make a mixture of alumina and magnesia, and add from half to one per cent. of bichromate of potash; to this mixture add one part fused boracic acid, and "expose it in platinum resting in porcelain, to the heat of the porcelain furnace of Sèvres." The product will be rubies. The constituents of emerald, treated in the same ways, yield emeralds. Sapphires are born of lamp-black, calcined alum, and sulphate of potash reduced to powder. Pearls are the thinnest possible glass bulbs lined with essence of pearl, or the brilliant scales of the bleak, a small river fish, thrown into liquid ammonia. The glass bulbs must be of a slightly bluish tint, opalised and extremely thin, and contain but little oxide of lead. The workmen who make them, make nothing else, and only succeed after many years of trial and practice. Gold is easy to imitate. A Washington chemist makes iron to look like gold by washing it with a mixture of linseed oil three ounces, tartar two ounces, yolk of egg boiled hard and beaten two ounces, aloes half an ounce, saffron five grains, turmeric



two grains. A bar of iron washed with this mess—we speak from report—looks like a bar of gold, to the great deterioration of confiding innocence. A brisk trade might be driven in essential oils, which are such wonderful agents for adulteration. The oil of winter-green, so much used in perfumery, now comes from an acid got from the willow, and a spirit produced by the distillation of wood. Fusel oil, from potatoes, makes oil of pear, used in perfumery and the so-called “jargonelle pear drops;” and oil of apple is only the same fusel oil distilled with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash. Oil of pine-apple comes from the product of the fermentation of sugar with putrid cheese, or of soap made with fresh butter and potash; oil of cognac is fusel oil again diluted with alcohol; and oil of bitter almonds is the action of nitric acid on fetid oil of gas tar. All these are extensively used in perfumery and other manufactures, and would repay any one who chose to make them in still greater abundance. Artificial india-rubber can be formed by mixing starch and gluten with tannin and resinous or oily substances; and artificial milk can be made of yolk of egg, gum acacia, honey, and salad oil. This mixture gives the caseine, albumen, gum, grape sugar, and fatty matter, evolved from natural milk. It will keep sweet for two years. Artificial fuel may be got out of dried ground and spent tan, mixed with melted resin and pressed into blocks; artificial ice, from a solution of nitre and sal ammoniac. Artificial marble is made of plaster of Paris hardened so as to receive an excellent polish. Another marble is made of cement mixed in with the waste materials of silk works, or the short cuttings from cloth and velvet; the whole thus forming a mass having either a uniform colour or a mixture of colours throughout, while the veins are formed by silk threads drawn out to imitate such marks as may be fancied. This material can be made in stucco for seven cents the square foot; in hard cement it is nine cents the square foot: when polished, a still higher price is charged. Another capital imitation of marble facing to buildings is got by a wash consisting of hydrate of lime, which, by combining with the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, forms a natural marble paint. In about two or three months the surfaces to which it has been applied acquire the hardness of marble; the brilliancy of marble comes almost immediately. Many kinds of artificial stones, cements, glues, welding powders, and the like, may be made at low cost and sold at great profits; and you may stain common woods to imitate the more expensive kinds so dexterously, that few shall be able to see the difference.

We want substitutes for various things. Substitutes for the potato have been already discussed, now come substitutes for coffee, in ripe asparagus seeds roasted and ground; in acorns, mangel-wurzel, dandelion, wheat, and the ripe seeds of the okra, all of which, Mr. Freedley says, make capital substitutes and first-rate imitations. Leather is scarce and dear: what

think you of porpoise leather and alligator's hide? The latter gives a leather as pliant as calf-skin, and mottled like tortoiseshell, making capital boots and shoes, and as good saddles as the best pig-skin in the world. Discover an exhilarating drink that shall be innocuous and not intoxicating; find a good, cheap, and wholesome substitute for tobacco; invent a mosquito exterminator, and something that shall slaughter bugs, cockroaches, ants, rats, and mice as well; for your thousand and first chance, cultivate osiers for baskets and chairs, &c.; domesticate camels, llamas, alpacas, barren-ground reindeers, vicuñas, and the like; crush quartz in California; evaporate sea salt along the shores of the Atlantic; make starch of horse-chesnuts and unsound potatoes; establish schools for teaching young women domestic economy and common sense; open common-sense museums “for the exhibition of all objects bearing upon physical comfort and domestic economy;” and, lastly, “establish a Universal Natural History dépôt for the collection and sale (in scientifically arranged cabinets) of objects in all the departments of Natural History.”

These are some of the principal of Mr. Freedley's Chances. If they succeed as well in the trial as they are made to do on paper, any man who adopts one or other of them may make his fortune, leave a legacy to his descendants, and found a family name not inferior to that of Rothschild or Goldsmid.

#### THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

Across the dull and brooding night  
A giant flies, with demon light  
And breath of wreathing smoke;  
Around him whirls the reeling plain,  
And, with a dash of grim disdain,  
He cleaves the Sundered rock.

In lonely swamps the low wind stirs  
The belt of black funeral firs,  
That murmur to the sky,  
Till, startled by his mad career,  
They seem to keep a hush of fear,  
As if a god swept by!

Through many a dark wild heart of heath,  
O'er booming bridges, where beneath  
A midnight river brawls;  
By ruin, remnants of the past,  
Their ivies trembling in the blast;  
By singing waterfalls!

The slumb'rer on his silent bed,  
Turns to the light his lonely head,  
Divested of its dream.  
Long leagues of gloom are hurried o'er,  
Through tunnel-sheaths, with iron roar,  
And shrill night-rending scream.

Past huddling huts, past flying farms,  
High furnace flames, whose crimson arms  
Are grappling with the night,  
He tears along receding lands,  
To where the kingly city stands,  
Wrapt in a robe of light.

Here, round each wide and gushing gate,  
A crowd of eager faces wait,

And every smile is known.  
We thank thee, O thou Titan train,  
That in the city once again,  
We clasp our loved, our own!

### THE ELEPHANT AT HOME.

THE superficial narratives of sportsmen have made us familiar with the obvious features of Ceylon. There is nobody able to read, who has not read about its Adam's Peak, its Buddhism, and its Elephants. An English Government officer, long resident in the island, Sir JAMES EMERSON TENNENT, has been giving his mind to a thorough, minute, and comprehensive study of it. He happens to be the first man who has done so, and his newly published volumes on Ceylon, compared with all that came before them, afford one of the most striking instances that can be shown in literature, of the difference—not merely of degree, but the essential difference—between cursory notice and intimate acquaintance. Sir James Emerson Tennent is a most admirable observer, a highly intelligent and cultivated writer. Nor can any one read his volumes with any care, and fail to respect in their author, a gentle and an amiable man. In aid of his vast stock of materials, he brings an enjoyment of them, tempered at once by a sense of responsibility, and by an ease and modesty, which completely win the reader. And it is good and reassuring to know that such a man was in the public service when he saw so much to such good purpose, and is in it still. Such a public officer, no matter what his degree, does as much (we are inclined to think) as all Downing-street in making our Government respected abroad, wherever Letters and the Arts are cared for.

A thoroughly fresh study of the elephants has been part of this author's labour. The book contains a great deal of new information about these great fellows, corrects errors as old as history, shows us the elephant at home; not as the sportsman sees him driven from his haunts, angered or terrified, but as the quiet observer comes upon him in the placid shades that he frequents, fanning himself, fidgeting his legs gracefully, and deliberately beating the earth out of the mouthful of grass he means to eat, or sporting at night with his brethren in the tank, and scampering off at the mere crack of a snapped twig. New talk about old friends will be always welcome; therefore, with Sir James Emerson Tennent's book open at our side, let the discourse be now of elephants.

We fancy that we know already a great deal about them, and yet the most careful reading and the amplest observation only assure doubt as to the meaning of one of their most evident features. Why have they tusks? Nobody really knows. A civilised man touches ivory every day of his life. The annual importation of ivory into Great Britain is one million of pounds, and the average weight of a tusk being about sixty pounds, eight or nine thousand elephants are slaughtered every year to supply Britain alone with the ivory used in her arts and

manufactures. Very little of this comes from Ceylon, because in Ceylon only one elephant in a hundred, and that always a male, has tusks. From his tusks part of the ivory goes to China, and the finest specimens are eagerly collected by the Buddhist priests upon the spot, for ornament of private dwellings and of temples. Had the Ceylon elephants been tusked as they are in Africa and India, they would, by this time, have been extirpated. In Africa, both sexes of elephants have tusks, and so they have in India; although there, the tusks of females are much smaller than those of the males. All the untusked elephants of Ceylon have "tusches," about a foot long and an inch or two in thickness, which they use in snapping off small branches and climbing plants. There is a reason for these differences; but what is it?

Some say that in Ceylon there is plenty of water, but that the elephants in Africa need some natural implement for digging wells. The tusk that, where it exists, never grows beyond a weight of sixty pounds in Ceylon, sometimes attains in Africa to the weight of one hundred and fifty, two hundred, or even, according to the statement of Mr. Broderip, in his *Zoological Recreations*, three hundred and fifty pounds. But if the elephant has tusks to dig with, why is the female elephant denied equal provision with the male?

Again, it is said that the tusks of the elephant are weapons. But their position is almost vertical, under a head not easily raised above the level of the shoulder. It is only by accident that an effectual blow could be dealt with them. The chances are in favour of a man, even when he has fallen underneath an elephant enraged against him, so little is the harmless creature apt for war. In his forest he is without enemies. His food abounds, and his pursuits bring him into conflict with one living creature only, and that is the fly. Except the fly, an elephant has no antagonist among irrational beings. In Ceylon, where there is a population of a million and a half, where elephants abound and are much worried by hunters, three fatal accidents in a year is the average loss of human life to be set down to their account. If an elephant does get an enemy between his feet, he trusts to crush him by his weight, and has a power of tossing the body from foot to foot, that he may stamp upon it with each foot in turn. Two Ceylon elephants, one of them a tusher, were once seen in combat in the forest. The elephant without tusks wound his trunk about one of the tusks of his antagonist and snapped from it a fragment two feet long. The trunk was stronger than the tusk as an offensive weapon. Again, the state elephants, who were trained as executioners by former kings of Kandy, held the criminal under one foot while they plucked off his limbs by sudden movements of the trunk. Use of the tusks never occurred to them.

A physiologist writing upon the appendages of animals, regards elephant's tusks as "a species of safety-valve of the animal economy," the necessity for which arises from the remark-

able development of the proboscis and the predominance of the senses of touch and smell." It is observed that the tusked elephant is able to rip open the stems of the jaggery palms and young palmyras to extract the mealy core, and can split with them the juicy shaft of the plantain, which the tuskless elephant crushes under its foot, thereby soiling it and losing a part of its juice.

In the service of man elephants learn a new use for these appendages, in moving stones and piling timber. Once, when riding in the thick jungle near Kandy, Sir Emerson found his horse to be excited by a repeated "Urmph, urmph," uttered in a hoarse, dissatisfied tone that seemed to be approaching. A turn in the narrow forest path showed that the grumbler was a tame elephant, entirely alone, who was doing messenger's work by the conveyance of a heavy beam of timber which he balanced on his tusks. The pathway being too narrow for the length of the beam, the elephant was bending his head on one side to permit it to pass endways, and over this annoyance he was grumbling to himself. Being met by a horseman who was halting in the road, he threw his log down, and politely backed into the brushwood, till he left plenty of room for the traveller to pass him. The horse trembled and hesitated. The elephant backed further in among the trees, and repeated his cry of "urmph" in a tone evidently meant to be reassuring and encouraging. At last the horse timidly passed, and as soon as he had gone by, the elephant of business took up again his heavy burden, trimmed it and balanced it upon his tusks, twisted his head again, and journeyed on, comforting himself as before with hoarse ejaculations of disgust.

It is an old error, extending over all the years between the days of *Ælian* and those of Sir William Jardine, that the elephant sheds his tusks. The truth is, that he sheds only the milk tusk when very young.

Much has been said of the elephant's dislike or dread of other animals, especially the pig. But in his own forests he is fearless, because harmless and unharmed. "I have seen," says Sir Emerson Tennant, "groups of deer and wild buffaloes reclining in the sandy bed of a river in the dry season, and elephants plucking the branches close beside them. They show no impatience in the company of the elk, the bear and the wild hog; and on the other hand, I have never discovered an instance in which these animals have evinced any apprehension of them. The elephant's natural timidity is such that he becomes alarmed on the appearance in the jungle of any animal with which he is not familiar. He is said to be afraid of the horse, but from my own experience I should say it is the horse that is alarmed at the aspect of the elephant; in the same way, from some unaccountable impulse, the horse has an antipathy to the camel, and evinces extreme impatience both of the sight and smell of that animal. When enraged, an elephant will not hesitate to charge a rider on horseback; but it is against the man, not against the horse, that his fury is directed; and no instance has been known of his wantonly assailing a horse."

A horse that had run away from its groom was found quietly feeding with a herd of elephants. Pigs constantly are seen feeding in peace about the stables of tame elephants. The dog and horse are no doubt associated by the elephant with man, his pursuer, and the barking of a dog will be sufficient to put a whole herd to flight. It has been suggested also that a dog's disposition to snap at the elephant's feet increases his dread of him. The elephant is very careful of his foot, more careful, indeed, of that than of his head.

Beyond the difference in the supply of tush there are many less apparent, and some striking differences between the elephants of Africa and of Ceylon. The Ceylon elephants have smaller ears, higher and hollower foreheads, and the grinding ridges of the teeth transverse instead of lozenge shaped. The Indian elephant is said to have four nails on the hind foot, and the African three; but it is part of the perfection of a high-bred elephant in Ceylon that there should be five nails on each foot, all smooth, polished, and round. A native elephant book, the *Hastisipe*, details all the points of a high-caste animal, and adds, "an elephant with these perfections will impart glory and magnificence to the king; but he cannot be discovered among thousands, yea, there shall never be found an elephant clothed at once with all the excellences herein described." Eyes restless like those of a crow, small wrinkled face and hollow forehead, black tongue, thin neck, freckled skin, yellow nails, and a short tail without a tuft, are signs of an elephant deficient in good breeding. The domestic elephant is, actually not metaphysically, a polished animal. He is rubbed with a soft stone, a lump of burnt clay, or the coarse husk of a coco-nut, oiled now and then, and, as a consequence, loses the hairs from his skin while he acquires a blacker and more lustrous colour.

But we speak of the elephant at home, with his light brown coat, covered by himself with mud and dust, as a protection from the flies and heat. Though living in warm climates he avoids the exposed ground, and prefers mountain-tops—if only they yield him water enough—to sultry valleys. In his woods he avoids all glare of the sun, and spends the day under the thickest shade. At night he roams abroad, delighted by the coolness and the solitude, for he is, among beasts, one that most loves tranquillity. In water he delights, and night is his especial bathing time. His range of sight does not extend far above the level of his head, and he relies always less upon his eye than upon his senses of smell and of hearing. The nerves of the eye are found to be in his brain comparatively small, while those which supply the apparatus of the ear and the olfactory lobes are large. The elephant's small range of vision makes his caution more excessive. A hunter, under the feet of a wounded elephant, was saved by a few tendrils of a climbing plant that caught the forehead of the animal. Surprised by the touch, he turned and fled. The acuteness of the power of smell enables elephants, when in the forest,

to assemble at a given point with great rapidity. In passing from mountain to mountain, through thick woods hiding a river, they will take the direct line by which the river may be crossed at the point where it is most fordable. Engineers in Ceylon recognise this fact, and are guided by the elephant tracks in planning ways for human traffic.

The voice of the elephant has been described by hunters as having three cries. A quiet study of him in his undisturbed home life shows that his variety of utterance is very great. A shrill blowing through the trunk, in some treatises described as a cry of pleasure, is, in Ceylon at any rate, the cry of rage and defiance. "Trunk" is a word derived from the French *trompe*, and means the trumpet; in old illustrations an elephant may be seen pictured having the end of his trunk trumpet shaped. A groan from the throat expresses suffering. A twitter with the lips, defined by the word "prut," is the low word of alarm which elephants pass from one to another when anything unusual appears in the forest. A night alarm that hurries them beyond this note of caution excites them to produce a booming like the sound of an empty tin struck with a mallet. One observer believes this noise to be made by the elephant's beating on his side with his proboscis. Another gentleman has seen the sound produced by striking the ground forcibly with the point of the trunk, which is then raised and pushed in the direction of the threatened danger, as if to detect its nature by the sense of smell. When this sound is heard in the woods, bellowing and trumpeting are usually mingled with it.

Again, it is remarkable that while an elephant disturbed in the jungle will burst away with a rush that seems to bear all down before him, the noise often sinks rapidly into absolute stillness, and the animal steals quietly away, carrying his enormous weight without a sound, and almost without leaving the trace of disturbed foliage behind.

Eight or nine feet is the full height of a Ceylon elephant, and the African elephant does not become much taller; although the impression of much greater height is usually given by the unusual bulk and stature. There was an old fable, long believed, that the elephant having no joints in his leg slept leaning against a tree. Of course he has joints, those of the hind leg bending as the legs of a man do, but the straight arrangement of the solid bones makes the four legs very complete pillars of support. An elephant sleeps with nearly as much ease standing as reclining, and when tamed will perhaps sleep standing for months together. When free in his woods, he may be sometimes come upon asleep after the manner described in old fable, propped upright against a rock or tree. Elephants play in the night, and in the daytime often are so tired and sleepy that they will go to sleep while rubbing themselves against a rock or tree. Our poets have not forgotten to apply the notion of a mighty animal whose "legs are for necessity, not flexure." So firm are the

pillars of this creature's legs, that it will die on its feet, and when dead remain standing.

But this strength does not make them less available for active use. It is still commonly supposed, as was taught in the book on Menageries, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, that an elephant's legs are "formed more for strength than flexibility, and fitted to bear an enormous weight upon a level surface, without the necessity of ascending or descending great acclivities." The truth is, that he is a famous climber. Wherever the hardest man can pull himself up or let himself down, the elephant can go, if there be only space to admit his bulk, and strength of ground to bear his weight. The human flexure of his hind legs enables him in descending precipices to drag them cautiously after him, and bring them slowly under him. With his fore legs he dexterously breaks for himself as he goes, the footing that he does not find. Upon the summit of Adam's Peak, not easily climbed by man's foot, the elephant has left his track. In fact, as before said, he prefers the higher mountain soil. This is as true of the elephant of India as in Ceylon.

A herd of elephants is a family, not an accidental group of friends. The family likeness usually may be seen in it. A like peculiarity of the trunk, it may be, or one colour in all the eyes, or a resemblance in the slope or form of back or forehead. Herds will meet and unite at the pools in bodies of perhaps one or two hundred, but, in separating, each holds to his own. A herd usually contains ten or twenty individuals, and there is little variation in its number. Females form its majority, and the young of the herd are cared for by all its females, not alone by the mother. An elephant separated from its herd by any accident, or loss of its mate, is not allowed to join another, becomes solitary, and more or less vicious. Such an elephant, almost universally male, is called in Ceylon a *hora*, or *rogue*, and is a greater object of terror to the natives than a hundred wild elephants in their ordinary state. The rogue elephants haunt and destroy plantations, lose their fear of man, and have even been known to carry off a sheaf of rice from the midst of the reapers. Wild elephants in the herd respect to a very singular degree cultivated fields. The lightest fence excludes them. Round a tank frequented at night by great numbers of them rice was sown in the mud, in small fields thinly fenced, with passages between for the wild elephants who came down to the water. There was never a fence broken or a mouthful of rice stolen, although after the harvest they all eagerly took possession of the ground as gleaners. The elephants will travel far on gleanings expeditions, but to the crop of which they take the leavings with so great a relish they will do no hurt whatever.

An officer in Ceylon, Major Skinner, was engaged in surveying and opening roads in the great central forest towards the north of the island. In the dry season he encamped by a small tank, the only pond within many miles, to which of necessity a very large herd of ele-

phants that had been in the neighbourhood all day must resort at night. Major Skinner, causing his fires to be put out and complete silence preserved, mounted an enormous tree that overhung the tank, to watch the movements of the elephants. After long waiting, one unusually large elephant came from the dense cover into the moonlit open ground. Stopping at times to listen and advancing slowly, he came to the water, laid his feet in it, but did not drink. Not the voice of a single elephant was to be heard in the forest, although they had been roaring and breaking the jungle through all day. The huge vidette slowly returned to the first position he had taken after emerging from the forest. There he was joined by five others, with whom he again cautiously advanced till near the tank, where he set them as patrols. Then he returned and re-entered the forest, to come out again as leader of the main body of eighty or a hundred animals. He led them slowly forward until near the tank, left them while he advanced to make one more reconnoissance, returned, and seemed to give the word that set the whole mass loose to revelry. "Then," writes Major Skinner, "when the poor animals had gained possession of the tank (the leader being the last to enter), they seemed to abandon themselves to enjoyment. Such a mass of animal life I had never before seen huddled together in so narrow a space. It seemed to me as though they would have nearly drunk the tank dry. I watched them with great interest until they had satisfied themselves as well in bathing as in drinking, when I tried how small a noise would apprise them of the proximity of unwelcome neighbours. I had but to break a little twig, and the solid mass instantly took to flight like a herd of frightened deer, each of the smaller calves being apparently shouldered and carried along between two of the elder ones."

The wild elephant needs water greatly, and is so little troubled by the troubling of his pool, that a writer of the fourteenth century declared his preference to be for muddy water, and said that he stirred clear water with his foot before he drank. Being large and buoyant he swims naturally with a great part of his body above water, but he prefers total immersion, with his trunk running up like the air-pipe of a diver. In the dry season he scoops little wells for himself, leaving one side perpendicular against which water may stand, and the other side sloping, in order that he may reach it without breaking down the sand.

Sir Emerson multiplies arguments from evidence in favour of the fact which Professor Owen has suspected, but no naturalist has asserted, that the peculiar form of the long narrow stomach of the elephant divided into cells by many folds at one end, is designed to enable it, though not a ruminating animal, to retain water unconsumed, as is done by the camel and the llama. It appears to be certain that this is the case. It has always been known that the elephant could retain water and discharge it at will from his trunk, but it was supposed that he

must needs have kept it in his trunk. The truth seems to be that he has in his stomach a small cistern. An old Oriental writer has perhaps told simple truth when he thus describes what may still frequently be seen: "An elephant frequently with his trunk takes water out of his stomach and sprinkles himself with it, and it is not in the least offensive." The common habit of the elephant is to throw sand over his skin, and then moisten it with water thrown from his proboscis, after thrusting his proboscis down into his mouth.

The last fact that we may repeat concerning the ways of the elephant at home, is, that he is a fidgety creature. As he stands, he either moves his head in a monotonous way from right to left, or flaps his ears, or swings his feet backwards and forwards, or rises and sinks by alternately straightening and bending his knees, or sways himself from side to side. When this was seen in elephants brought to menageries, the habit was supposed to have been acquired on board ship. But it is their way at home. Even when standing stupified after excitement in the corral to which they have just been driven, they will fall into these movements, and, when fatigued by service of man, they seem to find more comfort in their fidgety motions than even in the leafy branch held by the trunk with which they fan themselves gravely and gracefully.

For all other matters concerning the elephant, we heartily commend the reader to the writer who has eyed the creature so attentively, and understands him so well. But we cannot close the book without a purpose of returning to it for some other delightful information on some other topics, as to which it is equally original, and equally sound.

#### ECONOMY IN SHEEPSKIN.

ENGLISHMEN in South Australia have made light of the mysteries of conveyance, and are resolved, when dealing with real property, to cut down their expenditure in sheepskin. Under the South Australian "Real Property Act," which came into operation last Midsummer twelvemonth, a mortgage is effected in a quarter of an hour at the cost of half a sovereign, and a transfer or release in five minutes, for five shillings. The colonial conveyancers resent this insult on their craft, and what is the result of their hostility? The colonists find out that they are now able to do their own conveying.

Everybody knows something of the terrible complexity of English law concerning land. The difficulty partly comes of the desire, maintained through centuries, to meet the advancing requirements of society without repealing laws adapted to the tenure of land under the feudal system. Our law of real property spends exquisite refinement upon the maintenance and evasion of unsuitable conditions. It was described in letters patent under the great seal of James the First, as "manifold, intricate, chargeable, tedious, and uncertain." By Blackstone it was displayed as a proof of "the vast powers of

the human intellect, however vainly or preposterously employed." The burden has been borne quietly in England, because English land is generally dealt with in estates of considerable value. The cost of a transfer is indeed seen to be enormous, when considered as the price of an act that in Belgium, Prussia, and other parts of the Continent, is a mere affair of an afternoon, cheap, simple, and safe as an investment in the public funds. But, where upon large properties it will amount only to a charge of some two and a half per cent., its exorbitance is not severely felt. Land is not much bought in England by the fifty or the hundred pounds worth. If it were, the costs of transferring and assuring a too commonly uncertain title would make amendment of the laws concerning land what it is now in the Australian colonies, a people's question. Land there, in small and in large quantities, is a staple commodity, an article of daily sale and barter. The delay, the cost, and, the uncertainty of the result produced by the working of our English law on the new lands at the antipodes, could not be tolerated. One third of them were held under titles believed to be more or less imperfect, and were reduced accordingly in value to their owners, when in South Australia the waste of sheepskin was checked suddenly, and dealing in land was made, by a new law, so simple and sure, as to increase by from ten to fifty per cent. the value of a large part of the soil.

The South Australian Real Property Act closely resembles the scheme recommended for this country two years and a half ago in a Parliamentary Report by the Commissioners on Registration of Title. The timely appearance of that report was indeed helpful to the passing of the Colonial Act, of which the author and main advocate was Mr. Robert R. Torrens, a barrister, who represented Adelaide in the first parliament under the new constitution. This gentleman, now holding the office of Registrar-General appointed under it, devotes his entire attention to the working of the measure. How it works he tells the colony in an instructive pamphlet, printed at Adelaide; from which we derive the information we are giving.

Under the Norman system of feudal tenures, the greed of the clergy, working upon the superstitions of the dying, who depended wholly on their words, seemed likely to absorb all the best lands of the kingdom into Church domain, when the Statutes of Mortmain were devised for the protection of the families of dying men against the bequest hunter. With the subtle devices by which monks endeavoured to make these statutes of no avail, began the costly confusion of our English law of land.

It was held that lands bequeathed to be held in trust by a layman for the use of a monastic body were not bequeathed to that body, and this side door having been opened, the old traffic passed through it, of masses, requiems, and benedictions for the patrimonies of the children of the dying. This abuse was attacked by "the Statute of Uses," which defined a gift of property to one person for the use of another, as a

direct gift to that person for whose use it was assigned. This the ecclesiastical logicians met by adding one twist more to their scheme of evasion. It was maintained that if Smith conveyed to Jones, in trust for Brown, for the use of Robinson, the statute would not apply.

Before there was a statute of uses, land could change ownership only by a bodily rendering up of possession in the face of witnesses. The statute of uses—devised only to check a particular evasion of existing law—was soon found to make secret transfer of land possible. A borrower of money upon land had only to declare upon sheepskin that he would hold it "for the use" of the buyer or mortgagee, and it became thereby the property of the person for whose use it was held. Such a deed had to be enrolled, but except against any one who would be at the pains of search, it was a secret conveyance. This also suggested to the lawyers a more intricate method, by two instruments called a lease and release, of transferring ownership of land without making enrolment necessary. This was the method in use until about twelve years ago, when a form of conveyance by deed of grant was prescribed by Act of Parliament. And, at the present day, in England, although Lord St. Leonards, who is the especial master of all intricate details of property law, calls it a splendid code of jurisprudence, he does not, in his Handy Book, conceal this fact: "It is peculiar to the constitution of this country that the law on the same case is frequently administered differently by different courts, and that not from a contrary exposition of the same rules. It must sound oddly to a foreigner that, on one side of Westminster Hall, a man shall recover an estate without argument on account of the clearness of his title, and that, on the other side of the Hall, his adversary shall, with equal facility, recover back the estate." It may sound oddly, for example, to the banker in Hamburg or Frankfort who invests spare cash in lands rather than in public securities, because the value does not fluctuate, and transfer is so swift and sure; or to the Belgian who is accustomed to look on the soil as the great savings bank, and to invest, as matter of course, any small hoard in its equivalent of landed property.

The chief grievance of the working of the English Real Property Law, is that when rights have to be traced back through past generations of owners, instrument upon instrument examined, and every transaction scrutinised, lest any outstanding claim be overlooked; this childish process has to be gone through afresh whenever there occurs a new conveyance.

Establish, therefore, a just method of registration that shall recognise all rights, while giving for a few shillings an indisputable title, with the same power of absolute and immediate pledge or sale that the owner of consols or the shipowner possesses—and at once there is an end of all these grievances. It was during seventeen years of employment in the service of the Customs that Mr. Torrens became thoroughly acquainted with the Law of Shipping. Why



might not the principles which regulate transfer of shipping property apply also to land?

Absurd! cries the defender of Sheepskin. Landed property differs essentially from movable property. Methods of procedure suitable for one cannot apply to the other. But is it so certain that they cannot? The essential differences are, firstly, that landed property is not, like funded property, divisible without change in the value of its parts; secondly, that landed property is an individual thing, a house in question is *the* house, not like a piece of money, any one among millions of pieces having the same value; and thirdly, that a full right to possession of that individual thing has to be ascertained. But a ship is yet more indivisible than an estate; it is yet more distinctly individual; and the particular ship which is the subject of any transaction has to be perfectly distinguished from among thousands of others by description on the register. Land is immovable and always within ken of the registrar; ships wander away to the uttermost ends of the world, yet the transfer of ship property by means of registry is simple, sure, and cheap. And out of England so it is with land in many countries. Even within England so it is with all land held under our old copyhold tenures. There had come to be two tenures, one called common socage and the other copyhold. One, freed from relics of feudal servility and open to the arts of the conveyancer; the other, cumbered with some nominal remains of old enactions, in the form of rights of the lord of the manor, but exempt from pillage by the law. A steward during thirty years to many of the Cumberland copyhold and customary manors told Lord Brougham that, in a manor of five hundred estates he never found an instance of disputed title. "They have every one been repeatedly passed by sale, mortgage, devise, or descent, and the cost of the conveyance never exceeds a few shillings, or the length of the deed a hundred words."

Nevertheless, when the two tenures came to be revised, this was the one abolished. Long ago it happened, let us say, that men either having profit of their own to make by diverting traffic out of the straight road from Charing-cross to Temple-bar, or else desiring to lead honest people along by-ways more secure from thieves than other thoroughfares, established this to be the only lawful route: along a particularly crooked way through the maze of Soho, to Marylebone-lane, and by a particular track from Marylebone-lane through Portland-market to Baker-street; thence by a definite chain of alleys and lanes to the Angel, Islington, and round by Saffron-hill to Bow. Then taking the London Docks in the course of a back way to Little Alie-street, to get down from Whitechapel to the Thames bank, cross to the Surrey side and go, keeping as near the water's edge as possible, to Lambeth; then travel to Brixton Church by way of Camberwell; get, after a round through Tooting to the back streets of the Borough, and then, having crossed London-bridge, ascend the Monument and look over the surrounding space in search of any

signs of danger. Having done this, proceed—also by back ways—to St. Paul's, ascending that edifice for the same purpose of careful search, and having found all safe, descend and go to Hackney, whence you are to be piloted blindfold to Temple-bar. But when at Temple-bar you are to be left with the bandage on your eyes, uncertain whether you have been brought to your journey's end or not, and ready to the eye of a new pilot who may have authority to take you by the hand and guide you, after all, to Battersea. In this route every street and lane is legally appointed. You have a great many conveyances to pay for, several of the legal guides to fee. The exquisite intricacy of the track baffles all effort of yours to find it unassisted. There is, in fact, just what the law furnishes in its roundabout way to the transference of titles in land; namely, complexity, costliness, delay, risk, and after all no certainty that the end sought has really been attained. But what immense industry, what nice perception of turnings is required before anybody can be qualified to guide a man by such a route! What a glorious body of experts are these guides! Remove the blockade of the Strand? Enable any man without all this help, to make for himself a straight and sure ten minutes' walk to his destination? Surely you don't wish to subvert one of the most peculiar institutions of the country, to destroy a profession at a blow, to turn suddenly into dust and ashes all the golden knowledge about turnings and crossings that has been acquired with so much toil? In South Australia they have actually done this. They have thrown open their Strand: leaving, for the present, full liberty to any one to go by the old roundabout track. But the change is only a year old, and—wonderful to tell!—already the old track is pretty well deserted.

The Real Property Act now in force among the South Australians, creates by registration, duly checked, a perfectly indisputable title. If a juster claim arises after registry, it is upon the holder of the land, not on the land, that claim is made for restitution. He restores the value taken. He does not, as he would under our English law, give up the soil with all his worldly wealth, perhaps spread over it in houses, mills, or factories. The claimant who has come too late to prove his better rights, receives the value of what he has lost, and, if the holder, against whom the claim lies, withholds payment, whether by fraud or misfortune, then the government makes compensation from a fund provided for that purpose by the act.

Again, risk of uncertainty in the wording of a transfer or other deed concerning land, is avoided by the use of short prescribed forms which the law appoints.

Another merit of the South Australian way of registering titles, lies in the fact that, while it reduces necessary legal search to an act that can be perfectly completed within one hour, it does not throw open every man's private affairs to the observation of his neighbours. It is not possible for even the registrar himself and his clerk

to find their way without a clue to the affairs of any particular John Brown. The clue is in the hands of Brown himself. Each property has its own page upon the register, that is to say, in one of many ample volumes. On the duplicate title, held by the owner, volume and page of the original are noted. All the successive transactions relative to the same property are successively recorded on the same page, which is found only by means of information from the holder of the duplicate. Dead entries of rights that have been superseded, are crossed out with the pen. Thus, when its page is found, the whole legal history of an estate is to be read in a few minutes. Loss of the duplicate would not be fatal if the owner could remember (or possessed a memorandum of) the page and volume of the register in which his right is shown. Loss of duplicate, of memorandum, and of memory, in this matter would not be fatal if the owner of the property remembered the date, within a few days, of any transaction connected with it: because reference to the transaction, as entered in the day book kept by the registrar, would show it, with the appendix of a direction to the page of the register, which then must have been known. Failing everything, the unlucky landowner is only in the position of an Englishman whose title deeds are lost, but he has had, and he still has, more chances of recovering his right.

Fraudulent registration is prevented by demand of a surrender of the existing instrument of title, for the purpose of endorsement. Claims to bring land under the Real Property Act are submitted to solicitors appointed for the purpose, reported on to a board, scrutinised, advertised, open to the entry of caveat, and in case of resistance subjected to the decision of the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court hears a contest, once for every three hundred and seventy uncontested applications. Any one who pleases may adopt the old methods of procedure upon counsel of lawyers, but in practice it is found that men work for themselves, using the simple every-day agencies of the Post-office and the electric telegraph. They transact their business safely and easily in the directest manner by help of the Post-office. And this they do, though they may live two hundred miles away, or in the adjacent colonies of Victoria and New South Wales.

## A PHYSICIAN'S DREAMS.

### II.

NEXT to the hand-book of sensation, more or less interpreted according to rule, the greater or less degree of consciousness that we retain in dreaming is the truest key to the phenomena of dreams. In the morning, when sleep is worn very thin, we are apt to mingle the perception of our real state with the phantasmagoria of our imaginary state. Most people have dreamed that uncomfortable dream of finding themselves in a large society, and suddenly becoming aware that their night-dress is their only clothing. Of

course, the dream is the union of two ideas—the true idea, of being, as you are, in your night-shirt: the false idea, of being at a party. Observe, also, that in such a dream you yourself are very awkward, ashamed, and uncomfortable; but, invariably, the large party take no notice of you. This opposes the remark of some philosopher (I think Mackintosh), who affirms that you never feel surprise in dreams. I am often surprised in my dreams. It is a frequent dream with me that a dog, or some other animal, speaks to me with a human voice. At this phenomenon I am always, at first, surprised, and then perplexed to know whether I am in a dream or not. According to my degree of consciousness, I say to myself, "Now this is a dream!" or, "Well now, this time I don't think I am dreaming; I hear and see so very plainly." I must confess, however, that in my dreams I retain a degree of consciousness which I find, on conferring notes with other people, to be unusual, combined (necessarily) with a degree of volition which it is also uncommon to retain in sleep. I am sometimes able to prolong my dreams at will. Sometimes I say to myself, "Now I am going to wake;" and, if the dream be agreeable, I retard the waking.

All my remarks go to prove that there is no reason why "thought-impressing," or any other rare phenomenon, or, finally, those impressions called "supernatural" (as if there could be anything supernatural in nature!), should occur more easily or frequently during sleep than in any other state of our vital being. Reminding my reader of this my end and aim, I throw together a few more facts relative to dreaming, which go to prove my point, even while they are apparently against it.

Experience, the great guide and holder together of individual life, is never falsified in dreams. It may, through imagination, put things oddly together; in a dream I may imagine a dog talks; but the dog I have seen, and the man I have heard talk. "Nihil in sensu quod non in intellectu prius fuit," holds good even of chimeras; and when, in their waking dreams, men have invented what the guardian of the cathedral of Dijon, who showed me in the church the ancient figure of a dragon, called "une bête fabuleuse, qui n'existe pas aujourd'hui," the monster is but made up of known parts. Moreover, dreams that oddly connect different experiences are rarer than might be supposed; only, from their striking nature, we recollect them better. Out of experience we never step. The blind from birth, as I have ascertained, never dream of seeing; they only dream of being led about, of hearing music, conversation, &c. They never saw a chimera in their sleep. Besides, the mind, in dreams, generally takes the longest and best known objects, according to its longest and most general experience. Thus, if we dream of the dead, we very, very rarely, dream of them as dead; we dream of them as they habitually were during life. The mind, always reluctant to conceive death, and, indeed, *unable*—for death does not lie within its per-

sonal experience—does not go the length, when it is lazily busy in dreams, of picturing death: which would cost it a considerable amount of trouble. I am sorry so to explain that absence of the idea of death, in dreams, which might pass for an intimation of man's immortality; but the destruction of our fancies is recompensed by a sense of law, and, in fact, the inability we have, when waking, to conceive of the state called death, is just as much a proof of the indestructible nature of mind, as the absence from our dreams of the dead, as dead.

For something of the same reason, I imagine, we go back, in dreams, to days when things were newest to our experience, and, therefore, made the strongest impression on our minds. The true marvel is in the retentiveness of impressions in the brain itself. Sleep has no mystery so wonderful as this vital fact. The brain, which is mere matter, serum, adipose, and what not, is evidently capable of retaining, and, if of retaining, of laying by in actual form and figure, every impression that has ever been made upon it.

Dreams of school-days and college-days are generally agreeable dreams with me, though I confess that my having to get up a Latin lesson sometimes perplexes me, even with a sense of incongruity; and, if I am particularly self-conscious in sleep, I do then ask myself occasionally, "Am I not a little old for this sort of thing?" However, the fresh feeling of youth and young companionship, is with me in these dreams generally the predominant feeling.

I am sure that the mind takes no pleasure in troubling or alarming herself in sleep. She is wise, and commits not that folly. If we observe her operations well, we shall find that, in the sleeping state, all her arrangements tend to promote sleep's great object—repose.

Therefore, unless under the disturbance of disease, we hardly ever dream of things that have happened to us recently. The sort of dream that a common-place novelist gives his hero or heroine frequently—a dream in which the occurrences of immediate life are reproduced—is contrary to nature. Also the common-place questions at a breakfast-table, "Did you dream of our pleasant evening?" or, "Did you dream of the beautiful girl you danced with last night?" are (if truthfully) invariably answered in the negative. No! The mind, fatigued by the very pleasure of the pleasant evening and over-excited by the dance, has gone back to some prosy, uneventful time of long ago, as unlike the present as possible. That is the great rule. Let any one reflect how feverish and unrefreshing his sleep is if, in it, he has seemed to continue the train of thought of the day; if he has had what I may christen reality-dreams; if he, during the whole night has been dimly working at a poem, or despairingly daubing at a picture that had occupied his waking hours. Such a continuation at night of the labours of the day is always at once a proof of, and a warning against, over-exertion of the brain. The mathematician, who dreamed that he was an impossible root, and could not be extracted, might have reasonably whispered to

himself, "If you don't want to go into a mad-house, give up fluxions for a time."

Again. The caprices of dreams show that the mind in sleep wishes to amuse itself with as little trouble as possible. Rarely, very rarely, does a dream follow any other than such a zig-zag Will-o'-the-wisp course as that with which Göthe endows his gentlemanly marsh-meteors. And, equally difficult with theirs, is a dream's light track to be laid hold of. So strange, indeed, do some of the combinations in dreams appear to us, that a man is apt to ask with surprise, "How could I have dreamed such stuff?" And to assert rashly, "I am sure I never, when I was awake, thought or heard, or saw anything like it." But, by a little attention to the movements of that watch—our own mental frame—which so many carry without any knowledge of its mechanism, we shall find that our strangest dream is a combination of some three or four ideas that had been insinuated, at different periods and intervals—perhaps, of three or four days—into our brain. The ideas, of which the mind makes use in sleep, are not generally those that are actively embraced by the intellectual faculty, but those which have been almost unconsciously and lazily suggested to it while it was in a sort of passive state, resembling that of sleep itself. Thus, I become aware of the beautiful consistency of Nature's operations. I come upon a refinement of the law of association, and of the invariable fact that similar states of sensation reproduce similar ideas. Thus, the state of reverie, brown study, absence of mind, or whatever else you choose to call it, is the fertile repertorium of dreaming sleep: the very magazine out of which Somnus brings his fanciful troops through the ivory or the ebony gate.

This law of reproduction of idea through similarity of sensation, will account for a very remarkable phenomenon in dreaming—namely, a kind of dream-memory, which had its origin in sleep, and recurs in sleep so often, and so vividly, as almost to take its stand amongst the realities of life. I have dreamed of scenes, and of houses, none of which I ever saw with waking eye, which are so perfectly stereotyped on my mind by recurrence, that if such scenes and houses really do exist, I should, if chance conducted me to them, recognise them in a moment. I know what objects in them are on the right hand, or on the left hand. I could draw their forms, better perhaps than the forms of many a real place that I have actually visited. The moment I see these scenes or houses in a dream, I have a strange feeling of old acquaintanceship with them. With these locality dreams, as I may call them, but little action is connected. The place constitutes the dream; that is all; as if the mind had exhausted itself in the pictorial effort, dream personages seldom appear on the scene. I have, however, another recurring dream, which leads me through a variety of places, dimly and indistinctly shadowed, but of which the connecting link is no less a person—or rather personage—than our most gracious

Sovereign Queen Victoria. Awful to relate, that amiable lady, whom I have but casually seen from afar, is, in my dream, amazingly in love with me. It seems, according to the dream, that I met her Majesty, when she was walking all by herself in a wood. There and then the mutual attraction (I hope it is not traitorous to record that it *is* mutual) began, and I always, in a new dream of the kind, recur to the first meeting, and then to each successive meeting. In each new dream I am agitated with all sorts of hopes and fears. Will the Queen deign to remember me? Shall I have an interview with her? Sometimes I have the interview: sometimes I only see my beloved lady from a distance. On all these occasions I am tormented by an idea that Prince Albert is jealous of me. Sometimes I am at a grand royal fête, which sometimes takes place in a palace, sometimes in an island. Numbers of persons are at the fête, and, on these occasions, Prince Albert appears, and does me the honour to be remarkably jealous.

Another persistent dream, more curious, was related to me by a friend:

A young unmarried lady of his acquaintance has a most pertinacious dream about a child which she is forced to take care of. All her anxiety in her dream is—not about herself, but about this child, which is a very troublesome child, and is always falling down precipices, or tumbling into ditches, or getting into the way of mad bulls. The tormenting child, so constantly recurring in the young lady's dreams, has sometimes so worried her that she has felt quite tired by day from watching the child through its perils in the night.

These remarks upon sleep and dreams are connected with our subject thus:

I would show that, in a sleeping state, we are so much in the condition of the cow in the water, which, according to the riddle, is like nothing so much as a cow out of the water, as only to vary from our own natural selves in as far as we rest instead of act; that, the restless condition of the brain and body account for most of the phenomena of sleep; that, the more or less of conscious action of the brain explains dreams for the most part; that, dreams, briefly, are imperfect sensation noted by imperfect thought; that, consequently, there is no ground for supposing that impressions, conveyed from the sensorium of another person to our own, will be more frequent in sleep than in the time of waking; nay, rather, that there is reason to suppose they will be less frequent in sleep than in the time of waking, because the mind, in sleep, is more self-concentrated than in any other of her states, consequently less liable to be acted upon from without.

All this contradicts, no doubt, the old notion of dreams being especially set apart for wonderful communications from above (or below), for supernatural warnings, prophetic influences, colloquies with the dead, and so forth. Doubtless, they are an interesting part of our human constitution; doubtless, they may serve as scalpel-knives whereby to dissect certain waking

phenomena. But, is the sleeping, dreaming man to be compared to the waking, thinking man? Is life itself so poor a miracle as to need dyspeptic visions to bolster it up? Are we so in love with the abnormal, as to run away from the full-grown offspring of our intellect to those abortive babies of it which Shakespeare calls "the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain phantasy"?

In accordance with this view of our subject, I have far less to relate of thought-impressing in sleep, than that which I have represented as occurring in the waking state. Perhaps one of the most common proofs that one waking human being can—notwithstanding what I have said to the contrary—affect another human being while he sleeps, is a phenomenon known to most persons, and in everybody's power to convince himself of. I allude to the uneasiness and prompt waking of any sleeping person at whom we may look intently. How often, while I was at college, have I gone to wake some sardy friend, who was going with me to Newmarket or elsewhere, and have tried the experiment by a noiseless entry into his room, and by a fixed, silent gaze at the supine and snoring sleeper! People will answer questions in their sleep if you hold their hands: a fact which seems to prove the mind, in sleep, to be even intelligently impressionable by some direct external agencies.

The first instances that I shall adduce of thought-impressing in sleep, are mostly those that occur in reference to persons with whom we are in habitual relation or daily intimacy.

Let any one say whether he cannot call to mind some such incident as the following. Sitting at breakfast one morning with a married couple, I heard the following dialogue, which, I premise, did not occur during strawberry time.

Mr. B. "My dear, it is very odd that it should just now come into my head, that I dreamed last night you were holding out to me a beautiful plate of strawberries."

Mrs. B. "How extraordinary! You remind me that I dreamed last night, in a very vivid manner, that I brought you a plateful of the largest and finest strawberries I had ever seen."

One night, I had a vivid impression in a dream that a man-servant, who has lived with me many years, was presenting me with some strange object, that looked like a large screen, over the whole of which was a curious scalloped pattern. In my dream, I was immensely puzzled to make out what it was that produced the pattern: whether shells or marbles, or any other variegated thing that would effect a tessellated appearance. The next morning I said, laughing, to my man, "John, what could it be that I dreamed, last night, you were making me a present of? It was a sort of screen, with a pattern on it—like this." And I rapidly sketched with a pencil on the back of a card (which I still preserve) the pattern I had seen in my dream.

"Why," said John, looking blank, "then you know all about it, sir? My wife, I suppose, has been showing you the screen that we are making for you?"

"No, indeed. I solemnly assure you she has not; and I have never seen, or had any hint of any such thing."

John's answer was to dart from the room, and to bring back with him a curious piece of unfinished work. It was a canvas, in the form of a square screen, into which John's wife had sewed feathers of water-fowl which John had shot by a large mere near which we were living. The screen, which had made considerable progress, was the joint effort of the ingenious pair; and the feathers, being assorted with many various colours and shades of colour, sewed into the canvas by the quills, with their tops partly overlapping each other, produced a fantastic and agreeable mosaic, which, at least, had the merit of complete originality. As I had never seen anything even remotely like it, the inference was strong that John's brain, deeply pre-occupied by his screen and its approaching presentation (he was actually cutting the feather quills for his wife when I rang my bell), had impressed on my brain the dominant idea. Nothing could more exactly resemble the pattern I had drawn, to show John what my dream had been, than the real pattern. The screen has since been mounted, under glass, on a fine gilded frame, and is at this time an ornament to my drawing-room. It is singular to observe how it puzzles everybody who sees it for the first time—just as it did me in my dream—as to what the material is that produces its curious mosaic.

In a morning dream I saw many letters brought to me on a salver at breakfast. One especially, a very large packet edged with black, made a strong impression on my dreaming eyes. At breakfast, the same morning, the letters were brought to me as usual, and were numerous; but I was suddenly impelled to say to Jane, "Where is the large packet edged with black?" "Oh, sir," replied Jane, "I thought you would not like to see black at breakfast; but here it is." Jane produced from her apron-pocket the identical large letter I had dreamed of. There was nothing surprising in the letter itself.

At another time, I was staying at an hotel, in a German town, when I dreamed one morning that my English valet entered the room, and told me he had received an invitation from one of the garçons of the inn to attend his marriage with one of the soubrettes, also of the establishment; and that he very earnestly requested my permission to let him go.

Out of this dream I was awakened by the valet himself, rapping at the door and announcing my shaving-water.

"Come in," I said. "But you have startled me out of a fine sleep, in which I was dreaming that you were come to ask my leave to go to a wedding."

"Lord, sir, why so I am!" was the astonished reply. "But of course you had heard all about it before?"

No one had ever breathed a word to me on that subject so utterly unimportant to me, though so highly interesting to the other man.

My experience of impressions in dreams con-

veyed to me from friends, or relatives, who were thinking about me, at a distance, has been not unfrequent. I have also known other cases like the following:

Mr. D., formerly Protestant minister to a French congregation at Berne (from himself I had the story), had been attending a sick parishioner, whom, however, other parochial duties had prevented him from visiting for some days. A dream then impressed him, in the most vivid manner, that he saw the poor sick man lying all alone, in a most wretched state, and that he heard him cry out, "Make haste, Mr. D.; there is no time to be lost! Come to me instantly, or I shall perish of starvation!" The dream had such an effect on the minister that he got up, though it was only two o'clock in the morning, and, dressing himself hastily, went to the house of the poor man. All was as he had dreamed. The people who should have attended to the patient had deserted him, and left him completely alone, during two or three days, in a solitary house. His rheumatic fever rendered it impossible for him to stir. Indeed, there was neither meat nor drink in the house; and if Mr. D. had not come to him at the critical moment, starvation must have ensued. It is to be remarked that the man declared he expected Mr. D. at the time he came to him, "For," said he, "sir, I did think of you, and pray to Heaven you might be sent to me."

The following occurred to myself:

There was a lady, married to a cousin of mine, whom I will call Mrs. Charles. We were once brisk correspondents, but our correspondence had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. An occasional letter from her in the course of the year I was accustomed to receive. That occasional letter had not long since reached me, and I had not the slightest reason to expect another for some time to come. In this lady's last letter, she was well, all at home were well. There was no cause for anxiety. Suddenly—a propos of nothing—I dream that I see this lady lying on the floor, insensible, pale, dying; her husband is bending over her, her daughters stand about in attitudes of consternation. I see her lifted upon a sofa. I wake in a state of great distress. The next day—impossible to get rid of the impression made by this dream—so strong was it, so strangely convinced was I that something disagreeable had happened at my cousin's house, I could not refrain from writing to the husband (though he never had been my correspondent) to confess my weakness at having been disturbed by a dream about his wife—which dream I detailed to him—to beg of him to say nothing to her about my superstitious bodings, but to entreat him to write to me without delay, saying (as I hoped he would say) that all went well at home. There was an ominous pause of a few days. Then, I received a letter from my cousin, which began: "Your dream was indeed very striking and extraordinary," and which went on to relate that, on the very evening previous to the night on which I had the dream, Mrs. Charles, for the first time in

her life, had a kind of fit, resulting from a flow of blood to the head. She was stooping down to take up something that was lying on the floor, when she fell, and was lifted insensible, and laid on a sofa just as I had seen. She was bled and cupped, and for some days her life was in extreme danger. At the time Mr. Charles wrote she was out of danger, but it was judged best not to speak to her of my dream. Whether she ever knew of it to the day of her death (she died some years afterwards), I am unaware. *Whose* brain it was that impressed me with a knowledge of Mrs. Charles's illness I cannot say; it is natural to suppose that both the husband and daughters would think of me in the course of the painful event. Or it might be that the patient herself sent me an unconscious brain message. Between us there had always been a strong attachment. I, the boy, used to call her, the matron, my second mother.

I pass on to note a few cases of impression on the brain in sleep, having been made by the brain of a dying person at the moment of dissolution—a phenomenon which I have already noted as occurring during the waking state of both parties, and which is so fertile a source of belief in apparitions: so dread a mother of all the superstitious horrors that afflict humanity.

The two following cases happened to myself:

1. I was, many years ago, sleeping at an old-fashioned inn at a small town on the Rhine. In the middle of the dark night I was half awakened by what seemed to me a small chime of bells, just such as a musical clock of the old foreign make might be supposed to jangle forth to mark the hour. Coincidentally with this sound, the thought of a friend whom I had sent off to Madeira, hopefully, for the benefit of a milder climate, rushed into my mind, and I said to myself, "I feel very anxious about Richmond. I can't help thinking he is worse." The following morning I looked all over my apartment to find the clock that had chimed. There was no clock in the room. Then I rang up the garçon, and questioned him as to the existence of a chiming clock in any contiguous apartment. Not only was there no chiming clock in the house, but (as far as the waiter was aware) not even in the town. I was so struck by the oddity of my impression that I had heard a chime of little bells, and by my connecting the circumstance with the illness of my friend in Madeira, that I marked down in my pocket-book the date of the occurrence, and of my uncomfortable feeling about Richmond. The exact hour when I seemed to hear the small ghostly chime was, of course, not precisely known to me, but by the complete darkness of the room, the season being early September, I guessed that the thing had taken place before four o'clock.

A fortnight or three weeks later, I received a letter from a brother of Richmond, announcing to me my friend's death at Madeira on the night which I had noted down in my pocket-book; hour not mentioned. Perhaps a year

after this, I handed down to dinner, and sat next to, the widow of Richmond, who was on a visit (in London) to this brother of her late husband. I conversed with her about her husband's illness and death. He had been better on first arriving at Funchal, and his death had come on suddenly. After I had mentioned my fancy of the chimes, and the singular impression connected with that fancy, Mrs. Richmond said, "This is most remarkable! On the night he died, he was worried, as he had been several times before, by the chimes of a town clock, which jingled out a wretched tune, every hour, from a belfry not far from our house. I myself, on his account, was worried by those chimes too; and I shall always connect a painful idea with chimes of every kind, for the bells were actually ringing at the very moment when my dear husband breathed his last in my arms!"

2. I was living in a house near Croydon, in Surrey, about twelve miles from London. My father's residence was five or six miles on the other or Middlesex side of the metropolis. I had no reason whatever to believe my father was ill. Indeed, I had not long returned to my own home from a visit to him at his; and I had left him in excellent health, walking actively about, and riding many miles a day as usual.

One night, I dreamed an awful dream, which had all the vividness of reality. I thought I was in a church, near the altar. The church was dim and vault-like. Suddenly, a light gleamed from a distant part of the building, and a procession appeared issuing from a low portal, and advancing up the centre aisle—a procession of shrouded persons, each holding a tall lighted taper. The procession advanced up to me, and passed me. Each figure looked straight forward and took no notice of my presence. A creeping chill came over me as I perceived that all the persons in the procession were known to me, and were known also to be dead. On this occasion I had none of the puzzling feeling which one generally has, in dreams, on seeing those whom, in our waking hours, we know to be no longer of this world. I did not, as we often do in such cases, look upon any person in the procession either as alive, or as doubtfully dead, nor did I feel flashes of conflicting consciousness. No! I knew that I looked upon a procession of the dead, and, moreover, that each person appeared to me in order as to time of death. It seemed to me that the long line was composed of all the dead persons whom I had known as living, from a child. There was the little girl whom I used to play with, and who was the first human being I ever saw dead—whose cold waxen corpse gave me an idea that there was such a thing as death at all. There was my old nurse; there was a certain gardener of whom I had been fond; there was a black servant of my father's whose ebony face I had learned to love. As the procession came down to later days, my agitation increased. I longed to call out, and chide the cold impassiveness of the ghastly train. But all went on, slowly, soundlessly, each with the taper in the hand, past me, past



the altar, and going out of view behind the altar, into some dark vault which I seemed to know was there. Now the train grew thin. There were but two or three to come. There was my sister—the last of the procession but two—pale, sad, and fixed as the rest, casting no glance upon me, and yet I saw her full face. Let me try to explain how this seemed to be. Because of the position, and because of the white shrouding hood over the head, and because of my own fixedness, and absorption, and strong vision, it appeared as if I could not recognise any one of the persons in the procession, until that person was exactly in front of me. Then, and not till then, the face, by some imperceptible motion (which was, in fact, no motion), seemed turned full towards me, and, for one ineffable moment, I saw who it was that passed. There was one glimpse, no more; but that glimpse was wonderfully enough to show me the whole countenance of the dead one, daguerreotyped, as it were, upon my sight with awful distinctness. Passionless, and not looking at me, they went on. Of the procession, there were only two figures now, to pass. The last but one was my father's dearest friend and ancient schoolfellow: a man of infinite kindness and genial mirth, who had died a year before, leaving a sad gap in our family circle, deeply regretted by my father. He was a large stout man. The figure had still this character, but the clay-like, sodden look of the face, made me shudder! And now a new awe, and strange, fearful anticipation fell upon me. Who was the last in the procession? I seemed to know before I saw him, it *was* my father. Never can I forget how he looked! Different from the others! There was more meaning in his eye, and he looked certainly at me. But he, too, was waxy pale—horrible to behold. Then came over me the doubt, the struggle, "Is he alive or dead?" In that struggle I awoke, as if throwing off a frightful nightmare. The vision, for a moment, seemed present to my real eye. Cold perspiration was streaming from me. Never had any dream made me suffer half so much.

This dream, however, did not make me anxious next day, about my father. I know we were all talking and laughing that evening, when a chaise drove up to the door, and out of it stepped a cousin of mine (since famous in the war of the Crimea). The sight of him at first excited no apprehension, until the gravity of his looks alarmed us. They were but a sad preface to the words, "I am come from Hillford to fetch you. Your father has been taken awfully ill!"

I never heard my father's voice again. But as I looked at him, lying speechless on his death-bed, I recognised the countenance I had beheld in my dream. My father's last words had been a call for me.

In the life of Ben Jonson, it is related, that

when the plague was raging in London, where Jonson had left his family behind him, "he dreamed one night that his eldest boy, then seven years of age, appeared to him with a bloody cross (the mark set on the doors of those stricken by the plague) on his forehead; 'that he appeared of a manly stature, and of such growth as he thought he would be at the resurrection.' This alarmed Jonson. He communicated his fear to Camden, and it is strange that on the very next day came from his wife the sad tidings that his little son was dead."\*

The late Lieutenant M., R.N., brother to the present possessor of L. (where the L. papers were found), told me, after he had arrived at home and found his little sister Caroline dead, the following pre-impression of the event, in a dream: "I was," said he, "in my cot and fast asleep—our ship being in the Mediterranean, somewhere between Sicily and Malta—when I dreamed, in the most vivid manner, that I was arriving at home. All the family seemed assembled there to welcome me, and all looked well; but, amongst them, the youngest, poor little Caroline, was borne along between two persons, and had a pale and dying appearance. She stretched out her hand to me, with the words, 'Good-by, Harry! I shall never see you again in this world!' I took her hand, and it felt cold, and as heavy as lead. With the shock of that chilling contact, I started out of my hammock, wide awake, in an instant. Coming up on deck, I sang out, 'What watch is it?' Having received the answer, I noted down in my log-book the night and the hour when I had this horrid dream. I will show you the entry. The date in my journal proves that my sister Caroline died at the moment when, in my dream, I seemed to touch her cold hand."

The Physician now fades away into dim air, leaving his broad, bare, and solid facts before the reader's judgment. Nothing has been set down that is not strictly true. If any other and better theory than the Physician's can meet the cases that he has recorded, he will modestly withdraw the hypothesis, which, at present, is the only one satisfactory to his own mind. And so he bids you heartily farewell.

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Lives of the Poets Laureate. Bentley. 1853.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

VII.

WHEN I entered the room, I found Miss Halcombe and an elderly lady seated at the luncheon-table.

The elderly lady, when I was presented to her, proved to be Miss Fairlie's former governess, Mrs. Vesey, who had been briefly described to me by my lively companion at the breakfast-table, as possessed of "all the cardinal virtues, and counting for nothing." I can do little more than offer my humble testimony to the truthfulness of Miss Halcombe's sketch of the old lady's character. Mrs. Vesey looked the personification of human composure and female amiability. A calm enjoyment of a calm existence beamed in drowsy smiles on her plump, placid face. Some of us rush through life; and some of us saunter through life. Mrs. Vesey *sat* through life. Sat in the house, early and late; sat in the garden; sat in unexpected window-seats in passages; sat (on a camp-stool) when her friends tried to take her out walking; sat before she looked at anything, before she talked of anything, before she answered, Yes, or No, to the commonest question—always with the same serene smile on her lips, the same vacantly attentive turn of her head, the same snugly, comfortable position of her hands and arms, under every possible change of domestic circumstances. A mild, a compliant, an unutterably tranquil and harmless old lady, who never by any chance suggested the idea that she had been actually alive since the hour of her birth. Nature has so much to do in this world, and is engaged in generating such a vast variety of co-existent productions, that she must surely be now and then too flurried and confused to distinguish between the different processes that she is carrying on at the same time. Starting from this point of view, it will always remain my private persuasion that Nature was absorbed in making cabbages when Mrs. Vesey was born, and that the good lady suffered the consequences of a vegetable preoccupation in the mind of the Mother of us all.

"Now, Mrs. Vesey," said Miss Halcombe, looking brighter, sharper, and readier than ever, by contrast with the undemonstrative old lady at her side, "what will you have? A cutlet?"

Mrs. Vesey crossed her dimpled hands on the

edge of the table; smiled placidly; and said, "Yes, dear."

"What is that, opposite Mr. Hartright? Boiled chicken, is it not? I thought you liked boiled chicken better than cutlet, Mrs. Vesey?"

Mrs. Vesey took her dimpled hands off the edge of the table and crossed them on her lap instead; nodded contemplatively at the boiled chicken; and said "Yes, dear."

"Well, but which will you have, to-day? Shall Mr. Hartright give you some chicken? or shall I give you some cutlet?"

Mrs. Vesey put one of her dimpled hands back again on the edge of the table; hesitated drowsily; and said, "Which you please, dear."

"Merely on me! it's a question for your taste, my good lady, not for mine. Suppose you have a little of both? and suppose you begin with the chicken, because Mr. Hartright looks devoured by anxiety to carve for you?"

Mrs. Vesey put the other dimpled hand back on the edge of the table; brightened dimly, one moment; went out again, the next; bowed obediently; and said, "If you please, sir."

Surely a mild, a compliant, an unutterably tranquil and harmless old lady? But enough, perhaps, for the present, of Mrs. Vesey.

All this time, there were no signs of Miss Fairlie. We finished our luncheon; and still she never appeared. Miss Halcombe, whose quick eye nothing escaped, noticed the looks that I cast, from time to time, in the direction of the door.

"I understand you, Mr. Hartright," she said; "you are wondering what has become of your other pupil. She has been down stairs, and has got over her headache; but has not sufficiently recovered her appetite to join us at lunch. If you will put yourself under my charge, I think I can undertake to find her somewhere in the garden."

She took up a parasol, lying on a chair near her, and led the way out, by a long window at the bottom of the room, which opened on to the lawn. It is almost unnecessary to say that we left Mrs. Vesey still seated at the table, with her dimpled hands still crossed on the edge of it; apparently settled in that position for the rest of the afternoon.

As we crossed the lawn, Miss Halcombe looked at me significantly, and shook her head.

"That mysterious adventure of yours," she

said, "still remains involved in its own appropriate midnight darkness. I have been all the morning looking over my mother's letters; and I have made no discoveries yet. However, don't despair, Mr. Hartright. This is a matter of curiosity; and you have got a woman for your ally. Under such conditions, success is certain, sooner or later. The letters are not exhausted. I have three packets still left; and you may confidently rely on my spending the whole evening over them."

Here, then, was one of my anticipations of the morning still unfulfilled. I began to wonder, next, whether my introduction to Miss Fairlie would disappoint the expectations that I had been forming of her since breakfast-time.

"And how did you get on with my uncle?" inquired Miss Halcombe, as we left the lawn and turned into a shrubbery. "Was he particularly nervous this morning? Never mind considering about your answer, Mr. Hartright. The mere fact of your being obliged to consider is enough for me. I see in your face that he *was* particularly nervous; and, as I am amiably unwilling to throw you into the same condition, I ask no more."

We turned off into a winding path while she was speaking, and approached a pretty summer-house, built of wood, in the form of a miniature Swiss chalet. The one room of the summer-house, as we ascended the steps at the door, was occupied by a young lady. She was standing near a rustic table, looking out at the inland view of moor and hill presented by a gap in the trees, and absently turning over the leaves of a little sketch-book that lay at her side. This was Miss Fairlie.

How can I describe her? How can I separate her from my own sensations, and from all that has happened in the later time? How can I see her again as she looked when my eyes first rested on her—as she should look, now, to the eyes that are about to see her in these pages?

The water-colour drawing that I made of Laura Fairlie, at an after period, in the place and attitude in which I first saw her, lies on my desk while I write. I look at it, and there dawns upon me brightly, from the dark greenish-brown background of the summer-house, a light, youthful figure, clothed in a simple muslin dress, the pattern of it formed by broad alternate stripes of delicate blue and white. A scarf of the same material sits crisply and closely round her shoulders, and a little straw hat, of the natural colour, plainly and sparingly trimmed with ribbon to match the gown, covers her head, and throws its soft pearly shadow over the upper part of her face. Her hair is of so faint and pale a brown—not flaxen, and yet almost as light; not golden, and yet almost as glossy—that it nearly melts, here and there, into the shadow of the hat. It is plainly parted and drawn back over her ears, and the line of it ripples naturally as it crosses her forehead. The eyebrows are rather darker than the hair; and the eyes are of that soft, limpid, turquoise blue, so often sung by the poets, so seldom seen in real life. Lovely eyes

in colour, lovely eyes in form—large and tender and quietly thoughtful—but beautiful above all things in the clear truthfulness of look that dwells in their inmost depths, and shines through all their changes of expression with the light of a purer and a better world. The charm—most gently and yet most distinctly expressed—which they shed over the whole face, so covers and transforms its little natural human blemishes elsewhere, that it is difficult to estimate the relative merits and defects of the other features. It is hard to see that the lower part of the face is too delicately refined away towards the chin to be in full and fair proportion with the upper part; that the nose, in escaping the aquiline bend (always hard and cruel in a woman, no matter how abstractedly perfect it may be), has erred a little in the other extreme, and has missed the ideal straightness of line; and that the sweet, sensitive lips are subject to a slight nervous contraction, when she smiles, which draws them upward a little at one corner, towards the cheek. It might be possible to note these blemishes in another woman's face, but it is not easy to dwell on them in hers, so subtly are they connected with all that is individual and characteristic in her expression, and so closely does the expression depend for its full play and life, in every other feature, on the moving impulse of the eyes.

Does my poor portrait of her, my fond, patient labour of long and happy days, show me these things? Ah, how few of them are in the dim mechanical drawing, and how many in the mind with which I regard it! A fair, delicate girl, in a pretty light dress, trifling with the leaves of a sketch-book, while she looks up from it with truthful innocent blue eyes—that is all the drawing can say; all, perhaps, that even the deeper reach of thought and pen can say in their language, either. The woman who first gives life, light, and form to our shadowy conceptions of beauty, fills a void in our spiritual nature that has remained unknown to us till she appeared. Sympathies that lie too deep for words, too deep almost for thoughts, are touched, at such times, by other charms than those which the senses feel and which the resources of expression can realise. The mystery which underlies the beauty of women is never raised above the reach of all expression until it has claimed kindred with the deeper mystery in our own souls. Then, and then only, has it passed beyond the narrow region on which light falls, in this world, from the pencil and the pen.

Think of her, as you thought of the first woman who quickened the pulses within you that the rest of her sex had no art to stir. Let the kind, candid blue eyes meet yours, as they met mine, with the one matchless look which we both remember so well. Let her voice speak the music that you once loved best, attuned as sweetly to your ear as to mine. Let her footstep, as she comes and goes, in these pages, be like that other footstep to whose airy fall your own heart once beat time. Take her

as the visionary nursling of your own fancy; and she will grow upon you, all the more clearly, as the living woman who dwells in mine.

Among the sensations that crowded on me, when my eyes first looked upon her—familiar sensations which we all know, which spring to life in most of our hearts, die again in so many, and renew their bright existence in so few—there was one that troubled and perplexed me; one that seemed strangely inconsistent and unaccountably out of place in Miss Fairlie's presence.

Mingling with the vivid impression produced by the charm of her fair face and head, her sweet expression, and her winning simplicity of manner, was another impression, which, in a shadowy way, suggested to me the idea of something wanting. At one time it seemed like something wanting in *her*; at another, like something wanting in myself, which hindered me from understanding her as I ought. The impression was always strongest, in the most contradictory manner, when she looked at me; or, in other words, when I was most conscious of the harmony and charm of her face, and yet, at the same time, most troubled by the sense of an incompleteness which it was impossible to discover. Something wanting, something wanting—and where it was, and what it was, I could not say.

The effect of this curious caprice of fancy (as I thought it then) was not of a nature to set me at my ease, during a first interview with Miss Fairlie. The few kind words of welcome which she spoke found me hardly self-possessed enough to thank her in the customary phrases of reply. Observing my hesitation, and no doubt attributing it, naturally enough, to some momentary shyness, on my part, Miss Halcombe took the business of talking, as easily and readily as usual, into her own hands.

"Look there, Mr. Hartright," she said, pointing to the sketch-book on the table, and to the little delicate wandering hand that was still trifling with it. "Surely you will acknowledge that your model pupil is found at last? The moment she hears that you are in the house, she seizes her inestimable sketch-book, looks universal Nature straight in the face, and longs to begin!"

Miss Fairlie laughed with a ready good humour, which broke out, as brightly as if it had been part of the sunshine above us, over her lovely face.

"I must not take credit to myself where no credit is due," she said; her clear, truthful blue eyes looking alternately at Miss Halcombe and at me. "Fond as I am of drawing, I am so conscious of my own ignorance that I am more afraid than anxious to begin. Now I know you are here, Mr. Hartright, I find myself looking over my sketches, as I used to look over my lessons when I was a little girl, and when I was sadly afraid that I should turn out not fit to be heard."

She made the confession very prettily and simply, and, with quaint, childish earnestness,

drew the sketch-book away close to her own side of the table. Miss Halcombe cut the knot of the little embarrassment forthwith, in her resolute, downright way.

"Good, bad, or indifferent," she said, "the pupil's sketches must pass through the fiery ordeal of the master's judgment—and there's an end of it. Suppose we take them with us in the carriage, Laura, and let Mr. Hartright see them, for the first time, under circumstances of perpetual jolting and interruption? If we can only confuse him all through the drive, between Nature as it is, when he looks up at the view, and Nature as it is not, when he looks down again at our sketch-books, we shall drive him into the last desperate refuge of paying us compliments, and shall slip through his professional fingers with our pet feathers of vanity all unruffled."

"I hope Mr. Hartright will pay *me* no compliments," said Miss Fairlie, as we all left the summer-house.

"May I venture to inquire why you express that hope?" I asked.

"Because I shall believe all that you say to me," she answered, simply.

In those few words she unconsciously gave me the key to her whole character; to that generous trust in others which, in her nature, grew innocently out of the sense of her own truth. I only knew it intuitively, then. I know it by experience, now.

We merely waited to rouse good Mrs. Vesey from the place which she still occupied at the deserted luncheon-table, before we entered the open carriage for our promised drive. The old lady and Miss Halcombe occupied the back seat; and Miss Fairlie and I sat together in front, with the sketch-book open between us, fairly exhibited at last to my professional eyes. All serious criticism on the drawings, even if I had been disposed to volunteer it, was rendered impossible by Miss Halcombe's lively resolution to see nothing but the ridiculous side of the Fine Arts, as practised by herself, her sister, and ladies in general. I can remember the conversation that passed, far more easily than the sketches that I mechanically looked over. That part of the talk, especially, in which Miss Fairlie took any share, is still as vividly impressed on my memory as if I had heard it only a few hours ago.

Yes! let me acknowledge that, on this first day, I let the charm of her presence lure me from the recollection of myself and my position. The most trifling of the questions that she put to me, on the subject of using her pencil and mixing her colours; the slightest alterations of expression in the lovely eyes that looked into mine, with such an earnest desire to learn all that I could teach and to discover all that I could show, attracted more of my attention than the finest view we passed through, or the grandest changes of light and shade, as they flowed into each other over the waving moorland and the level beach. At any time, and under any circumstances of human interest, is it

not strange to see how little real hold the objects of the natural world amid which we live can gain on our hearts and minds? We go to Nature for comfort in trouble, and sympathy in joy, only in books. Admiration of those beauties of the inanimate world, which modern poetry so largely and so eloquently describes, is not, even in the best of us, one of the original instincts of our nature. As children, we none of us possess it. No uninstructed man or woman possesses it. Those whose lives are most exclusively passed amid the ever-changing wonders of sea and land, are also those who are most universally insensible to every aspect of Nature not directly associated with the human interest of their calling. Our capacity of appreciating the beauties of the earth we live on, is, in truth, one of the civilised accomplishments which we all learn, as an Art; and, more, that very capacity is rarely practised by any of us except when our minds are most indolent and most unoccupied. How much share have the attractions of Nature ever had in the pleasurable or painful interests and emotions of ourselves or our friends? What space do they ever occupy in the thousand little narratives of personal experience which pass every day by word of mouth from one of us to the other? All that our minds can compass, all that our hearts can learn, can be accomplished with equal certainty, equal profit, and equal satisfaction to ourselves, in the poorest as in the richest prospect that the face of the earth can show. There is surely a reason for this want of inborn sympathy between the creature and the creation around it, a reason which may perhaps be found in the widely differing destinies of man and his earthly sphere. The grandest mountain prospect that the eye can range over is appointed to annihilation. The smallest human interest that the pure heart can feel, is appointed to immortality.

We had been out nearly three hours, when the carriage again passed through the gates of Limmeridge House.

On our way back, I had let the ladies settle for themselves the first point of view which they were to sketch, under my instructions, on the afternoon of the next day. When they withdrew to dress for dinner, and when I was alone again in my little sitting-room, my spirits seemed to leave me on a sudden. I felt ill at ease and dissatisfied with myself, I hardly knew why. Perhaps I was now conscious, for the first time, of having enjoyed our drive too much in the character of a guest, and too little in the character of a drawing-master. Perhaps that strange sense of something wanting, either in Miss Fairlie or in myself, which had perplexed me when I was first introduced to her, haunted me still. Anyhow, it was a relief to my spirits when the dinner-hour called me out of my solitude, and took me back to the society of the ladies of the house.

I was struck, on entering the drawing-room, by the curious contrast, rather in material than in colour, of the dresses which they now wore. While Mrs. Vesey and Miss Halcombe were

richly clad (each in the manner most becoming to her age), the first in silver-grey, and the second in that delicate primrose-yellow colour, which matches so well with a dark complexion and black hair, Miss Fairlie was unpretendingly and almost poorly dressed in plain white muslin. It was spotlessly pure; it was beautifully put on; but still it was the sort of dress which the wife or daughter of a poor man might have worn; and it made the heiress of Limmeridge House, so far as externals went, look less affluent in circumstances than her own governess. At a later period, when I learnt to know more of Miss Fairlie's character, I discovered that this curious contrast, on the wrong side, was due to her natural delicacy of feeling and natural intensity of aversion to the slightest personal display of her own wealth. Neither Mrs. Vesey nor Miss Halcombe could ever induce her to let the advantage in dress desert the two ladies who were poor, to lean to the side of the one lady who was rich.

When dinner was over, we returned together to the drawing-room. Although Mr. Fairlie (emulating the magnificent condescension of the monarch who had picked up Titian's brush for him) had instructed his butler to consult my wishes in relation to the wine that I might prefer after dinner, I was resolute enough to resist the temptation of sitting in solitary grandeur among bottles of my own choosing, and sensible enough to ask the ladies' permission to leave the table with them habitually, on the civilised foreign plan, during the period of my residence at Limmeridge House.

The drawing-room, to which we had now withdrawn for the rest of the evening, was on the ground-floor, and was of the same shape and size as the breakfast-room. Large glass doors at the lower end opened on to a terrace, beautifully ornamented along its whole length with a profusion of flowers. The soft, hazy twilight was just shading leaf and blossom alike into harmony with its own sober hues, as we entered the room; and the sweet evening scent of the flowers met us with its fragrant welcome through the open glass doors. Good Mrs. Vesey (always the first of the party to sit down) took possession of an arm-chair in a corner, and dozed off comfortably to sleep. At my request, Miss Fairlie placed herself at the piano. As I followed her to a seat near the instrument, I saw Miss Halcombe retire into a recess of one of the side windows, to proceed with the search through her mother's letters by the last quiet rays of the evening light.

How vividly that peaceful home-picture of the drawing-room comes back to me while I write! From the place where I sat, I could see Miss Halcombe's graceful figure, half of it in soft light, half in mysterious shadow, bending intently over the letters in her lap; while, nearer to me, the fair profile of the player at the piano was just delicately defined against the faintly deepening background of the inner wall of the room. Outside, on the terrace, the clustering flowers and long grasses and creepers waved so

gently in the light evening air, that the sound of their rustling never reached us. The sky was without a cloud; and the dawning mystery of moonlight began to tremble already in the region of the eastern heaven. The sense of peace and seclusion soothed all thought and feeling into a rapt, unearthly repose; and the balmy quiet that deepened ever with the deepening light, seemed to hover over us with a gentler influence still, when there stole upon it from the piano the heavenly tenderness of the music of Mozart. It was an evening of sights and sounds never to forget.

We all sat silent in the places we had chosen—Mrs. Vesey still sleeping, Miss Fairlie still playing, Miss Halcombe still reading—till the light failed us. By this time the moon had stolen round to the terrace, and soft, mysterious rays of light were slanting already across the lower end of the room. The change from the twilight obscurity was so beautiful, that we banished the lamps, by common consent, when the servant brought them in; and kept the large room unlighted, except by the glimmer of the two candles at the piano.

For half an hour more, the music still went on. After that, the beauty of the moonlight view on the terrace tempted Miss Fairlie out to look at it; and I followed her. When the candles at the piano had been lighted, Miss Halcombe had changed her place, so as to continue her examination of the letters by their assistance. We left her, on a low chair, at one side of the instrument, so absorbed over her reading that she did not seem to notice when we moved.

We had been out on the terrace together, just in front of the glass doors, hardly so long as five minutes, I should think; and Miss Fairlie was, by my advice, just tying her white handkerchief over her head as a precaution against the night air—when I heard Miss Halcombe's voice—low, eager, and altered from its natural lively tone—pronounce my name.

"Mr. Hartright," she said, "will you come here for a minute? I want to speak to you."

I entered the room again immediately. The piano stood about half way down along the inner wall. On the side of the instrument farthest from the terrace, Miss Halcombe was sitting with the letters scattered on her lap, and with one in her hand selected from them, and held close to the candle. On the side nearest to the terrace there stood a low ottoman, on which I took my place. In this position, I was not far from the glass doors; and I could see Miss Fairlie plainly, as she passed and repassed the opening on to the terrace; walking slowly from end to end of it in the full radiance of the moon.

"I want you to listen while I read the concluding passages in this letter," said Miss Halcombe. "Tell me if you think they throw any light upon your strange adventure on the road to London. The letter is addressed by my mother to her second husband, Mr. Fairlie; and the date refers to a period of between eleven and

twelve years since. At that time, Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie, and my half-sister Laura, had been living for years in this house; and I was away from them, completing my education at a school in Paris."

She looked and spoke earnestly, and, as I thought, a little uneasily, as well. At the moment when she raised the letter to the candle before beginning to read it, Miss Fairlie passed us on the terrace, looked in for a moment, and, seeing that we were engaged, slowly walked on.

Miss Halcombe began to read, as follows:

"You will be tired, my dear Philip, of hearing perpetually about my schools and my scholars. Lay the blame, pray, on the dull uniformity of life at Limmeridge, and not on me. Besides, this time, I have something really interesting to tell you about a new scholar.

"You know old Mrs. Kempe, at the village shop. Well, after years of ailing, the doctor has at last given her up, and she is dying slowly, day by day. Her only living relation, a sister, arrived last week to take care of her. This sister comes all the way from Hampshire—her name is Mrs. Catherick. Four days ago Mrs. Catherick came here to see me, and brought her only child with her, a sweet little girl about a year older than our darling Laura——"

As the last sentence fell from the reader's lips, Miss Fairlie passed us on the terrace once more. She was softly singing to herself one of the melodies which she had been playing earlier in the evening. Miss Halcombe waited till she had passed out of sight again; and then went on with the letter:

"Mrs. Catherick is a decent, well-behaved, respectable woman; middle aged, and with the remains of having been moderately, only moderately, nice-looking. There is something in her manner and her appearance, however, which I can't make out. She is reserved about herself to the point of downright secrecy; and there is a look in her face—I can't describe it—which suggests to me that she has something on her mind. She is altogether what you would call a walking mystery. Her errand at Limmeridge House, however, was simple enough. When she left Hampshire to nurse her sister, Mrs. Kempe, through her last illness, she had been obliged to bring her daughter with her, through having no one at home to take care of the little girl. Mrs. Kempe may die in a week's time, or may linger on for months; and Mrs. Catherick's object was to ask me to let her daughter, Anne, have the benefit of attending my school; subject to the condition of her being removed from it to go home again with her mother, after Mrs. Kempe's death. I consented at once; and when Laura and I went out for our walk, we took the little girl (who is just eleven years old) to the school, that very day."

Once more, Miss Fairlie's figure, bright and soft in its snowy muslin dress—her face prettily



framed by the white folds of the handkerchief which she had tied under her chin—passed by us in the moonlight. Once more, Miss Halcombe waited till she was out of sight; and then went on:

“‘I have taken a violent fancy, Philip, to my new scholar, for a reason which I mean to keep till the last for the sake of surprising you. Her mother having told me as little about the child as she told me of herself, I was left to discover (which I did on the first day when we tried her at lessons) that the poor little thing’s intellect is not developed as it ought to be at her age. Seeing this, I had her up to the house the next day, and privately afranged with the doctor to come and watch her and question her, and tell me what he thought. His opinion is that she will grow out of it. But he says her careful bringing-up at school is a matter of great importance just now, because her unusual slowness in acquiring ideas implies an unusual tenacity in keeping them, when they are once received into her mind. Now, my love, you must not imagine, in your off-hand way, that I have been attaching myself to an idiot. This poor little Anne Catherick is a sweet, affectionate, grateful girl; and says the quaintest, prettiest things (as you shall judge by an instance), in the most oddly sudden, surprised, half-frightened way. Although she is dressed very neatly, her clothes show a sad want of taste in colour and pattern. So I arranged, yesterday, that some of our darling Laura’s old white frocks and white hats should be altered for Anne Catherick; explaining to her that little girls of her complexion looked neater and better in all white than in anything else. She hesitated and seemed puzzled for a minute; then flushed up, and appeared to understand. Her little hand clasped mine, suddenly. She kissed it, Philip; and said (oh, so earnestly!), ‘I will always wear white as long as I live. It will help me to remember you, ma’am, and to think that I am pleasing you still, when I go away and see you no more.’ This is only one specimen of the quaint things she says so prettily. Poor little soul! She shall have a stock of white frocks, made with good deep tucks, to let out for her as she grows——”

Miss Halcombe paused, and looked at me across the piano.

“Did the forlorn woman whom you met in the high road seem young?” she asked. “Young enough to be two or three-and-twenty?”

“Yes, Miss Halcombe, as young as that.”

“And she was strangely dressed, from head to foot, all in white?”

“All in white.”

While the answer was passing my lips, Miss Fairlie glided into view on the terrace, for the third time. Instead of proceeding on her walk, she stopped, with her back turned towards us; and, leaning on the balustrade of the terrace, looked down into the garden beyond. My eyes fixed upon the white gleam of her muslin gown and head-dress in the moonlight, and a sensa-

tion, for which I can find no name—a sensation that quickened my pulse, and raised a fluttering at my heart—began to steal over me.

“All in white!” Miss Halcombe repeated. “The most important sentences in the letter, Mr. Hartright, are those at the end, which I will read to you immediately. But I can’t help dwelling a little upon the coincidence of the white costume of the woman you met, and the white frocks which produced that strange answer from my mother’s little scholar. The doctor may have been wrong when he discovered the child’s defects of intellect, and predicted that she would ‘grow out of them.’ She may never have grown out of them; and the old grateful fancy about dressing in white, which was a serious feeling to the girl, may be a serious feeling to the woman still.”

I said a few words in answer—I hardly know what. All my attention was concentrated on the white gleam of Miss Fairlie’s muslin dress.

“Listen to the last sentences of the letter,” said Miss Halcombe. “I think they will surprise you.”

As she raised the letter to the light of the candle, Miss Fairlie turned from the balustrade, looked doubtfully up and down the terrace, advanced a step towards the glass doors, and then stopped, facing us.

Meanwhile, Miss Halcombe read me the last sentences to which she had referred:

“‘And now, my love, seeing that I am at the end of my paper, now for the real reason, the surprising reason, for my fondness for little Anne Catherick. My dear Philip, although she is not half so pretty, she is, nevertheless, by one of those extraordinary caprices of accidental resemblance which one sometimes sees, the living likeness, in her hair, her complexion, the colour of her eyes, and the shape of her face——’”

I started up from the ottoman, before Miss Halcombe could pronounce the next words. A thrill of the same feeling which ran through me when the touch was laid upon my shoulder on the lonely high-road, chilled me again.

There stood Miss Fairlie, a white figure, alone in the moonlight; in her attitude, in the turn of her head, in her complexion, in the shape of her face, the living image, at that distance and under those circumstances, of the woman in white! The doubt which had troubled my mind for hours and hours past, flashed into conviction in an instant. That “something wanting” was my own recognition of the ominous likeness between the fugitive from the asylum the heiress of Linmeridge House.

“You see it!” said Miss Halcombe. She dropped the useless letter, and her eyes flashed as they met mine. “You see it now, as my mother saw it eleven years since!”

“I see it—more unwillingly than I can say. To associate that forlorn, friendless, lost woman, even by an accidental likeness only, with Miss Fairlie, seems like casting a shadow on the future of the bright creature who stands looking

at us now. Let me lose the impression again, as soon as possible. Call her in, out of the dreary moonlight—pray call her in!”

“Mr. Hartright, you surprise me. Whatever women may be, I thought that men, in the nineteenth century, were above superstition.”

“Pray call her in!”

“Hush, hush! She is coming of her own accord. Say nothing in her presence. Let this discovery of the likeness be kept a secret between you and me. Come in, Laura; come in, and wake Mrs. Vesey with the piano. Mr. Hartright is petitioning for some more music, and he wants it, this time, of the lightest and liveliest kind.”

## CHERBOURG.

### I. THE WAY THERE.

THE reader who may have accompanied me this autumn to Portsmouth, or who shares my interest in Ships and Crews, and in our Training-Ships,\* will not be surprised to hear that I have just accomplished a visit to Cherbourg. The bustle in that Norman port was beginning to oppress my imagination. One heard so much of it, that it seemed better to face the reality and ascertain what it was like, than to be always haunted with the idea of the place flitting before one in exaggerated proportions. Normandy, too—historical old Normandy, which has so profoundly affected our history!—seemed worthy of a little quiet but accurate overhauling, when the question was of a new stronghold on its most advanced promontory. So the beautiful weather of the first week of October found me steaming down the Southampton Water (time, evening; a reddish-yellow moon hanging over the land on our starboard side) on my way to the “French Liverpool,” the important seaport town of Havre. Let us see, in this first paper, what there is of interest in the journey itself, before beginning with Cherbourg, its position and resources.

Havre, then, is the French Liverpool, and though small for a Liverpool, disputes the first place as a French commercial port even with Bordeaux and Marseilles. In general aspect, it has, of course, those usual French characteristics with which so many readers are quite familiar. We will look at it, as is natural, chiefly with reference to its *naval* interest. Entering the harbour, you find good spacious basins crowded with shipping. Conspicuous for size and appearance are the thumping Yankees, whose great French port Havre is. There they are, from New Orleans (New Orleans, nauticé), from Baltimore or Charleston, or other American cities, and the mighty bales of cotton or casks of sugar which they bring swarm on the quays. Naval fact first:—The Emperor is not sorry to see the Yankees prospering in sea trade—whether “carrying” or other—since the neutral flag now-a-days is to cover the cargo, and he may be at war with Britain and get his cotton, and many other goods, all the same. This our cousins feel the advantage of, and are not slow to express it.

But French ship-building and foreign commerce increase also on their own account. There is a good deal of trade carried on by French ships from Havre with South America. They take out luxuries and bring back necessities: hides, for instance. A curious and picturesque result of the South American trade in Havre is the number of parrots—grey, green, or mixed—that one sees about. They are not the only foreigners for whom special cages are provided, by the way, since, opposite the American ships, “lodgings for coloured cooks and stewards” are particularly announced. Everywhere, in this world, we meet the materials of comedy, and the most business-like towns furnish no exceptions. Should you put up at Spiller’s, the English hotel at Havre, by all means go into the back parlour and hear the views of our Transatlantic friends on the “nigger.” “Is he human?” That is one great subject of debate there. Sometimes it is varied by demonstrations of England’s downfal next war. A stout English skipper was almost overwhelmed with prophecies which the United-Statesmen hurled at him, as to the combinations against us. But the stump oratory washed off him like spray. He drew his pipe out of his mouth quietly, and only ejaculated, “Let ’un come on!” It is characteristic of the queer relations between us and the Americans (for they cannot hate us; yet cannot love us either, somehow) that they were delighted with the exclamation, though it was opposed to their own argument.

Havre is a thriving place, with all this importation and exportation. A bran-new “Hôtel de Ville,” all white, and prettily carved, faced by those nice public gardens so agreeably French—is one symptom of this. A surer symptom is the spread of private houses, white villas, walled and gardened, all up the heights of Ingouville, which overlook the town, and from which you get a grand view of the embouchure of the Seine, where it mingles with the sea. Havre is modern from an historic point of view. Its importance is of yesterday, compared with the venerable Rouen, which *reeks* (in all senses) of the middle ages. But it stands on a site the most significant in its associations of all Normandy; and strange memories rise before one, in gazing down on it from the heights. The Seine, there, was the highway which carried old Rolf, Hrolf, Rollo, or Rou up to the heart of the France of the ninth century, and enabled him to plant his great colony (long-haired, horse-flesh-eating, wolfskin-clad, most indomitable men!) in the pleasant Norman land.

Verses from the antique Sagas come to one’s lips in watching the placid roll of the blue water, and thinking of those days:

The Norseman’s king is on the sea,  
Though bitter wintry cold it be,  
On the wild waves his Yule keeps he.

Or,

The Norseman’s king is on his cruise,  
His blue-steel staining,  
Rich booty gaining,  
And all men trembling at the news.

\* See pages 517, 389, 557.

Apropos, in spite of their historians, the French vulgar have a dim notion that it was they who conquered England under the terrible William, and not this Norse colony, which used Normandy to form themselves a little in, before seizing the Teutonic island near it; one-third or so of which was peopled by other Norsemen, brothers and cousins to Hastings and Rou.

To return from the heights of Ingouville. Rich, busy, and gay, Havre is also stronger than it used to be. Our admirals have been there, and left their cards; and Government (as in most places where I was) are looking to the general state of the doors. Besides the regular sea defences which you may contemplate from the breezy pier, the high lands, the rocky coast to the northward about Havre, are either provided, or being provided, with regular defences. I don't profess to speak critically on this branch of matters, but the general fact is certain, and is a matter of self-congratulation to every Frenchman whom you may happen to talk with on such questions. "He, for his part, wishes peace. Why not? The two nations are at the head of civilisation. Why quarrel? But, after all, Louis Philippe was too complaisant in the point of England; and, enfin, the Emperor feels that he must maintain the position of France." There can be no doubt that this is good imperial policy as far as the dynasty is concerned; for it mixes up the private Frenchman's interest in French glory, with his interest in the family which has again got hold of power. And the activity of the Imperial Government in keeping itself before the eyes of the people is noticeable the moment you land. Enter a museum, the most showy picture is marked, "Donné par l'Empereur"—given by the Emperor—and a bust of the Empress stands on a neighbouring table. It is the same thing in the churches; many of which, from Notre-Dame at Paris downwards, are undergoing reparations, to which the Government contributes something.

From Havre to Cherbourg, you have no great choice of route. The roundabout way is to proceed by the Paris line through Rouen, to Mantes, and there take up the direct line which goes from Paris to Cherbourg. This is the course I would recommend to the pleasure-seeking tourist, and a still pleasanter variation on it would be to reach Ronen (like the old Norsemen above mentioned, who hauled their boats up ashore when necessary) by the water. But, at present, let us stick to the coast, and run over to picturesque little Honfleur opposite. We can do it, just at present, first-class for three sous, there being a tremendous competition between the steamers. They lie opposite each other, defiantly, at the wharves. When one rings her bell, the rival commences furiously to ring hers. The crews sing scarcely against each other during the transit. The dearer and larger boat comes in first, no doubt; but in the three-sou one, you have the proud satisfaction of knowing that you tread the same deck as Louis Philippe, who embarked in her at Honfleur, in the indefinite disguise of Mr.

Smith. What could the ancient *trouvères*, who wrote so much about the escape of Duke Richard-sans-Peur in these regions, have made of this?

In crossing over from Havre to Honfleur, my eye lights eagerly on certain lug-rigged boats bobbing along the waves. These are fishing-boats; and the fishing-villages on the Norman coast are important to our present object as nurseries of the French marine. Such places, differing in size and importance, are scattered along the coast-line from St. Valery-sur-Somme to Brittany. Dieppe, Fécamp, Etretat, Harfleur, Honfleur, Barfleur, all these furnish fishermen to industry, and seamen to the navy; not to mention towns like Caen, which are in connexion with the sea, though not absolutely situated upon it. A register is kept by a government official of all the men employed in maritime pursuits in each. They are exempted from the "conscription," in order to be placed in the "inscription." They are drafted away, when wanted, to Cherbourg, or Brest, or Toulon, as the case may be; kept three or four or five years in service, according to state requirements; and dismissed home when no longer needed. But at forty-five years of age, a French sailor, who has served, becomes entitled to a small pension, which advantage—with that of escaping the army—the fishermen may set against the impressment system. One naturally expects that the Normans should be the best French sailors, which is perhaps on the whole true. Nevertheless, I may mention here, that the French naval officers to whom I have explicitly put this question, though all giving the preference to the seamen among their countrymen of the Northern *littoral* generally, speak as highly of the Breton as of the Norman seaman. The Breton is a little man, but "dur" they say; his hardness getting its edge on rocks where the Atlantic endlessly breaks. But, indeed, you do not find in Normandy, anywhere (not even about Bayeux, and the Bessin, anciently its most *Danish* part), very marked traces of Scandinavian blood in the people. The Norseman was the noble amongst them, and, while the best of his blood went to enrich England, what was left would, in long centuries, get swamped in the native population. The heaven, however, still gives Normandy some speciality of type, I admit, even now, when centralisation rules everything in France; when you have "*Seine Inférieure*," "*Calvados*," &c., dismembering old "*Normandie*," or "*Northman's-land*;" and when, except as men of north or south, you find little provincial variety among Frenchmen.

While all Frenchmen are losing individual character, more or less, how should the fishermen retain much of it? I believe, myself, that seamen of all nations resemble each other more than other classes of the people—the seafaring life being a kind of nationality on its own account. So, you would probably think a Norman fisherman very like the fishermen on the other side—good at his business, undoubtedly—a weather-beaten, tawny-faced, meditative kind of

man—less frolicsome than other varieties of the *gens* sailor, and when peculiar, peculiar chiefly in his superstitions. All fishermen are believers in runs of luck—in lucky and unlucky articles.

I remember that, shooting once on the Essex coast, in a boat, the nipple of my gun fouled, and a passing fisherman, whom I asked to lend me a pin, replied that it was “onlucky” to have such a thing aboard; and they are apt to have more serious superstitions. The Church in France—in its sagacious manner—does its best to adapt itself to the nautical mind, as for each variety of mind it has its special treatment. Ascend that charming “Côte de Grace,” that woody, ornate, pleasant hill above sea-born Honfleur, and, pausing to breathe in the healthy air, turn in to the little chapel of the Virgin among the trees. The chapel is all nautical. Little ships dangle from the roof, and seem sailing away over the altar. Votive tablets (purely Pagan in origin, let me remark) are there; pictures of vessels labouring in the stormy sea, while the Virgin in a blaze of light promises the safety which is there recognised by the returned mariner. All this is to the French seaman what Saint Nicolas is to the Greek one. The British seaman, though not without his own superstitions, yet believes fervently in God and mainly in the Admiral. “I hope your old commander is in heaven, Jack,” said a gentleman to one of Nelson’s men. “Well, sir,” said Jack, “I don’t know who’d keep him out!” This was no blasphemy, we may be sure.

But we shall see the French *matelot* again. Let us get upon the Cherbourg line. Shall we go back to Havre, and take boat again to Caen—three hours’ sail? It will be better, I think, to reach our railway across country, and see a little more of the Norman land. The Cherbourg line passes through the very flower of the old Norman towns: towns odorous of history, aristocracy, mediævalism, towns whose bells make a reading man think of Duchesne’s folio of Norman chroniclers: of Dudo de St. Quentin, Ordericus Vitalis, William of Poitou, the Roman de Rou, and Sir Francis Palgrave. Like a Roman road, the Cherbourg railway runs through funeral monuments; and the soldier who comes to Cherbourg to invade us may pause to think that in doing so he has to pass over our fathers’ bones.

Out of the great routes in Normandy, you have in nearly every case to be content with a very rusty diligence. Off it reels (three ugly horses abreast, jingling with bells, driver in blue blouse and cap, cracking his whip and swearing), over streets execrably stony: then past lines of long, pale poplars, whose leaves shiver in the light, into a country of hill and valley, of wood and green field. It is a pleasant land this, and no wonder our ancestors liked it—the venerable Coke even insisting that Guernsey and Jersey were still *seisin* enough (as the feudalists say) for our claim to it! An Englishman, if he confine himself to the Norman landscape, may still fancy himself at home. Hill and valley are

clothed with the same wood. The friendly little blue-bell peeps out of the roadside banks; the vine which clings to the wooden houses is almost as hungry-looking as in his own colder land. But, chiefly, he is delighted with the orchards which abound in Normandy, and sweeten the air with their healthy smell; for thousands of red apples are still on the trees, though thousands are lying in rich heaps underneath them, and though sixty wagons loaded with the same may be counted at the Bayeux railway station this fine October day. No wonder there is cider everywhere, universal as red wine in the south, and drunk at every table d’hôte both for déjeuner and dinner.

It is a pleasant land, we say, and if we keep our eyes and wits about us in towns and villages, we shall find that it is pushing and thriving, now-a-days, too. At mediæval Rouen, for instance, there is an “Exposition” going on for the encouragement of industry; though Rouen is a great centre of industry, already, and sends the smoke of a swarm of chimneys sailing over the time-honoured towers of her unrivalled churches. Then, there is a movement on foot for the improvement of the breed of Norman horses, and long reports fill the papers about this. The Norman clergy, too, are active in their peculiar way. Wherever I go in Normandy, I find placards on churches and walls regarding a certain “Bienheureux Thomas.” Who is Thomas, and why is he Bienheureux? Thomas, I discover, is a holy Norman of some centuries back, who, having remained all this time in a pious semi-obscure, has lately received brevet-rank at Rome and been made a saint. I do not grudge Thomas this promotion, coming (like that of some of my naval friends) very late in the day, and am sorry not to be able to attend the ceremony which the Archbishop of Rouen and other high *grandes* devote to the poor man. That ceremony is chiefly attended by the women, for the men, in those regions, rather shrug their shoulders at the clergy and their affairs.

I have mentioned the Norman women. I cannot say that they strike me as pretty, though their dress, with its high snowy cap, is so picturesque. Sometimes you see a stately, rather long, oval face, with dark eyes and fine nose: a face that might be that of an Eleanor Bohun or an Alice de Clare. But I vainly frequented the markets, and sought among the gigantic yellow gourds, and the heaps of small grapes, for the Arlotta of Falaise who won the heart of old Robert le Diable. They chatted over their stalls, or they came jogging down the streets on their rough ponies, between the panniers which held their cabbages and eggs—and she was not there. They are weather-beaten, too, les Normandes; or, when not tanned by the weather, have turned white and waxy in working over lace.

We reach the desired railway at the ancient spreading town of Lizieux. Like Rouen, this town is at once mediæval and manufacturing. Some of the quaintest old streets in Normandy

slope down its steep; but in the suburbs you see thread factories, and comfortable villas inhabited by Englishmen. There is something in its combination of the ultra-feudal with the ultra-modern which makes one think of Scotch Paisley; but Paisley is not so happy in its site.

We may drink our fill of old memories in these Norman towns. At Rouen, besides the graves of Rollo and of his son, they show the very dust of the heart of Cœur-de-Lion—a few ounces of white ashes, like ivory shavings, in a glass case, and indubitably the remains of the warm heart which beat so high in Syria. At Lizieux, Thomas à Becket lived in exile, and heard mass a score of times in yonder cathedral, where, as usual, they are cleaning and restoring; where there is a bran-new wreath of artificial roses on the head of the Virgin; and where you never enter without seeing a few old women dipping their skinny fists in the holy water, or a smug priest sneaking out of the confessional where he has been hearing the sins of a blooming young damsel in silk. But why talk of these people? Henry the Second of England was married before that altar to beautiful and high-spirited Queen Eleanor, whom the French chroniclers accuse, in their jealous way, of having flirted with a Paynim prince during the Second Crusade. Turning from the cathedral's grey towers, you will do well to descend the Rue des Fèvres, where the quaintest of quaint old wooden-built gabled houses nod to each other over the narrow stony way, threaded as it is, in the centre, by a trickling gutter. A foul, green, quasi-river, haunted by sick willows, crawls through the dense houses of old Lizieux; yet, foul as it is, the women squat on punts in it, to wash and beat clothes in a primitive style.

Leaving Lizieux on our journey, we proceed to Caen, one of the centres of feudal civilisation in old times. In the church of Saint Stephen here lie the remains of William the Conqueror. Caen is a populous cheery Norman town, set in a beautiful low-lying country, and fringed with a border of woody and leafy public walks. It is connected with the sea, and a decent sprinkling of small craft employed in the coasting trade may generally be seen alongside its modest wharves, looked down on by the Abbaye-aux-Dames founded by the Conqueror's Queen. Our countrymen much affect Caen, and have a little colony there, attracted by good air, cheap house-rent, and cheap schooling. For myself, I never sympathised with this genteel but ignoble kind of exile, to which nothing short of outlawry will ever drive me. Poor Brummell died at Caen, and, though hardly knowing why, one visits his grave after William the Conqueror's! They were both kings, at different times (with some difference of significance in the fact), of the great world of London. He ought to have an epigram for his epitaph, the dandy; but he slumbers under a common-place "George Brummell, Esq."

From Caen it is but a half-hour's run to Bayeux. The Cherbourg railway has only a

single line of rails, we may remark as we go. An English engineer who knew it well observed that it created an endless fluster among the railway officials to have to convey sixty or seventy cattle, deducing therefrom satisfactory inferences as to the job they would find it to undertake the transport of some thousands of troops.

Bayeux is another famous old Norman city connected with our history. Here is the world-renowned tapestry, which an English lady whom I met in travelling fancied (O shade of Queen Matilda!) had been that on view in Leicester-square! Here is another cathedral of antique dignity and beauty. But above all (as hinted before) Bayeux and its district was the most Danish part of Normandy. Beyond this station lies a part of the country from which came to our own the races of Bacon, of Bohun, and of Bruce. What great things—what a variety of great things—that sea-blood has done! Is it the salt in it, I wonder, that keeps it so fresh and wholesome?

While wandering thus from town to town, the tourist meets a constant succession of Frenchmen to study, batch following batch, like the plats at the table d'hôte. Does he encounter personal civility, notwithstanding the fury which is supposed to rage against us, peculiarly, at the present time? My experience says decidedly yes, and I shall give some emphatic instances of it by-and-by. The nations differ too markedly ever to love one another; and there are memories which *they* can never reconcile themselves to; and just now France feels very strong and fidgets under our great freedom of public comment. But it is a gross exaggeration to say of Normandy, whatever may be said of Paris, that an individual Englishman or Scotsman sees overt signs of national hostility. Things are not come, happily, to any such pass, and it is your own fault if you encounter anything but politeness, a readiness to exchange civilities, and even to form casual acquaintanceships, marvellously like friendships. The men of business are all pacific, as you may learn from the invariable, "commercial traveller." The French bagman wants, indeed, that solidity of political conviction, as he wants that appetite for bottled stout, which distinguishes his British rival. He is a more frivolous man, and throws away the intellect which in our land pronounces on parties and statesmen, upon the levities of the feuilleton and the theatre. When he dabbles in la chasse he goes out for five hours and brings home a brace of larks. He is vain of his personal appearance, and will chat to a man whom he never saw before about his amours. Doubtless, he fancies himself ready to rush (if needed) upon her Majesty's troops. But it would be unjust to deny that he is courteous in his manner and pacific in his views as a general rule. Then, again, turn into the little cottage—a comfortable one, I am glad to say, for the most part—of the Norman peasant. There is a shower of rain, or you want to ask your way, and you step across his humble threshold into a little room

stuck over with cheap prints—lined in the ceiling with small cheeses—adorned by a glass case, like a surgeon's bottle, containing frogs, for he judges of the weather by their rising and falling in the water. Well, the peasant will offer you cider, and bring out, too, one of the expansive loaves of his duskyish but wholesome bread. I made a diversion by diligence from Rouen to Gournay, once the seat of the great chiefs of Gournay, from whom descended the Gurneys and Mrs. Fry. A peasant in blue blouse, who was in the banquettes with me, sang Béranger's "*Roi d'Yvetot*," expressly to please the stranger, and admirably well, too, albeit another traveller hinted to him that Béranger was "*défendu*" in France. All this kind of thing ought to be allowed for, and it would be unfair in me not to mention it just now.

But to our train again, which goes whistling away from Bayeux—not very fast—on its road. We are now carried out of the department of Calvados into that of La Manche, and we enter on the old "*Cotentins*"—the picturesque section of "*Basse Normandie*" in which lies the seaport, our destination. At Carentan, where Bishop Serlo clipped the too long hair of our Henry the First and his "*swells*," we seem to smell the sea at a few miles' distance. The coast along towards the north-west, towards Barfleur and La Hogue, is esteemed particularly beautiful; long sands stretching first, and then a rocky rampart rising bold and variously over the sea line. La Hogue was the scene of our naval glory against Tourville in sixteen ninety-two, when Louis the Fourteenth was aiming at a French despotism in things European, such as neither our pride nor our policy will ever permit. They say, that even now, in the high tides of spring and autumn, and when the wind and waves burst mightily on these shores, the fishermen find some débris of the wreck of Tourville's fleet, and that rusty English cannon-balls wash out of the sand.

We have been running through a pleasant and varied landscape meanwhile, and one rich still in associations. We have crossed long, flat, green meadows, very moist in rainy weather, when they overflow, and dotted with jolly-looking red kine; through bits of English landscape (as in Upper Normandy), full of hedged fields, orchards, and waving woods. The village of Brix or Brus, cradle of the race of the great King Robert, has been visible away on the sky line to our right. Many a troop of English cavaliers and English archers—the men of Chancer and of Froissart—have defiled, with their banners flying, adown these wooded hills in the fierce Plantagenet wars. And now the landscape becomes wilder, as at home when we fly northward and get out of the midland counties. We pass through rocky valleys clothed with fir and pine, and leave altogether behind us the hasty yellow waters of the little Ouve. We could fancy ourselves in Scotland, but we miss the frequent ruin and frequent country seat, significant of a land which is prosperous now,

without (like France) having broken with its past or its institutions. At last we run right through a cleft between two valleys, and the passage brings us out at the station of Cherbourg, at the back of the town. A huge clump of a hill is behind us; trees planted to make shady alleys and walks are near, amidst the rather mean-looking suburbs of what we yet see to be a considerable place. Leaving the station, we begin to espy the masts in the commercial basin, and to get a distant glimpse of forts near which we *feel* there is the sea. A wide-spread, white-looking town, of irregular shape and build, is on our left; and, plunging into it, we find ourselves in Cherbourg, the only spot as yet where we have had (be it said in passing) to show our passport since Havre. What sort of place Cherbourg is my reader shall hear pretty fully anon.

### ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

It must often have struck our readers as curious that the freest country in the world should have retained till the other day one of the oldest feudal engines of power. We allude to the power of impressment, which lasted in the navy long after the army had contrived to dispense with it, and which, according to some authorities, is still legal—however impracticable. Impressment is, or was, based on the ancient principle, that the obligations of war being paramount, the king could compel men to serve during a war. So far back as 1181, Henry the Second commanded the justices-itinerant to declare in each county that no one should induce "*any seamen to go out of England*." The king wanted them for himself, for the quaint old one-masted galleys, busses, and dromons, which constituted the early English navy. The right claimed by Henry the Second was equally claimed, six hundred years after, by George the Third.

The peculiar difficulty which forced our sovereigns to exercise this right arose from our peculiar maritime character. A soldier enlisted to serve the crown has no other market but the crown's to offer himself in. A sailor has always had that mercantile marine which has interchanged good offices with the navy from the first. The merchant service has supplied men, the navy has protected the merchant service. Without each other they could not exist. We are commercial because naval, and naval because commercial. But the warlike nature of early history also shows that the fighting element must have been the earliest. The Viking roved for roving's sake, fighting for fighting's sake as he went along. In doing so, he learned the commercial value of foreign communication, and there came a generation which roved to trade. For a while the fighting and trading elements combined—the skipper carried arms to protect his venture. But war grew scientific before trade did, and asserted itself as the superior nautical power. If England has acquired and kept colonies and commerce, it has been because she has had a strong arm to protect them, to open up channels



for them. Let us not be too hard on our ancestors for the rough-and-ready ways in which they were forced to meet the difficulties of their position. We are not quite sure yet whether we have devised a substitute; but we hope that such will be found in the new institution of a Reserve Force of Royal Naval Volunteers.

What is the gist of the project, in a sentence? It is this: To attract, by offering advantages, a reserve of thirty thousand trained men ready on an emergency to serve in Her Majesty's fleet.

Such schemes are not now propounded for the first time. The "Coast Volunteer" Bill of 1853 was similar in principle. It bid for ten thousand volunteers, subject to twenty-eight days' training a year, and entitled to able seamen's pay while at drill or in service. The proof that it did not secure all the objects of defence in view, is the necessity for the much more extensive plan; of which we here propose to give an analysis.

Her Majesty then invites Jack, while in the prime of his life (before thirty, if possible, and not later than at thirty-five—too small a limit, we think), to enrol himself as willing to turn out upon proclamation, on the following conditions:

He must be a British subject of sound health and good character. He must prove that he has been five years out of the last ten at sea, one year of them as able seaman. It would be preferred that he had a fixed residence, and was personally known to the shipping-master; or that he was regularly employed coasting, or in short voyages to and from the same port. He may be a discharged man-of-war's man of good character without pension, but he must not be a pensioner, or already bound to serve. No soldier or militiaman is eligible to be a volunteer, nor will any volunteer be permitted to enlist in army, militia, or "coast volunteers."

So much for his qualifications. Let us now see how he is to be enrolled.

The authorities rely much on the shipping-master of each port in this matter. He is to communicate freely with the coast-guard and customs officers of his district, to make the scheme well known about among seamen, to inform each candidate of all the details necessary for him to know, and put him in the way of being medically examined, &c. He is to forward the necessary forms, when signed, respecting such examinations to the Registrar-General of Seamen in London, who, if all is right, will at once return the volunteer's certificate.

Supposing the volunteer duly eligible and enrolled, the first condition required of him is to present himself before a shipping-master every six months. He cannot, therefore, undertake voyages of more than six months without leave, and he must inform the shipping-master of every engagement for a voyage that he makes. To break these regulations, aimed expressly at securing the essential conditions of a reserve, will subject the volunteer to the loss of his place in the reserve.

Our volunteer next undertakes to submit to twenty-eight days' drill per annum at great guns and small arms. He may break the time, and may vary the place of such drill to suit his convenience, but he must drill for not less than a week at each period. The Admiralty pledges itself to do all it can to suit the time and place of drill to the convenience of the men. A volunteer must consult the shipping-master when he wants to take his turn at it, and, if need be, his travelling expenses will be paid. During the time of drill his pay, victualling, bedding, and mess-traps will be the same as those of the seamen of the navy, to whose discipline (deliberately made as little irksome as possible) he will, while drilling, be liable. A qualified man may be rated as A.B.—able seaman—and on actual service in the fleet, would, if so, be eligible to higher ratings. Penalties are, of course, provided for making away with arms, clothing, or stores, as well as for absence without excuse from the proper drill of each twelvemonth.

The retainer, in consideration of which Jack is expected to comply with these regulations, will be six pounds a year—payable quarterly. When absolutely employed in the fleet—being summoned by proclamation on an emergency—the retainer is discontinued, because then he has his naval pay. But should the navy dispense with his services, before the expiration of five years from the date of his certificate, the retainer becomes again payable. The retainer may be lost by inexcusable absence, without leave, for more than six months; and will be suspended during absence with leave, beyond six months, unless the volunteer bargains to be liable to serve while abroad.

Let us now glance at the service in the navy to which every volunteer so enrolled, drilled, and paid, will be liable.

The reserve is expressly intended for emergencies; for occasions when a sudden increase of the naval force of the country is necessary. A foreign potentate shows signs of intending immediate mischief; England blazes up; and out comes a royal proclamation summoning the Royal Naval Volunteers. Forthwith our friends must present themselves to the nearest naval officer, or shipping-master, for instructions. If abroad—unless he has been called on to serve there—his liability to serve will commence when he reaches home. Tide-surveyors or other customs officers will give notice to all vessels coming in, that the proclamation is out, and that now is the time for Jack to pay the price of his retainer, and show the effects of his drill, under the pendant. When once aboard a man-of-war, he will rank in point of pay and allowances with continuous service seamen or petty officers of the same rating. He will be required to serve for three years, but should there be war at the end of that time, he may be called on to serve two years more, receiving in compensation an extra 2d. a day. With five years his compulsory service ends, though of course he may enter again as a volunteer if he pleases; and under ordinary circumstances he

may leave the reserve if he pleases, at the end of any five years. His retainer stops while he is actually receiving pay afloat; but if discharged before five years, he is to be paid it, whilst liable for recall to the service. Should he be kept five years afloat, he must enter again as volunteer, before again receiving the retainer.

Touching pensions, a sum is to be set aside, annually, beyond and above the six pounds, to provide one for each volunteer. In no case will such pensions be less than twelve pounds. The volunteer becomes entitled to it, if he enters before thirty, in twenty years, and if he enters above thirty, in fifteen. To earn a pension he must remain a volunteer continuously; but when called out for actual service, his time will count double. Volunteers who have been ten years in the reserve, or three years in the navy, become entitled to all the benefits of Greenwich Hospital.

Such is a—necessarily—condensed description of the plans by which our Admiralty propose to raise a reserve absolutely necessary to our navy; but which, when secured, will do away with the manning difficulty and extinguish the very memory of impressment. It remains to be seen how it will work; and on this point the obscurity of the subject makes it hazardous to give a decided opinion. Terms so liberal have never before been offered to our seamen. All the coasting trade, Baltic, Mediterranean, and North American trade may now secure a sum annually, taking in the extra pay during training, and the prospect of pension, of something like nine pounds a year, not to mention the chances of the coast-guard and of Greenwich Hospital. It is only proposed in return for this, that they should submit during a period when they must necessarily be ashore (with extra pay for that) to such a drill as is now voluntarily submitted to gratis by thousands of well-employed people in the rifle corps, and that they should be liable to serve in the best seamen's positions in the navy in case of a contingency which can only mean a war, and which, in any case, would stop all mercantile traffic afloat, till our squadrons were ready to protect merchant ships.

Can it be that the navy is so unpopular as to blind the eyes of the best seamen of Great Britain to the advantages offered them by a plan like this?

We trust not. One obstacle to the formation of a regular system of manning hitherto, has been the ingrained Bohemianism of Jack, with which we won't quarrel much, as it is an element in his value, but which has made it a very difficult job to lay hold of him and organise him. But he is now becoming a more domesticated creature. He is seen at sailors' homes. He has a shrewd eye to the main chance. He has sometimes been known to prefer coffee to grog, even though his failings in the latter department are never to be wholly eradicated. The Registration System, the Coast Volunteer System, the naval improvements making life more comfortable in a man-of-war, all these are signs of an era which means to try and annex him, in

a friendly way, and not at all in a canting way, to its general civilisation. Let him join it, like a good man and a good fellow. The shipping masters are longing for him.

## HALF THE YEAR ROUND.\*

### JULY.

GRATEFUL and lovely, through the leafy glade,  
When day is at its sultriest, heaviest heat,  
When birds scarce twitter in the noontide shade,  
And the slow herds seek out some cool retreat,  
Comes the rich mother of the harvest sheaves,  
Bearing her first-fruits on her ample breast;  
Spear'd barley, wheat, and grapes in tinted leaves,  
To lay them on God's altar, ripe and blest—  
Thank-offering to the Bountiful, who gives  
The fertile sunshine and the softening rain,  
The Father, Lord, of everything that lives,  
Without whose blessing men would sow in vain.  
Look up, O Mother! holy are thy tears,  
And sweet thy hymn of praise in heavenly ears.

### AUGUST.

"The Earth and all its fulness are the Lord's;  
Men but the stewards of his bounteous trust!"  
Glows on thy purple robe in living words,  
Though greed would tread them out in sordid dust:  
Enough to garner in the rich man's store,  
Enough to give the reaper ample hire,  
Enough to feed the meek and patient poor,  
Enough for every Christian heart's desire.  
God stints not. On the russet sea,  
Ripe waving in the rich and gracious sun,  
On gorgeous heathland, and on fertile lea,  
Nature breathes gratefully, "His will be done!"  
"His will be done!" let thankful men reply,  
"All praise and glory to the Lord most high!"

### SEPTEMBER.

The fields are ripe, the golden garners teem,  
The patient hind rejoices on his way;  
From upland furrow and by lowland stream  
The reapers gather all the livelong day.  
Hoarding the master's wealth with faithful hand,  
Through noontide hours unwearied toil they on,  
A smart and rough, yet honest-hearted band,  
Hoping no quiet till Life's task is done;  
When the Last Gleaner, Death, of every grain,  
Strewn in the trenches where Time is no more,  
Shall bind his sheaves and bear them back again,  
To the great Sower whence they came before—  
To bloom in fields eternal, where no care  
Shall vex their long-sought rest with life's despair.

### OCTOBER.

Royally vested, o'er the solemn wolds,  
When nature rests, the great ingathering done,  
Sweeping in robes of heather-purple folds,  
Diademed with fire-red rays of setting sun,  
October hastens, swift on Summer's track,  
To touch her rose-flushed cheeks with hue em-  
browned,  
To gird her robes for Winter's coming wrack,  
Whose earliest victims wither on the ground.  
Then veils he her in frosted mist and white,  
And, quick of mood, begins a wanton chase,  
Spurns all the fallen glories out of sight,  
With frolic, north-blown song, and revelling fair;  
Then shakes the branches, showers down the leaves,  
While for each dying flower some dryad grieves.

\* See page 181 of the first volume.

## NOVEMBER.

Creeping along the shallow, sedgy way,  
Where the tall rushes rear their phantom ranks,  
Comes pale November, clad in mournful grey,  
And weeping on the sunless river banks—  
A shrouded form, all indistinct and wan,  
That shivers in the noisome, sighing wind,  
And, wraith-like, glides amongst the homes of man,  
Bringing sharp memories of past days unkind,  
Recalling harsh misfortune, hours of gloom,  
When the thick mists no break of heaven showed;  
Or hovering, a predestiny of doom,  
O'er faithless eyes that cannot pierce the cloud.  
Blanks on the wall where misery can but pray,  
That God and Time will take its sting away.

## DECEMBER.

London rings the blast across the eerie wold,  
Sharp strikes the storm against the window pane;  
Rich men, warm sheltered from the biting cold,  
Think of the poor out in the icy rain!  
Pile your fire high, gather your dearest kin,  
Laugh and rejoice in the sweet light of home,  
But turn not all your treasures into sin,  
By driving thence the waifs of life's wild foam,  
Drift that the tide casts helpless at your feet,  
Pleading an alms of mercy from your hand.  
Do as did He whom great and small must meet  
Beyond the confines of the silent land;  
For hark! His voice sounds ever and again,  
"Peace upon earth, and good will unto men!"

OUR EYE-WITNESS AND CERTAIN  
STORY-TELLERS.

OH, for something new under the sun! Some new amusement, some new experience! Oh, for some bill of an entertainment which shall not comprise the turning into ridicule, in vile burlesque, of stories by which our sympathies have been rightly and nobly appealed to all our lives long! Oh, for an end to the reign of female pertness as a stock article by which the purveyors of public amusements may always feel sure of filling a house! Oh, for less hornpipe dancing by young ladies dressed as stage sailors! Oh, for some new thing to give life a zest! Oh—Why, what's this?

BEDFORD HEAD TAVERN,  
Upper Royal-street, Freshbury,  
Proprietor, George Cooing.

THE  
STORY-TELLERS,  
EVERY

Sunday Evening.  
First Story at Eight o'clock.

The Eye-witness was walking through the thoroughfare called Upper Royal-street, and was soliloquising in the words with which this report begins, when happening to look up at the moment of passing the Bedford Head Tavern—what *is* a Bedford head?—he observed a great green-lettered bill in the window of the tavern in question, and, on pausing to read it, found that it announced what has been printed above.

The Story-tellers! Was the Eye-witness in the East? was he among Bedouin Arabs, or in Freshbury, London? Was this some strange club that met together to listen to stories; and if so, who

told them? Did they draw lots which of the members was to relate an experience? Was it a public thing, where any person present might be suddenly pounced upon and compelled to tell an anecdote, whether he knew one or not? And this was only Tuesday, and it would be necessary to wait nearly a week before any of these questions could be decided!

For your Eye-witness had not stood staring at that bill two seconds, before he had quite determined in his own mind that he would attend the very next meeting of the Story-tellers, come of it what might. No risk of being expected to tell a story himself should deter him. He would learn one by heart, he would revenge himself on society for what he had gone through in old Longyarn's company, by relating one of that gentleman's most prolix narratives; in a word, he would do anything rather than not be present on the very next occasion of the assembling together of the Story-tellers.

So dreadfully afraid was the E.-W. that something would happen to frustrate his intention; that the Story-tellers would give up their séances, that the Bedford Head would be prematurely cut off, or that some other horror would occur to put an end to these meetings, that he made it his practice (at great inconvenience) to pass through Upper Royal-street every day, to see if the bill was still up in the windows.

The Bedford Head Tavern might, by some matter-of-fact persons, be called (saving the reader's presence) a public-house. It has a bar—and a very nice thing a bar is—it has a parlour; it has a secret retreat behind the bar for the landlord and landlady, and occasionally for the party in ribbons and the gross youth with his shirt sleeves tucked up and a short apron, who works the German silver handles; this retreat is inaccessible except by jumping over the bar; it is windowless and air-proof, and yet its inhabitants look well and happy enough for anything.

"What's for you?" said the gross youth, holding a glass in one hand and a beer-handle in the other, as the E.-W. approached the bar to inquire for the head-quarters of the Story-tellers. There was a dark passage visible near the entrance to the parlour, and dim visions in its innermost depths of a steep wooden staircase.

"What's for you sir?"

"Story-tellers," answered the Eye-witness, as if he was giving an order.

"Refreshment ticket," said he of the short apron, rapidly—"refreshment ticket, fourpence, have what you like, up-stairs, first-floor."

Refreshment and Story-telling all for fourpence! What a mercifully economical entertainment! Oh, noble landlord! oh, philanthropic Cooing, may you prosper for this!

Following the advice of the gentleman with the rolled shirt-sleeves, and ascending the steep wooden staircase before mentioned, the E.-W. soon found himself in a large upper room, over that bar of which affectionate mention has just

been made. It was a curiously shaped room, with a bulkhead sort of projection in the middle which contained the staircase. Opposite to this bulkhead was a rude sort of platform apparently made of packing-cases. A high-backed chair was placed in the centre of the platform, and before the chair a little round table with an auctioneer's hammer upon it. The rest of the apartment was furnished with tables and forms packed together as closely as possible and interspersed with wooden chairs of the Windsor pattern. Taking a seat exactly opposite the platform, in order that nothing might escape him, and ordering a glass of brandy-and-water, the E.-W. set himself to watch the proceedings, and, as at first there were no proceedings to watch, to examine the audience. It seemed to consist chiefly of mechanics and workmen with their wives. Some of these last had brought their babies with them, possibly from not knowing what else to do with them, and one woman, perhaps for a similar reason, had introduced her dog into the assembly, a little black and tan terrier of a very shabby type, which lay at her feet half covered with sawdust. The room was already well filled, and was at last as full as it could be. The audience was well behaved and orderly, and, perhaps, the person of the highest grade in the room would be the errand clerk at an attorney's office.

After about half an hour's waiting, and after many throes of anxiety lest he should even yet be disappointed; after listening to so many orders for old ale, and mild ale, and mixed ale, as made him feel bilious by deputy; after some unpleasant reflections on the nature of the atmosphere, which was so completely composed of tobacco smoke that you might have cut it into solid blocks with a hatchet; after noting the captain-looking man who wore a suspicious aspect with a long pipe depressing the corner of his mouth, and the man who looked (as will often happen with our fellow-countrymen of this class) as if he were ashamed of being in a place of amusement, and by his looks disparaged the entertainment before it began for being an entertainment; after observing the patient little mechanic with his large family and the long endurance, who is also happily often to be seen in this country, and who is ready to put up with whatever is given him, to stare, and wonder, and, not understanding anything that is going on, to be pleased all the same; after observing all these things for some time, your Eye-witness began to hunger for the event of the evening, and to get exceeding fidgety and impatient.

It comes, however, at last. The moment has arrived which is to clear up the mighty mystery of the Story-tellers. There is a sudden hush, a general turning of eyes towards the door. The little mechanic looks up from behind a baby, highly interested (both of them), the man who is determined not to be amused pretends not to look, the suspicious man changes his pipe to the other corner of his mouth, in order that he may bring his eyes to bear upon the door—for it is

part of his nature that his eyes are always turned to the side on which his pipe is not; all these things indicate that some great portent is at hand, and indicate it truly, for in another instant the landlord of the Bedford Head has scuttled briskly into the room escorting in the most courteous manner—a lady! Your Eye-witness sank back in his Windsor chair, and drew a long, deep breath. So, this was the end of it. Always something one had not prepared for. A lady! a plump lady of the type called “professional,” a shrewd, plump lady of about five-and-thirty, well dressed, with a good, intelligent face, and nerve enough to ascend the platform and take the chair, right under the gas; and, without the slightest encouragement or applause from the company, to clear her throat and plunge at once into the business of the evening.

The little mechanic involved himself in such entanglements with his large children, in his endeavours so to place them that they could see the professional lady, that he became perfectly invisible himself, and could only be detected (by sharp scrutiny) at rare intervals, when a child tumbled down, or otherwise changed its position; the man who was determined not to be amused, turned his back on the platform, and looked disparagingly and gloomily upon the company: and the suspicious man, finding it necessary to turn his eyes away from the door again, and towards the professional lady, shifted his pipe again as he made the optical change just mentioned, and moved no more.

If it was the opinion of the Prince of Denmark that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in his friend's philosophy. What a strange state of things was here! In whose philosophy has this ever been dreamt of, that every week an assembly of persons come together in this manner to listen eagerly to a series of stories which reach them more easily when thus brought before them, than when coming home to them in print? It not being with many of them a matter of such facility to read as we are apt to imagine, judging by ourselves.

The story itself, as related by the professional lady, was a sort of make-up from a French tale. It was about a young surgeon and an actress, who, coming out at Paris, and making a great sensation, causes the medical youth to fall desperately in love with her. It also happens that the charms of the *débutante* (pronounced by the story-teller *deputant*) have a similar effect upon a more distinguished personage, who is indeed no other than the Prince de Condé (the last word being pronounced *Cond*.) This state of things naturally brings about many remarkable results, the surgeon being employed by the Prince de Cond, who is in ignorance of his passion, to attend professionally on the *deputant* and being further stimulated to do his very best for her, by a cheque for a large amount, bearing the prince's signature, which the young surgeon finds upon his table. It is curious to observe how fond people, who have not five shillings to

bless themselves with, are of dealing when they get into the realms of fiction with cheques to a large amount, scattering them about plentifully enough, and making them over, with the greatest liberality, to anybody who will have them. On one occasion, when the fever of the députant is at its height, our medical friend, on going to her lodgings to pay his accustomed visit, finds the room empty, and the invalid flown. The extraordinary nature of this proceeding is, we must suppose, the means of so far unsettling his mind as to a little blunt the acuteness of his sense of honour, for, upon perceiving a note lying on the bed, directed to the députant, we find that he takes it up and reads it, justifying this step to himself by reflecting that he is a medical man, a piece of reasoning in which we find it difficult to follow him, and which seems to suggest the necessity of a lock and key to one's desk when ever medical attendance may become necessary.

The letter which thus falls into our surgeon's hands proving to be an anonymous communication, by which the députant is exhorted to be present, at all hazards, at the theatre that very night, sends the young surgeon off with a hop skip and a jump to the Porte Saint-Martin, where he besieges that most inaccessible of places, a stage door, with but indifferent success. And here, again, we find the liberality of our Story-teller coming out again, the young surgeon scattering five-franc pieces about in all directions in his wish to secure the good offices of the doorkeeper and his assistants. After sending message after message to the députant, and all of them in vain, the surgeon abandons the attempt, and, going round to the front, takes his usual place in the pit, a proceeding on the success of which every one who remembers what a French pit and its crammed condition invariably are, will not fail warmly to congratulate him. The first person whom our medical friend perceives in the theatre is the Prince de Cond in a stage-box, and, sad to say, in intimate conversation with a Russian princess of inconceivable beauty. The reader will recognise the story when it is further mentioned that upon the drawing up of the curtain the députant acts the story of her own life, and when she dies at the end of the piece, does really die, then and there, before the public.

Such is the brief outline of the story with which the professional lady opened the evening's entertainment. It lasted about half an hour, and left the audience thoroughly mystified and bewildered. The interval which elapsed between this narration and that which was to succeed was spent by the E.-W. in endeavouring to extract from a weak young man, with an uncontrollable smile, who sat next him, such information about the Story-tellers as this youth was able, in the intervals of smiling, to impart. From the evidence of this embarrassed personage, he gathered that these weekly meetings had been going on for many months, that it was a successful speculation, that this was the first evening on which a lady had appeared (more female occupation developing itself!), and that on pre-

vious occasions two gentlemen had entertained the company on alternate Sundays; "as you might say," the young man added, "turn and turn about."

It appeared in a few minutes that the serious and comic stories were also administered "turn and turn about," for when the professional lady again took her seat upon the platform, it was to enliven the company with a tale of an hilarious nature.

Concerning this narration it is the intention of your Eye-witness to say as little as he possibly can. It would be impossible to conceive of anything more dreary than its mirth or more complete than its success. When the hideous fact has been mentioned that the name of the hero of the tale was Mr. Piminy Scuffles, enough, let us hope, has been said to convince the reader of the appalling nature of comedy among the Story-tellers, and to exonerate the writer from reviving the recollection of his sufferings during the progress of this terrible narrative.

From the moment when the man who had determined not to be amused made the discovery that he was intended to laugh at the history of Mr. Piminy Scuffles, his face became a sight to behold. Steadily averting all countenance and support from the professional lady by still keeping his back to her, even at great personal inconvenience, this gentleman went through a series of convulsions in his efforts to suppress the explosions of laughter in which the rest of the company indulged so freely that they made the glasses ring upon the table. The throes of this unfortunate man in his efforts to repress the strong tendency he felt to enjoy himself became every moment more terrible to behold. As for the rest, their reception of this story was one of the most remarkable things ever beheld by your Eye-witness. They screamed, they rolled upon the benches, the young man with the smile laughed so much that he was obliged to get up from his seat and lean against the wall, and as to the little mechanic, what with much clawing by his children, what with the rarely known enjoyment of a little hot gin-and-water, and what with laughter to a tearful excess, he became so moist and clammy that his very substance seemed to ooze out of the pores of his skin, and your Eye-witness will wager a refreshment-ticket of admission to the "Story-tellers," that he went out of that institution a lighter and a weaker man. It is useless to conceal the fact that the little man had everything to apprehend on getting outside from the grim and bony matron who bore his name, and who sitting, unmoved by tragedy or comedy, behind her husband, would, at those moments when his delight was at the highest, punch him severely between the shoulder-blades with the handle of her umbrella.

The Eye-witness is at the end of his report. After the second retirement of the professional lady at the termination of the comic story, and after a due interval allowed for the discussion which now as on the conclusion of the previous narrative took place among the company as to the merits of what they had heard—after these

things, the E.-W. recommenced his cross-examination of the young man with the smile. Finding that there was yet another story due—the allowance being three per evening—finding also that the sense of suffocation with which he had commenced the evening had not subsided, and that his nerves were in such a state of tension that he could no longer meet the eye of the baby opposite—he came to the determination that it was time to go. That baby opposite had never for one moment ceased to glare at the Eye-witness, and was now sitting bolt upright in its mother's lap, and dying (hard) of tobacco-smoke.

### PORK.

A NOTICE of the pig and his pork naturally follows the history of the rise and progress of British mutton;\* although, in the order of civilisation, the pig precedes the sheep, being an animal well able to get his own living, and take a part in semi-savage life, while the sheep demands daily care, "fresh fields and pastures new."

At least half the theories about pig breeding, and the tales on which the theories are founded, are without any solid foundation, and some of the most universally received statements are open to doubt. For instance, the popular notion that the domestic pig is a descendant from the wild boar, is contradicted by all existing evidence. The original of domestic cattle, of sheep, horses, and of camels, has never been found in a wild state. The wild white cattle of Tankerville Park are as wild now as they were two centuries ago; and we share the opinion of very good authorities that domestic breeds of most animals, pigs included, have existed as long as domestic man.

The wild boar is everything that a profitable hog should not be. He is long in the head, high in the hand and spring, wonderfully deficient in hams and flitches; he is active, bony, and has more hide and bristles than good meat. It is quite possible to imagine a gradual improvement that would soften his hide and mollify his bristles; but it is difficult to conceive that, in a less civilised and settled age than the present, hog breeders devoted themselves from generation to generation to breeding wild hogs into shape and tameness, and much more probable that a better shaped tameable breed has always existed. It is a significant fact that, in those very countries where the wild hog is still plentiful in the woods, there is to be found a domesticated, or semi-domesticated pig, of an entirely different character from the one who enjoys a savage roving life on chesnuts and acorns of Germany, of Servia, and the other pig-breeding Danubian Provinces.

Hogs are grown for pork and hams and bacon and sausages; also, in certain parts of Europe, for hides and bristles alone. Fat these latter breeds don't produce at all. It is not on bacon that the Burlington Arcade hair-brushes are grown. The best bristles thrive upon very

lean soil. The English hog is grown for his meat only. His hide and bristles are not counted in calculating his value, and our large experience in this branch of live stock does not register one instance of skinning any British pig that had died a butcher's death. There is every reason to believe that from the earliest times recorded in history, herds of a very good sort of pig for the purpose were kept by our British and Saxon ancestors in those districts where acorn and other mast-bearing trees abounded. It is probable that these pigs were both black and white; white in the north, black in the south. Occasionally an alliance was formed with the wild-boar breed, and then a red pig was the result. But Germany, from north to south, possesses a large breed of white pigs, known as the Podolian; which, although coarse, are not the least like a wild boar. The French Crayonnaise is a variety of the German, and is best variety. The black and white pig of the old English style may be seen admirably delineated in our old friend Bewick's *Quadrupeds*—large framed, coarse, prolific—but making good bacon, and plenty of it, when fat: such flitches as no wild boar could produce. He remained in favour until the march of agriculture, and the axioms of Bakewell, of Dishley, demanded a better animal, and this was produced by crosses of a pig from the East and a pig from the South of Europe—two valuable immigrants in the early part of the present century.

In the memory of people of the present generation who have not begun to grow grey or cschew fox-hunting, the long, flat-sided, herring-backed, flop-eared, much-bristled, thick-skinned, slow-fattening, endless consumer of food, drawn by Bewick, was to be found in almost every county in England; while, in Ireland thirty years ago, a black monster of the same form was the great rent payer of that distracted island; consequently, to be seen in thousands daily passing from the quays of Bristol and Liverpool in a half-grown state, to be finished on the richer English food. But the famine year in Ireland destroyed the greater number of these unprofitable brutes, and the rest have been so extinguished by crosses with superior English tribes, that, at the present day, whole cargoes of Irish pigs are exported, models of piggyish symmetry. The English animal of the same sort, that afforded us, in petticoat days, many a racing gallop from the home-field to the pigsties (sitting the reverse way, and holding on hard by the long curly tail), has almost disappeared under the influence of Bakewellian innovation.

Indeed at present, although books devoted to the subject attempt to describe a vast number of breeds, there are not really above four or five tribes worth noticing, and not perhaps more than two or three breeds. Every one smitten with the noble ambition of being a prize winner gives his collection a name. Thus we have Coleshill, Bushy, Windsor, the Brown, the Jones, and the Robinson breed; but, with a few exceptions, the differences, if any, are of size and colour. There are large breeds nearly

\* See page 57.



as large and as hairy as Welsh, Scotch, or Hereford cows, and there are small breeds small enough to be carried in a reticule, and these are the only two distinctions admitted in entries for prizes at breeding and fat-stock shows. But there are also black pigs and white pigs, which ought not to be classed together, for the simple reason that in one part of the country a black, and in another a white, is almost unsaleable at its pork value; it would seem that a judge accustomed to the one cannot, without a pang, give a prize to the other colour.

The large white Yorkshire pig is a wonderful animal where the price of food is the question. Gigantic specimens are to be found, perfect in symmetry and quality; but extra size takes extra time to grow. The northern counties favour large hogs; and, therefore, we have Cumberlands and Lancashires which it is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish from the Yorkshire. Of all these we may say that, considering their size, they are very apt to fatten, and a wonderful improvement on the farm-yard monster of Bewick's time. Travelling south, in the dairy farms of Berkshire and Wiltshire, is to be found a large black, or nearly black, hog, which claims to be an aboriginal production. The fame of the Berkshire hog goes back beyond the time of Doomsday. Originally, he too was a monster in size, and coarseness of bone and skin. Agricultural reform, and, probably, an intermixture of foreign blood, has reduced his dimensions, but left him plenty of size, and that fine quality which makes Berkshire streaky bacon so famous, and worthy to be placed on the same footing as Yorkshire hams. Rivalry between ham and bacon is, of course, impossible.

The modern Yorkshire hog is white, with now and then a few black or grey spots. The modern Berkshire is not so large as a Yorkshire. He has a white mark on each shoulder, a white spot on his nose, and four white feet; all the rest is black: when in perfection, he is covered with long, soft, silky hair. The most successful breeder of Berkshires, a Wiltshire man, and manufacturer of Cheddar cheese, has almost solved the problem of "how to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." The Hampshire hog is a coarse relative of the Berkshire; all black. Now between the Berks and Hants blacks, and the Yorkshire whites, and the wild boar rusty reds, all the breeds of England may be accounted for, if allowance be made for the influence of foreign importations. It is true that almost every country claims a breed of its own—Norfolk, Suffolk, and Sussex, as well as Cumberland, Lancashire, Leicester, Oxford, Middlesex, and Gloucester, but, as Mr. Sidney has shown in his Pig book, these names are given to pigs of both colours, parti-colours, and all sizes. Size may be dismissed at once as not a distinction, because wherever there has been a large breed or tribe, it has always been found possible to create a small one of similar characteristics. Thus, there are small Yorkshire as well as large

and small Berkshire; while Essex began small, and have lately grown large.

The fact is, that in pig breeding, as in Short-horns, as in turnips and mangold, oilcake and guano, bones and clover seed, and Italian rye grass, the British farmer has been tremendously dependent on that bugbear of the agricultural mind—the foreigner. There is not a pig that winks, and waddles, and snores at an agricultural show, that does not owe his talent for obesity, his early maturity, his thin skin, which, if not totally denuded of hair, is sprinkled with a soft, pendent, crinarian covering, the very opposite of aboriginal bristles, to an alliance with the southern or eastern foreigner: with the Chinese or Neapolitan. The Chinaman is of several colours, but most affects white; he is a small, short-legged, thin-skinned, prick-eared gentleman, and nearly all fat; so fat that the pure breed won't do at all, unless to make lard. There is scarcely a white prize among small breed in England that would not be traced back to a Chinese alliance, if there were a pigsty book like the famous Strafford herd book. It is impossible to trace the first importation of the Chinese foreigner who has exercised so powerful an influence over the manufacture of dairy-fed pork. It probably dates back to our earliest Eastern voyages. Sailors make pets of everything, especially of pigs; and these prolific early-breeding creatures, introduced on a congenial soil, would soon spread themselves through a hundred pig markets, and make their influence felt, long before they became the subject of discussions, essays, and orations.

In the beginning of the present century the Chinese was in fashion, and continued to be prized for nearly five-and-twenty years. The direct importation has long ceased; no one of any pig-breeding reputation keeps the pure Chinaman, but his best qualities have been permanently stamped on all our smaller, and some of our larger breeds.

The other distinguished foreigner is the Neapolitan, a black or brown, almost hairless, thin-skinned fellow, of greater size and finer symmetry, found thriving on the peas of the groves of Salerno, and first imported into this country by a political friend of Charles James Fox, Mr. Western, long Whig M.P. for Essex, translated, as Lord Western, into the House of Lords, after the passing of the Reform, after being rejected by the ungrateful electors of Essex: we don't mean ungrateful in a political, but in an agricultural sense, for Lord Western worked hard at agriculture all his life, failed in producing a South-down Merino, but invented the improved Essex by grafting the Neapolitan on a native black breed—that breed which, since Lord Western's death, has made the name of Fisher Hobbs famous in two hemispheres.

In Devonshire, the native Briton has been entirely superseded by a Neapolitan Essex. In Ireland, a mixture of Yorkshire and Berkshire, much interlaced with foreign blood, has almost crossed out the active, unprofitable, rough, black Celt, who lived on little, and seldom got

fat. So much for the historical and genealogical part of an agricultural subject, on which the records are remarkably scanty.

Having started with the principle that it is never worth while to have a coarse, ill-bred pig in your sty or your fields, although it may answer your purpose to take the sow of the country and improve your stock by a foreign alliance, the question still remains whether your stock shall be black or white, small or large, thin-skinned, aldermanic, and comparatively helpless, or hardy and active. It is quite certain that, although a prize pig may be helpless, for profit, a pig must have constitution enough to graze for his living while growing to full size. The colour must be ruled by the fashion of your market; for, although all pigs are alike when roasted or cured, or even when singed, there are districts where the butchers, speaking for their customers, won't give a full price for a black sucker or porker. Then, again, in the west of England, it is a popular and probably well-founded opinion that white pigs set to roam in the fields blister and suffer from the sun, and, therefore, black pigs are preferred.

The size must be selected with a view to the ultimate destination of Master Pig. Of course the utmost quantity of meat cannot be put on an animal until it has finished making bone. If, therefore, your grunter is doomed to die early, as dairy-fed pork, the small, genteel size will suit you best; if, on the contrary, he is intended to roam the fields with a hundred companions, under the charge of a ragged, truant, donkey-riding boy of a swineherd, as is the case in Hampshire and Dorsetshire, and to be finished off on full supplies of dairy waste, skim milk, buttermilk, or cheese whey, or the droppings of a mill, then a middle size will be more profitable; but if he is to roam in a forest, or be fed off the grains of a brewery, then, if symmetrical, he may be as big as possible. It is well observed in the already quoted "Sidney's Pig," that a small breed is very well for porkers, but not for the flitch; a good little animal is good, but the ordinary demand is for a good, big animal, "one that cuts up wide over the back, well interlarded with fat and lean." A Frenchman or a German, who may be considered to stand in the same position as regards pig-breeding that Englishmen did fifty, and Irishmen five-and-twenty years ago, is very well satisfied if he can get his long-legged animal half fat at two or three years old, and even then half his weight goes in snout, ears, bone, and skin. But a couple of active, lively pigs, of an improved breed, pigs well able to travel a long day's journey six days before being put up to fatten, were exhibited at one of our recent English agricultural shows, weighing twelve score pounds at seven months old. An average hog of the best breed can be fed off at ten score pounds for hams, or kept until he reaches fifteen score for making bacon. On the famous Cheddar cheese dairy farms it is found that the ham-curer prefers the small Berkshire breed at from nine to

twelve score pounds. Round Brighton, Bath, and Cheltenham, small pork is the paying article. The happy medium lies between the lean and lively Irish of the past, or the Frenchman or German of the present day, and the little prize-winning obesities, few at litter, difficult to rear, unable to trot or travel, susceptible of cold or heat, dainty in food, but wonderful in talent for fattening, although, when fed with care, only fit to be shown for a prize; and then, if not suffocated on the way to or from the show, to be converted into lard, or mere fat bacon, without streaks. These monstrosities, useful in their way, are the animals that bring the English hog into disrepute with the foreign pig-breeder. It must, however, be mentioned, that there is a lean animal in Austria as unprolific as unprofitable.

M. le Vicomte des Saucissons, or the Baron von Gruntz, on being sent over on a special mission by a government, or an agricultural society, buys, at some fabulous price, boars and sows which have lost all their constitution in feeding up to win a prize; removed to countries where the value of cleanliness, shelter, and variety of nourishing food is unknown alike to pig and peasantry, the grunting darlings either pine away or fail to produce more than one or two weakly porkers. And so English pigs fall into disrepute, and the name of Hobbs is taken in vain. If these agricultural ambassadors had chosen from the best blood of the fold-yard instead of the prize pen; if they had gone to the best dairy farms, and there chosen the primest offspring of sows and boars of good pedigree, but unspoiled by the forcing, cramming process, then they would have obtained quality, early maturity, and symmetry. Blood and pedigree are essential for improving an inferior breed of horses, cattle, sheep, or pigs, but they are useless without constitution. In a word, the source of an immense improvement in the quantity and quality of the continental bacon manufacture, with constitution enough to travel as far, if not as fast, as the longest-legged greyhound pig that ever astonished the eyes of an English farmer on his travels. But these prize-winning tribes, although not good to transplant, or safe investments for ordinary farming purposes, have their natural value. The best specimens tell us where we may go to find good blood for improving inferior breeds.

They occupy, in a less degree, the same place in animal economy that the thorough-bred horse does. The thorough-bred is only by exception of use for harness, for road, for hack, or for fox hunter, but it affords first-rate specimens of each, and is indispensable for keeping up the wind, speed, and beauty of every kind of horse except the heavy draught horse. In fact, the English hog has gone through the same course, but in a more complete and rapid degree, as cattle and sheep, since Bakewell's time. First, a few select and fashionable breeders produced a select and fashionable breed, with the advantages of much good meat, little offal, symmetry, and early maturity, but not sufficiently prolific, too delicate, and not large

enough for use of the ordinary farmer and cottager. But very soon the useful contagion spread far and wide. The hog, being a breeding stock within reach of every one, and an animal that produces a numerous litter at an early age, being also so constituted that there are no such differences of breed or tribe forbidding intermixture like among cattle and sheep, has, in seventy years of the application of the Bakewell breeding principles (see Mutton article), been more completely revolutionised or reformed than the superior animals. The pig is found attached to peasants' cottages and citizens' villas, as well as on great farms. Any one who can keep a pig and a sow has, or ought to have, from seven to fourteen at a litter; twenty is not an uncommon number. So the change from Bewick's Portraits to best Yorks, Cumberlands, Lancashires, Berks, Suffolk, Essex, and Norfolk, has been rapid and complete. The worst breeds have become curiosities. Those that remain have been substantially improved by selection and by crosses, for there are none of the difficulties in crossing pigs that exist in crossing Short-horns and Devons, Leicester and South Downs. New tribes have been established, and males of the best sorts are to be found in parishes blessed with an agricultural squire or parson; so, instead of the wall-sided, herring-backed, bristly fellow who used to ask at least two, and often three, years to grow into bacon, every cottager can now buy a big, a little, a middle-sized sort, that at from seven to ten months old will be a model pig, that is to say, an oval shaped fellow, and, like an egg, full of meat, and may be brought to a very eatable size at twelve weeks.

It is a curious fact that, although every part of a pig comes into use, although he has less of fat than any other animal, although he gives not only hams and flitches of bacon, Bath chops, pork, fresh and pickled, sausages, black-puddings, chitterlings, liver, with bacon, and, too much neglected in England, pied de cochon à la Sainte Menchould, viz. boiled and then fried in butter, a delicious breakfast dish, although the skin and bristles are supposed to be useful, but this is mythic in England, where the skin goes for rind or crackling, and bristles are too sparse and too soft to be of any use, yet, with all this stock of eatability, it rarely pays to feed pigs, if much food has to be purchased. Amateurs, like the late Sir John Conway, have tried the experiment on a large scale again and again, but the balance has always been on the wrong side. The pig is an admirable gleaner, "a shack" they call him in Norfolk, where the great Coke introduced, half a century ago, Lord Western's Neapolitan cross. Will Notes and Queries tell us why harvest-gleaning pigs, that pick up the shed beans, and barley, oats, and wheat, are called shacks? Pigs are the indispensable attendants of a dairy, especially a cheese dairy, of a mill, a brewery, or a distillery, wherever they can be fed with what is nutritious, but not saleable, up to a turning-point, and then quickly finished with barley, oats, Indian corn, damaged

rice, and not too much peas or beans, then he is a good investment, if judiciously sold in the shape best suited to the market.

All attempts to make good bacon out of garbage must fail. The Germans were half poisoned by pig sausage fed on distillery and beetroot waste. Nothing but good meal and pulse will produce good pig's flesh, and nothing but milk and meal good fresh pork. The sweetness of Yorkshire hams arises from the liberal way in which the pigs are fed with oatmeal: not merely from the mode of curing. The famous Spanish hams owe their flavour to the same source. A first-rate and cheap pig-finishing receipt is four pounds of Indian meal to one of beans. In Southern countries, especially in Spain, hogs thrive on chesnuts and acorns. But the plan does not answer in this colder climate, where the nuts are not sweet enough, unless the pigs are kept long enough on meal to drive out the acorn taint.

The objection to the pig as a source of profit on a farm does not apply to a cottage pig if judiciously selected of a size not too large or small, and of a fattening breed. The cottage pig is the savings bank of the whole family; not only the bank, but the opera, the play, the source of thought and fun. He can be walked in the grassy lanes by a four-year old urchin while growing, he can be fed by contributions of waste collected by a boy not old enough to wheel a barrow, he consumes the odds and ends of the garden or allotment ground, he absorbs many a pint of beer and screw of tobacco, he gives heart to the gleaners, and a proper object for a little assistance without degradation from richer neighbours. And then what endless subject of conversation, speculation, and amusement for the whole family, who feed him, scratch him, and cut him up in prospect for weeks before he gives his last squeak and final and last black pudding. Heartily do we agree with Squire Sturt, of Dorsetshire, that "the grunt of a pig in a cottager's sty is sweeter than the song of a nightingale."

With an allotment, a good cottage and a pigsty, with pig of the squire's or the parson's breed, a cottager at modern wages, helped by a thrifty wife, may be very comfortable.

Very elaborate designs have been made for pigsties. If warm, well drained, with plenty of straw, or heather, or fern, or dead leaves, as the case may be, the pig will do, if fed regularly, and not allowed to waste his food; his trough should be cleared out or covered when he has fed. Amateurs wash their pigs. If washed, they must be dried; if not dried, they get the rheumatism. It won't pay to wash pigs on a farm: the labour cannot be spared, and a cottager cannot spare the soap. If they have plenty of clean bedding, and a stone wall to rub against, with a walk every day for exercise, they don't need it; but where time and money can be spared, the same pig may be washed. He loves to be dry and clean, although in his walks he prefers wallowing in the mud. Pigs require, when closely confined to sties, a little salted clay, or coal ashes, and superphosphate.

The pigs which produce pigskins and bristles are as different externally from our domestic pigs as a buffalo is from a Short-horn; large red or black brutes, active as wild calves. We have seen one leap, standing, a barrier three feet high. They are fed on the wastes in Russia and Hungary without care or cost. In Hungary the Szalanta is as big as a Welsh cow, and as lean—richly endowed with material for the largest hairbrushes. But on the arable farms of Germany and Hungary English crosses are making a rapid conquest, exterminating and intermingling with the native. In France, the government has done much, but the prejudices against anything English prevails with the peasantry. In conclusion, the pig may seem a vulgar subject, but the progress of the principles of modern agriculture may be more easily traced in Pig history than in the finer Southdown, or nobler Short-horn.

### GLASS POINTS TO STORMY.

METEOROLOGY is, comparatively, a new science. Before Reid published his great work on storms, the world in general was pretty much in the dark as to the laws regulating those natural disturbers of the natural serenities: indeed, the world is still pretty much in the dark as to those laws, and not at all likely to be speedily enlightened. For though philosophic men have been diligently collecting data, comparing notes, inquiring into causes, and examining effects, with the view of creating a new positive and practical science, the public, for the most part, is stupidly indifferent or superstitiously careless, and lets itself be blown out of the sea by a cyclone, or becalmed in the windless latitudes while folding its silly hands, and calling that Divine Will which is simply human ignorance. "It is of no use praying for rain while the wind is in the north-east," said the old Scotch clerk; and he was more right than most of his Calvinistic brethren. Until we thoroughly learn the great laws which rule and govern physical nature, and thoroughly understand that those great laws are not interrupted for any selfish wish of man, we shall go on committing all the superstitious follies of old, as putting to sea when tempests are brewing, or counting on rain when the wind is in the north-east, or forgetting that the gulf-stream brings both storms and genial airs, or failing to protect the crops when the signs of the times point to frost and ice-bound weather. Yet it would be greatly to our advantage if meteorology were understood as a real, positive, and practical science, and if, as was suggested the other day by the Times, small instruments were put up in public places, whereby men's undertakings might be wisely regulated in the matter of wind and weather, and the atmosphere be made to register its coming states.

Storms and tempests, though bad enough now, are not, in general, so bad as they were. We hear of a few branches broken off in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, of a woman in

crinoline being blown off a narrow ledge into the water or the ditch, of a conservatory or two with their glass roofs fractured, and of half a dozen windows smashed in; but we do not often hear now of the excessive damage which was characteristic of the storms of earlier date. For instance, in 944 there was a storm which raged all through England, and which, in London alone, unroofed and destroyed above fifteen hundred houses. Why that was almost the whole city! This was just before the murder of Edmund, father of Edgar and Edwy, and husband to the great abolitionist of the day, Elfgyva. His murder gives one such a graphic sketch of the times, that we cannot pass it by. It was in this wise: Leof, an outlaw, came into the king's palace at meal time, and sat himself down impudently at the king's table. The royal cup-bearer bade him, in the vernacular of the period, to get out of that; but the outlaw refused, whereupon Edmund, in a towering rage, rushed towards him, intending to kick him out; but Leof was too quick for him, and, pulling out a dagger, stabbed the monarch to the heart. A storm that destroyed fifteen hundred houses in a night was in keeping with the rough usages of a time that allowed of royal assassinations in rush-covered banquetting halls by outlaws who carried knives at their girdles, and sat down at kings' tables unbidden.

In 1091, when William Rufus and Robert, his brother, were by chance not wrangling quite so much as usual, a storm broke out that terrified people out of their senses, and did incalculable damage. The wind blew strongly from the south-west, the sky was dark for many days, five hundred houses in this devoted London again were unroofed, and the whole of England shook under the tempest. People believed that the last day had come, and the monks and friars drove a thriving trade. More bequests were made, more candles lighted, glebes given, and offerings vowed then than we can relate. In 1215, when John was reluctantly spelling the first letters of Magna Charta, and laying the foundations of that great edifice, the British Constitution, a tremendous storm destroyed Hugh de Beauvais and his army at Calais, where they had assembled for a descent on England to aid King John against his barons. There were not wanting many who believed that this storm was a direct act of Divine Providence, and that Heaven itself was on the side of the barons, and against the crown. In 1233, in the time of Henry the Third, there was another awful storm. It rained and thundered for fifteen days without intermission, and much damage was done everywhere. In 1285, a year after the birth of the first Prince of Wales, a storm burst out over the island and the principality such as the oldest inhabitant had never seen, and a flash of lightning passed through the room where Edward and his queen were conversing, leaving them untouched, but killing two of their attendants on the spot. In 1339, a hailstorm at Chartres did so much harm to the invading English army, that Edward the Third made peace,

beaten down by hailstones. At least, old Matthew Paris gives this as the reason for the peace; but, in real historie truth, Philip had retreated before our king, subdued and disheartened, so that we can scarcely count this as one of the many meteorological miracles currently believed. In 1382, when knights wore helmets and hauberk, and horses were housed in the gayest of colours; when men delighted in particoloured legs, and ladies put on their heads high conical extinguishers, further adorned by a veil; when peaked shoes were fashionable, square bodies worn among women of rank, and "grammerey" and "by'r Lady" flavoured every man's talk; in 1382, the fair Anne of Bohemia landed in England to be the Second Richard's queen. But the fair Anne brought with her a storm that dashed her own ship to pieces in the very harbour, and destroyed caravels and argosies by the score. The same fate attended Isabella, daughter of Charles the Sixth, Richard's second queen; for, in spite of his grief at the loss of Anne, which led him to raze Sheen, the palace where she died, to the ground, he soon consoled himself with another wife—who brought, as it proved, another storm. All his baggage-ships went down in the tempest that was raised so soon as Isabella set foot on shore; ships were driven by the dozen into land, and many lives were lost; and the poor bewildered wearers of peaked shoes went about helpless and distracted, calling vainly on their patron saints, and thinking that a rosary of Aves and Paters would have power to save them.

Cromwell died September the 3rd, 1658; and, on the night before, there was such a tempest as was never known within the memory of any then living. Trees were uprooted by hundreds in all the parks and woods throughout England; houses unroofed, buildings blown down, people killed by accident of falling trees and hurling slates, as well as by mere force of wind, thrown down and crushed, or blown into the sea or rivers. Such a tumult was there in the air over all Europe on that memorable night, that Cromwell's enemies said that fiends were disputing for his soul; his friends, that even the powers of the air were lamenting, with mankind, the irreparable loss they had sustained. "This great storm of the night of September 2, 1658, reached to the coasts of the Mediterranean," says Mr. JOHN FORSTER, in his noble *Life of Cromwell*.\* "It was such a night in London as had rarely been passed by dwellers in crowded streets. Trees were torn from their roots in the park, chimneys blown down, and houses unroofed, in the city. It was, indeed, a night which prophesied a woful time to England, but to Cromwell it proved a night of happiness. It ushered in for him, far more surely than at Worcester or Dunbar, his Fortunate Day."

But the Great Storm, on the 26th and 27th November, 1703, was the worst of all. Eight thousand people were lost in the floods of the Severn and the Thames, and on the coast of Holland.

London sustained a damage of two millions of pounds; twelve men-of-war, with eighteen hundred men on board, were lost in sight of land; and seventeen thousand trees were uprooted in Kent alone. The Eddystone Lighthouse was blown down, with Mr. Winstanley, its projector and creator, and some of his friends, inside; and the Bishop of Bath and Wells was killed, together with his wife, while in bed at his palace in Somersetshire. Much cattle was lost, and, in one level alone, fifteen thousand sheep were drowned. It was a terrible storm, and England long remembered it—in the ruin of some, the careless sorrow of many, and the intense terror of all. The Great Storm went beyond even the horrors of the tempest which accompanied Cromwell's soul to light and immortality. Fahrenheit was a youth, perhaps musing over the first idea of his new thermometer; Réaumur was a few years older; and Daniel Defoe was a mature man, in the full zenith of his powers, setting whole bodies of men in flames, either of wrath or curiosity.

In 1719, there was a fearful storm in Sweden, when seven thousand Swedes perished on their way to Drontheim; and on the 11th October, 1737, thirty thousand people perished by a hurricane in India; a fleet of Indians, and a fearful amount of shipping, were destroyed; and crops, gardens, forests, and live stock, fell like chaff before the wind. A house in London was set on fire by lightning in 1768, and a man was struck dead on his coach-box in the Kent-road, his watch was shivered to a thousand pieces, a small hole was found in the crown of his hat, and a seam went down his breast. A few days before this, there had been a terrific storm in Edinburgh, when public service was stopped, and candles were lighted in private houses. Darkness, black as night, and broken only by vivid sheets of flame, gathered over the whole city, and there fell a storm of heavy hail, so thick and fast that it beat down both man and beast, slew the lambs and yearlings on all the stock farms about, and destroyed the harvest for miles round. Two men saw a thunder-bolt strike the ground, where it ploughed up a hole large enough for the mainmast of a man-of-war. At Farnake the lightning threw open a window. The Tweed rose very high, and big stones, many tons in weight, were floated down like pebbles. This storm was at the end of July; and in the September of the same year, the Serpentine in Hyde-park rose, forced down part of the walls, and flowed over the whole of Knightsbridge. The canal in St. James's-park rose also, and the waters in Bag-nigge Wells rose eight feet. Cellars were all afloat, and butts of beer sailed down the tide into the Fleet Ditch, where they were fished out by the people. At Hookley-in-the-Hole, the inhabitants were fairly flooded out of the lower stories; the Treasury was flooded, and the sentinels were obliged to quit their posts, literally washed away; in Westminster every cellar was filled, and forty craft were sunk in the river. In November, when Wilkes addressed his letter to the electors and freemen from the King's Bench,

\* Statesmen of the Commonwealth.



it rained for thirty-six consecutive hours at Birmingham, and an awful flood was the consequence. Nottingham was overflowed, and a quantity of damage done; Lancashire and Cheshire were snowed up; and much about the same time, in the Havannah, four thousand and forty-eight houses and public buildings were destroyed, and above a thousand inhabitants perished. And in December of the same year pretty nearly the whole of England lay, more or less, under water.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-five was a terrible year for storms. On the 1st of February Greenwich and Deptford were in a very tempestuous condition, whereat the people were in great alarm, for a certain crazy prophet had prophesied earthquakes and general destruction to come off about this time, and the inhabitants fled in all directions. Portsmouth and Cowes suffered severely from stress of weather; and Saint Columb, in Cornwall, thought the end of the world was surely at hand. A flash of lightning tore down the east pinnacle of the old church; and stones of three hundred weight and more were flung by force of wind above three hundred yards. Another storm in the April of the same year unroofed houses and killed many people. In London, during the panic caused by the tempest, thieves entered the house of Mr. Berry, of Roll's-buildings, and carried off plate and valuables to the value of two thousand pounds. A storm in May, at Murcia, gave the Spanish world a present of hailstones like oranges: some pieces weighing half a pound or twenty ounces, but for the most part averaging eight ounces. The Montem festival at Eton, in the June following, was interrupted by a hail-storm, where the stones were like marbles, and where the fine lords and ladies got wet to the skin, and looked as if they had been dragged through a river. In September, still the same year, the sea at Newfoundland rose suddenly thirty feet, and seven hundred boats with eleven ships, all manned, were lost. The sea and harbour were dragged for many days, and twenty and thirty bodies at a time were brought to land in those awful nets. In October, a tremendous storm raged for thirty-six hours at Leeds, and throughout all Yorkshire. People would not go to bed, but sat up waiting for the judgment to come. The cloth was wrenched from the tenters, the pavement of the streets was torn up, walls were blown down, dyers' vats and stacks of hay and grain were washed away, and much live stock was destroyed. Ships and coasters were lost by dozens; and four Dublin packets foundered in mid seas. Earl Charlemont's brother was on board of one, with his wife; and their death seems to have created an immense sensation—almost as great as that caused by the hecatomb lately offered up in the Royal Charter. The Hague, and indeed the whole of Holland, was devastated by a fearful storm in the November following; but one Jurrien Jurrenson hit upon a wonderful plan of salvation. Meeting with the tempest, he be-thought him of sundry barrels of oil on board:

these he flung out, whereupon the waves were stilled, the ship answered to her helm, and they all came safely into port(?).

Lieutenant Maury, in his "Physical Geography of the Sea," speaks of a storm in 1780—the "great storm" of Barbadoes—when the trees were stripped of their bark, and the very depths and roots of the sea forced up; and when "the waves rose to such a height that forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried about in the air like chaff; houses were razed, ships were wrecked, and the bodies of men and beasts lifted up in the air, and dashed to pieces in the storm. Not less than twenty thousand persons lost their lives, two men of war went down at sea, and fifty sail were driven on shore at the Bermudas." Another storm once forced the Gulf stream back to its sources, and piled up the waters to the height of thirty feet. "The Ledbury Snow attempted to ride it out. When it abated she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchor among the tree-tops on Elliott's Key." The scene in the Gulf Stream was appalling and sublime. "The water thus dammed up is said to have rushed out with wonderful velocity against the fury of the gale, producing a sea that beggared description." At Surat, in the East Indies, there was a storm, in April, 1782, which killed seven thousand people; and in the May of the same year London was visited by a phenomenon that made many a heart quake with fear. A light, like a flaming spear, was visible for about five minutes in the west, when it disappeared, and the firmament became beautifully illuminated by an immense number of rays spreading out like a fan. In some places the fan appeared like a vortex whirling about with infinite velocity. A tremendous storm followed. In the Borough-road the lightning forced off a roof, split some stacks of chimneys, twisted the iron-work of a casement into a peculiar shape, and lifted the door of a room off its iron hinges; and a waterspout burst on Clapham-common. There was a frightful tempest at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and all the south-east coast, on September 6, 1784, when the seafaring population and bathers were terrified at a fish, which they had taken to be only a larger kind of dog-fish, but which certain gentlemen pronounced to be the true "tiger shark" (*squalus*) from the West Indies, sent hither by the storm. The next year a hurricane laid waste a hundred and thirty-one villages and farms in France; and nine years after this almost all England was "tempest-tossed." The year had gone on pretty well up to July, when a storm at Malden, in Essex, set fire to a farm called "The Mountains Farm," near Tiptree Heath. At Ludlow three horses were killed; and at Hereford, Goderich, and Salisbury, affairs went very ill for farmers and travellers.

In 1800 Bonaparte returned from Egypt, and the "temple of Janus was shut." Things went on calmly enough until July, when Oxfordshire had a storm of thunder, rain, lightning, hail, and



wind that satisfied the most ardent lover of atmospheric effects. Hailstones the size of hens' eggs fell in abundance, broke the windows round about Heyford, thrashed out the wheat and barley till scarcely an ear remained in the straw, killed the poultry and smaller birds, and, for the quarter of an hour that they lasted, did enough damage for a lifetime of petty casualties. In November another hurricane devastated Holland, and did infinite mischief in all parts of Germany. At Rotterdam a dyke was broken down, and the waters, rushing through, drowned one thousand five hundred and twenty cattle. The same kind of storm happened fourteen years after, falling chiefly on Leicestershire, where hen's-egg hailstones broke windows and thrashed corn as before; where the lightning scorched Mr. Simpson's tablecloth at Reasby, blinded a boy at Nicol's Lodge, killed Thomas Kilby, burnt a child sleeping in bed in the Royal Oak at Spalding, overturned the Leicester coach, the Newcastle coach, and the Paul Jones, and was pronounced to be the most awful tempest within the memory of living man. In August, 1816, there was a tremendous gale from the north-east along the east coast of England. Ships foundered by dozens, and all night long distress guns were heard from every part of the sea.

But this pretty hateful was nothing to the hurricane that beset Roseau, in Dominica, that same year, when canes and coffee-trees were destroyed by acres, and all kinds of grain and vegetables, live stocks and dead, men and beasts, suffered as they had never suffered before. Ships were wrecked off the reefy coasts, and wreckers were not wanting to plunder the dead, and perhaps murder the living. One vessel, the *Retrieve*, had fifty puncheons of rum on board, which delighted the wreckers not a little, and led to frightful scenes of brutality and drunkenness. The barracks at Prince Rupert's, and elsewhere, were blown to pieces, and the surf in the bay was so heavy that it carried away the guard-house on the beach and the garrison boat. But not many lives were lost. The storm passed on to Antigua, and there did a world of mischief. The next year a dreadful tempest raged through the Leeward Islands, lasting from the 20th to the 22nd of September. At the island of St. Thomas alone one hundred and four vessels were lost, the only ships in the harbour which rode out the gale being the *Salisbury*, two Danish vessels, and two sloops. The warehouses and buildings in every plantation of the island were more or less damaged, and some of them were blown clean away over the estate; all the fences were destroyed, standing crops cut down, animals by the score maimed and killed. The city looked like a city of the dead, and the harbour like a floating wreck.

A storm in 1821 wrecked a great many vessels off Cornwall; in 1822 another storm visited Ireland, threw down many houses in Dublin,

and unroofed more; and six years after an awful storm raged on the English coast, and drove ashore thirteen vessels at Plymouth alone. A month later, at Gibraltar, more than a hundred vessels were destroyed. Could this have been the same storm finishing its course after a month's wandering from England to "Gib"?

In October, 1838—quite yesterday to us middle-aged gentlemen a trifle stiff in the knees, and with a few winter snows upon our heads—a hurricane spent its fury on the houses and buildings in London, but did not kill so many people as might have been expected; and on the 6th and 7th of January, 1839, an awful hurricane on the western coast of England and in Ireland did an amount of damage unsurpassed in our time. Through Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire the storm raged with terrific violence. In Liverpool twenty persons were killed by the falling of stones, beams, and rafters, and one hundred people were drowned in the harbours. Nearly half a million sterling was calculated as the value of ships lost, and the coast and harbours were encumbered with dead bodies and wrecks floating about. In Limerick, Galway, and Athlone more than two hundred houses were blown down, and as many more burnt, the wind spreading the fires. The greatest damage was done at Dublin, while London was, comparatively, free from harm.

Since then we have had no tempest of any specially outrageous behaviour. We have had bad storms and high gales, wrecks and accidents, as equinoctial matters of course; but we have not had anything very terrific or universal. Even the storm of October last, would not have been thought of much noticeable fierceness, had it not been for the sad wreck of the *Royal Charter*. But what it is chiefly noticeable for, is, that it has set scientific men a-thinking, and that it will most likely give a great impetus to that science of the future by which we shall be able to regulate our crops, time our travels, determine our harvests, and avoid our shipwrecks, almost as completely as if we carried *Æolus*, *Boreas*, *Auster*, and the rest of them in our "pocket siphonias," and were, in truth, the weather magicians that the Finns and the medicine-men pretend to be.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

VIII.

So ended my eventful first day at Limmeridge House.

Miss Halcombe and I kept our secret. After the discovery of the likeness no fresh light seemed destined to break over the mystery of the woman in white. At the first safe opportunity Miss Halcombe cautiously led her half-sister to speak of their mother, of old times, and of Anne Catherick. Miss Fairlie's recollections of the little scholar at Limmeridge were, however, only of the most vague and general kind. She remembered the likeness between herself and her mother's favourite pupil, as something which had been supposed to exist in past times; but she did not refer to the gift of the white dresses, or to the singular form of words in which the child had artlessly expressed her gratitude for them. She remembered that Anne had remained at Limmeridge for a few months only, and had then left it to go back to her home in Hampshire; but she could not say whether the mother and daughter had ever returned, or had ever been heard of afterwards. No further search, on Miss Halcombe's part, through the few letters of Mrs. Fairlie's writing which she had left unread, assisted in clearing up the uncertainties still left to perplex us. We had identified the unhappy woman whom I had met in the night-time, with Anne Catherick—we had made some advance, at least, towards connecting the probably defective condition of the poor creature's intellect with the peculiarity of her being dressed all in white, and with the continuance, in her maturer years, of her childish gratitude towards Mrs. Fairlie—and there, so far as we knew at that time, our discoveries had ended.

The days passed on, the weeks passed on; and the track of the golden autumn wound its bright way visibly through the green summer of the trees. Peaceful, fast-flowing, happy time! my story glides by you now, as swiftly as you once glided by me. Of all the treasures of enjoyment that you poured so freely into my heart, how much is left me that has purpose and value enough to be written on this page? Nothing but the saddest of all confessions

that a man can make—the confession of his own folly.

The secret which that confession discloses should be told with little effort, for it has indirectly escaped me already. The poor weak words which have failed to describe Miss Fairlie, have succeeded in betraying the sensations she awakened in me. It is so with us all. Our words are giants when they do us an injury, and dwarfs when they do us a service.

I loved her.

Ah! how well I know all the sadness and all the mockery that is contained in those three words. I can sigh over my mournful confession with the tenderest woman who reads it and pities me. I can laugh at it as bitterly as the hardest man who tosses it from him in contempt. I loved her! Feel for me, or despise me, I confess it with the same immovable resolution to own the truth.

Was there no excuse for me? There was some excuse to be found, surely, in the conditions under which my term of hired service was passed at Limmeridge House.

My morning hours succeeded each other calmly in the quiet and seclusion of my own room. I had just work enough to do, in mounting my employer's drawings, to keep my hands and eyes pleasantly employed, while my mind was left free to enjoy the dangerous luxury of its own unbridled thoughts. A perilous solitude, for it lasted long enough to enervate, not long enough to fortify me. A perilous solitude, for it was followed by afternoons and evenings spent, day after day and week after week, alone in the society of two women, one of whom possessed all the accomplishments of grace, wit, and high-breeding, the other all the charms of beauty, gentleness, and simple truth, that can purify and subdue the heart of man. Not a day passed, in that dangerous intimacy of teacher and pupil, in which my hand was not close to Miss Fairlie's; my cheek, as we bent together over her sketch-book, almost touching hers. The more attentively she watched every movement of my brush, the more closely I was breathing the perfume of her hair, and the warm fragrance of her breath. It was part of my service, to live in the very light of her eyes—at one time to be bending over her, so close to her bosom as to tremble at the thought of touching it; at another, to feel her bending over me, bending so close to see what

I was about, that her voice sank low when she spoke to me, and her ribbons brushed my cheek in the wind before she could draw them back.

The evenings which followed the sketching excursions of the afternoon, varied, rather than checked, these innocent, these inevitable familiarities. My natural fondness for the music which she played with such tender feeling, such delicate womanly taste, and her natural enjoyment of giving me back, by the practice of her art, the pleasure which I had offered to her by the practice of mine, only wove another tie which drew us closer and closer to one another. The accidents of conversation; the simple habits which regulated even such a little thing as the position of our places at table; the play of Miss Halcombe's ever-ready raillery, always directed against my anxiety, as teacher, while it sparkled over her enthusiasm as pupil; the harmless expression of poor Mrs. Vesey's drowsy approval which connected Miss Fairlie and me as two model young people who never disturbed her—every one of these trifles, and many more, combined to fold us together in the same domestic atmosphere, and to lead us both insensibly to the same hopeless end.

I should have remembered my position, and have put myself secretly on my guard. I did so; but not till it was too late. All the discretion, all the experience, which had availed me with other women, and secured me against other temptations, failed me with her. It had been my profession, for years past, to be in this close contact with young girls of all ages, and of all orders of beauty. I had accepted the position as part of my calling in life; I had trained myself to leave all the sympathies natural to my age in my employer's outer hall, as coolly as I left my umbrella there before I went up-stairs. I had long since learnt to understand, composedly and as a matter of course, that my situation in life was considered a guarantee against any of my female pupils feeling more than the most ordinary interest in me, and that I was admitted among beautiful and captivating women, much as a harmless domestic animal is admitted among them. This guardian experience I had gained early; this guardian experience had sternly and strictly guided me straight along my own poor narrow path, without once letting me stray aside, to the right hand or to the left. And now, I and my trusty talisman were parted for the first time. Yes, my hardly-earned self-control was as completely lost to me as if I had never possessed it; lost to me, as it is lost every day to other men, in other critical situations, where women are concerned. I know, now, that I should have questioned myself from the first. I should have asked why any room in the house was better than home to me when she entered it, and barren as a desert when she went out again—why I always noticed and remembered the little changes in her dress that I had noticed and remembered in no other woman's before—why I saw her, heard her, and touched her (when we shook hands at night and morning) as I had never seen, heard, and touched

any other woman in my life? I should have looked into my own heart, and found this new growth springing up there, and plucked it out while it was young. Why was this easiest, simplest work of self-culture always too much for me? The explanation has been written already in the three words that were many enough, and plain enough, for my confession. I loved her.

The days passed, the weeks passed; it was approaching the third month of my stay in Cumberland. The delicious monotony of life in our calm seclusion, flowed on with me like a smooth stream with a swimmer who glides down the current. All memory of the past, all thought of the future, all sense of the falseness and hopelessness of my own position, lay hushed within me into deceitful rest. Lulled by the Syren-song that my own heart sung to me, with eyes shut to all sight, and ears closed to all sound of danger, I drifted nearer and nearer to the fatal rocks. The warning that aroused me at last, and startled me into sudden, self-accusing consciousness of my own weakness, was the plainest, the truest, the kindest of all warnings, for it came silently from her.

We had parted one night, as usual. No word had fallen from my lips, at that time or at any time before it, that could betray me, or startle her into sudden knowledge of the truth. But, when we met again in the morning, a change had come over her—a change that told me all.

I shrank then—I shrink still—from invading the innermost sanctuary of her heart, and laying it open to others, as I have laid open my own. Let it be enough to say that the time when she first surprised my secret, was, I firmly believe, the time when she first surprised her own, and the time, also, when she changed towards me in the interval of one night. Her nature, too truthful to deceive others, was too noble to deceive itself. When the doubt that I had hushed asleep, first laid its weary weight on her heart, the true face owned all, and said, in its own frank simple language—I am sorry for him; I am sorry for myself.

It said this, and more, which I could not then interpret. I understood but too well the change in her manner, to greater kindness and quicker readiness in interpreting all my wishes, before others—to constraint and sadness, and nervous anxiety to absorb herself in the first occupation she could seize on, whenever we happened to be left together alone. I understood why the sweet sensitive lips smiled so rarely and so restrainedly now; and why the clear blue eyes looked at me, sometimes with the pity of an angel, sometimes with the innocent perplexity of a child. But the change meant more than this. There was a coldness in her hand, there was an unnatural immobility in her face, there was in all her movements the mute expression of constant fear and eling self-reproach. The sensations that I could trace to herself and to me, the unacknowledged sensations that we

were feeling in common, were not these. There were certain elements of the change in her that were still secretly drawing us together, and others that were, as secretly, beginning to drive us apart.

In my doubt and perplexity, in my vague suspicion of something hidden which I was left to find by my own unaided efforts, I examined Miss Halcombe's looks and manner for enlightenment. Living in such intimacy as ours, no serious alteration could take place in any one of us which did not sympathetically affect the others. The change in Miss Fairlie was reflected in her half-sister. Although not a word escaped Miss Halcombe which hinted at an altered state of feeling towards myself, her penetrating eyes had contracted a new habit of always watching me. Sometimes, the look was like suppressed anger; sometimes, like suppressed dread; sometimes, like neither—like nothing, in short, which I could understand. A week elapsed, leaving us all three still in this position of secret constraint towards one another. My situation, aggravated by the sense of my own miserable weakness and forgetfulness of myself, now too late awakened in me, was becoming intolerable. I felt that I must cast off the oppression under which I was living, at once and for ever—yet how to act for the best, or what to say first, was more than I could tell.

From this position of helplessness and humiliation, I was rescued by Miss Halcombe. Her lips told me the bitter, the necessary, the unexpected truth; her hearty kindness sustained me under the shock of hearing it; her sense and courage turned to its right use an event which threatened the worst that could happen, to me and to others, in Limmeridge House.

#### IX.

It was on a Thursday in the week, and nearly at the end of the third month of my sojourn in Cumberland.

In the morning, when I went down into the breakfast-room, at the usual hour, Miss Halcombe, for the first time since I had known her, was absent from her customary place at the table.

Miss Fairlie was out on the lawn. She bowed to me, but did not come in. Not a word had dropped from my lips or from hers that could unsettle either of us—and yet the same unacknowledged sense of embarrassment made us shrink alike from meeting one another alone. She waited on the lawn; and I waited in the breakfast-room, till Mrs. Vesey or Miss Halcombe came in. How quickly I should have joined her; how readily we should have shaken hands, and glided into our customary talk, only a fortnight ago!

In a few minutes, Miss Halcombe entered. She had a preoccupied look, and she made her apologies for being late, rather absently.

"I have been detained," she said, "by a consultation with Mr. Fairlie on a domestic matter which he wished to speak to me about."

Miss Fairlie came in from the garden; and

the usual morning greeting passed between us. Her hand struck colder to mine than ever. She did not look at me; and she was very pale. Even Mrs. Vesey noticed it, when she entered the room a moment after.

"I suppose it's the change in the wind," said the old lady. "The winter is coming—ah, my love, the winter is coming soon!"

In her heart and in mine it had come already!

Our morning meal—once so full of pleasant good-humoured discussions of the plans for the day—was short and silent. Miss Fairlie seemed to feel the oppression of the long pauses in the conversation; and looked appealingly to her sister to fill them up. Miss Halcombe, after once or twice hesitating and checking herself, in a most uncharacteristic manner, spoke at last.

"I have seen your uncle this morning, Laura," she said. "He thinks the purple room is the one that ought to be got ready; and he confirms what I told you. Monday is the day—not Tuesday."

While these words were being spoken, Miss Fairlie looked down at the table beneath her. Her fingers moved nervously among the crumbs that were scattered on the cloth. The paleness on her cheeks spread to her lips, and the lips themselves trembled visibly. I was not the only person present who noticed this. Miss Halcombe saw it, too; and at once set us the example of rising from table.

Mrs. Vesey and Miss Fairlie left the room together. The kind sorrowful blue eyes looked at me, for a moment, with the prescient sadness of a coming and a long farewell. I felt the answering pang in my own heart—the pang that told me I must lose her soon, and love her the more unchangeably for the loss.

I turned towards the garden, when the door had closed on her. Miss Halcombe was standing with her hat in her hand, and her shawl over her arm, by the large window that led out to the lawn, and was looking at me attentively.

"Have you any leisure time to spare," she asked, "before you begin to work in your own room?"

"Certainly, Miss Halcombe. I have always time at your service."

"I want to say a word to you in private, Mr. Hartright. Get your hat, and come out into the garden. We are not likely to be disturbed there at this hour in the morning."

As we stepped out on to the lawn, one of the under-gardeners—a mere lad—passed us on his way to the house, with a letter in his hand. Miss Halcombe stopped him.

"Is that letter for me?" she asked.

"Nay, miss; it's just said to be for Miss Fairlie," answered the lad, holding out the letter as he spoke.

Miss Halcombe took it from him, and looked at the address.

"A strange handwriting," she said to herself.

"Who can Laura's correspondent be? Where did you get this?" she continued, addressing the gardener.

"Well, miss," said the lad, "I just got it from a woman."

"What woman?"

"A woman well stricken in age."

"Oh, an old woman. Any one you knew?"

"I canna' tak' it on mysel' to say that she was other than a stranger to me."

"Which way did she go?"

"That gate," said the under-gardener, turning with great deliberation towards the south, and embracing the whole of that part of England with one comprehensive sweep of his arm.

"Curious," said Miss Halcombe; "I suppose it must be a begging-letter. There," she added, handing the letter back to the lad, "take it to the house, and give it to one of the servants. And now, Mr. Hartright, if you have no objection, let us walk this way."

She led me across the lawn, along the same path by which I had followed her on the day after my arrival at Limmeridge. At the little summer-house in which Laura Fairlie and I had first seen each other, she stopped, and broke the silence which she had steadily maintained while we were walking together.

"What I have to say to you, I can say here."

With those words, she entered the summer-house, took one of the chairs at the little round table inside, and signed to me take the other. I had suspected what was coming when she spoke to me in the breakfast-room; I felt certain of it now.

"Mr. Hartright," she said, "I am going to begin by making a frank avowal to you. I am going to say—without phrase-making, which I detest; or paying compliments, which I heartily despise—that I have come, in the course of your residence with us, to feel a strong friendly regard for you. I was predisposed in your favour when you first told me of your conduct towards that unhappy woman whom you met under such remarkable circumstances. Your management of the affair might not have been prudent; but it showed the self-control, the delicacy, and the compassion of a man who was naturally a gentleman. It made me expect good things from you; and you have not disappointed my expectations."

She paused—but held up her hand at the same time, as a sign that she awaited no answer from me before she proceeded. When I entered the summer-house, no thought was in me of the woman in white. But, now, Miss Halcombe's own words had put the memory of my adventure back in my mind. It remained there, throughout the interview—remained, and not without a result.

"As your friend," she proceeded, "I am going to tell you, at once, in my own plain, blunt, downright language, that I have discovered your secret—without help or hint, mind, from any one else. Mr. Hartright, you have thoughtlessly allowed yourself to form an attachment—a serious and devoted attachment, I am afraid—to my sister, Laura. I don't put you to the pain of confessing it, in so many words, because I see and know that you are too

honest to deny it. I don't even blame you—I pity you for opening your heart to a hopeless affection. You have not attempted to take any underhand advantage—you have not spoken to my sister in secret. You are guilty of weakness and want of attention to your own best interests, but of nothing worse. If you had acted, in any single respect, less delicately and less modestly, I should have told you to leave the house, without an instant's notice, or an instant's consultation of anybody. As it is, I blame the misfortune of your years and your position—I don't blame *you*. Shake hands—I have given you pain; I am going to give you more; but there is no help for it—shake hands with your friend, Marian Halcombe, first."

The sudden kindness—the warm, high-minded, fearless sympathy which met me on such mercifully-equal terms, which appealed with such delicate and generous abruptness straight to my heart, my honour, and my courage, overcame me in an instant. I tried to look at her, when she took my hand, but my eyes were dim. I tried to thank her, but my voice failed me.

"Listen to me," she said, considerably avoiding all notice of my loss of self-control. "Listen to me, and let us get it over at once. It is a real, true relief to me that I am not obliged, in what I have now to say, to enter into the question—the hard and cruel question as I think it—of social inequalities. Circumstances which will try *you* to the quick, spare *me* the ungracious necessity of paining a man who has lived in friendly intimacy under the same roof with myself by any humiliating reference to matters of rank and station. You must leave Limmeridge House, Mr. Hartright, before more harm is done. It is my duty to say that to you; and it would be equally my duty to say it, under precisely the same serious necessity, if you were the representative of the oldest and wealthiest family in England. You must leave us, not because you are a teacher of drawing—"

She waited a moment; turned her face full on me; and, reaching across the table, laid her hand firmly on my arm.

"Not because you are a teacher of drawing," she repeated, "but because Laura Fairlie is engaged to be married."

The last word went like a bullet to my heart. My arm lost all sensation of the hand that grasped it. I never moved, and never spoke. The sharp autumn breeze that scattered the dead leaves at our feet, came as cold to me, on a sudden, as if my own mad hopes were dead leaves, too, whirled away by the wind like the rest. Hopes! Betrothed, or not betrothed, she was equally far from *me*. Would other men have remembered that in my place? Not if they had loved her as I did.

The pang passed; and nothing but the dull numbing pain of it remained. I felt Miss Halcombe's hand again, tightening its hold on my arm—I raised my head, and looked at her. Her large black eyes were rooted on me, watching the white change on my face, which I felt, and which she saw.

"Crush it!" she said. "Here, where you first saw her, crush it! Don't shrink under it like a woman. Tear it out; trample it under foot like a man!"

The suppressed vehemence with which she spoke; the strength which her will—concentrated in the look she fixed on me, and in the hold on my arm that she had not yet relinquished—communicated to mine, steadied me. We both waited for a minute, in silence. At the end of that time, I had justified her generous faith in my manhood; I had, outwardly at least, recovered my self-control.

"Are you yourself again?"

"Enough myself, Miss Halcombe, to ask your pardon and hers. Enough myself, to be guided by your advice, and to prove my gratitude in that way, if I can prove it in no other."

"You have proved it already," she answered, "by those words. Mr. Hartright, concealment is at an end between us. I cannot affect to hide from *you*, what my sister has unconsciously shown to *me*. You must leave us for her sake, as well as for your own. Your presence here, your necessary intimacy with us, harmless as it has been, God knows, in all other respects, has unsteadied her and made her wretched. I, who love her better than my own life—I who have learnt to believe in that pure, noble, innocent nature as I believe in my religion—know but too well the secret misery of self-reproach that she has been suffering, since the first shadow of a feeling disloyal to her marriage engagement entered her heart in spite of her. I don't say—it would be useless to attempt to say it, after what has happened—that her engagement has ever had a strong hold on her affections. It is an engagement of honour, not of love—her father sanctioned it on his death-bed, two years since—she herself neither welcomed it, nor shrank from it—she was content to make it. Till you came here, she was in the position of hundreds of other women, who marry men without being greatly attracted to them or greatly repelled by them, and who learn to love them (when they don't learn to hate!) after marriage, instead of before. I hope more earnestly than words can say—and you should have the self-sacrificing courage to hope too—that the new thoughts and feelings which have disturbed the old calmness and the old content, have not taken root too deeply to be ever removed. Your absence (if I had less belief in your honour, and your courage, and your sense, I should not trust to them as I am trusting now)—your absence will help my efforts; and time will help us all three. It is something to know that my first confidence in you was not all misplaced. It is something to know that you will not be less honest, less manly, less considerate towards the pupil whose relation to yourself you have had the misfortune to forget, than towards the stranger and the outcast whose appeal to you was not made in vain."

Again the chance reference to the woman in white! Was there no possibility of speaking of Miss Fairlie and of me without raising the me-

memory of Anne Catherick, and setting her between us like a fatality that it was hopeless to avoid?

"Tell me what apology I can make to Mr. Fairlie for breaking my engagement," I said. "Tell me when to go after that apology is accepted. I promise implicit obedience to you and to your advice."

"Time is, every way, of importance," she answered. "You heard me refer this morning to Monday next, and to the necessity of setting the purple room in order. The visitor whom we expect on Monday—"

I could not wait for her to be more explicit. Knowing what I knew now, the memory of Miss Fairlie's look and manner at the breakfast-table told me that the expected visitor at Limmeridge House was her future husband. I tried to force it back; but something rose within me at that moment stronger than my own will; and I interrupted Miss Halcombe.

"Let me go to-day," I said, bitterly. "The sooner the better."

"No; not to-day," she replied. "The only reason you can assign to Mr. Fairlie for your departure, before the end of your engagement, must be that an unforeseen necessity compels you to ask his permission to return at once to London. You must wait till to-morrow to tell him that, at the time when the post comes in, because he will then understand the sudden change in your plans, by associating it with the arrival of a letter from London. It is miserable and sickening to descend to deceit, even of the most harmless kind—but I know Mr. Fairlie, and if you once excite his suspicions that you are trifling with him, he will refuse to release you. Speak to him on Friday morning; occupy yourself afterwards (for the sake of your own interests with your employer), in leaving your unfinished work in as little confusion as possible; and quit this place on Saturday. It will be time enough, then, Mr. Hartright, for you, and for all of us."

Before I could assure her that she might depend on my acting in the strictest accordance with her wishes, we were both startled by advancing footsteps in the shrubbery. Some one was coming from the house to seek for us! I felt the blood rush into my cheeks, and then leave them again. Could the third person who was fast approaching us, at such a time and under such circumstances, be Miss Fairlie?

It was a relief—so sadly, so hopelessly was my position towards her changed already—it was absolutely a relief to me, when the person who had disturbed us appeared at the entrance of the summer-house, and proved to be only Miss Fairlie's maid.

"Could I speak to you for a moment, miss?" said the girl, in rather a flurried, unsettled manner.

Miss Halcombe descended the steps into the shrubbery, and walked aside a few paces with the maid.

Left by myself, my mind reverted, with a sense of forlorn wretchedness which it is not in



any words that I can find to describe, to my approaching return to the solitude and the despair of my lonely London home. Thoughts of my kind old mother, and of my sister, who had rejoiced with her so innocently over my prospects in Cumberland—thoughts whose long banishment from my heart it was now my shame and my reproach to realise for the first time—came back to me with the loving mournfulness of old, neglected friends. My mother and my sister, what would they feel when I returned to them from my broken engagement, with the confession of my miserable secret—they who had parted from me so hopefully on that last happy night in the Hampstead cottage!

Anne Catherick again! Even the memory of the farewell evening with my mother and my sister could not return to me now, unconnected with that other memory of the moonlight walk back to London. What did it mean? Were that woman and I to meet once more? It was possible, at the least. Did she know that I lived in London? Yes; I had told her so, either before or after that strange question of hers, when she had asked me so distrustfully if I knew many men of the rank of Baronet. Either before or after—my mind was not calm enough, then, to remember which.

A few minutes elapsed before Miss Halcombe dismissed the maid and came back to me. She, too, looked flurried and unsettled, now.

"We have arranged all that is necessary, Mr. Hartright," she said. "We have understood each other, as friends should; and we may go back at once to the house. To tell you the truth, I am uneasy about Laura. She has sent to say she wants to see me directly; and the maid reports that her mistress is apparently very much agitated by a letter that she has received this morning—the same letter, no doubt, which I sent on to the house before we came here."

We retraced our steps together hastily along the shrubbery path. Although Miss Halcombe had ended all that she thought it necessary to say, on her side, I had not ended all that I wanted to say on mine. From the moment when I had discovered that the expected visitor at Limmeridge was Miss Fairlie's future husband, I had felt a bitter curiosity, a burning envious eagerness, to know who he was. It was possible that a future opportunity of putting the question might not easily offer; so I risked asking it on our way back to the house.

"Now that you are kind enough to tell me we have understood each other, Miss Halcombe," I said; "now that you are sure of my gratitude for your forbearance and my obedience to your wishes, may I venture to ask who"—(I hesitated; I had forced myself to think of him, but it was harder still to speak of him, as her promised husband)—"who the gentleman engaged to Miss Fairlie, is?"

Her mind was evidently occupied with the message she had received from her sister. She answered, in a hasty, absent way:

"A gentleman of large property, in Hampshire."

Hampshire! Anne Catherick's native place. Again, and yet again, the woman in white. There was a fatality in it.

"And his name?" I said, as quietly and indifferently as I could.

"Sir Percival Glyde."

Sir—Sir Percival! Anne Catherick's question—that suspicious question about the men of the rank of Baronet whom I might happen to know—had hardly been dismissed from my mind by Miss Halcombe's return to me in the summer-house, before it was recalled again by her own answer. I stopped suddenly, and looked at her.

"Sir Percival Glyde," she repeated, imagining that I had not heard her former reply.

"Knight, or Baronet?" I asked, with an agitation that I could hide no longer.

She paused for a moment, and then answered, rather coldly:

"Baronet, of course."

#### A MORNING WITH SOME PRUDENT MEN.

We had heard much about the Prudent Men who regulate quarrels between master and man in Paris, Lyons, and other great cities of France, and determined to come face to face with workmen sitting upon the judgment seat, and see how they deport themselves; to watch the tendency of this mixed court of masters and men, and learn whether justice is done on all sides. To resolve was easy; it was easy also to inquire; but, to succeed in obtaining the information desired, was not the labour of an hour. With a kind letter from a powerful gentleman in England to a powerful gentleman in Paris; with a portmanteau full of books on the working population of France; the facts, observations, and dicta of Audiganne and Le Play thoroughly studied; descriptions of Lyons tumults, and all the evils of the ignorance of the working classes—and, let me add, of their employers—stored up, we were armed at all points for the journey to the palace of the Prudent Men.

The reply of the powerful gentleman in Paris to our letter of introduction from the powerful gentleman in England came promptly, and it introduced us to the ministry under the control of which sat the Prudent Men. It did more; it referred us to a great authority on the working classes of France and all the laws which affect them: to M. Audiganne himself. Brought into direct contact with the people who were concerned in the doings of the Prudent Men, our course became easy and pleasant. Facts were supplied readily. We consulted intelligible tables, by the aid of which we could see at a glance what the Prudent Men of every town in France had been about. A card, with a polite message to the President of the Prudent Men, sent us to the Rue de la Douane, behind the Château d'Eau.

As we trudged on the long tramp from the depths of the Faubourg St. Germain, through

the unfinished Boulevards, we marshalled all we could remember about these famed Prudent Men, and their ancient origin. For they trace themselves as far back as 1452, when King René established his Prudent Men at Marseilles; whose business it was to settle disputes between fishermen and their masters and captains. But Prudent Men have not risen to consequence longer than half a century. Louis the Eleventh authorised the citizens of Lyons to appoint a Prudent Man to settle disputes among the merchants who frequented the fairs of Lyons.

But these Prudent Men of the olden time were simply municipal magistrates appointed to inspect factories and workshops, and to enforce all the laws to which industries were subjected. These magistrates disappeared in the storm of the first Revolution, leaving the Prudent Fishermen alone to perpetuate the race. And the old magisterial sailors maintained their rights, only because their decisions were spoken and never written. There were no records of Fishermen's justice to destroy—so the Revolutionary tempest passed over the old seamen without having touched their white heads.

That which is fraternal and conciliating, and founded in a strong sense of justice between master and man, in the Councils of Prudent Men which are now established throughout France, and to the most important of which we were tending, was given to them in the year 1806. Lyons—the turbulent—suggested these councils to be the mediating power between employers and employed. They were to be little parliaments elected by journeymen and masters, in which both journeymen and masters were to have seats. And, on this wise principle, are the four councils of Paris now administering justice to master and man in the busy Rue de la Douane.

The entrance to the Hall of Labour's Courts of Justice is not imposing. It is a simple gateway, like the entrance to a Paris boarding school, with a black sign across, upon which "Conseils de Prud'hommes" is written legibly. The tricolor floating above is the only sign of the Council's official character. Within, in a long court-yard upon an attenuated line of benches under a shed, workwomen, workmen, and masters are talking rapidly; and, here and there, angrily. Two or three are casting up accounts upon the whitewashed wall, determined to make their case as clear as daylight before they bow to the Prudent Men within. Some seven or eight blouses, shabby and mournful, sit apart. They have evidently fared ill since they quarrelled with their masters, or, rather, with their "patrons." No French workman has a master. But the wall of the court is worth examination. It is covered with sums, wandering as erratically as the slime-line of a snail, and with the sarcasms (coarse, occasionally) of offended labour: "M. is a man devoid of probity: he would kill anybody for a centime. Don't trust him more than you would trust a bridge of straw."—"Wanted a young man of

eighty to do everything. Apply to Monsieur Tojoursbête fils, Rue du Cherche-Midi."

There is a stir a few minutes before twelve o'clock: the Prudent Men are about to take their seats in the judgment-hall. We pass into a spacious house. In a little conciergerie an old woman is knitting stockings. At the foot of the wide staircase stands the orier of the court, in pale blue uniform enlivened by white metal buttons. This is the house belonging to the four councils of Paris, viz.: the council for the metal trades, the council for the chemical trades, the council for the textile fabric trades, and, lastly, the council for miscellaneous industries. And here, on the ground floor, are the conciliation offices. To these conciliation offices a summons (price threepence) brings master and man who have quarrelled. The conciliation office is a closed court, in which a selected master and a workman sit, and before whom the quarrels of master and man are explained. The large proportion of cases are settled in this private court, without expense and without publicity. In 1857, no less than 49,137 cases were brought to the seventy-six conciliation courts of the Prud'hommes. Of these cases 29,431 were settled by the rudest bench, consisting of one workman and one master; the large number of 10,913 cases were withdrawn; and only 8793 cases were carried to the great or general council, which is now sitting. These pleasant facts make us look curiously at the modest rooms; where master and man appeal to master and man, and where justice is done for nothing.

The grave official in sky blue uniform respectfully invites us up-stairs, whither blouses and dapper foremen, and shiny-hatted masters, together with troops of women—the employed in snow-white caps, the employers in vast circumferences of crinoline—are moving briskly, chattering like monkeys in the midst of some great common danger.

We are in the spacious court of the Prudent Men. It is a chamber disposed somewhat on the plan of a London police-court; a vast plain room, at the further end of which is a horse-shoe table. The president's chair is in the centre; and, above it, is the bust of that Emperor whose empire is peace. At the sides of the room are two square tables, where the officials of the court sit. Opposite the president is the bar, whereat the complainant and the defendant plead—the complainant on the president's right, the defendant on his left. Behind the bar, and near the door, are rows of backed seats, where the public, and persons interested in cases, watch or wait. Silence is proclaimed. The president is in his chair, with six Prudent Men—three masters and three workmen—on his left and right. Each Prudent Man wears a silver star attached to a broad, black, watered ribbon round his neck, as a badge of dignity. They are middle-aged men, and bear themselves solemnly. The president (who is appointed by the government) is an elderly person of severe military appearance. About to be judged are

the cases which the Courts of Conciliation have not been able to settle. The proportion of cases left by the courts below to this court is one in five. The first case before the Prudent Men was between a contractor and one of those nuisances to the real working man we know as sweaters. The president became very irate over this case. The sweater and the contractor stood side by side, and pleaded alternately. Now one interrupted the other, and now the sweater's wife (such is the power of love) could not refrain from helping her husband out of a little confused perjury. Then the sonorous voice of the president rose above the gabble of the contending parties, the wife was dismissed into the body of the court that she might not have the last word, and justice proceeded to question first complainant, then defendant. By searching questions first from one Prudent Man, then from another, it appeared that the sweater and the contractor had been flying kites together; in other words, manufacturing accommodation-bills. It appeared, also, that the sweater was endeavouring to intimidate the contractor, by exposing his lack of ready money. It was impossible to hold the keen sweater to a point. At every turn he slipped from the president's hands into new revelations intended to damage the contractor. At last the president rose and declared that the case had been heard. The Prudent Men clustered about the president, as bees about to swarm cluster about their queen. They hummed (the seven heads packed together) also like bees. The deliberation over, the Prudent Men resumed their seats, and the president declared that "the council, having deliberated, in conformity with the law," and having heard complainant and defendant, dismissed the sweater's claim as one that was not a question between master and man, therefore not to be judged by the Prudent Men. It was a bill-discounting quarrel.

A dwarf, sallow and heavy-browed, stepped into the complainant's place; while a cleanly, white-capped woman assumed the position of defendant. The dwarf stated his case. He was a working tailor, and the woman (who employed working tailors) owed him twenty francs. She had paid him five, and he now claimed fifteen. The woman, speaking without the least embarrassment, and with a most winning air of candour, declared that the dwarf was not reasonable. She was very poor just now: she had paid him five francs, and now offered him ten, if he would give her a month to scrape the balance together.

"What!" exclaimed the president, "the poor woman offers you ten francs, which makes fifteen out of twenty, and begs a month to get the balance together for you, and you refuse! Have you no sense of Christian charity, my man? Is the world to be made a happy one by harshness like this? Take what the poor woman offers you."

The dwarf stood savagely insensible. He would have his money. Whereupon the Pru-

dent Men clustered together, and whispered for a moment. When they had resumed their seats, the president, having declared (as he declared in all cases before pronouncing judgment) that the council had deliberated in conformity with the law, directed the woman to give the ten-franc piece she held in her hand to her inexorable little creditor, and ordered the dwarf to wait a month for the balance. The woman put the little gold coin down with an air of triumph, and tripped from the court; and the dwarf grumbled as he slipped the instalment of his debt into his waistcoat pocket.

The ferocity of the president, when he was dealing with the sweater, had not made a favourable impression. We had said complacently, "Here is some touchwood of the old Empire, armed by the new Empire with a little comfortable authority to dignify an old age." But, in the dwarf's case, the president's manner, when endeavouring to conciliate the harsh little man, by appealing to his better nature, reversed this harsh judgment. It was already manifest that Monsieur the President was admirably adapted to his place.

The dwarf had hardly pocketed his money before a very dapper Frenchman, with high shoulders, covered by a light olive-green coat, upon the collar of which lay some well-greased curls, bowed himself into the complainant's place, taking care that the whole court observed his dainty cane and spotless gloves. He was followed by a grave man, whose close-cut hair, burnt face and throat, and new civilian dress, "announced," as our neighbours have it, a discharged soldier. He led a child, about twelve years old, and was himself led by his wife, who took the entire matter at once into her own hands. Dapper complainant was a manufacturer of artificial flowers, and the little girl was his apprentice. Her mother had withdrawn her from his service for five months, and he claimed the full amount that would have been due to him had the child remained with him all this time. Hereupon the woman raised her voice in defence. She informed the president that the child before him was the fruit of a first marriage; that in the beginning of this present year of grace she married "under the flag"—in other words, the military gentleman on her right. When she was about to follow him to Italy she was anxious about her little girl. She did not like to leave her with strangers, so she removed her from the house of the flower-manufacturer to that of her mother.

"How!" exclaimed the president, sharply. "You make an engagement with monsieur (pointing to dapper complainant), and you break it! An engagement is sacred, and should not be broken. Then how can you call monsieur a stranger? Had not your child been with him many months?"

The woman was energetic, and tackled the president courageously. She begged that he would observe the difference between a child working out her apprenticeship under her mother's eye, and the same child abandoned to

the mercy of her master, the mother following the French army through the Italian campaign. The mother might never return. She had committed an error in removing her child, however, and she was willing to give her child back to the dapper manufacturer if he would accept half the sum he demanded.

The president then appealed to the exquisite, who was sucking the end of his cane. Would he forego his indemnity? For the amount he claimed was excessive. The woman owned that she had been in the wrong, and now sought to do all that was in her power to repair her fault.

The dapper complainant would have all he had asked or nothing.

Thereupon the Prudent Men swarmed once more about the president's chair, and hummed for some five minutes. There was evidently a difference of opinion, and the flower-maker glanced confidently round the court, now at the secretary (who was using a toothpick and reading the *Moniteur*), now at the defendants. The humming presently ceased, and the president, addressing the complainant, told him that the council, having anxiously deliberated, and having taken into consideration the interests of the child, could not allow the indemnity complainant sought, since he had incurred no loss whatever from the mother's fault. The court, moreover, annulled the apprenticeship.

A workwoman now tripped into the complainant's place, while a lady in the most bouffante of crinolines, and dazzlingly dressed, followed to the position of defendant. This was a case of hard swearing. The poor workwoman had done work for the defendant, who kept a milliner's establishment, and could not obtain her wages, viz. twenty francs. The lady, in a shrill, harsh voice, declared that she had paid the workwoman the full value of her labour. But ugly facts turned up. It was proved that the shrill lady had since acknowledged the debt, and had promised week after week to pay it. It was clear that the lady had not adhered rigidly to the truth, and that she was endeavouring to defraud a poor woman of her wages. Yet it was difficult to determine the value of the woman's work. The Prudent Men here displayed their peculiar value. They asked the workwoman what she had done for the defendant. The woman described various mysterious items of feminine under-clothing amid the laughter of the court. This was enough. The Prudent Men deliberated, masters and men, and fixed the fair price. Then there was the hard swearing on both sides, out of which neither complainant nor defendant came quite clean. But defendant was the intrepid swearer, and had torn her books in suspicious places. She was told by the president that he could hardly trust himself to express his opinion and that of the court on her want of self-respect. The court ordered her to pay ten francs to the workwoman. The elegant milliner tossed her head and whisked her crinoline, and endeavoured in various feminine ways to convey

to the Prudent Men her contempt for them and their proceedings. But the president called the next case, without deigning to notice either the toss of the head or the whisking of the crinoline.

Here was a quarrel between a hairdresser and his man. The heads of complainant and defendant stood in open rivalry before the Prudent Men, models in their way, of the coiffeur's art. The complainant narrated his grievance against his late master. He had been engaged to dress hair, and had been regarded with especial favour by his master, having brought a distinguished customer with him (whose hair he had had the honour of dressing for years) from the *Chaussée d'Antin*. The distinguished customer had, however, run up a bill, and was now taken in execution. The master hairdresser declared now, that his man dressed the distinguished lady's hair on his own account; or rather that she was to be a customer of the shop, if she paid, and of the poor journeyman, if she did not pay.

"Rather an elastic way of doing business," said the president.

The journeyman's complaint was, that his master had discharged him, and held his few clothes as security for the distinguished customer's unpaid bill.

The Prudent Men ordered the master to give up the journeyman's effects, to pay him his wages in full. Moreover, they treated the master to some wholesome advice on the proper conduct of an employer towards his servant.

Other cases followed. One in which justice was admirably administered between a slop-seller and a poor needlewoman, and another, in which a man claimed a week's wages. It appeared that the man had left his work for two days, that he might indulge in *Barrière* amusements. Another workman had therefore been put in his place. The president indignantly dismissed the case, saying no man of honour claimed wages who had not done work. Master and man were presently heard quarrelling on the staircase. We followed them, anxious to hear the termination of the dispute. Two policemen were at the elbows of the disputants in a minute. But the master, very kindly, asked the police not to take notice of the angry idler. They wrangled along the *Rue de la Douane*, till they were lost in the crowds of the *Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle*.

Let us here note, in closing our morning with the Prudent Men—a morning that has suggested to us many useful rules and laws for home use—that out of the 8793 quarrels referred in 1857 from the private conciliation courts to the public general courts, 6193 were withdrawn before judgment had been pronounced; that 2076 cases went to judgment; that there were threats of appeal in 526 cases; and that only 54 appeals to the superior courts were actually made.

What misery, bad feeling, and injustice might

have been saved, had such Councils of Prudent Men been established in London during the recent strike!

### SMALL SHOT.

#### BITS OF GARDEN.

No man or woman has a right, within the bounds of law, to do anything he or she chooses or pleases with his or her own. A full-grown woman, in a semi-detached house, has no right to begin to learn music at her time of life, and be zealously determined upon working herself to what never will be anything like perfection, by repeating the same tune from eight in the morning until eleven and a half p.m., with relaxation only during dinner-time. Perhaps she has her tea placed beside her on the piano, and stoops her head to drink while she continues playing. She cannot be indicted at the petty sessions. Besides, she may be really the nicest neighbour in the world, and it is the inventor of pianos, who ought to undergo punishment. A fiddle owns that it can only squeak. A bass-viol never professes to do more than grumble, or a flute to whistle, or a drum to make a noise of thumping. All this associated whistling, squeaking, grumble, and thump, put together, is delightful, of course, in the Opera House, to which only those people go who like it. But a piano violently seizes you with the pretence that it can do the work of an entire band; that it can squeak, grumble, whistle, thump, and otherwise combine varieties of noise incident to the work that it takes sixty men to perform properly with other instruments. The man who invented such a machine in a form that led to its introduction into houses with thin party walls, deserved to be bound with cords of catgut, and to be beaten upon with small hammers all his days.

Neither has a man any right to do what he pleases with his own garden. Has a landlord any title to let a house with a garden to a tenant known to possess a cart-load of the ugliest and most lumpish vases that have ever been turned out of clay? If not, what damages may the landlord of the house next door be liable to, unless he will serve a distingas, or a fierifacias, or something else that is potent, upon his new tenant, to compel him to arrange his vases round his dining-room, or round his bed, or anywhere, so that he may have private enjoyment of them, and respect the eyesight of his neighbours. Vitriol works are nothing to those vases with which some people speckle their grass. They are of all sizes, and, of course, perfection of disorder is the sense of order that has governed their arrangement. The pipkins are laid near the house, and the further we go the bigger they grow—none being on pedestals—until we come to the big boilers at the bottom of the garden.

From half the back windows in London, who cannot see, not only muddles of vases, but jumbles of rustic-work and miserable bursts

of statuary; not to mention, set up in the middle of grass-plots, basins and self-acting squirts? Some suburban stucco villas have as many vases on their parapets as there are chimney-pots upon their roofs; vases planted about all over their grounds, generally where they ought not to be, and always big where they should be small, or small where they should be big; and which display from the road as many statues as a tea-garden.

Somebody should write a book upon the management of not small gardens merely, but Bits of Garden. Millions of people obtain garden ground only by the morsel, and would like to make out of that morsel an occasion of rejoicing to the eye. They suppose, perhaps, that books written for cottagers will meet their little possibilities. They get such books, and learn how to earth celery, how to grow cabbages, how dig in potatoes, and other information of no use; for the bit of town garden is not a cottage garden, and requires peculiar treatment. It cannot be laid out in accordance with the rules of landscape gardening, or even of geometrical gardening, to any great extent, for it must not be chopped into mince little beds and narrow walks. Not knowing what to do with our few perches of space, we either neglect them altogether, or throw money away upon their elaborate disfigurement.

The tiniest back-yard might have a pavement, and one slightly vase kept trim with flowers, which, through constant household care, would rise triumphant over the fall of the blacks. Everybody may now understand that the root of all sightliness in a small garden is the exact definition of whatever lines and curves there may be in it, the neatness of its grass-plot, and the smoothness of a well-made and well-drained gravel walk or walks, accessible in every part to the roller, which should be worked freely as a sort of household dumb-bell, not only good for the garden but good for the gardener. But, beyond this, it is hard to go. How far may the owner of a bit of garden proceed in the cutting of small beds out of his grass-plot? How many combinations of grass, flower-bed, and gravel, may he fairly get out of a garden of a certain size and form? The scales of sizes and forms are, for London at least, very easily defined, and consequently the instructions here asked for would be most extensively applicable. These are the things which thousands of people wish to be distinctly taught. What trees, ask our town populations, may be judiciously introduced into this sort of gardening: in what degree, and in what positions with regard to other features of the little pleasure? Under what circumstances, and in what manner, may we introduce a vase, or a statue, or a bit of rustic-work? How may we really make, according to our means, the best of a desire to have an arbour? What gay and hardy flowers make the best and the least fugitive ornaments for a garden, from which even the ceasing of the blossom on a single rose-bush, is a thing to miss? What flowers ought to be

sown or planted side by side, in order to produce the best effect of colour by their simultaneous blossom? How may we keep the bit of ground as neat and bright as possible all the year round, although we have no gardeners belonging to our own establishments, and wish to pay as little as we can for occasional day labour? To all these questions, the town populations of Great Britain pause for a reply. A mere gardener may be unable to give the much-desired information. The skilled knowledge of the ordinary gardener has to be joined with the counsels of a man of taste, and these must have solely in view backyards, the little plots in front of houses, and the enclosed strips behind. The gardening monitor must not reckon the smallest house that has a patch to it, unworthy of distinct attention, and he should ascend into no region sublimer than the strip of ground attached to the best rows of suburban houses, whether as fore-courts or backyards.

#### POISONOUS MUSHROOMS.

GERARDE's quaint counsel in regard to mushrooms is as follows: "I give my advice to those that love such strange and new fangled meats, to beware of licking honey among thorns, lest the sweetness of the one do not countervail the sharpness and pricking of the other." But this advice is equally just in regard to many other members of the vegetal world. Have we not picked potatoes for our table from the family of the deadly nightshades (*Solana*)? Do we not carefully distinguish the garden parsley from the fool's parsley? Do we not pickle gherkins notwithstanding their affinity to the squirting cucumber (*Elaterium*), which poisons those who eat it? And do we not use horseradish in spite of the fatal accidents occurring every now and then from mistaking monkshood for it? Instead, therefore, of being appalled by idle rumours of the difficulty or impracticability of the undertaking, we ought to apply ourselves to the task of discriminating accurately between the wholesome and poisonous gifts of Nature. It would then be found that the Creator, having given to brutes an instinct by which to select their aliment, has given to man, for the same purpose, a discriminative power of far greater certitude.

The first thing to know about funguses, says Dr. Badham is, that in the immense majority of cases they are harmless; the innoxious and esculent kinds are the rule; the poisonous kinds the exceptions to it.

The senses of taste and smell are the best guides to be relied upon in selecting mushrooms. Those having a strong, disagreeable, or sickly odour, are certainly unwholesome. Mushrooms which are bitter or styptic, or that burn the mouth on mastication, or parch the throat when they have been swallowed, should be put aside. Dr. Badham adds: "those which yield spiced milk, of whatever colour, should be held, notwithstanding exceptions, in suspicion; as an unsafe dairy to deal with." Mushrooms of a rose or orange-red colour, and those growing beside water, or on thickly

shaded spots, and in damp, darkened places, to which the air has little access, are always more or less poisonous. Some trees give origin to good, and others to bad parasites; thus the hazel nut, the black, and perhaps the white poplar, and the fig tree, grow only good sorts of mushrooms; whereas the olive has been famous, since the days of Nicander, for none but poisonous kinds:

The rank in smell, and those of livid show,  
All that at roots of Oak or Olive grow,  
Touch not! But those upon the Fig-tree's rind  
Securely pluck,—a safe and savoury kind.

It is not however safe to trust implicitly to the particular tree to determine the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of the fungus growing out of it, or in its neighbourhood; as the elm, the elder, the larch, the beech, and many other trees, seem capable of supporting both good and bad mushrooms at their roots.

A thing to be borne in mind is, that the idiosyncracies of some persons are opposed to a diet composed of mushrooms, as others are to shell-fish, melons, or cucumbers. Then, again, though funguses are not to be considered unwholesome, they are, like other good things, to be eaten with moderation. Monsieur Roques, who has written an excellent treatise on mushrooms, says, "If you live an indolent life, are a Sybarite in your heart, or should any violent passions (anger, jealousy, or revenge) be dealing with you, take care how in such a case you eat ragoûts of truffles or of mushrooms; but if, on the contrary, your health be good, your life temperately prudent, your temper, even, and your mind serene, then (provided you like them) you may eat of these luxuries without the slightest apprehension of their disagreeing with you." People have fancied themselves poisoned when they are not; indigestion produced by mushrooms is looked upon with fear and suspicion, and, if a medical man be called in, the stomach pump used, and relief obtained, nothing will persuade either patient or practitioner that this has not been a case of poisoning. "You have saved my life," says the one. "I think you will not be persuaded to eat any more mushrooms for some time," says the other; and so they part, each under the impression that he knows more about mushrooms than anybody else can tell him. Yet, these drawbacks notwithstanding, funguses, which have been the daily bread of nations, the poor man's manna for many centuries, cannot be an unwholesome, much less a dangerous, food.

The most virulent of our native toadstools is the Fly Mushroom (*Amanita muscaria*), a large and beautiful plant, with a tall, pillar-like stalk, and an umbrella, or hat, measuring from three to six inches across. It grows in pastures, and may be recognised by its bright red or orange colour, varied by small white or yellowish dots. Although a powerful poison, in Kamtschatka it is used in various ways to produce intoxication.

A brownish orange fungus, the Half Rounded



Agaric (*Agaricus semiglobatus*) found growing in numbers on heaps of manure, is poisonous, and Mr. Sowerby states that it once proved nearly fatal to a whole family who had gathered it, in mistake for the common mushroom, in Hyde Park. Another very dangerous native toadstool is the very common bright brown Bulbous Agaric (*Agaricus bulbosus*), which abounds among grass, and in woods in autumn, and has the odour of horseradish.

The old and general practice adopted by cooks of dressing mushrooms with a silver spoon, to detect their poisonous qualities by the tarnishing of the metal, is an error which cannot be too well known and exposed; for the poison may not tarnish the spoon, and many lives, especially on the Continent, have been sacrificed to it.

The safest way to deal with mushrooms is to steep them in vinegar or brine before dressing them. This was known to the ancient Greeks, for they say, "Prepare your funguses with vinegar, salt, or honey, for thus you will rob them of their poison." And in cases in which accidental poisoning from mushrooms or toadstools is known or suspected, should any delay arise in obtaining medical assistance, an emetic composed of a large dessert spoonful of mustard, in a cupful of warm water, ought to be immediately taken.

Finally, mushrooms, like eggs and oysters, must be eaten when fresh.

### THE WIDOW'S WAKE.

DEEP in the midnight lane,

Where glimmering tapers feebly pierce the gloom,  
Through many a winking pane,  
All tearful in the rain,

The widow lies within her naked room.

Coldly the widow lies,

Though woe and want can touch her never more;  
And in her beamless eyes,  
Grief's well, that rarely dries,

Never again shall hoard its oozy store.

Coldly the widow lies.

God's mighty midnight creepeth overhead—  
King's couch and pauper's bed,  
All human tears, all cares, all agonies,  
Beneath His gaze are spread.

And these poor boards of thin and dismal deal,

That hold her mortal relics, in His eyes  
Are sacred as the gilded obsequies,

When purchased mourners kneel

'Mid all the painful pomp in which some great  
man lies.

None may this vigil keep:

Retired in life, the widow died alone,  
And in this silent sleep

Noue wait by her; none weep

To find that she is gone.

Only the winds that steal

Coldly across the damp and broken wall  
On that pale visage fall,

As though they paused her icy brow to feel,  
Or death's blank gaze a moment to reveal,

Uplift the scanty pall.

And this is she who struggled long and sore,

In the black night-time of a dire distress—

Most patient wretchedness,

Bearing a bitter cross to death's dark door,

Receiving there—if humankind may guess—

A crown of glory for the thorns she wore.

### MY RAILWAY COLLISION.

If you mount the steps leading to No. 3, Upas-tree-court, Inner Temple (third floor, left hand), you will find on the outer door, in white letters, black rimmed, on an oak ground, the name of "Pod."

On a foggy morning on the twenty-second November, that gentleman (myself) had resolved to go down on important legal business (first brief) to Wiltshire, my native county.

I was deep in a legal dream, and wandering through a cloudy Westminster, where difficulties entangled me, and getting into a sort of Castle-in-the-Air Chancery, when I was knocked back into life by Mrs. Dustall, my laundress, calling out,

"Seven o'clock, sir, and such a nasty morning."

She needn't have said that. Thump went my boots. In a moment I was splashing in my bath like a tame merman learning swimming. But something troubled me, and hung about me like a damp shirt. What was it?

IT WAS A PRESENTIMENT.

A foreboding of evil it was, and I will say it till the day of my death, and would have said so, even if nothing had happened. It was as a nail in my boot, as a whitlow on my hand; as an invisible millstone it hung about my neck; and I could not find the string that tied it on, so that I might cut it.

Breakfast. Butter in pats, clean-stamped as Greek cameos, bread floury white, toast warm and absorbent, tea balmy and fragrant as Nepenthes—which some suppose it was—mutton-chop juicy as a peach. Admirable Mrs. Dustall—"perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!" Tie on that direction. See if that barrel of oysters has come. There! bless me! I've forgotten my boot-jack! Strap up that portmanteau. Thank you, Mrs. Dustall. Now call a cab. The laundress runs to the St. Clement's cab-stand, soured at being driven out in curling papers, into the cold and wide, wide world. She calls the seven-caped cabman reading aloft, upon his aerial seat, his reeking Daily Telegraph. But I take five minutes more to glance at the Times.

French Invasion. Leader on Thames Drainage. Another leader—Abolition of the Lord Mayor's Show, &c. A bottom paragraph, at the bottom of the third column of the fifth page:

"TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT."

Let me skim it. "Carelessness of pointsman—red signal mistaken for blue. Old story—foggy weather. Only three men killed—stoker mortally injured." Cambridge line, of course. Old story—hang a director. Who cares to read railway accidents?

Oh, cab! Thank you, Mrs. Dustall. Call the

cabby up for my trunk and hat-box. Mind and send my letters on. Keep my door shut. Good-by!

I longed to breathe on the Wiltshire downs, where the strong-limbed hares enjoy a vacation uninterrupted by the opening of law courts, and where rabbits are regardless of Westminster. Tidd on my hat-box, a neat little book on Real Property in my great-coat pocket. I was off. I passed through the black jaws of Temple Bar, but for one trifling regret, a free and happy man. I knew that in less than an hour I should pass, as out of a cave, from the tawny fog into the bright autumn air, with just a dash of ice in it, so that the streams which bisect our partridge stubble-fields down in Wiltshire will look like iced sherry and water.

But "there's always a something," as my laundress, Mrs. Dustall, who is given to forming proverbial lozenges from her life experiences, says; and there was "something" now. We all of us have Damocles' swords hanging over our turtle-soup dishes. There is always (if I may use the homely but most powerful simile) a button off the shirt of our temper. There is always a corn twitching upon the mental foot; so that the perfect balance of health, temper, and wealth is not very long together maintained.

A fretful presentiment of a key lost, or a desk left unlocked, buzzed about me like a little mosquito demon. In and out it went, almost visible, through this cab window and out at the other. What was it? I locked my dressing-case, my studs are all right in my shirt-front, my desk I put away in a fireproof cupboard. What was it? "There's indeed always a something," philosophical Mrs. Dustall!

I craned out of window: yes, trunk with the red star all right, parchment label fluttering prettily in the wind; hamper, "glass with care;" all chained to the rail on the roof of the cab; hat-box, plaid, umbrella in oilskin case all right. Still that mosquito of evil. Still the demon gnat flying over my nerves. What can it be that pinches me like a tight boot, and yet has no name? I have it! It was that railway accident I was reading, falling upon that previous presentiment; it was that which, finding some unguarded loophole of my nerves, had got in, disagreed with me, and done the mischief. Strange that I, who have skimmed over hundreds of railway accidents, to get quickly to the end and see the total deaths, should be moved by the loss of three men on the Eastern Counties!

I arrive at the station. A slamming of doors, the wave of a red hand-flag, a smother of white steam under the station roof, and we are off; shot out into the fog, that wraps us at once in its dingy arms; rattle, battle—that is the brick walling by the engine sheds; clump, clump—that is the great fire-horse, striking out its brave limbs; jolt, rattle! jolt, battle!—that is crossing the turn-tables; that fellow in the green corduroy jacket, bending on the low crank-handle, is, I believe, the pointsman.

Pointsman: something bit me, as if a flea had got into my mind. Why that is what they called the fellow killed yesterday at Splash Bridge, on the Eastern Counties line. What malicious demon is it puts these things in a nervous man's head just as he is settling himself comfortably in the corner of a railway carriage, with Tidd on the seat before him, and a neat little book on Real Property fastened to it by a strap. I suppose it is that special small demon whose peculiar province it is to disturb men's equilibrium, and generally unchristianise one by blunting one's penknife, spoiling one's pen, ironing off one's shirt buttons, mislaying one's studs, making one's boot pinch, and rendering it impossible to arrange one's white tie with the bow anywhere but at the back of the neck. The fog thins; it is getting positively bright, though we are not at Kingston yet; fields widen, trees and hedges flow by us as if an inundation was bearing them away, or as if we were in the ark, and were drifting on fast past them.

Three stations soon distanced. Whiz, faster! whiz, faster! slide like a bullet through a gun barrel. Whiz! that's a viaduct arch. Whish! click! clack! that's another station and some shunting rails.

Flight of white telegraph washing-lines, miles of signal-posts, and split red and white targets, and dull red and green lamps like prize jewels. Faster, till it takes the breath away. Out with the repeater and time it. Fast as the pulse—one, two, three!—fifty miles an hour if it is a yard.

Slower! slower! now we slacken! I thought we could not hold the pace. Slower! My opposite friend gets anxious and looks out of window. We can't be going to stop at Farnborough station.

CRASH! SMASH! BASH!

Here imagine the end of the world. Fancy yourselves animalculæ, shut up by accident inside a huge Brobdingnag farmer's watch with a hizz, and whiz, and centrifugal railway rush, when snap goes the mainspring. Imagine those small creatures' feelings of horror, surprise, and astonishment, and you have ours, minus the fear. I felt no nerve shaken, though my head was giddy and my spine was numbed. Imagine a solitary man in a factory when a boiler bursts in the room above, and the mill falls to pieces like a card house suddenly round his ears. Imagine a quiet man looking out of his bedroom window, accidentally, as he is shaving, and seeing the deluge coming up to the front door for a morning visit. Imagine a Pompeian just home from Athens, and awoke by the red lava stealing under his bedroom door.

Bang! shiver! smash! bash! then an awful lull and death stop as of a mainspring run out. It was as if the train had been struck full butt by a successful Armstrong shot. It was as if we had been riding inside a battering-ram, and had at last come full smash on the wall which had been too much for us. I never rode on a cannon-ball, and don't want to do so; but an

eighty-pounder when it beats in a French ship's bulwarks could scarcely hit harder than this.

Open fly the doors, some dozen white-faced men sprang through the windows like harlequins in a practising class, out poured the frightened people, lately so red and jolly; but a minute ago flirting, dogmatising, sneering, scandalising frowning, disputing, now all full of one thought of terror, all become, in that one terrible moment, as brothers and sisters: so levelling is misfortune. We were lately in a good ship, all sail set, flags flying, and no danger aft or fore or on the lee. Suddenly we had struck on a reef; we were leaking—we were sinking—we were a total wreck. Heaven knew only what still was left for us. It might be but a moment to live for some of us. Perhaps already bleeding men were groaning their last under that pile of ruin where the red flame rose from.

The guards, white as wood ashes, were running about, flags in hand, like the buglemen of a scattered regiment. Far away to the left, at the end where the charge had been, the engine, a hill of broken metal, was roaring like a lion taken in the toils, and sending up waving pillars of flames, as if its woodwork had taken fire, and spreading to the fragments of the next carriage.

As for the passengers embracing, or silent in staggered groups, they were unanimously white in the face. One strong-faced man was being helped from a carriage, his face seeming to ooze everywhere with blood. A lady was carried away, cut, bruised, and nearly insensible, to the little shed of a station. A young farmer, seated on his striped carpet-bag, was covering his face with his hands to squeeze out a jarring headache, produced by his being driven against a man opposite. Others stunned, shaken, and bruised, were consoling, or being consoled, or running to see what damage had been done to the train, and what danger still existed. There were messengers racing to Farnborough, three miles off, to telegraph to London for help; and there were guards and porters running up and down the line to put up danger signals, and keep trains nearly due from heaping more ruin on us.

My presentiment had then come true.

My first business on seeing no help was needed was to shut up my plaid and books, and run to the ruin of the engine and the actual spot of the smash. I found that we had driven, at almost express speed, into a ponderous goods train, laden with timber and blocks of asphalt, massive and unyielding as stone. This we had partly driven back and stove in, pounding the guard carriage behind to rags and pulp. On this bulwark our own engine had beaten itself to pieces, by a series of leaps, jolts, and charges: it lay a wreck, the funnel torn to pieces and scattered about the platform, the iron plates jammed in, as if they were deal wainscoting; the buffers broken to morsels; the giant wheels dismounted and buried in the heart; the whole crushed and powerless as a silenced battery.

Beyond, and some yards further, lay the timber-truck, its roof torn off, and, at a distance,

the planks splintered; as for the guard-carriage, it was torn to pieces as a bandbox might be when a drunken man has stamped on it and trod it to bits. It lay in pulpy shreds and fragments as of rotten wood, without shape and void, and, out of the pounded mass—reduced as in a pestle and mortar, in a desperate attempt of some starving apothecary to make deal soup—we picked a torn rag with a fragment of bread-and-cheese, and two jammed and squeezed red books of by-laws, which looked as if they had been disinterred at Pompeii.

But the torn planks and broken iron, and snapped-off wheels and rods, were as nothing to us—though they rose like the ruins of a cottage destroyed by a hurricane on the rails—when the fire of the engine began roaring up in a smoky red and yellow pyramid, with a bellow and troubled roar as if howling for victims. There, busy amid the ruins, the scared fireman and black-faced stoker were shovelling in gravel to prevent the boiler bursting or the flame spreading. Before the great leaping out violence we all fell back like the Babylonians in the old prints when the furnace doors were opened to swallow up the children of Israel, and the furnace was "heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated;" we were all then, I suppose, in that unconscious state of excitement, that if the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed as all up, train, wreck, passengers and all, we should hardly have made a remark.

Having once seen the pile of débris, carriage roofs, iron bars, planks, and wheels, I employed myself, in accordance with old habits, in beating slowly over the whole scene of the disaster, determined by graphic observations, fresh as I was to such scenes, to realise fully the horror and danger of such accidents. As I walked along the line of carriages, here and there crushed or sprung, the first thing I stepped on was a round bar of iron or steel, thicker than my wrist when my two coats are on; it had been, I imagine, part of the under work of the engine, and was snapped short in two. The next thing I picked up was a jagged piece of the funnel, still black and smoking; it now stands on my mantelpiece a lively record of my escape. I also found and handled a huge screw made of iron, bound with brass, which, perhaps, had formed the inner socket of one of the buffers. It was cleft in two, as a sharp knife would chop an apple at one stroke.

Under the carriages, blocks of iron, like the fastenings of sleepers, were strewn for thirty or forty yards; and, in one of the carriages ten or twelve from the engine, the floor planks were torn up in great jags, protruding three or four feet, showing beneath them (between them and the ground) broken wood, iron hoops, and huge gutta-percha circular slabs—probably breaks or springs—torn violently in two. On one seat lay a crumpled Times, with holes in it; and on another a tumbled shawl, the fringe of which was entangled in the teeth of the splintered and started planks. When I remembered an old tradition about railway accidents, recommend-

ing you in such cases to lie down flat on the floor, I trembled to think of the paralysed victims of such a theoretical folly.

Now we were all safe, some of us began to grow cheerful, wishing to remove the ladies' fear. A young barrister who was near me, proposed, if we were kept many hours waiting, to attack the luggage-van, and distribute the barrels of oysters among the hungry passengers. Others asked the guards at what o'clock the next collision would take place. I believe we were all grateful to God for our escape. We must have been scarcely human if we had not been; but the mind, when overstrained, finds comfort in such relief, and so, to the end of the world, droll witnesses at murder trials and odd events at the reading of wills must produce an irresistible laugh.

While we were waiting for the express engine laden with navvies from London, and for help from Farnborough, I strolled away from the reassured passengers through a side gate, to which a farmer's gig was tied, and walked along the quiet country road, enjoying the calm fresh sunlight and the bright chill November blue air.

It was humiliating to man, the monarch of the universe, to see what little effect the all but death of some two hundred human beings had caused the animal and vegetable kingdom of Fleet Pond, near Farnborough. The white cows were feeding leisurely and untroubled in the meadows, the rooks were tossing about over the heath, the sparrows were visiting from tree to tree, and the dead leaves were fisting in troops down the lanes as if returning gay, in companies, from the funeral of Summer. And there, where the beech shone red, and the few birch leaves, dry, and yellow, and wrinkled, were wet and golden with the morning dew, I could hear a farmer pulling up his gig on the crown of the red-brick railway arch, just above where the trains' smoke had blackened it, discoursing as an eye-witness of the late collision or duel of the trains. Thus he put it to the friend he met, pointing with a shake of his fat head at the wreck. I was a long way from him, but I have the keen, practised ears of a hunter, and the air was clear and resonant, so, putting my head on one side, I caught it all as in a net:

"Lookun here, Friend Jackson, I was just crossing this bridge when th' express passed, and by the time I got up to yon, where the lady and children are coming, I sees the other train on same line. I knew there would be something happen, so I push the old mare to a gallop and got up just as ur run into un."

He was not a graphic man, and seemed to have no further thought of the accident.

One thing was quite apparent, and formed my moral of the affair:—that it was the universal custom in collisions to hush up everything as much and as soon as possible. The broken iron was spirited away, the doors of the carriages where the floors were crushed were closed, the bruised persons led away, the ruins patched up, and the earth smoothed over the

might-have-been grave as craftily and quickly as possible. Every moment the memory of the guards became more and more indifferent. A fog every moment opaquer rose between us and the accident. No one was hurt, nothing was injured. The engine, worth two thousand pounds, was a trifle, and might be repaired. The stoker was unharmed. The line would soon be cleared. We should soon be on to Basingstoke, where the Salisbury train was waiting us. It was no one's fault; no guard present had ever been in more than two collisions before. The head porter at Farnborough thought it better not to speak; it was "not his place, you know," and the company did not like speaking. You never, from anybody, could have gathered that we, the express train, had run into a goods train that ought not to have been on the line, that they were shunting to get out of our way a bad ten minutes too late; and lastly, that danger signals, both at station and on train, if up, had been utterly useless, and had been disregarded. One would really never have thought that two hundred Englishmen had just been driven over a place of graves and escaped by a miracle.

The next morning, as I sat at a quiet rectory window in Wiltshire, I opened the Times and read the following:

**FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT ON THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.**—An accident of a very alarming character, and which might have been attended by a most fearful sacrifice of human life, occurred on Tuesday at mid-day at the Fleetpond station of the London and South-Western Railway. It appears that the 11 A.M. express train left the Waterloo terminus at the fixed time, and proceeded with safety, notwithstanding the density of the fog which prevailed, until within a few miles of its first stoppage, Basingstoke, where it was due at 12.15. The Fleetpond station is a very small place, and the officials there having a goods train in charge proceeded to shunt it, in order to allow the express train to pass. To prevent any accident the usual signals were displayed at the station and by the goods train, but it would appear that, owing to the fog or some other cause, the driver of the express train could not see them; nor were the men at the station aware of the approach of that train, for without any warning the express rushed through past the station at a rapid rate, and crushed the back portion of the goods train. The collision was most fearful, and it is nothing short of a miracle that the lives of a large number of people were not sacrificed. The locomotive belonging to the express train—a very magnificent engine, worth upwards of 2000*l.*—was almost broken to pieces; the tender and guard's van of the express train were also destroyed, as were likewise a number of the trucks belonging to the goods train. The shrieks of the passengers were awful, and it was feared at first that several were killed; as soon, however, as the first shock was over an investigation was made, and it was found that, although the passengers had received a terrible shaking, and several were more or less bruised, yet no loss of life had occurred. It may be a matter of surprise how the driver and stoker of the train escaped with their lives, considering that the engine was destroyed; but we are informed that these two men, on seeing the imminent danger they were in, threw themselves

down, and thus escaped injury. Information of the catastrophe was at once forwarded to the Waterloo station, and a number of men were immediately despatched to render what assistance they could, and to clear the line, but, fortunately, the line had been cleared before their arrival, so that the traffic on the railway was not impeded.

All the evening of the day of the collision I felt like a man who has been thrown heavily out hunting, not bone-broken, but jarred from top to heel, with brow headache and general sense of disturbance. Now I began to understand why timid men shut the carriage window when a black tunnel swallows them: why, when a train slackens speed or stops, a dozen staring anxious heads emerge like tortoises from carriage windows. Now I know why fretful men thrust the reeking Times into your hands just as you leave a station, and, with fore-fingers jammed on a small paragraph about a collision, ask you angrily if "it isn't shameful?"

## CHERBOURG.

### II. IN THE TOWN.

THOUGH modern as an arsenal, and though pre-eminently a work of art rather than of nature, Cherbourg has a history. The reader need not be dragged through the troublous controversies of the French savans as to whether it was originally Carobergus, Cherebertum, or Chieresburg. But it is interesting to know that somewhere about the year 945, the Danish king, Harold Blaataud (Blue-tooth or Black-tooth) was lying there, and that he helped young Richard Sans Peur, the third Duke of Normandy, against King Louis of France. Indeed, the whole peninsula of the Cotentin was more or less famous during ancient times. To the eastward of Cherbourg, a few leagues off, lies Barfleur, whence the fatal *Blanche-Nef* sailed, and drowned the heir of our King Henry the First with a whole company of high courtiers. Stephen carried Cherbourg by siege during his wars with the Empress Maud; and, at the end of that century, the place furnished a contingent to Cœur de Lion's Crusade. During Richard's reign, by the way, the English navy took a great start—another of the indirect results of the Crusades. That king issued the first "articles of war" about A.D. 1190; a primitive code, which punished the murderer by lashing him to his victim's body and throwing him into the sea.

The truth is, that Cherbourg never rose to the distinction of a place like Portsmouth; which is as historic, in its way, as Winchester. Cherbourg is essentially modern, a creation of engineering; of science; of refined skill in things warlike. From nature—unlike Brest, with its noble river and bay—Cherbourg derived only a good, though undefended roadstead, a line of rocky coast producing plenty of excellent granite, and, greatest attraction of all, a position facing England in a tolerably smooth part of the Channel. Art has protected the Rade, or anchorage, with an unrivalled breakwater (the "Digue"), has constructed one of the most con-

venient of dockyards, and has fortified Digue, dockyards, rock, and coast, with lines of cannon.

The battle of the Hogue, our constant appearance in war time off those coasts, our success in 1758—these were the later events which prompted the French to see what they could make of this ancient port on the advanced promontory of the Cotentin. The Bourbons began the work. The great Vauban had been there, and seen that the first thing needful was to defend the Rade. He had suggested plans; but many years passed before anything came of his suggestions. In 1777, during the American war, M. le Vicomte de la Bretonnière made a new survey of the district, and to him was due the notion of a Cherbourg Breakwater. Four years passed before a resolution was come to on the subject; but, in 1781, the Prince de Condé, accompanied by the Ministers of War and Marine, arrived there; a Digue was resolved upon and commenced.

This breakwater has its own history. The first attempts to lay its foundation (in a line from east to west, between two and three miles from the shore) failed. Every gale shook the masses of stone which were sunk by engineers in the waves. Pauses ensued in the work, but, nevertheless, it advanced; and advanced in spite of storms political as well as other. All French governments have done something for Cherbourg; and, while one of the basins of the Fort Militaire, or dockyard, bears (as we all remember) the name of Napoleon the Third, another bears that of Charles the Tenth.

When the Digue began to acquire solidity of foundation, and to defy wind and wave, the next thing was to fortify it. Protected on the eastern end by a rocky isle, crowned with defensive works, it presented, also, four great forts along its whole extent. Here, then, was gained the immense point of a defence for the Rade, where vessels could lie equally unassailable by weather or squadrons. We shall see the Digue again presently. But let the reader begin by impressing on his mind that the great feature of Cherbourg is this defence of its dockyard and roadstead by one of the grandest works of engineering in the world.

Meanwhile, let him accompany us from the station at the south-eastern end, or back of the town, and try to feel familiar with the place. As we go along, we reach the quays; the town lying to our left, the sea and Digue in the distance before us, and, just at our right, the commercial basin. This is an oblong-shaped piece of water for the reception of merchant craft of such peaceful traffic as Cherbourg possesses. We need hardly say that in this department there is little to boast of. A handful of brigs, or brigantines, are lying there, generally; one unloading pine, perhaps (with a crew so Scotch in appearance that we go up and address a sailor belonging to her, who answers in Norwegian), another from Guernsey, a third from Havre or Caen, and so on. The quay is sprinkled with cafés; and, pursuing your course round it, you come out in full front of the

Digue, with the sea breeze fresh about you. We are now on the parade-ground of Cherbourg, on the "Quai Napoléon." A showy equestrian statue in bronze, mounted on a pedestal of granite surrounded by a rail and guarded by a sentry, is the grand feature of this quay. Here, opposite the blue waters, the Cherbourgian *idea*, embodied in a theatrical bit of art, is rampant. For, on proceeding, we find the mighty First Napoleon, his cocked-hat slouched over a face full of what is intended to be the poetry of a gloomy meditateness and resolution, seated on a prancing steed, with his left hand pointing towards England. On one side of the pedestal is inscribed, in golden letters, the words which we here translate:

I HAD RESOLVED  
TO REVIVE AT CHERBOURG  
THE MARVELS OF EGYPT.

On the other side, the simple date of the Third Napoleon's visit last year. The statue is a poor affair, though showy in execution. But how execrable is the taste which could give such a gesture to the great man, who surely does not need a clap-trap celebration of this kind! Yet it tickles the common French mind. Brisk young commercial gents allude to it, with a polite chuckle, before you. No wonder that a sturdy Briton should be tempted to apostrophise the horseman with "Ah, your majesty! you prance, but you don't move on for all that!" As for Egypt, when one sees Egypt mentioned at Cherbourg, one thinks of the Nile—perhaps, too, of Nelson.

Turning our back on the theatrical nag, and, perhaps, musing of Astley's, we stride into the town. It is a white-looking, irregular town, of twenty-five thousand, or so, inhabitants, with winding streets, conspicuously clean—much cleaner than Rouen or Caen, and a paradise compared with the smaller Norman places. Though populous and reasonably extensive, it is, however, singularly ill-provided with the conveniences of good urban life. We heard one Frenchman tell another, that when Prince Napoleon Jerome passed from the railway station to the quay a couple of months since, he had to make the transit in an omnibus. This poverty of French social life strikes an Englishman much. For example, we had at my hotel a general staying, who had come to make an inspection, and whose guard of honour rather gave dignity to the establishment. Whenever this veteran went out, he was driven by a man in a blouse, as shabby as the carriage he drove. Cherbourg is bare and beggarly in all these respects compared with our seaports; and, indeed, its dullness is deplored by the French naval officers. It is simply a strong place, a cold, hard, clenched fist presented at the nose of John Bull. The church is ugly, the public buildings insignificant, the hotels ordinary, the shops third-rate. We had better stick to the military or naval works, for these are noble.

So, then, let us call a batelier or boatman, and take a look at things from the water.

But no, we had better first ascend that

grand-looking hill (it is hardly "a mountain" though the French take care to call it so) in the rear of the city, rising behind the railway station, like a baby Rock of Gibraltar. That is the Montagne de la Roule, from whose stony sides many a slice was cut to help the building of the Digue. There are two roads up it, a broad and a small one, made zig-zag along its sides, reminding one of the aforesaid Gib with its old Mole, Ragged Staff, &c., and the midshipman's matutinal cruise in the jolly-boat to fetch the ship's beef; a disagreeable duty which mids generally relieve by capturing the kidneys for breakfast. Her Britannic Majesty ascended the Roule, with the French Emperor, in a carriage. We shall go more modestly, by the narrower of the roads, afoot. The sun of a mild October day is quite strong enough to make climbing warm work, and we are glad to pause at the top and breathe the delicious air amidst the yellow broom which crowns it, and which recalls at once bonny Scotland and the Plantagenets. The eye ranges inland over a wild brown country merging into pleasant green plains; and, seawards, many a league beyond, the long, white-towered Digue, some three miles long, lies across the anchorage like a mighty bar of bone. At our feet is the town, bounded left and right by dockyard and mercantile basin, and trimmed somewhat at the corner just below us, where the railway station stands fringed by trees.

La Roule, the mountain of Cherbourg—quarry, look-out place, and fort in one—has been advancing in its military character since her Majesty's visit. The summit is attaining completion as a fortification. The masonry is of beautiful granite, the earthworks solid and neat, and a bran new caserne or barrack is just finished there also. In walking round, you observe spacious corners with room for big guns to traverse in; and the big guns, no doubt, are to be there soon. The barracks are extremely neat. They are sunk in the head of the hill without being dark or close; and the rooms, including kitchens with their large solid stewing-boilers, are substantial and convenient in all their arrangements. La Roule will not accommodate a large force; yet one of moderate size holding a fortified hill which rises over Cherbourg in this fashion, would be formidable enough. It is the Capitol of Cherbourg—its Acropolis. Capricious Nature has denied an Acropolis to Caen, which calls itself the Athens of Normandy.

La Roule once visited, we make our next excursion a nautical one, and are soon bowling along in a lug-rigged boat, leaving quays, houses, and the prancing statue behind us. The ear is startled at the boatmen's cry to the man steering of "loff;" one of several sea-terms common to both tongues, and probably drawn from a very remote antiquity.

As the boat moves cheerfully on its way, a look behind at the Port Militaire, or dockyard (it is on the right of us while so looking), shows the smoke of its forges, and the edging of cannon which it presents to the sea. But we soon begin to draw near to the Digue, and its



long fort-crowned line grows more imposing than ever. It runs across the roadstead, as we have seen already, a mighty sea-wall—leaving space inside it for from forty to fifty great ships, if need be—to any of which the dockyard, be it remarked, could give access at any state of the tide. The roadstead (Rade) is entered, then, by passages at east and west, right and left, that is, to *us* who are approaching the Digue in our boat. These passages, of course, are covered by batteries, the gauntlet of which everything that enters must run. At the eastern end, for example, there is the fort with which the Digue terminates, and vis-à-vis to it that which occupies the Ile Pelée. An enemy's ship penetrating between these would be closed upon by the fire of both, like a piece of paper by a pair of scissors. In fact, the Rade altogether is defended by nearly six hundred guns; and if we admit Sir Howard Douglas's calculation of the proportionate force of guns in ships and shore-batteries, it is hard to see where a squadron strong enough to master the place can ever come from. Sir William Armstrong's friends say that his terrible guns could shell the whole arsenal from a distance too great to make the Digue or other forts of any consequence; but, though the country justly hopes much from Sir William's discoveries, such speculations smack too strongly of exaggeration.

In visiting the Digue, the best plan is to land at Fort Central—the name of which sufficiently explains its position—and to extend one's observations towards either end as may be agreeable. So, we mount the landing-stairs, and are received by the "garden," a functionary perfectly enraptured with the work to which he belongs. It is "gigantesque," and without a parallel in the world, says he of the Digue; it is visited by people from all parts of Europe; "enfin, elle est magnifique." This enthusiasm—always delightful to meet with—for their public works is universal amongst the mass of the French. But they cannot bear criticism, patiently. They cannot hear of any great thing elsewhere without instantly attempting to match it; to "cap" the étranger's description by another of something Gallican. And, as a certain amount of sharpness is more general amongst the mass there than here, this tendency furnishes a traveller with a good deal of amusement, particularly in conjunction with that familiarity which Balzac so often alludes to as "la familiarité Française"—a lively assumption of equality in the midst of despotism, not unlike that of the slaves in the Latin comedy.

Standing, then, on the famous Digue, and listening to as much of the garden's loquacity as seems profitable, we admit at once that we are contemplating the results of a very great and skilful labour. 'Tis a Babylonian sea-wall, worthy of Neptune's chariot-wheels, and wide enough to accommodate the moist old god should he ever wish to enjoy such a drive. It is based upon a bed of stones; a shoal formed of which you see, in looking down upon the water. It is built of immense solid blocks, and fronted by

a granite parapet of beautiful masonry six feet high, five to six feet thick, and coated with asphalt. Fort Central—which we may take as a specimen of the four forts—is a round tower comprising a raised battery, and mounting forty pieces. Inside, as at La Roule, there is a barrack and establishments. The Digue has its own social life and population, even in peace time; there is a canteen where the labourers get refreshments; and the present writer passed two agreeable young ladies, daughters of an official, on their way "home." How could one help thinking of the pic-nics long ago to Plymouth Breakwater—which, by-the-by, is only about a third of the length—in one's youngster days, when the old Indescribable, 80 (she is a coal-hulk, now, alas!), was fitting out for the Syrian war, and the two sweetest things in life were Devonshire cream and the two Miss Collingwood Podgers?

The forts on the Digue are:

East Fort (sixty cannon).

Fort Central (forty cannon).

Fort Intermédiare (fourteen cannon).

West Fort (sixty cannon).

The number of guns are those of 1858. But the number on the Digue is greater now than the aggregate of these would amount to; for batteries are being formed along the general line in addition to the regular establishments of the forts, and, in strolling along we come upon preparations for the mounting of guns frequently—ring-bolts in the parapet, tram-road for the carriages to traverse on, and such symptoms. Some of the new grooved cannon—those rifled with four instead of two grooves—are, I believe, already on the Digue. But the neat little caps in which the heads of guns are often enveloped, prevent the curious tourist from

seeking the bubble—information,

Even at the cannon's mouth.

And it doesn't do at a place like Cherbourg to go asking downright questions of a business-like description, note-book in hand. You would soon find yourself cut short with "Connais pas, monsieur," and sulky looks. As it was, I think, one or two of my neighbours at our table d'hôte thought I had been at Cherbourg long enough; and one queer old gentleman, with a decoration that looked like a little bit of tomato, asked me why I stayed at this stupid place, and did not go to Nice?

The Digue could, no doubt, mount five hundred guns; and, as has been intimated before, not only *it*, but several forts in addition, protect the Rade. Such are Fort Impérial (on l'Ile Pelée above mentioned), Fort des Flamands, and others, making a dozen in all. Yet the dockyard is fortified on its own account, inside the whole of them. There is a good deal of picturesqueness about these Cherbourg forts, perched as some of them are on clumps of black rock, and glittering grey in the sun and sea.

A dram to the garden, and we are again afloat, and "running free," as the phrase is, for the shore. It is a spacious yet snug Rade this—

however inferior to Spithead or the Sound in scenery—with plenty of room to swing, and fifteen fathoms water, or so, underfoot. But how empty of shipping, and how different in stir, bustle, and gaiety, from the Portsmouth which we saw this August! Men-of-war there are none but a frigate and a corvette, to which adds itself a Dutch frigate, presently, come in for repairs. Yachts, pleasure-boats, passenger steamers, are not much seen at Cherbourg at the best of times, and it is now the dullest part of autumn. A pretty little steamer runs out some days; she is the boat that is laying down the telegraphic cable along the coast.

The Port Militaire lies on the north-west side of the town, beyond the prancing statue. For leave to see it, the stranger must apply—presenting his passport at the same time—to the Préfecture Maritime. This is the naval head-quarters, communicating by telegraph with Paris, and to which came one morning, while we were there, the order to push on with the Chinese preparations. Admission to the Port was granted, without any questions asked, in my case: but the ticket is always for a limited time, and bears on it directions that you shall be accompanied by somebody; the whole affair being conducted, it is right to add, with every courtesy.

Walking briskly along the western streets—narrow, white, stony, and clean—one finds the dockyard wall to one's right, bounding a long suburban road, planted with trees. Soldiers pass at every step, as in all parts of Cherbourg: marine infantry in blue trousers, line regiments in red, the latter smaller men, nimble, bullet-headed, close-cropped, with white gaiters, who carry, swingingly and easily, muskets that might seem a deal too large for them. The sword bayonet is to be seen, too,—a short, rather curved, two-edged sword, with brass handle, which becomes a bayonet on the musket, and a short sword in the belt. But more interesting than these is a large white building, with a ground in front and railed, on the opposite side from where the dockyard is, and bearing in the centre, over an ornamental device, formed of flags, the words

#### EQUIPAGES DE LA FLOTTE.

This is an edifice of purposes and objects quite unfamiliar to a Briton; an edifice the very existence of which is an anomaly in British eyes, a SAILORS' BARRACKS. We pass a blue-jacket sentry, and, peering through the railings, we see groups of sailors walking up and down before the long whitewashed building with its hundred windows in a row, the sight being somehow an unnatural one. Superficially, all sailors resemble each other, and these men are more like British sailors than the soldiers are like British soldiers. It is the dress, no doubt, as well as the fact (true, at least, of the sailors I saw at Cherbourg) that in size and looks French sailors are more up to the British mark than most people, perhaps, suppose. Only, there is the old objection, which is equally felt in looking at Russians. They are too soldier-like,

too pipe-clayish; and when on Sunday they march down to the Quai Napoléon with drums beating before them, the rub-a-dub-dub and the regular tramp of feet scare away the sea poetry which belongs to a Guernsey frock and a loose-ribbed straw hat. So it is when they are amusing themselves. They pace along, bolt upright, in gangs of half a dozen, singing in a barren, noisy characterless manner; and when drunk even, they want Jack's riotous and brutal humour, and only look stupid. But they are fine, strong men, clean, and in good order.

There were about eighteen hundred seamen in these barracks in October. It is undoubtedly a handy way of keeping them while ships are fitting out, or paying off, or till they are required elsewhere. Naval men are getting tired of our plan of "hulking" the crews, while a ship is preparing, in rusty, wormeaten, small old vessels, involving an endless amount of rowing about; of discomfort, and loss of time. We need not make soldiers of our men, either; yet a Government Sailors' Home, so to speak; a building adapted to their habits, and conveniently situated, might be worth thinking of in our principal ports.

Near the building devoted to the reception of the "Equipages de la Flotte" are various traces of the kind of population in these parts. There are stalls where you see strings of sausages hanging up for military and naval consumption; wine-shops endlessly supplying a variety of drams, dirty little establishments of several kinds. An Englishman is stared at hereabouts a good deal, as he wends his way under the trees onward to the principal entrance of the dockyard.

Turning along to his right after a little while, and passing the outer wall, he finds himself approaching the drawbridge and gate of this now famous establishment. The Port is defended, not only towards the sea, but towards the town—towards the direction (from eastward and southward) in which we have come. A deep fosse, the rich green banks sloping down to a broad ditch of water, has to be crossed by the drawbridge before we enter. The walls are slit with loopholes for musketry, or "murder-holes," as the French more forcibly call them. Crossing the bridge we find a handsome building, the Majorité, or administrative offices, before us towards the left, with a very pleasant bit of garden and shrubbery in front of it. In the open space, many blocks of granite lie about, awaiting employment; and these roll past you, truck after truck, or larger vehicles, drawn sometimes by men, sometimes by horses, with stores, timber, and so forth. The regular ouvrier in blouse, at two francs a day, passes briskly to and from his work, and a general feeling that you are in a busy place takes possession of the mind.

Let us pass the inner gate, and present our tickets. "Monsieur is to be accompanied? Bien! There will be a gendarme immediately."

The gendarme—in the well-known cocked-hat, light blue trousers, and sabre, of his order,

a functionary inferior both in neatness and solidity to the nobler "Poeler" of home—now walks us round a set route. It is plain that this duty bores him, and he evinces no great anxiety to show us all the workshops or ateliers. Nevertheless, we see what we can, and with the impressions now to be recorded.

Cherbourg Dockyard is more remarkable for convenience, happy adaptation of new precautions and discoveries, than for size as a building port. A French naval officer is pretty sure to remind you of this, and to caution you against thinking of it as of the great historic ports of Brest and Toulon. The chief impression on the mind is of the beauty and airiness of the workshops, not of the number of vessels, which is comparatively small.

Naturally, the basins are first visited, the Avant-Port on the right opening into the sea, and communicating with the Napoleon the Third Basin inside to the left, and the Bassin Charles Dix, further on ahead towards the west. We repeat, that ships can *always* enter, which is very important when we come to try and estimate what the chief use of Cherbourg is, viz. as a place of support, refit, renewal, to a French Channel fleet.

The Avant-Port has little to interest us, the above fact once duly remembered. In Charles the Tenth's basin, we find several vessels, such as the Tourville line-of-battle ship, and the Forte frigate. The last is getting ready just now for the Chinese expedition. She is rather old, and, what is odd in these days whether in France or England, has never been fitted with a screw. The Tourville is below the newest standard of two-deckers; but a fine ship for all that. She is in commission (or "armé"), and, on going on board, we find men working at her. The other most noticeable men-of-war afloat in the basins are the Impétueuse, a large frigate, and the emperor's beautiful steam yacht *Aigle*. But, in none of these, is there anything peculiar to Cherbourg, or illustrative of any distinctions between the French and English navies. The general features of a man-of-war my reader knows already; and Cherbourg's real characteristic is, that it is a fortified workshop and anchorage. A casual observer, seeing so moderate an amount of ships, would probably think the noise made about the place exaggerated; but that is not the way to look at it. Glance at the Rade, where two great fleets could ride protected by the breakwater, and then cast your eyes round these roomy basins, these lofty ateliers, and remember that at this moment five thousand workmen are more or less busy here every day. Such is the number; and a great amount of matériel they must accumulate in the course of a twelve-month. Yet one sees no marked signs of preternatural activity either; whether in the dockyard, the streets, at the railway station, or in the Digue. Work goes on steadily, and France grows stronger, and that is all—which the public will probably think enough.

To return. Of the basins, the Napoléon, opened last year under her Majesty's auspices,

is the most remarkable. It is provided with five slips for the hauling up of vessels, which can here be taken into dry dock also, and examined and repaired at leisure. A dry dock—as we had once before occasion to remark—is just like a gigantic bath, inside which the vessel is propped up till the repairs are over, when the water is admitted, and floats her out again. Every convenience of this sort exists in the Bassin Napoléon III.

Between and around the basins, and facing each quay, are the various buildings devoted to manufactures or stores—buildings deserving great praise for their roominess and airiness. There is a workshop for each special production, and on a fine scale. Thus, there is the Atelier des Cabestans, the Atelier des Machines, the Atelier de la Fonderie, roofed with zinc, &c. The new god, Steam, is ruling at Cherbourg as with us. Enter one of the lofty workshops and you find him dominant. Machinery is whirring and burring away. Down come thundering hammers, shaping and turning iron, or wheels spin and hiss for the merciless mutilation of wood. One of the best departments of Cherbourg Dockyard is what *we* call the Blacksmith's Shop, where, amidst unceasing clang and glare, red-hot iron is teased and bullied into a score of forms. One of the departments to be improved is the rope-making one; for which their arrangements are still only provisory. And one of the newest plans is a great bakery, which is advancing rapidly, and will cost a large sum. Already that building presents an appearance which excites the universal curiosity of strangers; who, perhaps, wonder at the promise of an edifice devoted to purposes so prosaic, forgetting that bread helps to victual fleets, and that fleets mean (must mean, in the long run) war.

But it will require another paper to complete our survey of Cherbourg; the rather as we have some observations to make on the personnel of the French navy.

#### WAS IT A DREAM?

I DON'T think it was a dream. It was more like a vision; that is to say, it stood connectedly between my thoughts before and after, and there was none of the incoherence that pertains to dreams; none of that dislocation which places people where they could not have been, and represents events as occurring in impossible places. At all events, I will tell how it happened, and you shall call it what you please.

I live, that is to say, I pass my summers, which last, thanks to the climate, eight months of the year, in a little cottage in an island in the Mediterranean. There are only a few peasants and a few sheep besides myself inhabitants of the spot; so my life is, as you may imagine, somewhat solitary and lonely. I like it, however. My winter visits to Rome, Naples, or Venice—I rarely go northward—suffice to keep me up with the world and its doings. I have friends in each of these cities, who welcome me, as a quiet, unexacting, and

unobtrusive person, who need not be asked to dine, or be shown any especial attentions, but let "come in" when they receive, or even sometimes when they are all but alone. I have not many social qualities, nor any brilliant or engaging ones; but I can play whist and piquet, possess a moderate gift of languages, and am a rare listener. In a word, I am one taken from that great heap of mankind, as much alike each other as the eggs in a basket; and although, doubtless, some amongst us may have their special qualities and traits, nobody ever takes the trouble to go in search of them, and thus we float down the stream of life undistinguished.

I am not usually so garrulous about myself; nor would I be now, but that I want you to understand that I am a plain, matter-of-fact, every-day sort of person, as common-place as need be. I am neither fanciful nor imaginative; perhaps my credulity is too limited to admit of my being either; but still I am fond of a certain dreamy indistinctness, such as some German prose writers have—Messieurs Hoffman and Tieck, for instance—and I like the cloud atmosphere which often wraps this incident, leaving one often at a loss to guess how much is allegory, how much mysticism, how much matter of fact. These Germans, too, have another charm for me—they constantly treat passing events as mere symbols, indications of this or that working of the human intelligence, and developments of this or that faculty; so that the facts actually lose their importance, except as they illustrate some abstract proposition. I hope the reader will fill in this weak outline of what I want to convey, and understand me.

It is in the indulgence of a certain speculative humour of this kind that my summer days (the happiest of my life) are passed; and I go on castle-building for hours on themes that assuredly have little relation to my own existence. Now, I puzzle myself why the moral qualities of humanity should bear such scant relation to the intellectual, so that crime should not be found to diminish as men grow wiser, nor even human happiness be greatly served by all the discoveries of science. Then, I wonder if England be really on her decline, as French writers tell. Are our glories over, and our days numbered? Ought women, who possess unquestionably some rare gifts of quick apprehension, to be entrusted with the management of difficult social and political problems; and what are the sort of questions her intelligence would be best employed on? Why are some nations courageous and others cowardly; and what predisposes to this or that character of courage? Was alchemy a strict fact, or an allegory to be worked out by a chemical parable, the search after happiness being the great issue to be solved? Why is it that constituted forms of government, which are intellectually higher than all others, best adapt themselves to nations less conspicuous for great quickness of apprehension, so that, though they flourish amongst Saxons, Hollanders, and the like, they are scarcely practicable for Celts and the Latin races?

Why is cruelty so constantly allied to timidity? the rabbit often eating her young, the lioness never. Ought fiction ever be deemed successful if it amuse without a moral; as many fruits of delicious flavour have no nutritive property? Are not contrasts and incompatibilities ingredients of human happiness—to enjoy the shade in hours of sunshine; to drink of the ice cold well in the noon; to listen to the beating storm from the chimney corner—and, if so, why do we not seek out contrarieties as elements of connubial bliss?

I will not weary you with the thousand and one forms in which this questioning spirit now amuses me, now tortures me. I was, as usual, alone on Wednesday evening last. I had eaten my frugal dinner, and sat, almost luxuriously, at my dessert, fresh culled from my own garden, of autumn figs and dates. A modest flask of the vino d'Asti, a little Piedmontese vintage, was at my right hand, and a cigar of the truest perfume—it is my only extravagance—before me. From my little terrace where I sat, under the vine trellis, I had a view which all Europe, search where you will, cannot surpass before me. At the other side of the strait that separated me from the main land, rose a great mountain, waving from base to summit with a foliage of every hue, from the dark-leaved orange to the silvery olive, with picturesque villages on every crag, and tall, tapering church towers rising above the trees. Bending abruptly in, a wide bay opens to view, curving away for miles inland, every nook and corner discovering some little fishing hamlet, half buried in chesnut-trees, while far to the back ground arose great jagged Alps, with snow-clad summits, but now a-b blaze in all the glorious effulgence of a setting sun, while the lower hills were deeply blue, as the great orb had left them. Many a white sailed lateener lies listlessly sleeping in the placid sea, for the wind falls with sunset, and the boatmen have to wait patiently till the stars are up, and the light "Tramontane" may creep across the waveless water. It was all very beautiful and very peaceful. It was just such a picture as disposes one to think, and ask why will men jar, and fret, and wrangle, with a world so fair as this to live in? What prize is wealth in such a spot? what value is ambition? Could I myself, for instance, drink more deeply of its enjoyments if Coutts or Drummond had opened an unbounded credit to my hand, or great princes deigned to shower their decorations on me? And yet, even as I sit here, what wild work is going on over the whole earth—in the East, in China! Ay, and who knows what dark looks and angry words are passing between brothers in the Far West again, while around and about me villagers are quitting home, to join some far-away camp amid the low rice-fields and swampy pasturages of Lombardy? To be sure it is for Liberty! But what is this same Liberty? Do all peoples comprehend Liberty in the same way? Is *my* Liberty *your* Liberty? "Would," cried I, to myself, "that I could read the hearts of nations, and learn what

really they love! Would that I could know which of them regards this question most honestly, and which, above all, elevating itself above the small limits of a nationality, thinks less of its own fractional greatness than of humanity! Could we but have the magic gift of invisibility, and see people as they are, and not as they assume to be when our hosts and entertainers, we should at last arrive at the truth.

I really was in a benevolent mood. I wished with all my heart to think well of the world; and the better to work out such excellent intentions, I took out a wonderful flask of old Marcobrunner; and, providing myself with an emerald green glass, artistically "roped" along the brim, I sat down to enjoy my good thoughts and my good wine. The short twilight, if it deserve the name, soon passed, and a glorious night, a true Italian night, spread around. Sirius threw a column of steady light across the bay, like the reflected glare of a lighthouse; Orion seemed to me about the size of an ordinary carcel lamp. Who could wish for a moon in the presence of these radiant glories?

How infinitely more suggestive that glorious dome with its thousand fires! Brewster, thou reasonest well; else why this wish, this yearning hope, this fond desire, that stars may be inhabited? And if so, what are the conditions of existence there? Are they above or beneath us in the scale of intellects? If one could only know what constitutes their wants, and their difficulties; in short—in short—

What sort of a thing is that starry life,

As the planets revolve on their axes?

Have they anything there like *our* party strife?

Have they heard of municipal taxes?

Have they civilised habits to fashion their lives?

Historians and great rhetoricians?

Do they secretly know how to poison their wives,

With a skill that can baffle physicians?

Have they their dull members with Parliament bills

As tiresome and long as a sermon?

Are they dosed like ourselves with their Pullaway's pills,

And Puffendorff's method of German?

Have they Blondins to caper o'er cataracts on ropes?

And who represents Mr. Rarey?

Are they duly instructed who walks on the slopes,

And who crosses to Cowes in the Fairy?

Do they build great three-deckers, then throw them away?

Have they parsons to send out as missionaries?

And, greatest of all the great shams of our day,

Have they got Civil Service Commissioners?

To all this jargon of questioning and inquiry there succeeded a stage of the wildest phantasy. People came and went before my mind, just as the figures pass on a wall before a magic lantern. They had, too, the same flickering unsteadiness in their gait, and even waved occasionally to and fro, as we see them when the manipulation of the lantern is not in experienced hands. Some I would fain have seen more of, flitted rapidly by, and never returned;

others that I cared less for—true "bores" of the spirit world—would linger and dally, and even come back again, when I hoped I had seen the last of them. There was no end to the absurd and incongruous situations that succeeded each other.

I thought I saw the Pope at the piano rattling the keys merrily, as he improvised verse after verse of Mr. Albert Smith's Messenger. Then there stood before me the Emperor of Austria, dressed like a German peasant: he had cut one of the heads of an eagle he carried in his hand, and wished to pass off the bird for a chicken. In the distance there was the King Victor Emmanuel, like Oliver Twist in the picture, asking for more; while farther, again, I beheld Lola Montez painting a fierce pair of moustaches on Lord Campbell's face with a burned cork. Next, I saw, straight in front of me, a thin, spare, elderly man; sallow and poor-looking, who, with what appeared to be a barrel-organ suspended by a broad strap over his shoulder, seemed to implore my permission to play. It is not exactly my favourite instrument, nor was I in the mood to listen to it, but the poor fellow's white-seamed velvet jacket, his ragged gaiters, and his tattered hat were too strong appeals to be resisted, and I said, "Be it so, only nothing quick or lively; a slow, plaintive air if you have one, or a ballad." He made no reply, but, unstringing his box, he placed it on the table, and then proceeded to wind up a little crank at one end; after which, with an obeisance like asking leave, he took my lamp from its stand and placed it on the floor at the extremity of the table. This done, he removed a small slide and showed a sort of oval aperture, to which, with a gesture, he invited me to apply my eye.

"So it is not an organ!" said I, in some surprise.

"No, signor," replied he, respectfully, "it is called the Camera Magica del Diavolo; but that is a vulgar designation; polite people know it, as 'Les Tableaux Géographiques et Ethnographes.'"

"Patria et natale solum—very fine words, wherever you stole 'em," muttered I.

"What a ready fellow was Swift!" said he, quickly; "his doggerel was better than most men's wisdom."

"What," cried I, "do you itinerant showmen know of Swift?"

"I delight in him, sir; he has all that character of bitter sarcastic wit that I prize highest; and his satire is as pungent to-day as it was a hundred years ago. I was sitting an hour with him last night, and he remarked to me—"

"Why, you must mean with his writings. He is dead and gone—been dead these hundred years."

"I know that," said he, smiling; "yet he lodges in a house I frequent. But do not lose time, sir; place your eyes here, for the tableau is already passing, and I cannot wind it up more than once a day." As he spoke, a faint, but sweet, music swelled out, and the old French royalist air of "Vive Henri Quatre"

floated through the air. I leaned forward and looked in.

"What do you see?" asked the showman.

"I see a large chamber handsomely furnished, but somewhat time-worn and faded-looking. There is a lamp on a table at the farther end of it, and two candles on another table at a distance. An old lady is working at the table near the lamp, and a man dressed like an abbé sits reading by the other. It is a newspaper he reads, and apparently aloud, too."

"Can't you hear him?" asked the showman, curtly.

"I declare I do," cried I, in amazement.

"He is reading aloud in French, and I can hear his voice distinctly." The music by this time had faded away, and left all in silence as the abbé read: "To which the Emperor of Austria replied, 'I will never lend myself to any combinations against the dynasty of your majesty.'"

"Monsieur de Richecourt, I must entreat you to stop. I can hear no more," said the old lady, trembling with emotion. "The words 'majesty' and 'dynasty' are really too much when applied to 'ça.'"

"And yet, madame, Ça took them all naturally," said the abbé, taking snuff.

"What tumult is that without? what are the shouts I hear?" cried she.

He opened the window hastily, and as hastily closed it, but not before a strain of music floated up from the street beneath with the melody of *Partant pour la Syrie!* to which some thousand deep voices gave chorus.

"It is a regiment of Zouaves, madame," said he, "returning from Italy."

"Zouaves!" said she, indignantly. "Oh, for the time when the proudest thing in France was to be a Frenchman! It was not by masquerading like African savages our great kings understood the chivalry of a soldier's life. What would Colbert, what would Turenne have said, if—"

Just as she had uttered thus much, a faint, oppressive vapour enveloped the scene, which gradually grew dimmer and dimmer till it faded away. I was about to withdraw, when the showman gently whispered, "Wait, and you will see more!" and then, with a sudden flash, the whole scene blazed out, a gorgeous salon in a palace lit by a thousand tapers, and filled by a splendid company. It was a ball at the Tuileries: the vastness of the room and the decorations could leave no doubt of the locality. There were a number of presentations to be made, and the persons forming them stood at one side, awaiting the arrival of his majesty. The procession at last approached. I could recognise some I knew. The Duc de Bassano, for instance, very like the pictures of his father; and then there came the great man himself, walking with a sort of stride Charles Kean would assume, more dramatic than dignified, and scarcely seeming to notice what went on around him. At last he stops in front of a lady, who curtsies low in deep acknowledgment of this royal notice. She is one who in England had been his host for

years; his evenings had no other home than her house. He is, doubtless, not forgetful of the past, but royalty has its stern limits even in condescension, and so he simply says, "I am pleased to see you, madame. Do you purpose to make some stay in Paris?"

"I am really undecided, your majesty," replied she, with faltering diffidence. And then adds, in a lower tone, "Et vous, Sire, do *you*?"

"I could show you the clubs," continued the showman: "the Jockey, where they gamble—the Impériale, where they bluster—and the Chemins de Fer, where they gluttonise; I could show you the Hôtels of the Ministers, where they revel in splendour, and the Quartier Saint-Antoine, where they conspire;—but there is only the same story everywhere: all are waiting—waiting—for what? Ay, that is the question!"

"I don't care to ask," said I. "I have little sympathy with this people; they talk much of their nation, but seem to have never understood its true dignity. Now the Germans——"

"Ah! the Germans," said the showman; "they are a great people. Look there!"

He opened the little slide again, and I looked in. There was an ancient chamber, hung round with armour, in which sat a number of splendidly attired persons around a table; as my eye rested, I could see that they were the sovereigns and princes of the Faderland. They seemed to play a sort of round game; at least, they constantly handed tokens from one to the other, occasionally disputing, and sometimes jesting.

"Is it loo?" I whispered to my guide.

"No," said he, "it is a game of their own, and they never weary of it. What you see passing from hand to hand are not gold pieces, but decorations, which they go on chopping and changing for ever, according to value. Thus, one Black Eagle is worth ten Badish Crosses; one Maria Theresa is worth twenty Black Eagles and a basketful of Nassaus. As the fortunes of the world incline, however, these values differ: thus you see Prussia is now fighting hard to make his coin pass at an agio."

"And have they nothing better to do than this?" I asked, scornfully.

"Oh dear, yes; the learned amongst them collate manuscripts all day long, and there are full five hundred wise heads disputing whether Conrad was or was not a Hapsburg."

"And is this the land of Körner, of Schiller, of Goethe?"

"Ay," said he, sorrowfully,

"Where Braten, beer, and smoke abound,  
Where ten per cent. is in demand,  
Where Sanerkrout is ever found,  
Da ist der Deutscher Faderland!"

"Oh, for mercy's sake!" I cried, "let me see some country where there is a nobler patriotism and a higher ambition."

"Ah!" cried the showman, "you want to be among the olives and the trellised vines."

And lo! there arose before me such a glorious



view as one might have looking down from the cliffs over Levanti, or Listri, or the Gulf of Genoa: a broad ocean of blue sea broken by innumerable headlands of mildest outline, with waving olive woods and tall dark cypresses cutting this soft outline. Three handsome men, in the prime of life, were sitting in an arbour smoking, and placidly enjoying the gorgeous scene beneath them. They were too distant to catch their words, but I could see by their gestures that their discussion was animated, almost violent.

"Ah," said I, "I can guess what is the theme between them. They are talking of Italy and her future."

"No," said he, dryly; "they are discussing whether Foco is better in the Esmeralda, or in the Figlia del Banditto; but though angry, they'll not quarrel."

I almost dashed the box to the ground in my anger; but he caught my hand, and gently said, "Come, you shall have your recompense. Here is a land at last which will repay you for every disappointment; here are they whose interests, embracing every land and every sea, are indeed men, in all that humanity boasts, as wisest and most enlightened."

What a strange scene was that I looked on. A great feast in a large room hung round with trailing banners and flaunting flags, on which were inscribed such sentences as "Farmers' Friend," "Speed the Plough," "The Land, and they who live by it." Jolly, happy fellows they looked that sat around that board, and clinked their glasses merrily as they cheered the speaker who was so eloquently addressing them.

"Ah," I thought, "this is the real thing at last. Here are men who regard the world in its noblest sense, and understand what ought to form its true ambitions." I wished I could have caught what he said, but the noise and tumult were so great that I could not hear a word, and I saw plainly that his audience were intensely excited.

"What is his theme?" I asked, eagerly. "How deeply he seems to move the hearts of his hearers."

"He is telling them," whispered the showman, "that if they restore his party and himself to power, he'll bring in a bill to lay all the taxation on the manufacturing interest, and that he'll repeal the duty on malt."

"And is it thus," I said, "that men are swayed? Are these their hopes, their wants, their high aspirings? Is the world nothing beyond a tricky game with some crowned croupiers to distribute the winnings? Is there no people on the earth who can rise above the miserable eares of every-day existence to devote some thought to what may make life nobler, purer, better? Is no nation great enough to assume the van of civilisation, itself displaying the arts by which others may advance,

or is the whole structure one narrow round of selfish interests and selfish enjoyments?"

"Stop—look here!" cried the showman; and there was an almost reproof in the tone he used.

I stooped down and peeped in. It was a moonlight on the sea-shore, and a solitary figure sat on a rock and gazed out over the wide water.

"Listen to his words; for he always talks aloud when thus alone."

I bent my ear and heard. It was a rich mellow voice, speaking Italian. He appeared as though reciting to himself the form of some essay he was about to commit to writing. If in some respects it seemed like a sort of comparison of the various social conditions of men in different lands, it occasionally diverged from questions of morals to those of governments. Never before had I heard the difficulties of discipline, as adapted to race, so admirably considered. Where certain concessions could or could not be accorded; where liberty grew to be licence, and where limitation became a tyranny, he touched on with a skill of marvellous power. That even justice itself took forms in unison with certain temperaments, he also showed, so that the penalty that men deemed reasonable here, might there be regarded as unendurable. What wise opinions, too, he uttered on the subject of the Press, and what perils did he show awaited those who drew their daily maxims too implicitly from its guidance.

"May I speak to him?" I cried at last; "this is indeed the man I have long sought for."

"One question alone can I permit," said the showman, as he prepared to close the box.

"Of what great nation are you a citizen?" said I, in deepest deference to the stranger. "Where is the land whose people have institutions and maxims such as these?"

"I am a citizen of Monaco, signor," said he, rising respectfully. "The great country I belong to is four leagues long and two wide; my native prince lives in an entresol at Paris."

I burst into a fit of laughing. On looking around me, the showman and his box were gone; the flask of Marcobrunner was finished; the night air was faintly chilly over the sea, as it feels towards daybreak; but, strangest of all, the lamp was not on the table, but on the floor, where I remember the showman had placed it, the better to display his pictures; and I asked myself again and again, as I ask you now—

Was it a dream?

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

X.

Not a word more was said, on either side, as we walked back to the house. Miss Halcombe hastened immediately to her sister's room; and I withdrew to my studio to set in order all of Mr. Fairlie's drawings that I had not yet mounted and restored before I resigned them to the care of other hands. Thoughts that I had hitherto restrained, thoughts that made my position harder than ever to endure, crowded on me now that I was alone.

She was engaged to be married; and her future husband was Sir Percival Glyde. A man of the rank of baronet, and the owner of property in Hampshire.

There were hundreds of baronets in England, and dozens of landowners in Hampshire. Judging by the ordinary rules of evidence, I had not the shadow of a reason, thus far, for connecting Sir Percival Glyde with the suspicious words of inquiry that had been spoken to me by the woman in white. And yet, I did connect him with them. Was it because he had now become associated in my mind with Miss Fairlie; Miss Fairlie being in her turn, associated with Anne Catherick, since the night when I had discovered the ominous likeness between them? Had the events of the morning so unnerved me already that I was at the mercy of any delusion which common chances and common coincidences might suggest to my imagination? Impossible to say. I could only feel that what had passed between Miss Halcombe and myself, on our way from the summer-house, had affected me very strangely. The foreboding of some undiscoverable danger lying hid from us all in the darkness of the future, was strong on me. The doubt whether I was not linked already to a chain of events which even my approaching departure from Cumberland would be powerless to snap asunder—the doubt whether we any of us saw the end as the end would really be—gathered more and more darkly over my mind. Poignant as it was, the sense of suffering caused by the miserable end of my brief, presumptuous love, seemed to be blunted and deadened by the still stronger sense of something obscurely impending, something invisibly threatening, that Time was holding over our heads.

I had been engaged with the drawings little more than half an hour, when there was a knock at the door. It opened, on my answering; and, to my surprise, Miss Halcombe entered the room.

Her manner was angry and agitated. She caught up a chair for herself, before I could give her one; and sat down in it, close at my side.

"Mr. Hartright," she said, "I had hoped that all painful subjects of conversation were exhausted between us, for to-day at least. But it is not to be so. There is some underhand villany at work to frighten my sister about her approaching marriage. You saw me send the gardener on to the house, with a letter addressed, in a strange handwriting, to Miss Fairlie?"

"Certainly."

"That letter is an anonymous letter—a vile attempt to injure Sir Percival Glyde in my sister's estimation. It has so agitated and alarmed her that I have had the greatest possible difficulty in composing her spirits sufficiently to allow me to leave her room and come here. I know this is a family matter on which I ought not to consult you, and in which you can feel no concern or interest—"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Halcombe. I feel the strongest possible concern and interest in anything that affects Miss Fairlie's happiness or yours."

"I am glad to hear you say so. You are the only person in the house, or out of it, who can advise me. Mr. Fairlie, in his state of health and with his horror of difficulties and mysteries of all kinds, is not to be thought of. The clergyman is a good, weak man, who knows nothing out of the routine of his duties; and our neighbours are just the sort of comfortable, jog-trot acquaintances whom one cannot disturb in times of trouble and danger. What I want to know is this: ought I, at once, to take such steps as I can to discover the writer of the letter? or ought I to wait, and apply to Mr. Fairlie's legal adviser to-morrow? It is a question—perhaps a very important one—of gaining or losing a day. Tell me what you think, Mr. Hartright. If necessity had not already obliged me to take you into my confidence under very delicate circumstances, even my helpless situation would, perhaps, be no excuse for me. But, as things are, I cannot surely be wrong, after

all that has passed between us, in forgetting that you are a friend of only three months' standing."

She gave me the letter. It began abruptly, without any preliminary form of address, as follows:

"Do you believe in dreams? I hope, for your own sake, that you do. See what Scripture says about dreams and their fulfilment (Genesis xl. 8, xli. 25; Daniel iv. 18-25); and take the warning I send you before it is too late.

"Last night, I dreamed about you, Miss Fairlie. I dreamed that I was standing inside the communion rails of a church: I on one side of the altar-table, and the clergyman, with his surplice and his prayer-book, on the other.

"After a time, there walked towards us, down the aisle of the church, a man and a woman, coming to be married. You were the woman. You looked so pretty and innocent in your beautiful white silk dress, and your long white lace veil, that my heart felt for you and the tears came into my eyes.

"They were tears of pity, young lady, that Heaven blesses; and, instead of falling from my eyes like the every-day tears that we all of us shed, they turned into two rays of light which slanted nearer and nearer to the man standing at the altar with you, till they touched his breast. The two rays sprang in arches like two rainbows, between me and him. I looked along them; and I saw down into his inmost heart.

"The outside of the man you were marrying was fair enough to see. He was neither tall, nor short—he was a little below the middle size. A light, active, high-spirited man—about five-and-forty years old, to look at. He had a pale face, and was bald over the forehead, but had dark hair on the rest of his head. His beard was shaven on his chin, but was let to grow, of a fine rich brown, on his cheeks and his upper lip. His eyes were brown too, and very bright; his nose straight and handsome and delicate enough to have done for a woman's. His hands the same. He was troubled from time to time with a dry hacking cough; and when he put up his white right hand to his mouth, he showed the red scar of an old wound across the back of it. Have I dreamt of the right man? You know best, Miss Fairlie; and you can say if I was deceived or not. Read, next, what I saw beneath the outside—I entreat you, read, and profit.

"I looked along the two rays of light; and I saw down into his inmost heart. It was black as night; and on it was written, in the red flaming letters which are the handwriting of the fallen angel: 'Without pity and without remorse. He has strewn with misery the paths of others, and he will live to strew with misery the path of this woman by his side.' I read that; and then the rays of light shifted and pointed over his shoulder; and there, behind him, stood a fiend, laughing. And the rays of light shifted once more, and pointed over your shoulder; and there, behind you, stood an angel weeping. And

the rays of light shifted for the third time, and pointed straight between you and that man. They widened and widened, thrusting you both asunder, one from the other. And the clergyman looked for the marriage-service in vain: it was gone out of the book, and he shut up the leaves, and put it from him in despair. And I woke with my eyes full of tears and my heart beating—for I believe in dreams.

"Believe, too, Miss Fairlie—I beg of you, for your own sake, believe as I do. Joseph and Daniel, and others in Scripture, believed in dreams. Inquire into the past life of that man with the scar on his hand, before you say the words that make you his miserable wife. I don't give you this warning on my account, but on yours. I have an interest in your well-being that will live as long as I draw breath. Your mother's daughter has a tender place in my heart—for your mother was my first, my best, my only friend."

There, the extraordinary letter ended, without signature of any sort.

The handwriting afforded no prospect of a clue. It was traced on ruled lines, in the cramped, conventional, copybook character, technically termed "small hand." It was feeble and faint, and defaced by blots, but had otherwise nothing to distinguish it.

"That is not an illiterate letter," said Miss Halcombe, "and, at the same time, it is surely too incoherent to be the letter of an educated person in the higher ranks of life. The reference to the bridal dress and veil, and other little expressions, seem to point to it as the production of a woman. What do you think, Mr. Hartright?"

"I think so too. It seems to me to be not only the letter of a woman, but of a woman whose mind must be——"

"Deranged?" suggested Miss Halcombe. "It struck me in that light, too."

I did not answer. While I was speaking, my eyes rested on the last sentence of the letter: "Your mother's daughter has a tender place in my heart—for your mother was my first, my best, my only friend." Those words and the doubt which had just escaped me as to the sanity of the writer of the letter, acting together on my mind, suggested an idea, which I was literally afraid to express openly, or even to encourage secretly. I began to doubt whether my own faculties were not in danger of losing their balance. It seemed almost like a monomania to be tracing back everything strange that happened, everything unexpected that was said, always to the same hidden source and the same sinister influence. I resolved, this time, in defence of my own courage and my own sense, to come to no decision that plain fact did not warrant, and to turn my back resolutely on everything that tempted me in the shape of surmise.

"If we have any chance of tracing the person who has written this," I said, returning the letter to Miss Halcombe, "there can be no harm

in seizing our opportunity the moment it offers. I think we ought to speak to the gardener again about the elderly woman who gave him the letter, and then to continue our inquiries in the village. But first let me ask a question. You mentioned just now the alternative of consulting Mr. Fairlie's legal adviser to-morrow. Is there no possibility of communicating with him earlier? Why not to-day?"

"I can only explain," replied Miss Halcombe, "by entering into certain particulars, connected with my sister's marriage engagement, which I did not think it necessary or desirable to mention to you this morning. One of Sir Percival Glyde's objects in coming here, on Monday, is to fix the period of his marriage, which has hitherto been left quite unsettled. He is anxious that the event should take place before the end of the year."

"Does Miss Fairlie know of that wish?" I asked, eagerly.

"She has no suspicion of it; and, after what has happened, I shall not take the responsibility upon myself of enlightening her. Sir Percival has only mentioned his views to Mr. Fairlie, who has told me himself that he is ready and anxious, as Laura's guardian, to forward them. He has written to London, to the family solicitor, Mr. Gilmore. Mr. Gilmore happens to be away in Glasgow on business; and he has replied by proposing to stop at Limmeridge House, on his way back to town. He will arrive to-morrow, and will stay with us a few days, so as to allow Sir Percival time to plead his own cause. If he succeeds, Mr. Gilmore will then return to London, taking with him his instructions for my sister's marriage-settlement. You understand now, Mr. Hartright, why I speak of waiting to take legal advice until to-morrow? Mr. Gilmore is the old and tried friend of two generations of Fairlies; and we can trust him, as we could trust no one else."

The marriage-settlement! The mere hearing of those two words stung me with a jealous despair that was poison to my higher and better instincts. I began to think—it is hard to confess this, but I must suppress nothing from beginning to end of the terrible story that I now stand committed to reveal—I began to think, with a hateful eagerness of hope, of the vague charges against Sir Percival Glyde which the anonymous letter contained. What if those wild accusations rested on a foundation of truth? What if their truth could be proved before the fatal words of consent were spoken, and the marriage-settlement was drawn? I have tried to think, since, that the feeling which then animated me began and ended in pure devotion to Miss Fairlie's interests. But I have never succeeded in deceiving myself into believing it; and I must not now attempt to deceive others. The feeling began and ended in reckless, vindictive, hopeless hatred of the man who was to marry her.

"If we are to find out anything," I said, speaking under the new influence which was now directing me, "we had better not let another minute slip by us unemployed. I can only

suggest, once more, the propriety of questioning the gardener a second time, and of inquiring in the village immediately afterwards."

"I think I may be of help to you in both cases," said Miss Halcombe, rising. "Let us go, Mr. Hartright, at once, and do the best we can together."

I had the door in my hand to open it for her—but I stopped, on a sudden, to ask an important question before we set forth.

"One of the paragraphs of the anonymous letter," I said, "contains some sentences of minute personal description. Sir Percival Glyde's name is not mentioned, I know—but does that description at all resemble him?"

"Accurately; even in stating his age to be forty-five—"

Forty-five; and she was not yet twenty-one! Men of his age married wives of her age every day; and experience had shown those marriages to be often the happiest ones. I knew that—and yet even the mention of his age, when I contrasted it with hers, added to my blind hatred and distrust of him.

"Accurately," Miss Halcombe continued, "even to the scar on his right hand, which is the scar of a wound that he received years since when he was travelling in Italy. There can be no doubt that every peculiarity of his personal appearance is thoroughly well known to the writer of the letter."

"Even a cough that he is troubled with is mentioned, if I remember right?"

"Yes, and mentioned correctly. He treats it lightly himself, though it sometimes makes his friends anxious about him."

"I suppose no whispers have ever been heard against his character?"

"Mr. Hartright! I hope you are not unjust enough to let that infamous letter influence you?"

I felt the blood rush into my cheeks, for I knew that it *had* influenced me.

"I hope not," I answered, confusedly. "Perhaps I had no right to ask the question."

"I am not sorry you asked it," she said, "for it enables me to do justice to Sir Percival's reputation. Not a whisper, Mr. Hartright, has ever reached me, or my family, against him. He has fought successfully two contested elections; and has come out of the ordeal unscathed. A man who can do that, in England, is a man whose character is established."

I opened the door for her in silence, and followed her out. She had not convinced me. If the recording angel had come down from heaven to confirm her, and had opened his book to my mortal eyes, the recording angel would not have convinced me.

We found the gardener at work as usual. No amount of questioning could extract a single answer of any importance from the lad's impenetrable stupidity. The woman who had given him the letter was an elderly woman; she had not spoken a word to him; and she had gone away towards the south in a great hurry. That was all the gardener could tell us.

The village lay southward of the house. So to the village we went next.

# XI.

Our inquiries at Limmeridge were patiently pursued in all directions, and among all sorts and conditions of people. But nothing came of them. Three of the villagers did certainly assure us that they had seen the woman; but as they were quite unable to describe her, and quite incapable of agreeing about the exact direction in which she was proceeding when they last saw her, these three bright exceptions to the general rule of total ignorance afforded no more real assistance to us than the mass of their unhelpful and unobservant neighbours.

The course of our useless investigations brought us, in time, to the end of the village, at which the schools established by Mrs. Fairlie were situated. As we passed the side of the building appropriated to the use of the boys, I suggested the propriety of making a last inquiry of the schoolmaster, whom we might presume to be, in virtue of his office, the most intelligent man in the place.

"I am afraid the schoolmaster must have been occupied with his scholars," said Miss Halcombe, "just at the time when the woman passed through the village, and returned again. However, we can but try."

We entered the playground enclosure, and walked by the schoolroom window, to get round to the door, which was situated at the back of the building. I stopped for a moment at the window and looked in.

The schoolmaster was sitting at his high desk, with his back to me, apparently haranguing the pupils, who were all gathered together in front of him, with one exception. The one exception was a sturdy white-headed boy, standing apart from all the rest on a stool in a corner—a forlorn little Crusoe, isolated in his own desert island of solitary penal disgrace.

The door, when we got round to it, was ajar; and the schoolmaster's voice reached us plainly, as we both stopped for a minute under the porch.

"Now, boys," said the voice, "mind what I tell you. If I hear another word spoken about ghosts in this school, it will be the worst for all of you. There are no such things as ghosts; and, therefore, any boy who believes in ghosts believes in what can't possibly be; and a boy who belongs to Limmeridge School, and believes in what can't possibly be, sets up his back against reason and discipline, and must be punished accordingly. You all see Jacob Postlethwaite standing up on the stool there in disgrace. He has been punished, not because he said he saw a ghost last night, but because he is too impudent and too obstinate to listen to reason; and because he persists in saying he saw the ghost after I have told him that no such thing can possibly be. If nothing else will do, I mean to cane the ghost out of Jacob Postlethwaite; and if the thing spreads among any of the rest

of you, I mean to go a step farther, and cane the ghost out of the whole school."

"We seem to have chosen an awkward moment for our visit," said Miss Halcombe, pushing open the door at the end of the schoolmaster's address, and leading the way in.

Our appearance produced a strong sensation among the boys. They appeared to think that we had arrived for the express purpose of seeing Jacob Postlethwaite caned.

"Go home all of you to dinner," said the schoolmaster, "except Jacob. Jacob must stop where he is; and the ghost may bring him his dinner, if the ghost pleases."

Jacob's fortitude deserted him at the double disappearance of his schoolfellows and his prospect of dinner. He took his hands out of his pockets, looked hard at his knuckles, raised them with great deliberation to his eyes, and, when they got there, ground them round and round slowly, accompanying the action by short spasms of sniffing, which followed each other at regular intervals—the nasal minute guns of juvenile distress.

"We came here to ask you a question, Mr. Dempster," said Miss Halcombe, addressing the schoolmaster; "and we little expected to find you occupied in exorcising a ghost. What does it all mean? What has really happened?"

"That wicked boy has been frightening the whole school, Miss Halcombe, by declaring that he saw a ghost yesterday evening," answered the master. "And he still persists in his absurd story, in spite of all that I can say to him."

"Most extraordinary," said Miss Halcombe. "I should not have thought it possible that any of the boys had imagination enough to see a ghost. This is a new accession indeed to the hard labour of forming the youthful mind at Limmeridge—and I heartily wish you well through it, Mr. Dempster. In the mean time, let me explain why you see me here, and what it is I want."

She then put the same question to the schoolmaster, which we had asked already of almost every one else in the village. It was met by the same discouraging answer. Mr. Dempster had not set eyes on the stranger of whom we were in search.

"We may as well return to the house, Mr. Hartright," said Miss Halcombe; "the information we want is evidently not to be found."

She had bowed to Mr. Dempster, and was about to leave the schoolroom, when the forlorn position of Jacob Postlethwaite, piteously sniffing on the stool of penitence, attracted her attention as she passed him, and made her stop good-humouredly to speak a word to the little prisoner before she opened the door.

"You foolish boy," she said, "why don't you beg Mr. Dempster's pardon, and hold your tongue about the ghost?"

"Eh!—but I saw t' ghaist," persisted Jacob Postlethwaite, with a stare of terror and a burst of tears.

"Stuff and nonsense! You saw nothing of the kind. Ghost indeed! What ghost——"

"I beg you pardon, Miss Halcombe," interposed the schoolmaster, a little uneasily—"but I think you had better not question the boy. The obstinate folly of his story is beyond all belief; and you might lead him into ignorantly——"

"Ignorantly, what?" inquired Miss Halcombe, sharply.

"Ignorantly shocking your feelings," said Mr. Dempster, looking very much discomposed.

"Upon my word, Mr. Dempster, you pay my feelings a great compliment in thinking them weak enough to be shocked by such an urchin as that!" She turned with an air of satirical defiance to little Jacob, and began to question him directly. "Come!" she said; "I mean to know all about this. You naughty boy, when did you see the ghost!"

"Yester'een, at the gloaming," replied Jacob. "Oh! you saw it yesterday evening, in the twilight? And what was it like?"

"Arl in white—as a ghaist should be," answered the ghost-seer, with a confidence beyond his years.

"And where was it?"

"Away yander, in t' kirkyard—where a ghaist ought to be."

"As a 'ghaist' should be—where a 'ghaist' ought to be—why, you little fool, you talk as if the manners and customs of ghosts had been familiar to you from your infancy! You have got your story at your fingers' end, at any rate. I suppose I shall hear next that you can actually tell me whose ghost it was?"

"Eh! but I just can," replied Jacob, nodding his head with an air of gloomy triumph.

Mr. Dempster had already tried several times to speak, while Miss Halcombe was examining his pupil; and he now interposed resolutely enough to make himself heard.

"Excuse me, Miss Halcombe," he said, "if I venture to say that you are only encouraging the boy by asking him these questions."

"I will merely ask one more, Mr. Dempster, and then I shall be quite satisfied. Well," she continued, turning to the boy, "and whose ghost was it?"

"T' ghaist of Mistress Fairlie," answered Jacob, in a whisper.

The effect which this extraordinary reply produced on Miss Halcombe, fully justified the anxiety which the schoolmaster had shown to prevent her from hearing it. Her face crimsoned with indignation—she turned upon little Jacob with an angry suddenness which terrified him into a fresh burst of tears—opened her lips to speak to him—then controlled herself—and addressed the master instead of the boy.

"It is useless," she said, "to hold such a child as that responsible for what he says. I have little doubt that the idea has been put into his head by others. If there are people in this village, Mr. Dempster, who have forgotten the respect and gratitude due from every soul in it to my mother's memory, I will find them out; and, if I have any influence with Mr. Fairlie, they shall suffer for it."

"I hope—indeed, I am sure, Miss Halcombe—that you are mistaken," said the schoolmaster. "The matter begins and ends with the boy's own perversity and folly. He saw, or thought he saw, a woman in white, yesterday evening, as he was passing the churchyard; and the figure, real or fancied, was standing by the marble cross, which he and everyone else in Limmeridge knows to be the monument over Mrs. Fairlie's grave. These two circumstances are surely sufficient to have suggested to the boy himself the answer which has so naturally shocked you?"

Although Miss Halcombe did not seem to be convinced, she evidently felt that the schoolmaster's statement of the case was too sensible to be openly combated. She merely replied by thanking him for his attention, and by promising to see him again when her doubts were satisfied. This said, she bowed, and led the way out of the schoolroom.

Throughout the whole of this strange scene, I had stood apart, listening attentively, and drawing my own conclusions. As soon as we were alone again, Miss Halcombe asked me if I had formed any opinion on what I had heard.

"A very strong opinion," I answered; "the boy's story, as I believe, has a foundation in fact. I confess I am anxious to see the monument over Mrs. Fairlie's grave, and to examine the ground about it."

"You shall see the grave."

She paused after making that reply, and reflected a little as we walked on. "What has happened in the schoolroom," she resumed, "has so completely distracted my attention from the subject of the letter, that I feel a little bewildered when I try to return to it. Must we give up all idea of making any further inquiries, and wait to place the thing in Mr. Gilmore's hands, to-morrow?"

"By no means, Miss Halcombe. What has happened in the schoolroom encourages me to persevere in the investigation."

"Why does it encourage you?"

"Because it strengthens a suspicion I felt, when you gave me the letter to read."

"I suppose you had your reasons, Mr. Hart-right, for concealing that suspicion from me till this moment?"

"I was afraid to encourage it in myself. I thought it was utterly preposterous—I distrusted it as the result of some perversity in my own imagination. But I can do so no longer. Not only the boy's own answers to your questions, but even a chance expression that dropped from the schoolmaster's lips in explaining his story, have forced the idea back into my mind. Events may yet prove that idea to be a delusion, Miss Halcombe; but the belief is strong in me, at this moment, that the fancied ghost in the churchyard, and the writer of the anonymous letter, are one and the same person."

She stopped, turned pale, and looked me eagerly in the face.

"What person?"

"The schoolmaster unconsciously told you. When he spoke of the figure that the boy saw



in the churchyard, he called it 'a woman in white.'"

"Not Anne Catherick!"

"Yes, Anne Catherick."

She put her hand through my arm, and leaned on it heavily.

"I don't know why," she said, in low tones, "but there is something in this suspicion of yours that seems to startle and unnerve me. I feel——" She stopped, and tried to laugh it off. "Mr. Hartright," she went on, "I will show you the grave, and then go back at once to the house. I had better not leave Laura too long alone. I had better go back, and sit with her."

We were close to the churchyard when she spoke. The church, a dreary building of grey stone, was situated in a little valley, so as to be sheltered from the bleak winds blowing over the moorland all round it. The burial-ground advanced, from the side of the church, a little way up the slope of the hill. It was surrounded by a rough, low stone wall, and was bare and open to the sky, except at one extremity, where a brook trickled down the stony hill side, and a clump of dwarf trees threw their narrow shadows over the short, meagre grass. Just beyond the brook and the trees, and not far from one of the three stone stiles which afforded entrance, at various points, to the churchyard, rose the white marble cross that distinguished Mrs. Fairlie's grave from the humbler monuments scattered about it.

"I need go no farther with you," said Miss Halcombe, pointing to the grave. "You will let me know if you find anything to confirm the idea you have just mentioned to me. Let us meet again at the house."

She left me. I descended at once to the churchyard, and crossed the stile which led directly to Mrs. Fairlie's grave.

The grass about it was too short, and the ground too hard, to show any marks of footsteps. Disappointed thus far, I next looked attentively at the cross, and at the square block of marble below it, on which the inscription was cut.

The natural whiteness of the cross was a little clouded, here and there, by weather-stains; and rather more than one half of the square block beneath it, on the side which bore the inscription, was in the same condition. The other half, however, attracted my attention at once by its singular freedom from stain or impurity of any kind. I looked closer, and saw that it had been cleaned—recently cleaned, in a downward direction from top to bottom. The boundary line between the part that had been cleaned and the part that had not, was traceable wherever the inscription left a blank space of marble—sharply traceable as a line that had been produced by artificial means. Who had begun the cleansing of the marble, and who had left it unfinished?

I looked about me, wondering how the question was to be solved. No sign of a habitation could be discerned from the point at which I was standing: the burial-ground was left in the lonely possession of the dead. I returned to the church, and walked round it till I came to

the back of the building; then crossed the boundary wall beyond, by another of the stone stiles; and found myself at the head of a path leading down into a deserted stone quarry. Against one side of the quarry a little two-room cottage was built; and just outside the door an old woman was engaged in washing.

I walked up to her, and entered into conversation about the church and burial-ground. She was ready enough to talk; and almost the first words she said informed me that her husband filled the two offices of clerk and sexton. I said a few words next in praise of Mrs. Fairlie's monument. The old woman shook her head, and told me I had not seen it at its best. It was her husband's business to look after it; but he had been so ailing and weak, for months and months past, that he had hardly been able to crawl into church on Sundays to do his duty; and the monument had been neglected in consequence. He was getting a little better now; and, in a week or ten days' time, he hoped to be strong enough to set to work and clean it.

This information—extracted from a long rambling answer, in the broadest Cumberland dialect—told me all that I most wanted to know. I gave the poor woman a trifle, and returned at once to Limmeridge House.

The partial cleansing of the monument had evidently been accomplished by a strange hand. Connecting what I had discovered, thus far, with what I had suspected after hearing the story of the ghost seen at twilight, I wanted nothing more to confirm my resolution to watch Mrs. Fairlie's grave, in secret, that evening; returning to it at sunset, and waiting within sight of it till the night fell. The work of cleansing the monument had been left unfinished; and the person by whom it had been begun might return to complete it.

On getting back to the house, I informed Miss Halcombe of what I intended to do. She looked surprised and uneasy, while I was explaining my purpose; but she made no positive objection to the execution of it. She only said, "I hope it may end well." Just as she was leaving me again, I stopped her to inquire, as calmly as I could, after Miss Fairlie's health. She was in better spirits; and Miss Halcombe hoped she might be induced to take a little walking exercise while the afternoon sun lasted.

I returned to my own room, to resume setting the drawings in order. It was necessary to do this, and doubly necessary to keep my mind employed on anything that would help to distract my attention from myself, and from the hopeless future that lay before me. From time to time, I paused in my work to look out of window and watch the sky as the sun sank nearer and nearer to the horizon. On one of those occasions I saw a figure on the broad gravel walk under my window. It was Miss Fairlie.

I had not seen her since the morning; and I had hardly spoken to her then. Another day at Limmeridge was all that remained to me; and after that day my eyes might never look on her again. This thought was enough to hold me at

the window. I had sufficient consideration for her, to arrange the blind so that she might not see me if she looked up; but I had no strength to resist the temptation of letting my eyes, at least, follow her as far as they could on her walk.

She was dressed in a brown cloak, with a plain black silk gown under it. On her head was the same simple straw hat which she had worn on the morning when we first met. A veil was attached to it now, which hid her face from me. By her side, trotted a little Italian greyhound, the pet companion of all her walks, smartly dressed in a scarlet cloth wrapper, to keep the sharp air from his delicate skin. She did not seem to notice the dog. She walked straight forward, with her head drooping a little, and her arms folded in her cloak. The dead leaves which had whirled in the wind before me, when I had heard of her marriage engagement in the morning, whirled in the wind before her, and rose and fell and scattered themselves at her feet, as she walked on in the pale waning sunlight. The dog shivered and trembled, and pressed against her dress impatiently for notice and encouragement. But she never heeded him. She walked on, farther and farther away from me, with the dead leaves whirling about her on the path—walked on, till my aching eyes could see her no more, and I was left alone again with my own heavy heart.

In another hour's time, I had done my work, and the sunset was at hand. I got my hat and coat in the hall, and slipped out of the house without meeting anyone.

The clouds were wild in the western heaven, and the wind blew chill from the sea. Far as the shore was, the sound of the surf swept over the intervening moorland, and beat drearily in my ears, when I entered the churchyard. Not a living creature was in sight. The place looked lonelier than ever, as I chose my position, and waited and watched, with my eyes on the white cross that rose over Mrs. Fairlie's grave.

### CHERBOURG.

#### III. AMONG THE SAILORS.

THE Port Militaire, which the reader is supposed to be contemplating, is of later construction than the Digue, and was a necessary complement to that great work. The Digue once established, the anchorage was, no doubt, protected, and might protect a fleet. But how refit and repair the fleet, or how add to it? A dockyard and arsenal were necessary, and were resolved upon by Napoleon in a decree dated the 15th April, 1803. The plan comprised an establishment of the first class, with an Avant-port and two basins.

The Avant-port (or outer basin, which you find on your right hand on entering the port) occupies a site which the sagacious eye of Vauban had long before designed for the same purpose. Its lines were traced out on the 9th May, 1803, and the work commenced with great spirit. Soldiers volunteered to labour,

in the antique Roman fashion. Workmen poured in from all parts of France. The basins were hollowed by mining: the rock, of hard quartz, being blown asunder by repeated gunpowder explosions, while the sea was kept out of it, till wanted, by a special Digue. From 1809, more than six thousand Spanish prisoners were employed at Cherbourg; and, to the toil of these poor fellows—drawn from their sunny land to, perhaps, the coldest and most rainy town in France—the port owes the fosse which surrounds it, and the ramparts forming its inland girdle.

The Avant-port was an affair of ten years' work and millions of francs of expense. Napoleon visited it in May, 1811; but its flooding in August, 1813, was a spectacle reserved for Marie Louise alone, his Majesty being at that time at the head of the grande armée and too busy. The empress descended to the bottom of the basin, and was the last person inside it before the immersion, which took place on August 27th, in the presence of the Bishop of Coutances (who said the benediction) and of twenty-five thousand spectators, a squadron manœuvring outside in the Rade the while. One must read the publications in which the French record all these fine doings, one must see the animation with which they talk of them, in order to appreciate the pride and joy which Cherbourg is to the French nation. The avant-port is thirty feet deep, at low water, during spring tides, and capable of accommodating a dozen sail of the line.

The story of the opening of the still greater basin of Napoleon the Third is fresher in public recollection. During the interval between the Avant-port and it, was made the "Bassin Charles Dix," already mentioned as lying to the northward of the first-named, and which was opened in the presence of the Duc d'Angoulême in the autumn of 1829. Blasting in rock was the *modus operandi* here also. The two basins are of the same depth, and are united by a turning-bridge and by flood-gates.

Every French government has done something for the Port Militaire, and none has pushed it more energetically than the present emperor. We all remember the spectacle of last autumn, when the Bassin Napoléon III. received within its granite-clad sides the eager sea; and when the Ville de Nantes glided from her building-slip into the water, amidst a cheering hardly drowned by the cannon-firing. This basin contains four docks and five slips. It lies inside the Avant-port, and is capable of holding a still larger number of vessels of the line. The French writers calculate, indeed, that, what with the Rade and the three basins of the dockyard, a hundred line-of-battle ships might enjoy the protection of Cherbourg and its batteries. Yet, one still hears whispers of fresh works there, to extend the accommodation and resources of the dockyard. The bakery, mentioned in my last, will be a very fine building, and I believe that the barrack accommodation is considered insufficient as yet. The present barracks for gendarmerie, artillery, and infantry,

are grouped together at the back of the port, and seem airy and lofty structures.

What strikes one most in the port is not so much the absolute amount of acreage covered by it as the conveniences it enjoys, and the neatness and airiness of the Ateliers, and other buildings. The timber shed is nine hundred and fifty-eight feet long, and supported by one hundred and thirty stone pillars. The large storehouses are close to the basins. Steamers can coal alongside the wharf, whereas with us at Portsmouth they must employ hoys and hulks. All these are elements of advantage to Cherbourg, even though it is not put forward by the French officers as a very great building port.

Yet we must do it justice in that particular also. Some very fine ships have issued from Cherbourg: *le Friedland*, *le Henri IV.*, and several others. Ten ships could be built there at a time. The Cales de Construction, or building sheds, are planned on the same solid and liberal principle as other edifices there: particularly to the covered sheds in the north-eastern part of the yard, the roofs of which rest on arches, supported by piers of granite and slate. There is not much ship-building going on at Cherbourg just now, though we must not forget the activity of the last ten years and the resources of Toulon and Brest. What is most interesting in the Cales de Construction of Cherbourg at present, is the progress of the new frigate *Normandie*. This is a frigate of unexampled size and armament, sharp both at bow and stern, and intended to be plated with iron on the new principle. The hull is well advanced, and covered with labourers hammering away. A French gentleman, employed in the iron trade, is at Cherbourg, in communication with the authorities respecting the plating. Otherwise, there is nothing in the building sheds to excite particular attention; no overstrained activity about this bit of work is to be remarked, though the whole establishment is a scene of steady and continuous activity. Of the amount of military stores in the arsenal I had no opportunity of forming an opinion. The armoury is arranged with coquetish elegance of taste. You pass many rows of burnished cannon lying dismantled, alongside pyramids of brilliant shot.

Before quitting the Port Militaire through its well-defended walls, let us sum up, in a brief paragraph, the elements which make up Cherbourg. It is a French port, near England, well supplied with resources, capable of harbouring about a hundred vessels while building ten, protected by the largest breakwater in the world and more than six hundred cannon. This is, I think, a liberal résumé of the pretensions of a place which, a century since, hardly outvied Boulogne.

And now for a glance at the social Cherbourg, and the personnel of the French navy.

Cherbourg is execrably dull, as all the young "aspirants" and "enseignes de vaisseau" are unanimously agreed. In this respect it is far inferior to Brest, which, again, is inferior to

Toulon. There is a theatre, to be sure, where a company of strollers occasionally play indifferent vaudevilles. And, for the "men," there are "spectacles"—the *Battle of Solferino*, for instance—intended to keep up the patriotic spirit and the military vanity of the race. But, after these amusements, there remain only the cafés—poor imitations of the brilliant cafés of the Paris Boulevards—which line the quay along the commercial basin mentioned before. Enter any of these at any hour, almost as early in the forenoon as you like, and you find military and naval officers playing billiards, cards, or dominoes, smoking, or reading the journals. Light literature is the fashion, as in our own seaports. There is the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, to be sure, which contains all the naval news; but it has a feuilleton with a story. Then there is the *Charivari*, where they have been fond, lately, of caricaturing the British army. Another publication, *Le Monde Illustré*, deserves harsher notice. Some of the numbers of this journal contain papers about the treatment of French prisoners in England last war—a rather old grievance. In one anecdote, we are represented as encouraging a shark, by periodical pork, to swim round one of our prison-ships in the West Indies, to prevent the poor Gauls from escaping. In another, a British nobleman is represented as visiting a prison in England, on which occasion he naturally leaves his horse outside. Returning to mount, milord misses the gallant steed. "Where is my horse?" he asks of one of the prisoners. "Eaten, my lord." "What! Eat a horse! and in ten minutes?" "Yes, my lord," is the reply; "five to kill and strip, five to devour him!" And the narrator chuckles over the daring gaiety, in such trials, of his French countrymen. Who would think that, of these stories, the shark one was a joke of poor Captain Marryat's against his own countrymen as dealing with their own British deserters; and that the second is told of a peer, Lord "Cordover," or some such name, with a title never heard of in England? The author of these stupid calumnies in *Le Monde Illustré* is a certain M. Léon Gozlan (a Jewish gentleman, I believe), who is in some degree known in the French comic world. It must be added that three or four French naval officers, to whom M. Gozlan's fictions were quoted (and for whose courtesy, on every occasion, we here return our best thanks), treated them with contempt. But the ignorant mass—and the ignorance of the uneducated part of the French, concerning England, is beyond belief—are corrupted by this kind of thing, absurd though it be.

The first thing that strikes one about French naval officers is the fact that they are gentlemen, compared with the general run of men of corresponding positions seen in France. It is not only—though this, too, is the case—that the navy is a profession in favour among good French families, but the manners of the men are agreeable, quiet, sensible, ac-

complished, well bred. Perhaps an Englishman is prejudiced in their favour by finding them comparatively so like English. The reserved, solid kind of manner, the shaved chin and lip, occasionally the physical type of face, and almost always the dress, create altogether a curious amount of resemblance. English, though perhaps not often spoken, is always, more or less, understood among French naval men. You find Maury's Sailing Directions in their rooms. One middle-aged officer mentioned that he had read two hundred of our novels. Several circumstances tend to isolate French naval officers from the ordinary modern France. Not only is the regular isolation, especially from military society, stronger among them than you would expect to find it, but I doubt whether the French public does them, ordinarily, full justice. Many a Frenchman whom you meet in travelling will coolly give up the marine to you, in discussion, as inferior, though willing to contend to any extent for the superiority of the French army, the French literature, and everything else French. Yet how unjust is this! What can be more certain than that the French navy has fought admirably; did we ever get more decided advantages over it than our Marlboroughs, Wolfes, and Wellingtons did over the French army? An impression that they hardly get justice from their countrymen—that they are made the scapegoats of the national vanity—is calculated to throw them very much upon themselves and their profession, and the result is probably an increased devotion to it. Their political leanings—but of these a foreigner can only know very little (especially now, when the political silence of France is felt like a heavy—too calm—atmosphere, to strangers)—seem to be, in accordance with their naval position, less marked than those of most professions. They must hate the uncertainty which throws them, one day, into the hands of a different government from that of the day before; and it is possible that the Empire is accepted as a practical working government among them, even by the cadets (who must be numerous) of Legitimist and Orleanist families. At the same time, our British institutions seemed respected and understood by those with whom we talked; our navy certainly is; and it is a curious and wholesome symptom that they incline to think "Charley Napier" too critical on, and too much an alarmist about, his country's navy and naval policy.

The British and French arrangements as to the personnel of their naval services differ in some points worth remarking upon.

Their youngsters enter later in life, as a general rule, than ours do. Their average age at going afloat is above sixteen. Their training is more liberal, as regards instruction, than ours was until lately, and is managed by a college, and by a training-ship in Brest roads. I know no reason for supposing them to be better sea officers, measured by the good old test of handling a ship; and we could, no doubt, match any individual officer among them in scientific and

other accomplishments by some individual officer of our own. *Cæteris paribus*,—as entering later, their average book knowledge ought to be higher than ours; and I dare say that in the finer accomplishments (let us say, music) they have somewhat the advantage of us. We must not overrate all that kind of thing, however, nor forget that spirit, sinew, traditions, and experience, are the bases of the greatness of naval men. The French navy has made great strides within thirty years, and we may learn something from it. Yet, in passing from one "set" of the rising British generation—say at Portsmouth—to another of the rising French generation—say at Cherbourg—an observer does not feel that he has got into any remarkably higher region. To read some of our writers one would fancy that it was like going from Lilliput to Brobdingnag.

Having entered later, the grades of their service are different among the French. From aspirant of the second, they pass to aspirant of the first class; and from that to the rank of *Enseigne de Vaisseau*. We commonly translate that title by Midshipman in England. This, however, conveys a false impression. The "enseigne" messes with the lieutenants: which our mid does not, even after "passing" and becoming mate. The enseigne has charge of a watch; not the case with a mid. But the enseigne de vaisseau, though better off in status than our mate, has a long time to wait for his promotion; and this is a detail of which French naval officers complain. He remains often, for years, virtually in the position of a junior kind of lieutenant, without acquiring a lieutenant's rank and title.

The rank of "master" is unknown in the French service. It seems to have arisen in old times, with us, from the primitive distinction (so noticeable in Blake's days) between the fighting captain and the sailing captain of a man-of-war. The master ranks "with and after" the lieutenants, and is specially charged with the observations and the log: for which (jointly with the captain) he is responsible. In a French ship, the observations are managed by the officers in turns; and it has been suggested that we should imitate this arrangement. But, there are several advantages in keeping up the grade of master; and one is, that it opens a path to commissions to a class of families less well off or influential than those from which the service as a whole is officered. Observe, by the way, here, that there is no promotion from the ranks—no "coming in through the hawse holes"—in the French navy, any more than in our own. A family which could not manage a cadetship for one of its youngsters in England, can often set him going en route to master, as a master's assistant.

The French do not flog in their navy. They punish by imprisonment, by the usual restrictions on grog, and so forth. But they can, by the operation of the "inscription," keep a man afloat as long as they like; and the non-corporal punishment principle is not strictly carried out. In the case of certain offences—

such as offend a man's own shipmates as well as the laws of discipline—he is set to run the gauntlet even now. But nautical punishments have always been savage. "Tarring and feathering" and "keel hauling" are as old as Cœur de Lion's times; though at that epoch the British fleet was commanded by no less a personage than an archbishop.

Such are a few of the differences between the two great navies of Europe. Each may learn something from the other; and there is an honourable rivalry between them at present, untinged by malignity and accompanied by a mutual respect. An English naval man meets hospitality and courtesy—even without letters of introduction—at Cherbourg, from his rivals; and he will only laugh, like a man of esprit, if he is asked (with a merry twinkle of the eye), by a French capitaine of the older school, whether, when he was in the African squadron, he ever picked up, by mistake for a slaver, a Portuguese merchant craft? Apropos of this bit of professional humour, the French navy has been growling lately at the emperor's too gallant resolution to return the Austrian traders captured during the late war. What, ask our friends, are war and prize-money meant for? They feel it the more, because they are, as a body, poor men; and that, even in comparison with our navy, which is a poor profession enough, pecuniarily, Heaven knows.

Let us take leave of Cherbourg with a few observations on its general significance and importance to us; made in no bellicose spirit, however.

Here we have a new French dockyard and port, opposite to us; protected by almost unrivalled defences; capable of sheltering, refitting, and repairing a fleet; connected with Paris by telegraph and by a railway, the business trains on which do the journey in ten hours. Such a place is a new arm added to France for purposes of attack or defence; a distinct addition of strength since the last great war, when there was no French port between Brest and Dunkirk—the latter not suitable to vessels of the larger class. It is clearly a place constructed with military objects. Commerce did not require it, and can never support it; nor are there any internal needs which it meets. In stands on the rocky and rainy coast of a remote Norman peninsula, interesting solely to Frenchmen, as projecting (like a threatening arm) towards England.

Strong as it is now, its efficiency is increasing. Fresh guns appear on its Digue, fresh batteries among its rocks and heights, and new buildings rise in its arsenal. A submarine telegraph line is, even now, connecting it with the whole coast; and, before long, there will be branch railway communication, directer than at present, between it and the upper parts of Normandy. In these steam days, it is eight hours' distance by sea from Havre, and less than thirty hours' distance from Brest.

Cherbourg presents, in fact, one more place of first-rate importance for our squadrons to watch,

in case of a war, and one situated so as to be available for offence, while all but impregnable in itself. Blockading, however, is confessedly a more difficult task than formerly, because steam makes the imprisoned squadron independent of the wind, and enables it to run for new quarters, or join another squadron, with a facility unknown before. Then, supposing such French squadron worsted, its chances of escape are greater with steam, and there is this new port of Cherbourg to run for and refit in. Especially, however, will it be valuable as a support to an invading force. And, while this fact will always compel us to keep a large fleet in the Channel; so it will leave us, of course, fewer vessels to protect our distant commerce. Hence the mischief of allowing the French to get ahead of us in the number of any class of vessels, especially frigates, which they were said by several authorities to be superior to us in, at the beginning of this year. Hence the more than mischief of allowing them to be absolutely superior in the number of building slips in their dockyards, which, also, is unfortunately the present case.

Cherbourg must be considered as one more element of danger to the peace of Europe, inasmuch as the consciousness of strength is a provocation to use it, especially where its existence is a contrast to the memories and traditions of past times. The emperor may be thoroughly pacific, the French people may be disposed to acquiesce in peace; but, neither of these facts, though they may save us for a time from an act of merely aggressive war, can be expected to hinder the European politics of France from being influenced by her new scale of naval strength. It is not enough that we should be safe from invasion; we must not be outstripped in political importance, we must not be liable to be pushed aside from our first-class position, in any part of the world where our flag flies or our language is known. We are apt to forget how much our national importance depends on our downright strength, and that if we are strong by dint of being rich, we are rich, and originally became so, by being strong. Losing our naval power we should lose our colonies; then, by degrees, our trade; and of a certainty, sooner or later, our safety at home. It is not a question that will bear trifling with, and he who pooh-poohs our naval preparations is really contributing to our ultimate weakness in every other department.

#### OUR EYE-WITNESS AND THE PERFORMING BULL.

"SHE's coming out," screamed the smallest boy, with the whitest face, the most beetrooty nose, the thinnest blouse, and the most precocious intellect ever seen or heard of.

He was perched upon the spikes of the railings which separate No.—say, one thousand, Castle-street, from the back entrance, or stage door, of the Alhambra Circus. From this place of security he spake, in the words just quoted, to a young friend in a red comforter, stationed

immediately beneath him, who, but for the boy on the spikes, would have looked skinny and small too. But, the boy on the spikes exhausted the subject of skinniness, just as his nose exhausted that of redness.

"She's coming out," squeaked the impaled boy again, with a noble disregard of gender.

For, it was the performing Bull to which the infant on the spikes thus alluded, and it was outside the private residence of this animal that a little crowd had assembled, with that keen appreciation of eleemosynary sights, which is one of the most remarkable characteristics of our race. They were there to see him come out for an airing.

There is always a certain interest attached to the private life of great public characters; so your Eye-witness, who happened to be passing, stopped and joined the knot of spectators, thinking that he, too, would like to see this performer emerge from his lodgings. His carriage was waiting for him at the door, and the E.-W. was soon in possession of a commanding place in a front row.

It was a curious circumstance in connexion with this particular assembly, that its members manifested a courtesy in reference to this ready resignation of these same front places, which the E.-W. does not remember to have ever noticed before—except on one occasion, when he found himself in a crowd outside the door of a certain public-house in which it was rumoured that a prize-fighter had suddenly gone mad. There was the same readiness to accommodate him with a good place, manifested, on that particular evening, which he now observed in the assembly gathered round the mouth of the little covered way which led from the Bull's private apartments to the street. Thanks to this self-denying retirement on the part of the crowd, the Eye-witness soon found himself in a very good position indeed, with nothing but the small boy, whose friend was on the spikes, between him and the Bull's door. [It was a remarkable thing that, though these front places were so easily to be obtained, there was a brisk demand for all sorts of distant accommodation, and flights of door-steps, shop entrances, and even lamp-posts, were inquired for briskly.]

"What do the Bull do?" asked the small boy below, of the smaller boy above.

"Do? stands up on her two behind legs, and all sorts of games. And, won't some of yer get gored down there presently, that's all," he added, in a louder key. Whereat, and at the sudden appearance through the open door of a broad black forehead and two white horns, the populace was moved to a more modest retirement than ever, and the small boy in front of the E.-W. commenced butting against that gentleman's legs to such an extent that he was glad to let him get behind, preferring the contingency of the Bull's escape to the certainty of having his shins bruised and his toes trampled upon by this turbulent infant.

Such a comfortable little Bull! A short-horned, plump, satiny, highly-groomed little Bull. Eminently satisfactory; but so little. He

stepped up his inclined plane, and was upon the platform of his car in no time, as good as gold.

It must be owned that the general aspect of affairs was not imposing. The Eye-witness had had visions of a triumphal car, with a black Bull of the largest possible size on the top of it, and drawn by six milk-white steeds. He had pictured this to himself, and had made up his mind to see the white horses, with the pink rims to their eyes and flesh-coloured noses, such as he loves; consequently, a team of ordinary grey carriage horses, drawing a break with some planks across the top of it, on which was perched an animal not much bigger than a calf, but compact and well-made, was rather disappointing, and had rather the look of a procession which was to end in the slaughter-house.

There was one result brought about by the impressive spectacle, which was probably contemplated by the management that organised it. This was the developing in the casual spectator of a burning thirst to see how this very comfortable little animal conducted himself in his professional capacity inside the quaint walls of the Alhambra of Leicester Fields. Indeed it must be frankly admitted that his countenance was not promising, and it was curious to observe his bovine indifference to the novel situation in which he found himself and the novel circumstances under which he was placed.

The scene is now, with the reader's permission, shifted from the back slums of Castle-street to the interior of the Alhambra Circus. The time is two in the afternoon. The wind north-east, and the general aspect of affairs the reverse of encouraging. What shall be said of circus performances in the daytime? Shall we say that they are calculated to induce morbid views of life generally, that he who assists at such solemnisations will in the pauses of the same be found—especially with the wind in the east—to despond about his prospects, to see all the weak points in his previous life with an exceeding distinctness, and every lichen and parasitical excrescence upon his rocks ahead for the future? Shall we say that at such periods the human finger and thumb are averse to the duty of extracting from the waistcoat-pocket that sixpence which the woman in the *black muslin cap* expects in return for a programme fourteen inches by eight? Shall we say that as the sufferer fishes and dives for this sixpence (wishing he had a fourpenny piece instead) he looks upon the woman in the black cap with feelings nearly allied to detestation; that he casts bloodthirsty looks at her waistband, and thinks what a good place that would be for the Performing Bull to impale her by, and bear her off upon one of his horns to his native country where she should perish from not knowing the Spanish equivalent for "Whatever you please to give, sir?" No; nothing of this shall be said; it shall only be recorded that the Alhambra, as the Eye-witness saw it, before the gas was lighted; the Alhambra, with modified daylight insinuating itself by creeks and crannies; the Alhambra, with fog in those galleries which rise



to inaccessible heights, and with about seventy people dotted about here and there; was a spectacle which was not exhilarating. And from the shuddering indulged in by the audience, it appeared that people enough were walking over their graves to have filled the place even to the topmost range of seats.

These cemeterial pedestrians, however, were not to be got, and so the performances were played to rather a small audience. There was the usual circus business to be gone through before the Bull appeared, and very well it was done. The dislocation of limb enjoyed by the acrobat boy on stilts, left nothing to be desired—except a bandage for one's eyes that one might not see him: while the witticisms of the clown were only rendered incomplete by a want of cotton enough in one's ears to render them inaudible. There was the usual severe man who is not to be trifled with in the middle of the arena, there were the usual graceful ladies who do beautiful things with scarfs and jump through rings, there were the usual muscular gentlemen capable of riding on every part of a horse except his back, and equally at home upon the extreme tip of his ear and the last hair of his tail.

All these things preceded, and led up to, the great event of the day, the achievements of the Performing Bull.

It may, perhaps, be remembered that the last exhibition of this kind attended and reported on by the Eye-witness was that of the Talking and Performing Fish, and that, though it was in no very flattering terms that he commented upon that most unsatisfactory entertainment, he was yet moved with a warm admiration and regard for the poor seal, which had such a good face and was such a bad actor. It would seem as if that studying of the ingenious arts, which we learn, on good authority, is attended with such beneficial results to the human race, was not without its softening influence also on the brute creation. This little bull, trotting into the arena, and up to its master, as a dog might—this creature, *for a bull*, so singularly docile and intelligent—became instantly a pet with the audience. It may be that the sight of strength in combination with docility is always pleasant; it may be that this animal's beauty is prepossessing, for, though small of stature, the bull is of very beautiful proportions, and exquisitely made; certain it is that he has made his way to the national heart of John, his namesake, and is likely to be a popular character.

It is not so much the things done that are astonishing, as that a Bull should do them. The performance simply consists of a certain number of leaps over the usual bars, which look like peppermint sticks, and through the usual chastely decorated hoops. The Bull is also made to stand on three legs, to go round the arena on his knees, to lie down as if dead, or to kneel in the action of a camel waiting for its rider. He is also placed in a peculiarly humiliating and ridiculous position, with one of his fore-feet on a sort of pedestal and the other on a kind of dwarf obelisk,

which is probably the "act" alluded to by our young friend outside, when he stated that the Bull would stand up on his two "behind" legs.

One of the great features in all the undertakings of this very admirable performer, is his excessive painstaking. Take especial notice of his carefulness, and observe how he picks his steps through the hoops and over the peppermint sticks. He is a hard breather, too, and in his extreme anxiety to do right, puffs out his breath like the jets of steam from an engine. Observe, again, how incommodious an effort all this running is to him, and how he subsides into a walk the instant he is through a hoop or over a bar: not cantering round the intermediate space as other artists do. Let not his self-command, too, pass unnoticed, as it is exhibited at the conclusion of his career when he allows himself to be lifted off the ground on a sort of platform, and to be carried out of the circus on ten men's shoulders, without so much as staggering on his pedestal, or moving in any way, except to turn his head from side to side in mute and satisfied inspection of the audience. He bears this carrying process, by-the-by, which is very similar to that submitted to on great occasions by his Holiness the Pope, a great deal better than that prosperous potentate: who always conveys the impression, when seen under these circumstances, of being a sufferer from intense sickness.

With this submission to being chaired, our friend (the Bull, not the Pope) may be said to conclude the list of his achievements. Though a passive "act," it is by no means an easy one, and is quite as creditable to his powers of endurance as that which immediately precedes it, and in which it is his duty to submit to certain attempts to get upon his back, made by a gentleman who is persuaded to "step up" from among the audience, and who would look like one of the public if he did not look still more like a pantaloon out of work.

Not the least of the interest of this curious exhibition was in the by-play. There was in the very clumsiness with which the different feats were performed, something which was quite touching, so strongly did it convey the impression that the Bull was a zealous Bull, doing his best. It was surely a good sight, too, to see him stop in his career at a word from his master, and trot up to him in the middle of the arena at a sign; and throughout to detect an obstinate temper conquered, and an aversion overcome, indicated from time to time by that (in all quadrupeds) ungovernable organ, the tail, which lashed itself about in almost ceaseless movement against the Bull's black sides.

Altogether, then, the Performing Bull is a highly satisfactory character. And as he does not (as the Fish did) profess to be a Talking Bull, he may be said to keep faith in all respects with the public, except, perhaps, in the one matter of size: the woodcut outside the walls representing him as standing at least six feet from the ground, and altogether losing

sight of that comfortable and compact quality which is one of his leading characteristics, and greatest attractions.

### DRIFT.

#### LETTERS ON EDWARD THE FIRST'S SCOTCH WAR.

TOWARDS the close of the thirteenth century no less than thirteen persons laid claim to the throne of Scotland on the death of Queen Margaret, "the maid of Norway." Gradually the number of competitors was reduced to two—John Baliol, Lord of Galloway, and Robert Bruce, Earl of Annandale, both descended from a younger brother of King Malcolm the Fourth of Scotland; and of these two, the King of England, Edward the First, delivered his judgment in favour of John Baliol, after a report from a commission of investigation into the rights of the claimants. As the year 1293 waned, Baliol, disgusted with the arrogance of his patron Edward, takes advantage of the rupture between England and France to perfect an alliance with Philip the Fourth of France, and declares war against England. Confiding in the assistance of the French monarch, Baliol, formally renouncing his allegiance, sends King Edward a letter by the Superior of the Cordeliers, the contents of which so exasperated the English king that he swore to reduce the whole of Scotland, and his efforts to keep his oath sowed the seeds of that animosity which existed for centuries between the people of England and Scotland. King Edward, on his way to besiege Berwick, having suffered losses both by sea and land sufficient to make him glad of any assistance, gains over Bruce by the promise of that crown to which the English king had so lately ignored the earl's claim. Subsequently the king wins Berwick, after feigning to raise the siege, and here seven thousand Scotch are reputed to have been slain.

The Letters (among the miscellaneous letters in the Public Record Office) which follow this brief précis of events of the year 1295, were certainly written after the king's great victory at Dunbar, on the 27th April, 1296; they are translated from the Latin original, and their manly, simple character smack to me very much of a great captain. John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey and Sussex, also called John Earl of Warenne, the writer, was one of King Edward's principal commanders, who was left in the control and lieutenancy of Scotland when his master had completed the temporary subjugation of the country.

Macduff, it will be observed, was here, as in our earliest memories, a valiant thane fighting on the right side and against the usurper.

To the noble and honourable prince and his most dear lord, if it pleases him, my lord Edward by the grace of God King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Duke of Aquitaine, his servant John, Earl of Warenne, greeting, reverence, and all honour. Sire, the Bishop of Glasgow and the Earl of Carrick (Robert Bruce), and the Steward of Scotland, are to come to us on this Thursday before the feast of St. Lawrence, to ratify the agreements about which a

parley had taken place between Sir Henry de Percy (an ancestor of Hotspur, and a commissioner with Robert de Clifford to take the oaths of fealty), and themselves. Sire, as soon as these things shall be done and settled, we will march onward through the country to quiet it and establish its condition in the best manner that we can. Sire, know ye that the Earl of Strathern has taken Mak Dof and his two sons, and we have sent for them in order that we may have them at Berwick on the Eve of St. Lawrence, and when Macdof shall be come, men will deal with him as men ought to deal with false traitors.

We have sent to take my Lord Henry de Lazom who is in your castle of Aberdeen, and plays there the "grand seigneur;" but whether he is taken or not we cannot yet well tell you, for at the departure of this letter we have yet no answer from those who have gone to take him, but if he be taken he shall be honoured according to his deserts.

My lord, William de Douglas is in your castle of Berwick in good irons and in good hold, because he did not bring his hostages on the day appointed as the others have done. Sire, when we shall know other news we will send it to you. Written at Berwick, 1st day of August.

Sire, Sir William Douglas is a prisoner in your castle of Berwick in irons and close prison, thanks be to God, and for good cause, as one who has met with his deserts. And I pray you, Sire, if it please you, that you in no wise set him free, either for ransom or entreaty, until you know all the causes of complaints against his person. Upon y<sup>r</sup> ancient enemies may God avenge you.

A Scotch writer, Mr. William Stewart, who towards the middle of the sixteenth century produced a metrical translation of the history of Scotland of Hector Boece, which he called "The Buik of the Chroniclis of Scotland," defines Bruce's reasons for leaguising himself with King Edward against his native country, in vernacular language which may be a curiosity to those of our readers south of the Tweed:

For-quhy King Edward, as it is eith to wit,  
To Robert Bruce befor had made promit,  
Sud that he wald him help and mak supple  
Of Johnne the Balliol to revengit be,  
That he alway sould tak the Bruce's part  
Agane the Balliol glaidlie with his hart;  
And all his richt agane to him restoir,  
That he had gevin King Johnne of befor.  
Or ellis doutles, as ye sall understand,  
This King Edward had nocht camd in Scotland,  
For all the power with him that he led,  
War nocht he knew the Bruce sic freindis hed  
Into Scotland, quhilke, glaidlie with thair hart,  
That ay war reddie for to tak his part.  
And als that tyme his querrell foundit he,  
Nocht for his richt bot for the Bruce's supple  
Or than he had nocht tane sic thing on hand,  
For all his pomp for to invaid Scotland.  
The Bruce also as ye ma weill advert,  
With this Edward wald never tak sic part  
War nocht he traistit, as I trow was trow  
Be his supple agane for to reskew  
Fra Johnne the Balliote, ye ma understand,  
The crown fra him that he held of Scotland.  
And mairattour richt eith is to consider,  
Quhen all ressonis collectit ar togidder,  
The Scottis lordis had nocht tane sic part  
That da with Bruce so glaidlie with thair hart,  
War nocht tha put thair hoip into sic thing,  
That all wes done to mak the Bruce thair king;

Or than King Edward had cumid littil speid  
 In that mater, thair of haif ye no dreid.  
 Qulhair for the Bruce hes done all that he mycht  
 That da in feild for to reskew his rycht  
 Agane King Johnne, and for na either thing  
 And for no plesour of the Inglis king.

### TWISTING THE BOWSTRING.

THE green bowstring—that wholesome ameliorator of Turkish despotism—was secretly twisting for Abdul-Medjid that very August morning when in the Royal Addlehead (Austrian Lloyd's) steamer I clove through the white woolly fog that filled the Bosphorus, and swept down into the Golden Horn. The plot, too, unseen to me, was thickening like that fog.

But for a dark cypress pinnacle or two, and here and there something that looked like a gilt teacup turned bottom upwards, and which I supposed not irrationally to be the dome of a mosque, and but for here and there, I say, the needle-pointed spire of a minaret crowned by a crescent, that seething city might have very well passed for sable London, and Galata might have been the Tower Wharf on a November morning. It was very cool and steamy, and my unromantic mind was occupied with but one thought, and that thought was hot coffee. I would, I vow, at that selfish and material moment, have given a whole haremful of dove-eyed Circassians for a potful of smoking coffee: so jaded, sleepy, befogged, and tired was I. I had come to see the city of the Sultan, and I found myself at a muggy place that looked like St. Katharine's Docks in a November fog. And this is what you call travelling!

We had been up romantically early, by pre-conceived poetical plan (for at poetical places every one likes to be poetical)—three in the morning I think it was—to see the Royal Addlehead enter the Bosphorus. A ghastly reveil it was, rising hurriedly by lamplight, looking hopelessly through the still opaque porthole, and seeing a grey sea racing by with ferocious speed, and with a slight effervescence of rage on its clenched lips—rising by lamplight (Lord help us!), staggering into one another's trousers, and crawling hopelessly up stairs for the delightful view, looking like wretches saved from a wreck, and who had just heard a sail was in sight, yet were too broken down by hunger and misery to cheer even at that. It was delightful indeed; the demon who presides over the Home Department of Sham (a most onerous and important post of the Satanic Dis-united Kingdom) must have got up very early too, that morning, and been specially delighted at our empty, ridiculous raptures at what would have been "exquisite" if a great brewer's-vat smoking white fog had not swallowed it all up and left us nothing, not even our great Consul's palace—not even a glimpse of the English burial-ground on the cliff at Scutari.

And here let me leave the deck and go below again, to dilate with bilious spleen on the melancholy joys of early rising, and the doleful

penitential pleasures of travellers' ante-day-breaks. The chilly, sickly half-hour before the red blood flows back into the corpse cheek of dead Day, and the Lazarus "morn," led by a sunbeam, emerges radiant and divine from the burial tomb of night. Waking by lamplight—the light you seem to have shut your tired, bored eyes upon but half an hour ago—how you grope for the never-to-be-found watch—how you linger in a stupid, inebecile, irresolute way, watching your watch's hands chase each other over your dial—the tall quick brother dodging and running round his slow fat brother, till by-and-by, like pulling out a tooth, drowsy and unrefreshed, you throw off the clothes suddenly, and put one shrinking foot out into the cold-water air, just as if you were bathing, and it was a little too late in the season. No one turned out yet; steward—a wily Greek—asleep, with his head on a pile of camp-stools, and a cigarette, long since gone out, clipped in his dirty fingers. Every curtain drawn across the little bins and dog-kennels of beds. One alone (that vivacious little clerk from a silk house in Smyrna, who calls himself a Macedonian, and prides himself on being a compatriot of Alexander the Great) has in the contortions of sleep wound himself round his curtain, so that he looks like a corpse decently swathed and bandaged for sea burial. The clothes of everybody hang still on the outside pegs, or repose on the horsehair cushions of the divan seat beneath. Yes, the young Turkish priest has taken off his neat green turban, so trimly and dandily twisted; his sash and long black robe, and his neat boots and outside goloshes lie there upon the floor, waiting for him. The Bohemian baker, and the learned Russian professor, Alexis Strongenoff, snore in perfect time and tune, and there, by the Bohemian baker's bed, is that wonderful green conical hat with the broad green ribbon and steel buckle, which has been, during our passage down the Danube and across the treacherous Black Sea, the wonder and delight of many. There, too, on peg No. 4, right-hand side, is the curious flat, broad, white cap of the Russian Colonel Karkoff, a deadly player at pool, and a very gallant soldier, though he does wear what resembles a large white unbaked muffin on his astute head.

Need I detail any more the horrors of early rising on board the Royal Addlehead—how, begirt with snores and disturbed grumbles, I groped about, looking for water and finding none? Shall I relate how, in the struggling, curdled daylight, I found myself washing my face with sour wine, and rinsing my mouth with cognac—how, at last, tired and seedy, I crept up the brass-bound stairs to be greeted with a rolling swill from a German sailor's wash-bucket—and how, finally, my heroic and self-denying exertions were crowned by my having a fine view of what a Turkish soldier said was the shore of the Bosphorus?

Only last night, waltzing on the wharf at Galatz to the music of an Austrian bird-organ, and now—the wobegone crew we were, on this Stygian shore!—clinging to ropes, sitting on green seats, watching stamped and

labelled luggage marked "Stamboul" swung up from the hold out almost on the bowsprit; there we are, in half an hour from my Lazarus-like emerging, all eager for the Golden City, now hidden by the fog which the enchanters had raised about it. The German actress from Bonn, and her pretty little arch-daughter, Thekla, were in despair, and the prettiest little scornful shrugs indicated that hopeless state. The rustic baker was stolid and patient; the vivacious Smyrna clerk, of Macedonian blood, but Servian born, was melancholy, for he said the Turks were a stupid, silent people, and did not like conversation and the bel esprit; young Snaffle, the Leicestershire squire, thought regretfully of "what a day it was for the partridges, and wondered how he could have been such a d-dash'd fool as to leave England;" the stout old gentleman, Snaffle, senior, who played the flute all over the Black Sea when there was no wind, thought it delightful, and made absurd geographical inquiries of old Turks who did not understand him as to where the "Sea of Memory" (Marmora) was, and was always mistaking the Galata side of the Golden Horn for the Stamboul side, and Tophana for the Seraglio Point.

The chemistry of a fog is as well known as its ingredients, even to the London pinch of carbonated hydrogen, that makes your eyes smart and your tongue behave badly; but I know perfectly well (and it is no use keeping it from me) that the fog on that special August morning, glooming white over the domes, and minarets, and prisons, and baths, and mosques, and bazaars of Stamboul, was a diabolical fog of *his* (you know whom I mean) special brewing—and that what was going on everywhere in those matted seraglios, and those steamy bath-rooms, and those little dirty coffee-shops, and that large barrack stable, was

#### THE TWISTING OF THE BOWSTRING

for one white and royal neck. Yes, some of those sinewy men in the striped silk shirts, that kept quivering their oars, in their swallow-winged boats, all round our vessel, waiting for us, their prey, knew of it; so, perhaps, did those three dervishes, in the brown, flower-pot, felt caps, I met toiling up to Pera; so, perhaps, did that sentinel in the dirty blue coat and red fez whom we passed at the half-way guard-house; so, perhaps, that very hammal (porter), with the knot on his back, and the ragged wisp of a green turban, whom I engaged to carry my red diamonded portmanteau and my red diamonded hat-box up the dreadful hill that leads to Misseri's hotel at Pera—the Royal Monopoly Hotel.

But to go back to the ship. It was just as I had tied together my plaid and stick, feed the steward, shaken hands with the Bohemian baker, exchanged parting sentences with the Smyrna clerk, and generally wished good-by to the captain and crew, that the fog began to curdle closer and closer, to steam and boil thinner and thinner, to filter and clarify, till slowly, slowly the red arrows of the sultan sun pierced

it through and through, like an enchanted changing monster, Hell-born that it was, driving through its cloudy brain and heart keen, sharp, red golden darts, tipped with fire; so that releasing reluctantly the great dying city of the sick man for whom the bowstring was twisting, from its acres of cloudy claws, it rolled and folded away till it melted, and vanished over the golden ridge of distant Olympus. Then, as once on the mountain near Jerusalem, rose before our eyes a new city and a new earth, dome after dome, minaret after minaret, cypress after cypress, fire-tower and mosque of the old city of Constantine, marshalled phalanxes of houses, river wall, and kiosks, and deserted palace; and over all, in that morning splendour, could I but have seen it, was a comet's fiery sword, hanging by a thread from Heaven. The harvest, truly, was ripe, and I could almost hear as I listened the reaper grinding his sickle.

But what time had I for these carrion-crow forebodings as I jolted down the ship's black-grated ladder, balanced myself for a moment in a denunciating position to still the jabbering uproar of thirteen conflicting Turkish boatmen, who all seized different parts of me at once, and dropped into a keen-pointed kyjok portmanteau, hat-box, plaid, stick, and all, my Panama hat firmly thrust on, and my mouth full of newly-learned Turkish, eager to leap out on the smallest provocation. I was as eager to land, as Cæsar at Dover, or William at Hastings; so on I dashed, first man, to reach the shore, leaving the two Snaffles, the baker, the Smyrna clerk, the little actress, and all of them, in various stages of despair. It was selfish, but early rising had soured me, and up I leaped when the boat's snout touched the foot of the wooden bridge that joins Stamboul to Galata—the Frank quarter—like an Irish sergeant leading a forlorn hope up the fiery gap at Badajoz. It was like waking up a wall.

I was thinking of Noureddin and the Fair Persian, of the Calendar Brothers, of Sinbad, now steward on board a Broussa steamer, and of Aladdin, that little Turk there, gnawing at a red pomegranate. I had no thoughts then, of conspiracy, nor knew that black gunpowder was padded soft and thick under the very ground I trod on—yes, under those very mountains of shivered laths, and bricks, and tiles, those dust-hills of wet and dry lime, which always lend variety to the traveller's first walk from the brink of the Golden Horn, which is called Galata, to the corpse-city of the Lower Empire, which is called Stamboul. How can I, too, even if I had thought of it, think quietly over the thunder-cloud pressing on the sleeping palace yonder, across the blue water, when every moment I was nearly swept from the face of the earth by donkeys laden with trailing deal planks, destructive as the scythe-winged chariots of Boadicea's army; when, after that, come swaddling panniers of Perote mules, brimming with peaches or running over with grapes; when, now a porter, toppling under a Broadwood piano, now, an Armenian, atlasing a

square coop of some forty barn-door fowls, met me full butt, and, regardless of all shilling "books of etiquette," drove me, whether I would or no, against wall or into shop, or down side alley, anywhere and everywhere, roaring out, with the brazen lungs (peculiar to porters, the Turkish caution, "Sakin!" take care), or the lingua franca one, Guardia, the final *a* being prolonged to a sort of howl, half warning, half threatening. Add to this a swarm of mounted Turkish pashas and their insolent attendants, Frank nursemaids, Greek priests, Roman Catholic padres, sisters of mercy in white-winged head-dresses, cosmopolite couriers, loathsome beggars, dwarfs, eunuchs, soldiers, and itinerant salesmen, and you have some small idea of what hindrances meditation meets with, in the perpendicular sweltering street leading from Galata below, to Pera above.

What were the real causes, my readers will want to know, of the great conspiracy brewing at the very time when I planted my foot in the ancient city, whose people are corpses, whose faith is fossilised, and whose Sultan is a mummy? I will try to explain them.

I am a slow-blooded man myself, but I have my boiling point. As certainly as at so many feet up a mountain the mosses change into perpetual snow, so certainly has every man this boiling point. Nations, too, have their boiling point, as kings and tyrants have learnt long before this, to their bitter cost. It was that very boiling point of impatient suffering that Turkey had just reached, and that was why that enchanted morning when I first set foot on the wooden bridge of Constantinople, so many thousand brown and busy hands were busily employed in the dark, in

#### THE TWISTING OF THE GREEN BOWSTRING.

That was why in great barrack khans frosty-faced grim Circassians, and in matted convent rooms absorbed-looking dervishes, were twisting so busily that foggy morning when, hearty and cheerful, I shouldered my way to the house that is set on a hill; that was why the little sinewy bowstring was then twisting by a thousand hands in horse-bazaar, in cemetery, among turbaned tombstones, by defaced monuments of Jaissaries, on shipboard under tarred awnings, in cafés, in dim shops, in gardens away by ruined aqueducts, among the very galley slaves themselves, as, with the malice of hell upon their hideous faces, they cluster round the post to which their great master, the Smyrniote murderer Katerji, is chained like a Prometheus, muttering and balancing their ponderous chains as future weapons in their devilish hands. The city that morning, could I but have seen below the surface, was like one great factory, where thousands of hands were employed in twisting a green bowstring. If you could have seen their quiet, stealthy faces, and the cold, fatalist smile that moved lip and brow, you would have thought it was some religious red cordon of honour they were weaving and plaiting for the descendant of the Prophet, instead of the death cord.

They had wrongs—deep wrongs—these Turkish people, and that simmering froth that foretold boiling over, did not arise in the great Turkish pot without a reason. There were two classes of malcontents: the European party, who could get no reforms introduced, owing to the Sultan's debauched apathy and sottish selfishness; the old Mussulman party, who were horrified and alarmed at their miserable Sardanapalus becoming the tool and puppet of insolent, foreign, infidel, stiff-legged, stiff-backed old ambassadors, and who attributed all to Allah's anger at the vices and godless open wine-bibbing of the Imbecile who spent his time in building card houses, and throwing his country's gold into the foundation pits of new palaces. These two armies of conspirators, meeting at some cross-road of joint sympathy, seem to have been there recruited by a third party of neutrals, less abstract men, who had to complain bitterly of over-taxes wasted on royal extravagance, of wronged women, of wine hateful to the Prophet, of wicked and base-born favourites, of frontier lines neglected, of a navy decaying to a toy fleet, of cruelty, crime, and misrule, of pashas overpaid for putting provinces to the rack for money, of revenue wasted in collecting, and of a thousand other small evils springing up daily like poisonous seeding fungi on the dead trunk of a fallen oak.

To swell these three allied bands, poured in a great, bloodthirsty, fierce, irrestrainable, unreasoning, armed mob of soldiers, complaining of eight months' pay owing; and, at the back of these, conspicuous in their high, white-wool caps, came some thousands of exiled Circassians, driven from their country on the surrender of their great saint, hero, and chieftain Schamyl, and now starving in the streets of Stamboul for want of the miserable stipend promised, but never given them, by the fool Sultan, the guilty misruler of an angry and resentful nation. On the banners of all these united rebels was to have been blazoned the cry, "Give us a responsible government!" but I fear that the wild rabble at the back of these standard-bearers, of these venerable, snow-bearded priests and grave, religious men, might, in a moment of heat, revenge, and forgetfulness, have rashly used the green bowstring that had been so long a twisting. No doubt, as in all revolutions, there was, too, a blood party, who wished to convince their enemies by cutting their throats. So much the worse for the foreman of the state, who had received such good wages for such bad work. A bad king is a dishonest servant, and should be driven out as such, and will be whenever his people grow wise enough: for royalty is an expensive luxury, and all we men like our money's worth.

As for the massacre of the Christians, it was never dreamed of, and the rumour must have arisen from the mere discovery of many of the violent Mahomedan and fanatic party in the plot. The object of those men was the object for which our own fathers fought so well and so bravely at Naseby and at Culloden against John

and against Richard, against Charles and against James; so let us not now, snug in port, sit on the pier-head, sneering and laughing at the poor fishing-boat still battling and writhing under the storm?

But one feeling, on that day of the disclosure, filled the stores of Galata and the cafés of Pera, and that was, deep regret that so wise, just, and temperate a conspiracy had not been successful. The wisest men among the Turks had been heard to say so, within the very precincts of the Porte itself. Everybody had long felt that the country was rushing to ruin, and preferred the first throw out into the red ditch to the crush and smash against the stone wall or the turnpike-gate.

I believe that the day the news had come of the using the bowstring, not a hand would have shaken or a face turned pale in the shops or banking-houses of Galata and Pera. I am sure the sun would not have hid his face or the moon put a cloudy handkerchief to her eyes. Lonely as Pompey on the sea-shore, that poor, dead debauchee would have been thrown on gilded cushions, the courtier flies kept from him only, perhaps, by the loving hand of some poor wronged and forgotten exile of Circassia. But let him take care; there are bowstrings yet in Turkey, and hands to use them, if the galling chain be not soon broken and the pasha dogs whipped back to their Stamboul barrack kennels!

But let me not talk of the conspiracy as crushed and unsuccessful; it was rather repressed than crushed, its failure was almost a victory. There have been conspiracies so wide spread, so vast, so dangerous, so indicative of decay and national ruin, that kings have not dared to punish them. This was one of those—no head has yet fallen, no blood has yet been spilt; banishment to Greece, or beautiful free green Zante, is no great punishment; it is like the penalty you pay at forfeits, when you have to kiss a lady's hand, or eat a rose-leaf salad. Men thought they had found a rat-hole in the floor of the house built on the sand (which is the Turkish Empire), and when they lifted planks, lo! it widened to an old pit-mouth full of black and yawning destruction. The man who goes down into his Sicilian cellar for the Blue Seal, and finds it turned since yesterday into the crater of a volcano, could not have been more frightened than the imbecile Sultan. How pale the gilded fool turned when on the long roll of hateful names he read his own brother's first.

Quick as murderers' shovels over the gashed corpse, went the vizirs' spades to cover up the hateful thing, and conceal it from the light of day. The editor of the Pera paper was silenced; he dare tell nothing; no one knew anything; cautious lying reports were sent to foreign courts; even our great Times itself came out with miserable scantlings of the plot, its dangers pared away.

The Sultan's brother had been confronted with the conspirators and had come reasonably well out of the ordeal; yet, mud will stick;

and it is an unpleasant thing to think you live with a brother who has been even tacitly cognisant of a conspiracy. A man may not say "yes," but he may nod his head, and that generally means assent. Crime there could be none, for to slay the Sultan would have only been zeal for the Koran. Then, the thousands of soldiers clamouring for their right, were they to be mowed down like the old Janissaries, or paid, and so confessed to be the Sultan's pretorian masters? A small, strong man, regardless of a thousand yelling turbans, would have felled the growing hydra; the small, weak man patted it on the head, and threw it sops to stay its hundred mouths: willing to wound, the Sultan was afraid to strike. This Augustulus instantly threw the soldiers their eight months' pay, and began to grant the very reforms that this conspiracy was organised to obtain. Let a dog bite you once with impunity, and it takes no prophet to know what reception you will meet with from that dog the next time you pass the dangerous door. But fools learn nothing, and forget nothing, as Napoleon said of the wretched, worn-out Bourbons. It will yet be seen if this weak man will stop his selfish vice and reckless palace-building; probably he will, but only for a time. Palace-building is his one idea, his one amusement, his one taste, his special extravagance. What can the most blue-devilled, yawning potentate in the world, do without his palace-building? It is his one exertion, to watch the builders: his one excitement, to arrange matters with his European upholsterers: his one intellectual amusement, to be earwigged by the castle in Spain architect: his one financial bit of business, to look over his architect's bills: his one great change for the year, to move from the last but one river palace to the very last—the bran new one. Besides, pray pity the sorrows of the poor weak man, who, having lost his own religion and got no better, is obliged to fill up the vacancy with the inevitable substitute, *superstition*. The Sultan is superstitious, and is said to believe, as tenaciously as he can believe anything, that Allah will not let him die as long as he has a palace in a state of incompleteness; so on he goes building, and his bills grow faster than his buildings.

This superstition, like most others, I imagine is very old, it is just a fossil bit of Paganism, like our English witch creed, our amulets, and our charms. In Spain they seldom (for instance) finish a church, partly from want of funds, and partly from a belief that this incompleteness checks the devil's envy, and chokes off the evil eye. The dread of exciting the bad spirit's envy, is as old as the Ionian Greeks, vide the ring of Polyrates, and the story of Cressus and Solon, in Herodotus. In Greece, too, I have heard legends of a certain mad French Duchess, who kept building houses under the same belief, but who died at last, in spite of her recipe, her truthful doctor's assurances, Ninon de l'Enclous cosmetic, and everything.

So at least the Sultan has precedent for his folly—was there ever folly without prece-



dents?—and those who think him a courageous imbecile are mistaken, and accuse him falsely, for he is only a cowardly one, and will give his poor down-trodden people just what-ever they force from him.

"No, thank you; 'bliged all the same. No, 'pon my word, thankee."

The fact is (between ourselves) that Sultan is in a position compared with which a naked man fallen into a pit full of live hedgehogs, or Professor Moler poking his spectacled head into what he thought was an empty beehive, but which, unfortunately for the acute St. John's wood Professor, turns out to be unusually full and busy, are as trifles not worthy a place in a business man's diary. I would rather light my chamber fire with a powder barrel, or let off bomb shells for fun at an evening party, than I would sit on that man's—that Eastern shadow's—throne. I think, of the two, I would rather have to lecture on Mr. Tupper's philosophy, or go the (second) first trip in the Great Eastern, though both these are as painful and dangerous things as any ventures I know of.

In the first place, because I should to have to sit and be thumbscrewed and politely bullied by those stiff-legged European ambassadors, knowing resistance to be hopeless, and that delay will only lead to more dreadful audiences and boredom unending; secondly, because of that unpleasant bowstring which, somehow or other, cut it often as you may, will still go on twisting in some part of Stamboul; thirdly, because I should have to govern a stupid, rebellious people, who have just discovered the logical power of multitude, and that palace-building (delightful as it is) is not what kings were put on the throne for; also, because there are at present in Stamboul at least ten thousand armed and sullen Circassians, sore at defeat, ranking and vexed at their flight from the Russians, enraged at being staved off with promises, and refused even hospitality—which has ever been the golden and unchanging virtue of every Mahomedan, be he rich or poor. In those rude carts, that are now jolting them off to a new home in Anatolia, I have seen regiments of silver-banded matchlocks; at the waist of every one of those angry, dauntless men, there is at this moment (unless it has gone to be ground) a huge double-edged dagger, broad as the palm of your hand; a weapon as terrible as the Roman gladium, and very like it. Given (as logicians say) a sudden revolt, what would stop some thousands of these northern warriors, burning with defeat, from hewing a bloody way to that gilded palace of Sardauapalus—Lord Stratford's kind friend—and then and there chopping him as small as minced veal, to show him what a Sultan merits who promised the brave children of Schamyl fourpence a week and never paid them. But here I am moralising and politicising; so I will return and get back to that crowded street—crowded as the road to Noah's Ark, and with much such a motley set of animals—leading from Galata to Pera: from the Genoese tower, in fact, to my destination (inevitable, for I am an Englishman),

the hotel that is called Misseri's. I turn and face the blue Bosphorus that lies softly below, dividing the Turkish from the Christian quarter of Stamboul. Away there further, I know lie Prinkipo and its sister islands, and further stretches the blue breaker line of Asia Minor. Slowly my eye passes through all these delicious changes, and then, travelling into the higher sky, still craves more beauty and more magic. Can that be earth still, that glorified bar of golden cloud, through which a broken line of white gleams, like the angel that threads a dream?

"Why, Chilibi," says the porter, gnawing some chesnuts at the street corner, "that is Mount Olympus."

### LEIGH HUNT. A REMONSTRANCE.

"THE sense of beauty and gentleness, of moral beauty and faithful gentleness, grew upon him as the clear evening closed in. When he went to visit his relative at Putney, he still carried with him his work, and the books he more immediately wanted. Although his bodily powers had been giving way, his most conspicuous qualities, his memory for books, and his affection remained; and when his hair was white, when his ample chest had grown slender, when the very proportion of his height had visibly lessened, his step was still ready, and his dark eyes brightened at every happy expression, and at every thought of kindness. His death was simply exhaustion: he broke off his work to lie down and repose. So gentle was the final approach, that he scarcely recognised it till the very last, and then it came without terrors. His physical suffering had not been severe; at the latest hour he said that his only uneasiness was failing breath. And that failing breath was used to express his sense of the inexhaustible kindness he had received from the family who had been so unexpectedly made his nurses,—to draw from one of his sons, by minute, eager, and searching questions, all that he could learn about the latest vicissitudes and growing hopes of Italy,—to ask the friends and children around him for news of those whom he loved,—and to send love and messages to the absent who loved him."

Thus, with a manly simplicity and filial affection, writes the eldest son of Leigh Hunt in recording his father's death. These are the closing words of a new edition of "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt," published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, of Cornhill, revised by that son, and enriched with an introductory chapter of remarkable beauty and tenderness. The son's first presentation of his father to the reader, "rather tall, straight as an arrow, looking slender than he really was; his hair black and shining, and slightly inclined to wave; his head high, his forehead straight and white, his eyes black and sparkling, his general complexion dark; in his whole carriage and manner an extraordinary degree of life," completes the picture. It is the picture of the flourishing and

fading away of man that is born of a woman and hath but a short time to live.

In his presentation of his father's moral nature and intellectual qualities, Mr. Hunt is no less faithful and no less touching. Those who knew Leigh Hunt, will see the bright face and hear the musical voice again, when he is recalled to them in this passage: "Even at seasons of the greatest depression in his fortunes, he always attracted many visitors, but still not so much for any repute that attended him as for his personal qualities. Few men were more attractive, in society," whether in a large company or over the fireside. His manners were peculiarly animated; his conversation, varied, ranging over a great field of subjects, was moved and called forth by the response of his companion, be that companion philosopher or student, sage or boy, man or woman; and he was equally ready for the most lively topics or for the gravest reflections—his expression easily adapting itself to the tone of his companion's mind. With much freedom of manners, he combined a spontaneous courtesy that never failed, and a considerateness derived from a ceaseless kindness of heart that invariably fascinated even strangers." Or in this: "His animation, his sympathy with what was gay and pleasurable; his avowed doctrine of cultivating cheerfulness, were manifest on the surface, and could be appreciated by those who knew him in society, most probably even exaggerated as salient traits, on which he himself insisted *with a sort of gay and ostentatious wilfulness.*"

The last words describe one of the most captivating peculiarities of a most original and engaging man, better than any other words could. The reader is besought to observe them, for a reason that shall presently be given. Lastly: "The anxiety to recognise the right of others, the tendency to 'refine,' which was noted by an early school companion, and the propensity to elaborate every thought, made him, along with the direct argument by which he sustained his own conviction, recognise and almost admit all that might be said on the opposite side." For these reasons, and for others suggested with equal felicity, and with equal fidelity, the son writes of the father, "It is most desirable that his qualities should be known as they were; for such deficiencies as he had are the honest explanation of his mistakes; while, as the reader may see from his writing and his conduct, they are not, as the faults of which he was accused would be, incompatible with the noblest faculties both of head and heart. To know Leigh Hunt as he was, was to hold him in reverence and love."

These quotations are made here, with a special object. It is not, that the personal testimony of one who knew Leigh Hunt well, may be borne to their truthfulness. It is not, that it may be recorded in these pages, as in his son's introductory chapter, that his life was of the most amiable and domestic kind, that his wants were few, that his way of life was frugal, that

he was a man of small expenses, no ostentations, a diligent labourer, and a secluded man of letters. It is not, that the inconsiderate and forgetful may be reminded of his wrongs and sufferings in the days of the Regency, and of the national disgrace of his imprisonment. It is not, that their forbearance may be entreated for his grave, in right of his graceful fancy or his political labours and endurances, though

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate  
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well.

It is, that a duty may be done in the most direct way possible. An act of plain, clear duty.

Four or five years ago, the writer of these lines was much pained by accidentally encountering a printed statement, "that Mr. Leigh Hunt was the original of Harold Skimpole in Bleak House." The writer of these lines, is the author of that book. The statement came from America. It is no disrespect to that country, in which the writer has, perhaps, as many friends and as true an interest as any man that lives, good-humouredly to state the fact, that he has, now and then, been the subject of paragraphs in Transatlantic newspapers, more surprisingly destitute of all foundation in truth than the wildest delusions of the wildest lunatics. For reasons born of this experience, he let the thing go by.

But, since Mr. Leigh Hunt's death, the statement has been revived in England. The delicacy and generosity evinced in its revival, are for the rather late consideration of its revivers. The fact, is this:

Exactly those graces and charms of manner which are remembered in the words we have quoted, were remembered by the author of the work of fiction in question, when he drew the character in question. Above all other things, that "sort of gay and ostentatious wilfulness" in the humouring of a subject, which had many a time delighted him, and impressed him as being unspeakably whimsical and attractive, was the airy quality he wanted for the man he invented. Partly for this reason, and partly (he has since often grieved to think) for the pleasure it afforded him to find that delightful manner reproducing itself under his hand, he yielded to the temptation of too often making the character *speak* like his old friend. He no more thought, God forgive him! that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature, than he has himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello, on the innocent Academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture. Even as to the mere occasional manner, he meant to be so cautious and conscientious, that he privately referred the proof sheets of the first number of that book to two intimate literary friends of Leigh Hunt (both still living), and altered the whole of that part of the text on their discovering too strong a resemblance to his "way."

He cannot see the son lay this wreath

on the father's tomb, and leave him to the possibility of ever thinking that the present words might have righted the father's memory and were left unwritten. He cannot know that his own son may have to explain his father when folly or malice can wound his heart no more, and leave this task undone.

## TWO DEAD MEN'S STORIES.

LET us call the first dead man John Cartridge, of whom, from a penny class-book, the other day picked up on a Holborn stall, the following particulars are learned: Served in the Peninsula, and after the battle of Toulouse, in 1814, landed, under welcoming salute, in the bright Cove of Cork, with his regiment, the 2nd —, in August in that year. As a sketch of Irish manners at this period, the little forgotten class-book, from which we extract, in a condensed form, Cartridge's military experiences—valuable chiefly as an honest man's uncoloured relations—is not without interest.

From Cork the regiment marched to Fermoy, and Cartridge, lagging behind his companions, came suddenly, at a turn of the road, on a countryman driving a cart with a coffin in it. No neighbour was with them, no mourner followed the ghastly funeral but one old woman, who, with the grey hair about her face, clung to the vehicle while she shrieked out the keening dirge with a wild cry that the wind bore to an incredible distance.

It was an Irish lad who had turned king's evidence, and brought two of his own relations to the gallows by becoming witness against them on a charge of taking arms from the house of a gentleman in which they had all three been engaged. The wretch had never been happy nor had thriven after this cowardly treachery, and died of fever the day before Cartridge met his body. No neighbour would attend the wake; the traitor died accursed; the broken-hearted father drove his son's body to its nameless grave; the broken-hearted mother shrieked out the burial song, the only voice raised to lament him.

At the villages as they went along, Cartridge and his fellows found the rebellious peasants unwilling to give them billet. At one place, they were shown into a mud cabin without a chimney, and the woman drove out the pig from its lair by the fireside to make a bed for the "sogers." "Come away, honeys, you're welcome; it is yees I was waiting for," the virago said, ironically; and when, snatching up her special stick, she drove the pig from its straw, it broke out like a wild-boar, and upset every infantry man it met; the woman's cry as the men moved off disgusted, was, "Och, is that the way you are going to leave me, and me a poor widdy?"

That night, in the whisky-shop where Cartridge lodged, the landlord told them that Judy O'Brien (the woman) was no friend to the soldiers, for she had lost two brave boys in the rebellion. There had been a time when Judy

had been a great champion for her faction, and at one fair which seemed likely to end without a fight, Judy took off her jock, and holding it by one sleeve, trailed it after her, crying out that the blood of the Murphys was turned to butter-milk, and shouting, "Come, you chicken-hearted rogues, let me see the thief's breed of a Murphy that will dare to put his foot on my jock." As she brandished her stick the people laughed, and some one threw a dead rat in her face. This fired her blood; she instantly knocked the nearest Murphy down, and a fight ensued that beat anything that was ever seen, and Judy was there to the last.

At Waterford, where Cartridge was next quartered, he found the Orangemen raving still about '98, when the Papists burnt Scullabogue and piked the Protestants on the wooden bridge. "Better up to the knees in blood," said the Orangemen, "than let the roaring lion of Popery loose."

Cartridge and his comrades were all this time worried by being sent in perpetual detachments to disturbed villages, to protect constables, and to act as body-guards to bailiffs. The frightened authorities were always bringing to the barracks cock-and-bull stories of great meetings of Shanavests in the fields, and of intended massacres, all exaggerated by party hatred and terror. If a cabin was set on fire, they swore a village was burnt; if one man was wounded, he changed into a dozen dead Protestants. As for the magistrates, they were either timid and time-serving, or irritating alarmists, who persecuted and hunted about the people till they were goaded into resistance. Some barbarous deeds were committed by the Shanavests and the Caravats, but chiefly against oppressors and unjust landlords. They were divided, however, into parties, who sometimes met and fought during the great hurling matches, and the spies among them were innumerable. One day a blacksmith, who had been beaten by some Shanavests for daring to ask for money earned in repairing some rebel muskets, went at once to the magistrate, gave in a list of all the men who had arms, and the notice requiring their surrender was stuck up at the cross-roads. The notice brought in only a few, the rest, which had been taken by force at night from Royalists, were hid; but Barny, the smith, took the soldiers to the drain where forty stand of blunderbusses were hid. From this time, however, Barny, the smith, had to live at the barrack, and eventually, for fear of the Croppies' guns, to voluntarily transport himself from his ungrateful country. Revenge was generally the aim of the Shanavests, but most of the gangs had professional robbers and housebreakers associated with the patriots and murderers.

Cartridge was present at the trial of a ring-leader, a rough peasant, who had united both virtues—that of burglary with that of murder. He stood at the bar, bold, audacious, and unflinching. There was circumstantial evidence of his guilt, but the blood had long since been washed off his hands, and unless some one more

link were found the man must be released. The grey wigs moved about vexed and uneasy. The judge peered through his spectacles, loth to lose his prey. The constables scratched their heads—the prisoner flashed out triumph and defiance from under his scowling brows. He was all but free—the last chain was dropping from his limbs.

The public prosecutor, twirling his gown tighter round him, got up with angry, bloodshot eyes, and said, throwing down his papers, "My Lord, I am compelled to own that the case against the prisoner, Dennis Sullivan, has been but imperfectly made out. I will, therefore, not trouble your Lord——"

A stir in court, a bustle at the door, disturbed the speech.

The judge looked round, angry at the disturbance.

"Make way for the witness," shouted the crier.

A woman who had been repeatedly called for, without avail, ascended the steps, and sat in the witnesses' chair.

Every one looked surprised but the prisoner; his face was stone, and he reeled from the bar with a convulsive groan, saying, "I am sold." He stood to listen then with livid lips, tightly compressed, hands clenched, and a cold dew rising on his forehead.

The woman filled up every nook of evidence. She proved the blood shed, and the presence and blows of the prisoner. As she left the table, the man caught her eye, and gave a withering look, pregnant with deadly revenge, "fruitful of murder;" and as the judge put on the black cap and pronounced sentence, he collected all his energy, and poured on her a curse with the violence of a maddened demon. He was sentenced to death, and but few days of respite were given him.

The morning of his execution, his friends, who had tried in vain to drown their sorrow in whisky, came "to see him off." The scene that took place was horrible, yet ludicrous. Presently the sheriff's signal came, and the procession moved on to the drop in front of the gaol, where Cartridge and the soldiers were drawn up. Here the murderer parted with his drunken friends.

"Here, Murty," said he to an old fellow Croppy, "take these brogues"—he shuffled off his shoes—"take them, honey; no hangman rascal shall get an O'Sullivan's shoes."

The friends now collected, frenzied with drink and sorrow, came out to the plot of grass between the soldiers and the drop.

When the Croppy came out, he approached the door leading to the drop, and pushed forward to the edge of the platform to address the people. The hangman, however, forced him back, and put the rope round his neck. He then stepped forward boldly, and said, in a loud, brave voice:

"This is no crime for which I suffer. God bless Ireland!"

A murmur of assent arose from the crowd, and Murtagh roared out:

"Ah, poor Andy! and the shoes of him off too!" sinking down on the grass as he spoke in the violence of his passion; but suddenly recovering himself, he rose up and waved his hand to the wretch, now standing like a statue on the drop:

"Die hardy, Andy! Andy, jewil, die like a man!"

The people fell on their knees and prayed for the soul of their red-handed martyr about so soon to part, and the next moment Andy flung the handkerchief from his hand fiercely, and was thrown into the murderer's world that awaited him.

The receipt of six months arrears of Peninsular pay quite upset Cartridge's regiment. The soldiers were as mad and reckless as sailors just paid off after a long war. Jaunting-cars and gigs were hired, and when adorned with ribbons and handkerchiefs, were driven off in search of adventures into the country, the women shouting, the children capering, the dogs barking, and the pigs running, as if the town were being sacked. The sociables and cars flew down every street, scarlet with soldiers clinging outside them, to the imminent danger of their necks. One laggard, who could not get a seat even on a turf-cart, jumped into a large buttermilk-churn, such as the countrywomen bring into the towns lashed to their cars, and in this huge wooden case, that hid him up to the neck, he was driven off to the country amid general enthusiasm.

Much to the surprise of the waiter, Cartridge and a friend went off to drink a bottle of wine together at the principal hotel in the town. They were scarcely seated before two officers of Cartridge's friend's regiment entered, and Cartridge asked them to drink.

"Of course I will," said one of the officers, who was much liked by the men; "shall I forget that hot march in Spain, when we were all dying of thirst and you gave me the last sup in your canteen?"

Cartridge whispered his friend, and asked him why he did not invite the other officer to drink.

"Devil a sup," said the friend, quite loud; upon which the officer coloured with rage, and left the room.

"Who is he?" asked Cartridge.

His comrade told him the story. "It was Captain Johnson, who in Spain had caused the death of poor Hobson, a boy in the regiment. Hobson was a sickly boy, who, finding himself, from want of stamina, unable to keep up in the long marches, reported himself as sick to the doctor. The doctor, finding no symptoms of disease in him, struck him off the sick-roll, and roughly sent him back to the line of march. The next day Hobson fell by the roadside and was left behind. Captain Johnson, riding up and finding a lad whom he considered a sham laggar, swore he would have him flogged by the provost if he did not march. Next day he again reported himself sick, was again examined by the same doctor, and again sent on to march with his company as a schemer. As before, he fell, and was given in charge to the rear-guard by the

same captain. Poor lad! The captain brutally ordered two men to drag on the rascal, and another to follow and prick him with a bayonet whenever he dared to stop. All this time he never complained, and the men, finding him too weak for the march, left him behind. The poor boy had been glad at any risk to prove his real weakness. Now he dreaded the captain, and all the world seemed against him. He was left to starve, or be eaten by the wolves. Heart-broken and tired of the cruel world, he crawled out of the ditch into a melon-field, then loaded his musket, and, taking off the stocking from his bleeding foot, put his toe on the trigger of his gun and blew out his brains.

There seems to have been considerable jealousy existing between Cartridge's regiment and the Highland Watch, or gallant Forty-second, stationed also at Fermoy. The Highland regiment were specially vain of the long frills they wore attached to their shirts—frills that were ostentatiously drawn out down to the second buttons of their jackets. Cartridge abuses the frill wearers right and left, says they were at first only Scotch policemen, that they were slouching in appearance, and that their courage arose from desperation when they got, as in Egypt, into scrapes by their own foolish rashness. One especial cause of quarrel was, that a Highlander of the Watch, having been asked why Cartridge's regiment did not also wear frills, replied, "Oh, she'll lose her frill for running away." This slander was never forgiven till the two regiments separated.

At Dublin, where Cartridge's regiment next went, a painful case of desertion happened. A band-master had been borrowed from a militia regiment to teach the younger lads. The man proved a good musician, but of a sour, overbearing temper, and with no more power of teaching than the clarinet he played on. He kept the regiment in a perpetual broil, and not a day passed without punishments or complaints. This petty tyrant became especially jealous of a boy named Rogers, who threatened to surpass him in tone and expression. This roused his dislike, and he heaped on the poor lad every species of annoyance, even debarring him from the use of music and of his instrument.

Rogers, a boy of precocious talent, proud heart, and great susceptibility, could not brook this persecution, and finding no superior officer who would protect him, deserted, and took ship for Glasgow, where his parents resided. His mother, horrified at the disgrace, instantly brought him back to Dublin, and gave him up to the commanding officer. He was at once pardoned, being but a boy, and recommenced his duty. His oppressor persecuted him now more than before, and at morning drill loaded him with taunts and insults. Provoked beyond bearing, after much patient silence, the boy replied in terms that approached mutiny. He was instantly reported, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be flogged. At the end of twenty-five lashes the boy fainted and was taken down. But he never recovered the

sense of this disgrace, and got his friends to petition at head-quarters for his discharge. His mother herself came to London, and petitioned the Duke of York, but the regiment opposed the discharge, and his suit was refused at head-quarters. Rogers, driven to despair, deserted, and was heard of no more.

The mother of this unfortunate lad was a brave woman, a sergeant's wife, who distinguished herself by her courage when the French were besieging Matagorda, near Cadiz, in 1810. Her husband was one of the detachment of the 94th Regiment that occupied the fort when the French were bombarding it with thirty pieces of cannon. The shots fell in a ceaseless storm of fire upon a place not more than a hundred yards square. The bomb-proofs being too small to hold all the garrison, some of the soldiers had huts formed on the battery. Amongst these was the heroine. When the French opened fire, she was awoken by a twenty-four pound shot striking the fascine, but, nothing daunted, she got up, and, removing her child (four years old), she went to the bomb-proof to help the surgeon dress the wounded men, and to aid him she tore up all her own and husband's linen. Suddenly, the surgeon wanted water to wash the bleeding thigh of a wounded artilleryman; a drum-boy was told to go and draw some from a well in the centre of the battery court-yard. He did not seem very willing, and kept lingering at the door with the bucket in his hand. "Why don't you go, boy, for the water?" shouted the surgeon. "The poor thing's frightened," said the sergeant's wife, "and no wonder at it. Give it me, and I'll go myself!"

Off went the brave woman with the bucket through a rain of iron, but just as she was lowering the bucket, whiz went a shot and cut the rope in two; but the heroine, determined to carry out her object, called a sailor from the guns, and got him to help her recover it. She then filled it, and took it safely down to the bomb-proof to the impatient surgeon.

Nor did the brave woman rest here: she carried sand-bags to repair the battery, handed up ammunition, and supplied the men at the guns at intervals with wine and water, and when the other two women, who had been grovelling down in the bomb-proof in hysterics from the first opening of the fire, were taken away, she refused to go.

Next morning, the powder and shot being exhausted, our firing ceased, and the French, seeing the fort was half broken up, sent down a strong force to finish the job at one blow. The heroine was at her post when the English mustered to receive their enemies. Three guns, all that amid the ruins could be brought to bear on the advancing mass, were crammed with loose powder, grape, and ball-cartridge, for a farewell shot. When they came within three hundred yards of the fort, this was given them, and half the column fell like one man. The rest took to flight, and instantly stormed out fresh discharges from the batteries. Fresh ammunition arriving, the English returned the salute,



but the place being now untenable, the rest of the garrison was removed safely in boats.

Three times the sergeant's wife traversed the fire-swept battery to remove effects of her husband's. The last time, she went for her child, who had been left safe in the bomb-proof; she returned, bending over it to shield it, at hazard of her own life, from the shot and shell flying round her thick as gnats over a summer pool. She escaped safely, and followed her husband to Glasgow after his discharge. Many officers interested themselves in her, and made a representation to the commander-in-chief, who warmly pleaded her claims for a pension to the secretary of war. But officials look upon such claims as vexatious interruptions of official intrigue and routine. His cold reply was, "We have no funds at our disposal for this purpose."

In 1826 she was living, advanced in years, her old husband and herself enjoying the grateful nation's bounty of one and tenpence a day.

The courage of this brave soldier's wife Cartridge compares with one only other real heroine he ever met—a mistress of an English captain of a light company, who followed her lover all through the campaign, sharing all his dangers and privations. At the battle of Vittoria she was left with the baggage; but, hearing from the disabled men who kept limping in, that her lover was wounded, she instantly mounted her horse, and rode down into the battle to search for him. She found him just as he breathed his last, and stopped, weeping by the body, till his company had dug a grave with their bayonets, and buried him out of her sight.

She was now left friendless and helpless; she was forsaken and forlorn; her money soon went, then her watch, then her horse—last of all, her lover's miniature. The last thing Cartridge saw of her was as a wretched camp-follower, struggling through the mud in the rear of the line of march, with her shoes torn from her feet. Soon afterwards she disappeared, and what became of her will never be known.

Here the class-book, leaving the author just starting to join the dépôt of his regiment in Canada, breaks off, and Cartridge passes from us for ever away into darkness.

Some details, picked up by chance, yield the following interesting narrative of an Old Soldier's life. There is a short, quick, and sudden flavour of Gunpowder in this second dead man's story.

Firelock (so to call him) was in a Highland regiment, and was with Abercrombie, and that illustrious but insolvent hero the Duke of York (the columnar Duke of York), in the miserable expedition in Holland. Firelock's regiment had to drive out the enemy from a range of sand-hills that ran along the Dutch coast, facing the German ocean. Two or three companies marched abreast along the beach, firing four pieces of cannon at the retiring enemy.

In the advance Firelock passed a dying man who had been struck by a cannon-ball upon the knee-joint, which had been carried away, the leg only hanging to the thigh by two shreds of

tendon. A little farther the young soldier saw a man lying dead, with a ghastly expression on his face which he never forgot; he had been shot exactly through the centre of the thigh, and had died with one gasp.

The sand-hills were various in height and slope. Some were of loose sand, conical and steep; others ran in winding, wavy ridges. It was difficult to walk on when the upper crust was broken; but here and there were chasms and hollow flats.

There was hard fighting in broken knots among these hills, our men coming often unexpectedly on masses of the enemy, who defended the hills as if they had been redoubts. In one instance, a party of Firelock's regiment rushing down from a sand ridge on the enemy, slipped, and fell headlong among them. The bottom of the pit being narrow, and there being no side footing, the bayonet could not be used, so the men fought with their butt-ends, and even with their fists. The English were at last driven back with loss, the men being worn out by fatigue and want of water. They collected water by putting empty ammunition-boxes in the holes in the sand, where, after the trampling of the fighting, rain had collected. Out of Firelock's regiment, six hundred strong, two hundred and eighty-eight were wounded, in a short struggle of three-quarters of an hour. Of the dead, very few could be recognised, and those chiefly by scars of old wounds, birth marks, or accidents of dress. One man belonging to Firelock's company was found dead, though without a wound; it was supposed from fatigue and want of water.

Two foes who were found dead, locked in each other's arms, excited great attention. They were a Frenchman and a Highlander. They had charged at each other, and the Frenchman parrying the Highlander's thrust had run him through the body; the Highlander feeling himself gone, and stung with revenge, had thrown his musket into his left hand, and seized his enemy's throat with an unrelenting death-grasp. The Frenchman then had transferred his musket to his left hand, and seized the Highlander's wrist to release his throat, but, unable, had staggered and fallen on his back, the Highlander still on him. A dreadful struggle had taken place on the ground, ending in the Frenchman dying strangled, and the Highlander of the bayonet wound in the stomach. Each corpse still held his musket in his left hand, and, when the Highlander was lifted, his firm stiffened grasp raised the Frenchman from the ground. It was with difficulty the dead men could be separated.

Firelock, after this miserable failure, went to Egypt, and was at the great landing in Aboukir Bay. Our fifteen thousand men landed in the midst of a heavy fire from the French, who were posted on the sand-hills. The boats were all more or less perforated with grape-shot and musket-bullets, but no great damage was done. Some few boats were swamped, but the men were instantly picked up by the smaller boats



that followed for that express purpose. As Firelock landed, he found dead Frenchmen lying within wash of the water. In a sand hollow, where the 42nd had repulsed a charge of French cavalry just after landing, the foot soldiers were lying about among the dead horses. The artillery, landing as quickly as the infantry, had astonished the French, and helped to gain the victory.

That night, as Firelock and his comrades, after digging for water, lay wrapped in their blankets on the sand, many of them discovered that they were afflicted with what doctors call "night blindness." By day they saw as well as ever.

Firelock's march soon became laborious and painful. The French cavalry harassed the men, who were impeded in the deep sand through which the cheery seamen dragged the guns. At night each company dug a well; the top soil below the sand was the black deposit from the river. Deeper still lay the oozy clay that supplied the water.

About this time Firelock's regiment was ordered for picket. But Firelock and twenty more, who were night-blind, were placed in bunches in the rear. When it was necessary to move, a soldier was sent to guide them, holding each other in a string. "If the enemy had made a dash at us, then," thought the shrewd Firelock, "we could neither have fought nor escaped."

Between Aboukir castle and Alexandria, Firelock's regiment was sent with the 90th to form the advanced guard. They had no time to dig water, but got a sup of rum, and left their knapsacks with a guard. They soon joined with the enemy, and a regular fight commenced near Lake Mandy. The cavalry formed line just as the 90th did, and did it quicker too, and charged. The 90th left them alone till they were within sword reach; they then opened, and the fire ran from right to left with dreadful effect. The cavalry instantly fell back, and many horses ran away with empty and bloody saddles. Now came Firelock's turn, for the enemy were moving round with guns and dromedaries, hoping to cut off the five hundred English by outflanking and surrounding them. Firelock, like a brave, religious man, confessed his sins in the words of the 51st Psalm, and prepared for fighting.

At three hundred yards' distance only, the enemy drove up two field-pieces, and opened fire on Firelock and Co. One of the first balls fired came, as our friend thought, straight at him; it came skipping playfully along the sand straight at Firelock, and meaning mischief. Luckily for him, it grazed a small hillock of rubbish a few yards in front, and then felled the second file on his right. It struck the centre of the left leg of the front rank man, passing clean through it, and it tore away part of the rear rank man's left calf, and drove a quantity of

small stones from the rubbish into the faces of the soldiers and the lacerated limbs of the wounded. Both the struck men died soon after. "Perhaps but for the rubbish-heap the devil's toy had struck me," thought Firelock, and thanked God piously, as one of Cromwell's Ironsides might have done.

The men were all eager to fire, as the French were steadily advancing. The commanding officer, seeing rising ground between his men and the enemy, ordered them to stop till they could see the Frenchmen's feet. This fire soon silenced the artillery in front, till some marines and Dillon's regiment could advance and drive back the enemy. Already the officer of Firelock's company was wounded, as well as the commanding officer.

After firing twelve rounds, Firelock, in the act of loading, was struck by a musket-ball in the left side. It was close to the ribs and near the pit of the stomach, and the force of the stroke whirled him round on his heels. He was stunned, too, and feeling great pain, stepped to the rear, holding the place with his hands. He then looked and found the skin unbroken, and as he shook himself, the ball fell from his clothes at his feet. That night at bivouac, Firelock had time to look, and discovered that the ball had passed through his coat, cut his waistcoat between the second and third lower buttons; its further progress had been stopped by a small volume of Blair's Grave, which Firelock had in his side-pocket. The corner binding was cut, and the leaves all through bruised. The force with which the ball struck this accidental breastplate had wheeled Firelock round. He reflected that if he had been standing square front, or one inch nearer the right side, it would have been fatal. Many of his comrades who had their clothes cut and received contusions, attributed it to the French not using the ramrod in loading, which enabled them of course to fire with great rapidity, but left the charge loose and made the bullet go wavering and weak, so that the bullet only bruised where it should have pierced. This accounted for the tremendous sustained fire of the French, and also for its not being so destructive as was feared. As it was, in this battle of Alexandria, Firelock's regiment lost one hundred and twenty-five men, killed and wounded.

From this point, Firelock's day-book branches off into less interesting hospital incidents; and so we leave him, in his old age, retired to a cottage near Glasgow, long since vacated for a narrower home.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

XII.

THE exposed situation of the churchyard had obliged me to be cautious in choosing the position that I was to occupy.

The main entrance to the church was on the side next to the burial-ground; and the door was screened by a porch walled in on either side. After some little hesitation, caused by a natural reluctance to conceal myself, indispensable as that concealment was to the object in view, I had resolved on entering the porch. A loophole window was pierced in each of its side walls. Through one of these windows I could see Mrs. Fairlie's grave. The other looked towards the stone quarry in which the sexton's cottage was built. Before me, fronting the porch entrance, was a patch of bare burial-ground, a line of low stone wall, and a strip of lonely brown hill, with the sunset clouds sailing heavily over it before the strong, steady wind. No living creature was visible or audible—no bird flew by me; no dog barked from the sexton's cottage. The pauses in the dull beating of the surf, were filled up by the dreary rustling of the dwarf trees near the grave, and the cold, faint bubble of the brook over its stony bed. A dreary scene and a dreary hour. My spirits sank fast as I counted out the minutes of the evening in my hiding-place under the church porch.

It was not twilight yet—the light of the setting sun still lingered in the heavens, and little more than the first half-hour of my solitary watch had elapsed—when I heard footsteps, and a voice. The footsteps were approaching from the other side of the church; and the voice was a woman's.

"Don't you fret, my dear, about the letter," said the voice. "I gave it to the lad quite safe, and the lad he took it from me without a word. He went his way and I went mine; and not a living soul followed me, afterwards—that I'll warrant."

These words strung up my attention to a pitch of expectation that was almost painful. There was a pause of silence, but the footsteps still advanced. In another moment, two persons, both women, passed within my range of view from the porch window. They were walking straight towards the grave; and therefore they had their backs turned towards me.

One of the women was dressed in a bonnet and shawl. The other wore a long travelling-cloak of a dark blue colour, with the hood drawn over her head. A few inches of her gown were visible below the cloak. My heart beat fast as I noted the colour—it was white.

After advancing about half-way between the church and the grave, they stopped; and the woman in the cloak turned her head towards her companion. But her side face, which a bonnet might now have allowed me to see, was hidden by the heavy, projecting edge of the hood.

"Mind you keep that comfortable warm cloak on," said the same voice which I had already heard—the voice of the woman in the shawl.

"Mrs. Todd is right about your looking too particular, yesterday, all in white. I'll walk about a little, while you're here; churchyards being not at all in my way, whatever they may be in yours. Finish what you want to do, before I come back; and let us be sure and get home again before night."

With those words, she turned about, and, retracing her steps, advanced with her face towards me. It was the face of an elderly woman, brown, rugged, and healthy, with nothing dishonest or suspicious in the look of it. Close to the church, she stopped to pull her shawl closer round her.

"Queer," she said to herself, "always queer, with her whims and her ways, ever since I can remember her. Harmless, though—as harmless, poor soul, as a little child."

She sighed; looked about the burial-ground nervously; shook her head as if the dreary prospect by no means pleased her; and disappeared round the corner of the church.

I doubted for a moment whether I ought to follow and speak to her, or not. My intense anxiety to find myself face to face with her companion helped me to decide in the negative. I could ensure seeing the woman in the shawl by waiting near the churchyard until she came back—although it seemed more than doubtful whether she could give me the information of which I was in search. The person who had delivered the letter was of little consequence. The person who had written it was the one centre of interest, and the one source of information; and that person I now felt convinced was before me in the churchyard.

While these ideas were passing through my

mind, I saw the woman in the cloak approach close to the grave, and stand looking at it for a little while. She then glanced all round her, and, taking a white linen cloth or handkerchief from under her cloak, turned aside towards the brook. The little stream ran into the churchyard under a tiny archway in the bottom of the wall, and ran out again, after a winding course of a few dozen yards, under a similar opening. She dipped the cloth in the water, and returned to the grave. I saw her kiss the white cross; then kneel down before the inscription, and apply her wet cloth to the cleansing of it.

After considering how I could show myself with the least possible chance of frightening her, I resolved to cross the wall before me, to skirt round it outside, and to enter the churchyard again by the stile near the grave, in order that she might see me as I approached. She was so absorbed over her employment that she did not hear me coming until I had stepped over the stile. Then, she looked up, started to her feet with a faint cry, and stood facing me in speechless and motionless terror.

"Don't be frightened," I said. "Surely, you remember me?"

I stopped while I spoke—then advanced a few steps gently—then stopped again—and so approached by little and little, till I was close to her. If there had been any doubt still left in my mind, it must have been now set at rest. There, speaking frightfully for itself—there was the same face confronting me over Mrs. Fairlie's grave, which had first looked into mine on the high road by night.

"You remember me?" I said. "We met very late, and I helped you to find the way to London. Surely you have not forgotten that?"

Her features relaxed, and she drew a heavy breath of relief. I saw the new life of recognition stirring slowly under the deathlike stillness which fear had set on her face.

"Don't attempt to speak to me, just yet," I went on. "Take time to recover yourself—take time to feel quite certain that I am a friend."

"You are very kind to me," she murmured. "As kind now, as you were then."

She stopped, and I kept silence on my side. I was not granting time for composure to her only, I was gaining time also for myself. Under the wan, wild evening light, that woman and I were met together again; a grave between us, the dead about us, the lonesome hills closing us round on every side. The time, the place, the circumstances under which we now stood face to face in the evening stillness of that dreary valley; the life-long interests which might hang suspended on the next chance words that passed between us; the sense that, for aught I knew to the contrary, the whole future of Laura Fairlie's life might be determined, for good or for evil, by my winning or losing the confidence of the forlorn creature who stood trembling by her mother's grave—all threatened to shake the steadiness and the self-control on which every inch of the progress I might yet make now depended. I tried hard, as I felt

this, to possess myself of all my resources; I did my utmost to turn the few moments for reflection to the best account.

"Are you calmer, now?" I said, as soon as I thought it time to speak again. "Can you talk to me, without feeling frightened, and without forgetting that I am a friend?"

"How did you come here?" she asked, without noticing what I had just said to her.

"Don't you remember my telling you, when we last met, that I was going to Cumberland? I have been in Cumberland ever since; I have been staying all the time at Limmeridge House."

"At Limmeridge House!" Her pale face brightened as she repeated the words; her wandering eyes fixed on me with a sudden interest. "Ah, how happy you must have been!" she said, looking at me eagerly, without a shadow of its former distrust left in her expression.

I took advantage of her newly-aroused confidence in me, to observe her face, with an attention and a curiosity which I had hitherto restrained myself from showing, for caution's sake. I looked at her, with my mind full of that other lovely face which had so ominously recalled her to my memory on the terrace by moonlight. I had seen Anne Catherick's likeness in Miss Fairlie. I now saw Miss Fairlie's likeness in Anne Catherick—saw it all the more clearly because the points of dissimilarity between the two were presented to me as well as the points of resemblance. In the general outline of the countenance and general proportion of the features; in the colour of the hair and in the little nervous uncertainty about the lips; in the height and size of the figure, and the carriage of the head and body, the likeness appeared even more startling than I had ever felt it to be yet. But there the resemblance ended, and the dissimilarity, in details, began. The delicate beauty of Miss Fairlie's complexion, the transparent clearness of her eyes, the smooth purity of her skin, the tender bloom of colour on her lips, were all missing from the worn, weary face that was now turned towards mine. Although I hated myself even for thinking such a thing, still, while I looked at the woman before me, the idea would force itself into my mind that one sad change, in the future, was all that was wanting to make the likeness complete, which I now saw to be so imperfect in detail. If ever sorrow and suffering set their profaning marks on the youth and beauty of Miss Fairlie's face, then, and then only, Anne Catherick and she would be the twin-sisters of chance resemblance, the living reflexions of one another.

I shuddered at the thought. There was something horrible in the blind, unreasoning distrust of the future which the mere passage of it through my mind seemed to imply. It was a welcome interruption to be roused by feeling Anne Catherick's hand laid on my shoulder. The touch was as stealthily and as sudden as that other touch, which had petrified me from head to foot on the night when we first met.

"You are looking at me; and you are thinking of something," she said, with her strange, breathless rapidity of utterance. "What is it?"

"Nothing extraordinary," I answered. "I was only wondering how you came here."

"I came with a friend who is very good to me. I have only been here two days."

"And you found your way to this place, yesterday?"

"How do you know that?"

"I only guessed it."

She turned from me, and knelt down before the inscription once more.

"Where should I go, if not here?" she said. "The friend who was better than a mother to me, is the only friend I have to visit at Limeridge. Oh, it makes my heart ache to see a stain on her tomb! It ought to be kept white as snow, for her sake. I was tempted to begin cleaning it yesterday; and I can't help coming back to go on with it to-day. Is there anything wrong in that? I hope not. Surely nothing can be wrong that I do for Mrs. Fairlie's sake?"

The old grateful sense of her benefactress's kindness was evidently the ruling idea still in the poor creature's mind—the narrow mind which had but too plainly opened to no other lasting impression since that first impression of her younger and happier days. I saw that my best chance of winning her confidence lay in encouraging her to proceed with the artless employment which she had come into the burial-ground to pursue. She resumed it at once, on my telling her she might do so; touching the hard marble as tenderly as if it had been a sentient thing, and whispering the words of the inscription to herself, over and over again, as if the lost days of her girlhood had returned and she was patiently learning her lesson once more at Mrs. Fairlie's knees.

"Should you wonder very much," I said, preparing the way as cautiously as I could for the questions that were to come, "if I owned that it is a satisfaction to me, as well as a surprise, to see you here? I felt very uneasy about you after you left me in the cab."

She looked up quickly and suspiciously.

"Uneasy," she repeated. "Why?"

"A strange thing happened, after we parted, that night. Two men overtook me in a chaise. They did not see where I was standing; but they stopped near me, and spoke to a policeman, on the other side of the way."

She instantly suspended her employment. The hand holding the damp cloth with which she had been cleaning the inscription, dropped to her side. The other hand grasped the marble cross at the head of the grave. Her face turned towards me slowly, with the blank look of terror set rigidly on it once more. I went on at all hazards; it was too late now to draw back.

"The two men spoke to the policeman," I said, "and asked him if he had seen you. He had not seen you; and then one of the men spoke again, and said you had escaped from his Asylum."

She sprang to her feet, as if my last words had set the pursuers on her track.

"Stop! and hear the end," I cried. "Stop! and you shall know how I befriended you. A word from me would have told the men which way you had gone—and I never spoke that word. I helped your escape—I made it safe and certain. Think, try to think. Try to understand what I tell you."

My manner seemed to influence her more than my words. She made an effort to grasp the new idea. Her hands shifted the damp cloth hesitatingly from one to the other, exactly as they had shifted the little travelling bag on the night when I first saw her. Slowly, the purpose of my words seemed to force its way through the confusion and agitation of her mind. Slowly, her features relaxed, and her eyes looked at me with their expression gaining in curiosity what it was fast losing in fear.

"You don't think I ought to be back in the Asylum, do you?" she said.

"Certainly not. I am glad you escaped from it; I am glad I helped you."

"Yes, yes; you did help me, indeed; you helped me at the hard part," she went on, a little vacantly. "It was easy to escape, or I should not have got away. They never suspected me as they suspected the others. I was so quiet, and so obedient, and so easily frightened. The finding London was the hard part; and there you helped me. Did I thank you at the time? I thank you now, very kindly."

"Was the Asylum far from where you met me? Come! show that you believe me to be your friend, and tell me where it was."

She mentioned the place—a private Asylum, as its situation informed me; a private Asylum not very far from the spot where I had seen her—and then, with evident suspicion of the use to which I might put her answer, anxiously repeated her former inquiry: "You don't think I ought to be taken back, do you?"

"Once again, I am glad you escaped; I am glad you prospered well, after you left me," I answered. "You said you had a friend in London to go to. Did you find the friend?"

"Yes. It was very late; but there was a girl up at needlework in the house, and she helped me to rouse Mrs. Clements. Mrs. Clements is my friend. A good, kind woman, but not like Mrs. Fairlie. Ah, no, nobody is like Mrs. Fairlie!"

"Is Mrs. Clements an old friend of yours? Have you known her a long time?"

"Yes; she was a neighbour of ours once, at home, in Hampshire; and liked me, and took care of me when I was a little girl. Years ago, when she went away from us, she wrote down in my prayer-book for me, where she was going to live in London, and she said, 'If you are ever in trouble, Anne, come to me. I have no husband alive to say me nay, and no children to look after; and I will take care of you.' Kind words, were they not? I suppose I remember them because they were kind. It's little enough I remember besides—little enough, little enough!"

"Had you no father or mother to take care of you?"

"Father? I never saw him; I never heard mother speak of him. Father? Ah, dear! he is dead, I suppose."

"And your mother?"

"I don't get on well with her. We are a trouble and a fear to each other."

A trouble and a fear to each other! At those words, the suspicion crossed my mind for the first time, that her mother might be the person who had placed her under restraint.

"Don't ask me about mother," she went on. "I'd rather talk of Mrs. Clements. Mrs. Clements is like you, she doesn't think that I ought to be back in the Asylum; and she is as glad as you are that I escaped from it. She cried over my misfortune, and said it must be kept secret from everybody."

Her "misfortune." In what sense was she using that word? In a sense which might explain her motive in writing the anonymous letter? In a sense which might show it to be the too common and too customary motive that has led many a woman to interpose anonymous hindrances to the marriage of the man who has ruined her? I resolved to attempt the clearing up of this doubt, before more words passed between us on either side.

"What misfortune?" I asked.

"The misfortune of my being shut up," she answered, with every appearance of feeling surprised at my question. "What other misfortune could there be?"

I determined to persist, as delicately and forbearingly as possible. It was of very great importance that I should be absolutely sure of every step in the investigation that I now gained in advance.

"There is another misfortune," I said, "to which a woman may be liable, and by which she may suffer life-long sorrow and shame."

"What is it?" she asked, eagerly.

"The misfortune of believing too innocently in her own virtue, and in the faith and honour of the man she loves," I answered.

She looked up at me, with the artless bewilderment of a child. Not the slightest confusion or change of colour; not the faintest trace of any secret consciousness of shame struggling to the surface, appeared in her face—that face which betrayed every other emotion with such transparent clearness. No words that ever were spoken could have assured me, as her look and manner now assured me, that the motive which I had assigned for her writing the letter and sending it to Miss Fairlie was plainly and distinctly the wrong one. That doubt, at any rate, was now set at rest; but the very removal of it opened a new prospect of uncertainty. The letter, as I knew from positive testimony, pointed at Sir Percival Glyde, though it did not name him. She must have had some strong motive, originating in some deep sense of injury, for secretly denouncing him to Miss Fairlie, in such terms as she had employed—and that motive was unquestionably

not to be traced to the loss of her innocence and her character. Whatever wrong he might have inflicted on her was not of that nature. Of what nature could it be?

"I don't understand you," she said, after evidently trying hard, and trying in vain to discover the meaning of the words I had last said to her.

"Never mind," I answered. "Let us go on with what we were talking about. Tell me how long you stayed with Mrs. Clements in London, and how you came here."

"How long?" she repeated. "I stayed with Mrs. Clements till we both came to this place, two days ago."

"You are living in the village, then?" I said. "It is strange I should not have heard of you, though you have only been there two days."

"No, no; not in the village. Three miles away at a farm. Do you know the farm? They call it Todd's Corner."

I remembered the place perfectly; we had often passed by it in our drives. It was one of the oldest farms in the neighbourhood, situated in a solitary, sheltered spot, inland, at the junction of two hills.

"They are relations of Mrs. Clements at Todd's Corner," she went on, "and they had often asked her to go and see them. She said she would go, and take me with her, for the quiet and the fresh air. It was very kind, was it not? I would have gone anywhere to be quiet, and safe, and out of the way. But when I heard that Todd's Corner was near Limmeridge—oh! I was so happy I would have walked all the way barefoot to get there, and see the schools and the village and Limmeridge House again. They are very good people at Todd's Corner. I hope I shall stay there a long time. There is only one thing I don't like about them, and don't like about Mrs. Clements——"

"What is it?"

"They will tease me about dressing all in white—they say it looks so particular. How do they know? Mrs. Fairlie knew best. Mrs. Fairlie would never have made me wear this ugly blue cloak. Ah! she was fond of white in her lifetime; and here is white stone about her grave—and I am making it whiter for her sake. She often wore white herself; and she always dressed her little daughter in white. Is Miss Fairlie well and happy? Does she wear white now, as she used when she was a girl?"

Her voice sank when she put the questions about Miss Fairlie; and she turned her head farther and farther away from me. I thought I detected, in the alteration in her manner, an uneasy consciousness of the risk she had run in sending the anonymous letter; and I instantly determined so to frame my answer as to surprise her into owning it.

"Miss Fairlie is not very well or very happy this morning," I said.

She murmured a few words; but they were spoken so confusedly, and in such a low tone, that I could not even guess at what they meant.

"Did you ask me why Miss Fairlie was

neither well nor happy this morning?" I continued.

"No," she said, quickly and eagerly—"oh, no, I never asked that."

"I will tell you without your asking," I went on. "Miss Fairlie has received your letter."

She had been down on her knees for some little time past, carefully removing the last weather-stains left about the inscription, while we were speaking together. The first sentence of the words I had just addressed to her made her pause in her occupation, and turn slowly, without rising from her knees, so as to face me. The second sentence literally petrified her. The cloth she had been holding dropped from her hands; her lips fell apart; all the little colour that there was naturally in her face left it in an instant.

"How do you know?" she said, faintly. "Who showed it to you?" The blood rushed back into her face—rushed overwhelmingly, as the sense rushed upon her mind that her own words had betrayed her. She struck her hands together in despair. "I never wrote it," she gasped, affrightedly; "I know nothing about it!"

"Yes," I said, "you wrote it, and you know about it. It was wrong to send such a letter; it was wrong to frighten Miss Fairlie. If you had anything to say that it was right and necessary for her to hear, you should have gone yourself to Limmeridge House; you should have spoken to the young lady with your own lips."

She crouched down over the flat stone of the grave, till her face was hidden on it; and made no reply.

"Miss Fairlie will be as good and kind to you as her mother was, if you mean well," I went on. "Miss Fairlie will keep your secret, and not let you come to any harm. Will you see her to-morrow at the farm? Will you meet her in the garden at Limmeridge House?"

"Oh, if I could die, and be hidden and at rest with you!" Her lips murmured the words close on the grave-stone; murmured them in tones of passionate endearment, to the dead remains beneath. "*You* know how I love your child, for your sake! Oh, Mrs. Fairlie! Mrs. Fairlie! tell me how to save her. Be my darling and my mother once more, and tell me what to do for the best!"

I heard her lips kissing the stone: I saw her hands beating on it passionately. The sound and the sight deeply affected me. I stooped down, and took the poor helpless hands tenderly in mine, and tried to soothe her.

It was useless. She snatched her hands from me, and never moved her face from the stone. Seeing the urgent necessity of quieting her, at any hazard and by any means, I appealed to the only anxiety that she had appeared to feel, in connexion with me and with my opinion of her—the anxiety to convince me of her fitness to be mistress of her own actions.

"Come, come," I said, gently. "Try to compose yourself, or you will make me alter my opinion of you. Don't let me think that the

person who put you in the Asylum, might have had some excuse——"

The next words died away on my lips. The instant I risked that chance reference to the person who had put her in the Asylum, she sprang up on her knees. A most extraordinary and startling change passed over her. Her face, at all ordinary times so touching to look at, in its nervous sensitiveness, weakness, and uncertainty, became suddenly darkened by an expression of maniacally intense hatred and fear, which communicated a wild, unnatural force to every feature. Her eyes dilated in the dim evening light, like the eyes of a wild animal. She caught up the cloth that had fallen at her side, as if it had been a living creature that she could kill, and crushed it in both her hands with such convulsive strength that the few drops of moisture left in it trickled down on the stone beneath her.

"Talk of something else," she said, whispering through her teeth. "I shall lose myself if you talk of that."

Every vestige of the gentler thoughts which had filled her mind hardly a minute since, seemed to be swept from it now. It was evident that the impression left by Mrs. Fairlie's kindness was not, as I had supposed, the only strong impression on her memory. With the grateful remembrance of her school-days at Limmeridge, there existed the vindictive remembrance of the wrong inflicted on her by her confinement in the Asylum. Who had done that wrong? Could it really be her mother?

It was hard to give up pursuing the inquiry to that final point; but I forced myself to abandon all idea of continuing it. Seeing her as I saw her now, it would have been cruel to think of anything but the necessity and the humanity of restoring her composure.

"I will talk of nothing to distress you," I said soothingly.

"You want something," she answered, sharply and suspiciously. "Don't look at me, like that. Speak to me; tell me what you want."

"I only want you to quiet yourself, and, when you are calmer, to think over what I have said."

"Said?" She paused; twisted the cloth in her hands, backwards and forwards; and whispered to herself, "What is it he said?" She turned again towards me, and shook her head impatiently. "Why don't you help me?" she asked, with angry suddenness.

"Yes, yes," I said; "I will help you; and you will soon remember. I asked you to see Miss Fairlie to-morrow, and to tell her the truth about the letter."

"Ah! Miss Fairlie—Fairlie—Fairlie——"

The mere utterance of the loved, familiar name seemed to quiet her. Her face softened and grew like itself again.

"You need have no fear of Miss Fairlie," I continued; "and no fear of getting into trouble through the letter. She knows so much about it already, that you will have no difficulty in telling her all. There can be little necessity for concealment where there is hardly anything



left to conceal. You mention no names in the letter; but Miss Fairlie knows that the person you write of is Sir Percival Glyde——"

The instant I pronounced that name, she started to her feet; and a scream burst from her that rang through the churchyard and made my heart leap in me with the terror of it. The dark deformity of the expression which had just left her face, lowered on it once more, with doubled and trebled intensity. The shriek at the name, the reiterated look of hatred and fear that instantly followed, told all. Not even a last doubt now remained. Her mother was guiltless of imprisoning her in the Asylum. A man had shut her up—and that man was Sir Percival Glyde.

The scream had reached other ears than mine. On one side, I heard the door of the sexton's cottage open; on the other, I heard the voice of her companion, the woman in the shawl, the woman whom she had spoken of as Mrs. Clements.

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" cried the voice, from behind the clump of dwarf trees.

In a moment more, Mrs. Clements hurried into view.

"Who are you?" she cried, facing me resolutely, as she set her foot on the stile. "How dare you frighten a poor helpless woman like that?"

She was at Anne Catherick's side, and had put one arm around her, before I could answer. "What is it, my dear?" she said. "What has he done to you?"

"Nothing," the poor creature answered. "Nothing. I'm only frightened."

Mrs. Clements turned on me with a fearless indignation, for which I respected her.

"I should be heartily ashamed of myself if I deserved that angry look," I said. "But I do not deserve it. I have unfortunately startled her, without intending it. This is not the first time she has seen me. Ask her yourself, and she will tell you that I am incapable of willingly harming her or any woman."

I spoke distinctly, so that Anne Catherick might hear and understand me: and I saw that the words and their meaning had reached her.

"Yes, yes," she said; "he was good to me once; he helped me——" She whispered the rest into her friend's ear.

"Strange, indeed!" said Mrs. Clements, with a look of perplexity. "It makes all the difference, though. I'm sorry I spoke so rough to you, sir; but you must own that appearances looked suspicious to a stranger. It's more my fault than yours, for humouring her whims, and letting her be alone in such a place as this. Come, my dear—come home, now."

I thought the good woman looked a little uneasy at the prospect of the walk back, and I offered to go with them until they were both within sight of home. Mrs. Clements thanked me civilly, and declined. She said they were sure to meet some of the farm-labourers, as soon as they got to the moor.

"Try to forgive me," I said, when Anne

Catherick took her friend's arm to go away. Innocent as I had been of any intention to terrify and agitate her, my heart smote me as I looked at the poor, pale, frightened face.

"I will try," she answered. "But you know too much; I'm afraid you will always frighten me now."

Mrs. Clements glanced at me, and shook her head pityingly.

"Good night, sir," she said. "You couldn't help it, I know; but I wish it was me you had frightened, and not her."

They moved away a few steps. I thought they had left me; but Anne suddenly stopped, and separated herself from her friend.

"Wait a little," she said. "I must say good-by."

She returned to the grave, rested both hands tenderly on the marble cross, and kissed it.

"I'm better, now," she sighed, looking up at me quietly. "I forgive you."

She joined her companion again, and they left the burial-ground. I saw them stop near the church, and speak to the sexton's wife, who had come from the cottage, and had waited, watching us from a distance. Then they went on again up the path that led to the moor. I looked after Anne Catherick as she disappeared, till all trace of her had faded in the twilight—looked, as anxiously and sorrowfully, as if that was the last I was to see in this weary world of the woman in white.

## FAIR AND FOUL CIRCASSIANS.

Two months ago, Constantinople was filled with exiled Circassians; a brave nation had succumbed to the power of Russia; another race had been absorbed by the great creeping glacier that turns all it meets, to death. Ten thousand dagger-wearing, woolly-capped Tchirgees, as the Turks call them, were swarming in the bazaars, coffee-shops, kibab stalls, and khans. They were to be seen, rude and sullen, chafed and spirit-broken, at every fountain, and under every mosque wall. The Sultan had received them as guests, and had lavishly given each man about fourpence a week for his support: an ample, yet not a fattening largesse. He had also cleared out a huge khan or barrack, a vast building that would hold thousands of people, for their use. Some restraint was laid, I think, upon their silver-ringed matchlocks, for the sake of the safety of true Mussulmans: for, the Tchirgee is a good marksman, and is of a choleric and rather tigery nature. Besides, a man just escaped, bleeding and rib-broken, from the gripe of a bear, is not in the best of humour. Therefore, when I relate that these mountaineers sometimes used their broad daggers a little hastily—about so small a thing as even a smoky kibab, or a damaged melon—you will not allow your opinion to be lowered of a brave, devoted, and unfortunate people.

Constantinople—never a convenient or luxurious place for the promenader, with its nar-

row wells of streets, its want of side pavement, and its loose bouldery trottoir—was rendered still more irritating and uncomfortable by these bands of proud exiles. You ran against them at fruit-stalls, and at the corners of streets. They gaped about, at the pearl-sewn slippers, and the rich kincob stuff in the bazaars. In their choleric pride, and their savage dauntless bearing, they reminded me of how a Clan Chattan man must have borne himself in Edinburgh streets in the Flodden time. As for mere Franks, they elbowed you and walked you down, and claimed the wall, as insolently as the Turks. They evidently thought a Circassian beggar a more honourable being than an English Christian in a cramped-up coat and ten horse-power spectacles. Their pride did not hurt mine; they did not tread on my corns, nor draw their daggers on me; so I left them alone, and these English knuckles of mine disturbed the symmetry of no Circassian nose. I could pardon the pride of a gentleman beggar. I pitied the brave exile, and gave some of their children food.

Let us place ourselves on the queer, up-and-down, hillocky bridge of boats, that joins Stamboul to Galata: that wonderful bridge which has four divisions, and which all day is crowded with Turkish carriages, horsemen, beggars, Franks, steam-boat passengers, sailors, boatmen, Greeks, Crim-Tartars, Arabs, pedlars, water-sellers, fruit-sellers, santons, fakirs, soldiers, and Turkish women in sloppy yellow boots and quakery dresses of crimson and gold—purple and chocolate brown—Arabian Night silks. On one side of the bridge, are lying the Bosphorus steamers, snorting angrily at being kept waiting; on the other, is the sort of latticed larder where the shaven Turkish youth splash and bathe, with much noisy laughter.

I pay my quarter-penny to one of the four or five Turkish toll-takers; escape the clutch of the horrible beggars, who squat in rows just beyond the toll-taker's room, and who, baring elephantiasis legs and hideous stumps, chant nasal verses from the Koran, and hold out all day little brass basins for alms; I escape a fat pasha's overbearing Arab stallion; I dodge a gang of asses laden with bricks and sweeping, switchy, deal planks; I shun the importunities of a Solomon Eagle kind of Indian fakir, with elf hair, and insane hungry eyes, who swings about a huge wooden sabot, suspended by a brass chain, for the alms of the true believers. I avoid his verminy robes and his flowing rags, and, wonderful to relate, he neither pronounces the name of Sheitan nor spits at me, for which I am thankful. I fly, too, after some entanglement, from a wily Persian in a high black cap, shaped like the mouthpiece of a clarinet, in whose girdle I see some dozen daggers stuck, for he is an itinerant trader in arms. Then, resting for a moment my back against the strong wooden balustrade of the bridge, to observe the keen swift kyjiks poise and skim over the Bosphorus, I turn to watch an Arab water-seller, who is more than usually Oriental. He is a tall, wiry man, from some distant desert or palm-tree village, wild and

gaunt in look, and having more the abstracted bearing of a devotee than the shrewd, anxious look of the street trader. He has on his brown nut of a head, the dirty green turban of a pilgrim who has accomplished his religious course. He is apparelled in a long tunic, that reaches from his neck to his ankles, of stiff, brown, quilted leather; and attached to his leather water-skin, that he carries by a cord that goes round his brown shrivelled neck, hang several brass bowls, carved with Arabic talismans, and fringed with brass spangles. Such a man, it seemed to me, must have been Aladdin's wicked sham uncle; such a man might be first cousin (twice removed) to Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea, that troublesome acquaintance, as difficult to shake off as Horace's.

But, tired of the golden fire rain of the vertical Eastern sun, the dangerous passage of horses and arabas, the jostling of Turkish women who delight to insult and generally inconvenience the infidel; tired of being treated by every member of the Turkish crowd, from the fat pasha down to the leanest fig-seller, as if I were what nursery-maids call "a naughty boy," and were to be snubbed, and slapped, and put into the corner accordingly—which, to an infidel, with what old writers call a "high stomach," is rather difficult to bear; I leave the bridge, "shunt to a siding," to use a railway figure of speech, and passing the row of bare, brawny-legged Greeks, who stand balancing huge glass bottles, big as you see in chemists' windows in England, on their left knees, and tinging half a dozen tumblers in their thievish hands, I steal off down the river-side street, and, passing through a huge gateway, not unsentinelled, leading to one of the quarters of the Turkish city, I enter the quiet court-yard of a retired mosque, and breathe there, far from bustle and buzz.

And here let me step into the small side chapel of a pardonable episode, and explain that Constantinople is a noisy city, though its traffic be small, and its population a poor, handful in comparison with our own black Babylon. There is a sense of excitement and of dangerous confusion in the deep defiles of streets which fatigues the worried brain even more than London. There are no rattling roulades of cabs, no rolling thunder waggons of omnibuses, no Juggernaut Pickford vans, no undeviating hundred yard long coal-waggons, no bounding Hansoms, with drivers the very fiery Ruperts of London streets. No; but you scarcely gain much when you have, instead, tormenting and incessant Indian files of blundering, stolid, overladen asses, trailing along timber, or bruising you with corded panniers full of bricks; noisy fruit-sellers, bumping you with peach baskets; water-carriers, laden with greasy oil skins; pashas and their pipe-bearers, who respect no infidel toes; jolting, suffering, grinding ox-waggons, ponderous and slow; fiery, dashing black grooms, regardless of Martin's Act; and bread-sellers, with long-legged stands slung at their back, which keep perpetually poking your eye out.

But, to my court-yard of the mosque, where

on the steps of a fountain, tired, hot, and hungry, I sit, to munch some baked chesnuts I have just bought of a street merchant, who exclaimed "Allah is merciful," when I gave him exactly one farthing more than he asked: a generosity for which one or two Circassian boys, roving near, in search of melon rinds and other alimentary trifles, made faces at me behind my back, strongly expressive of a doubt of my sanity, for which insult I "heaped coals of fire upon their head" by instantly treating them to a penny-worth (such a turban full) of green and bulletry wild peaches, just then providentially offered me for sale.

I sat down, repeating to myself that beautiful short prayer, which forms the first chapter of Mahomet's Koran (more for its poetry than its religion), and thinking, if I dared to go now into the next street and shout out in Turkish, my private opinion, that "the Koran is a foolish, dull, long-winded, crafty, incoherent book, with nearly all that is good in it stolen from the Bible," how I should feel going home to Miseri's hotel carrying my head in my black leather carpet-bag!

I was seated under the broad brim of the roof of a fountain which, as usual in Mosque court-yards, filled the centre of the "quad." Twenty years ago, and I suppose the slice of a reaping-hook sabre would have been the first intimation that I should have had that I was in the sacred court of ablutions, and breaking the law of the Prophet. But things grow changed in twenty years; no one disturbed me now; and if there was just a spice of danger in the situation (for among Turks, when they are really fanatic, you are never safe), it gave a spice of pleasure to the situation, such as one feels in sitting on a sea-cliff, and hanging one's legs over among the fringing flowers, so that one may look France-ward, which is sea-ward, with more ease.

I was looking out between the slim Aaron's rod pillars, at the mosque pigeons that were flickering their emerald necks in the sun, thinking of I know not what—perhaps, if of anything, of a dead nation's dead faith—when I accidentally looked round and found that a Circassian—one of the great band of exiles that filled Constantinople—had, unobserved by me, entered the court-yard, and seated himself near. Perhaps he came from prayer at the mosque; perhaps merely to rest from the sun. Be that as it will, there he was: a fair type of his race in face, dress, and bearing: a huge, round, high cap, muffy and ridiculous as an English grenadier's, crowned his head. He wore loose red trousers, and a collarless loose-sleeved robe, open down the middle, showing a loose-belted blue tunic reaching to the knees. His shoes were sloppy and Eastern, and one of his feet rested on a square, thick-legged, low stool which lay on the ground—left there by the priest when he quitted his chibouk and coffee-cup to mount the minaret, twenty minutes ago, at noon, and call the true believers to prayer. At his belt, lying across his stomach, ready for the hand, hung a broad heavy hanjar, not unlike the

Roman sword, some two feet and a half long only, but heavy enough to cleave a bear's skull—or a Russian's—in two at a stroke, and with a point needle sharp. On either breast of his brown outer tunic were sewn, or hooked on, six red-plugged yellow tubes, which at first I not unnaturally mistook for the Pan-pipes of some wandering musician, whose business it was to amuse the Turkish coffee drinkers. I had forgotten that the Lesghians and the Daghestan followers of Schamyl never moved without arms, and that these tubes (which even the children wear) contained fire food for the matchlock, now shut up in some Turkish guard-house. Checknian or Lesghian I knew not, yet I guessed him a tormentor of the plains of Georgia, a terror to grey-coated Russian soldiers shut up in mountain forts, a beholder of Muscovite spies, and a fierce chanter among the foraging horse-men of Vedenno of Koran battle-songs. Had I known any scraps of Georgian, or more than half a dozen sentences of Russian, I would have drawn my Tartar mountaineer into conversation about his chieftain; but, as I knew he could not understand English or Turkish, I contented myself with offering the sullen warrior, the terror of the Orbelianis and the Ahlahzans of Georgia, a handful of chesnuts, which he accepted in a lordly and patronising manner, and, without speaking, turned round towards me as sociable men do when preparing for conversation.

So I sat there, admiring the rough warrior, whose keen shaska had lopped off Russky heads like radishes, and observing the shrewd, half-closed eyes, the wide prominent Tartar cheek-bones, the sweeping mustachios, and stubbly grey beard. There was something so original to me in his black curled wool cap so tall and large, in his blue Oriental tunic, in his rude shoes, in his thin pink trousers, and in his brown rough robe, with the woolly lining turned back over his sinewy and veined hands, that I felt myself obliged to invent some excuse for further looking at him without rudeness. I knew, from experience, that with Turk, Persian, Armenian, Greek, or Circassian, there is one subject on which they are never tired of talking, and that is, the temper and value of their arms, whether the weapon be matchlock, sword, javelin, or dagger; so, putting an enormous degree of good temper, sociability, and sagacity into my voice, I first said, in a solemn, sympathising voice, expressive of deep sorrow for a broken nation:

"Schamyl!" And then shook my head, as Lord Burleigh is once said to have done.

The mountaineer, looking fierce and roused, muttered something in his language, which I could not follow, and therefore did not.

I followed up my first success by growling, in a savage tone, between my clenched teeth, to express my national antipathies, and win his confidence:

"Russky, bad."

Upon this the Tchirgee's eyes brightened, and he touched his dagger.

Thereupon—for I did not know very well what next to do, unless I had offered to buy his daughter, which I was not prepared for—I tried to apologise for the act, and intimated my wish that he would show me the weapon that had, among the avalanches and forests of Daghestan, been so terrible to the tea-drinking Russky.

He at once acceded. Putting on an air of eager connoisseurship, I examined the dreadful double-edged ponderous weapon. It was some two feet long, broad as the palm of your hand, point sharp as a rose thorn; the handle was heavy, but without a hilt; the blade had this speciality about it, that it was of good Damascus steel—as I could tell by that peculiar rippled water-mark that indicates the hard welded metal of Syria; down the middle, grooved deep as the thickness of a goose-quill, in the centre of the steel, ran a channel, to drain off the blood from the handle and surface.

I pointed to this as I returned the weapon to the Circassian's belt, and exclaimed, with considerable effect and much appositeness:

"Russky."

Upon which the violent chieftain brandished the weapon dangerously near my eyes, and went through a sort of drill of imaginary stabs and slashes, and scalping slices at an imaginary Prince Daniel, or Russian General Ivan Damanoff—much to my alarm yet edification.

And this, thought I, is one of those hardy horsemen who can live for days on wild flowers and mountain grass; whose luxuries are dried plums and apricots, spongy cakes, white cheese, and flour paste; and to whom the snowy pine-forest is as welcome as the carpeted divan, or the gold-brocaded beds of a pasha. This is, perhaps, a chieftain who, in his own now enslaved country, has had his flocks and herds, his obedient horsemen, his rich robes, his patient servants—now, he is all but a beggar, munching his chestnuts in the streets of a Turkish city. These broken shoes were once yellow—beside that still faithful dagger once, perhaps, hung gorgeous pistol-cases. His aoul (fortified house) is now a Russian's—his wife has (O cruel destiny!) been, perhaps, sold to pay his travelling expenses.

Yes—start not, reader—such is the economical but eccentric mode of conduct not unfrequently adopted by Circassian husbands, in these times of necessity and exile. It was only yesterday that I strolled past the spot where you take boat, on the Stamboul side of the wooden bridge before mentioned, and I saw three caïques full of Circassian wives, going off to the Bosphorus-palaces of the Turkish pashas, who had paid for them in ready money. It may be that piastres and Medjids, when of good current metal, have a tendency to allay grief, but so it was, that the sorrow evidenced at that melancholy and eternal parting was of a most silent and suppressed kind. Perhaps, the tears choking back, fell down in a cold death-dew upon the heart; perhaps, the blow to the broken-hearted and starving exiles, was too stunning and dumbing for noisy tears; but so it was, that the fair

ladies, wrapped up until they became bundles, parted from their fathers and husbands and young brothers and friends of the family, with a most commendable serenity. They sat down in the boats, and, without looking back, were pulled off to new friends and a slave's home. If the men had been cattle-dealers, superintending the starting of cows from Cork to Bristol, they could not have stood more stolid and unmoved. Those white statue-faced women, with coarse black hair cut level across the forehead, crowned with strange mitre-shaped helmets of silvery tinsel, were, it seemed to me, thinking more of the future than the past: more of the silk dresses and savoury pilafs of the pasha's house, than the sour milk and verminy sheepskins of their Daghestan home. Perhaps, perpetual hunger and want had hardened their hearts, and driven out love; perhaps, this was a Roman parting, where grief was stifled and trodden under foot, only that a Circassian might not appear womanly before the infidel.

I have myself a contempt for that hateful hypocrisy in literature, sham sentiment, and therefore I may as well add that, knowing something behind the scenes of Circassian life—for my Russian friend, Major Sutherlandsky Edwardsky, had not talked to me for nothing—I knew well, pitying as I did, deeply and sincerely, the brave nation now (shame on England!) crushed and driven into exile, how savage were the wild race whose representative sat munching chestnuts before me. Had not the gallant Major told me how brutalising was the long warfare carried on between the Russians and the Circassians? Did I not know that the Georgian Prince Cutemoff used to sit in state at Tsenondahl, to receive, with promises and thanks and grateful signs of the cross, the Georgian militiamen, who, after a skirmish or a foray, bring their sacks full of Mussulmans' heads to roll out before the highly-civilised and scented Muscovite, the dandy of Moscow balls? Did I not know that the Murids returned from their forays with screaming, bleeding, sabre-cut women tied behind their horses, with the hands of dead Russians tied to their flag-poles, and with sacks full of Russian saints and Parisian barbaric finery swinging by their stirrups? I knew, too, that only two days ago, a disturbance broke out in the great Circassian Khan, on the top of the hill, in which five men were stabbed—and all about what? A pump? A legacy? A bit of property? A Chancery suit? No; about a child that had been slapped by a woman that did not belong to it. Upon this arose angry tears, hysteric laughter, scratchings, huggings, tearings. Then supervened male interference, partisans, nudgings, reviling, blows, stabs—till in steps Death, and banishes five of the exiles at one word of his for ever, not merely from Daghestan, but from the totus orbis, the globe, the totus teres of it. I do not want, indeed, God knows, to show that the Circassian is a Red Indian, but I do say he is a wild, headstrong, virtuous, religious, untamable semi-savage. Like all habitually armed men, he is pugnacious and

prone to argue by that wilfully bad logician, the sword. He is of a fierce, rough nature, fond of war, by nature predatory and impatient of even Schamy's command. He has been, ever since George the Thirteenth gave Georgia to the Emperor Paul, a forager, a moss-trooper, and a vexatious borderer, goaded to frenzy by the handcuff of Russian forts. In Constantinople he is a brawling, irascible, conspiring, dangerous exile, whom the Sultan dreads, and is daily carting off to Anatolia.

I used to enjoy sitting down on one of the four-legged low rush chairs, without backs, that are always piled up for customers round a kibab stall, which, though more pretentious, because more patronised, corresponds pretty nearly to the London hot potato tin, or rather to the quiet old woman near the Angel and Fiddle, who sits with a basket of sheep's trotters spread open on a clean white cloth resting on her knees.

There, rejoicing in the scented smoke, and the breath of frizzle and burn, I used to sit down and call out grandly to the obsequious bare armed Turk, in answer to his insinuating

"Bir shei yemeyah istermisiniz, chilibi?"—(Do you crave anything to eat, sir?)

"Kibab isterim."—(I want a kibab.) And then, as a sort of crack of the whip after him, I cry out the hurrying signal, "Chapük."—(Quick.)

Away runs the attendant, and beneath the umbrella of the kibab stall there is instantly a sound as of feasting and merriment. The black oil fizzes. The little red and white periwinkles of mutton are strung by nimble fingers on a dozen clean skewers, and laid on the gridiron bars to hiss and bubble. The flat pancake, large as a pillow-case, is slashed by the cook's huge dagger, into sections which are plunged in dyspeptic oil. The fire is aggravated; the charcoal blown up into a delicious crimson, as of a burning and enchanted camellia. Meanwhile, an attendant watches with smiles, as if they were his babies, the little kibabs, all in a row, and alternately slaps the oily cakes as if they were fritters, and twiddles round, and winds up, the frizzling skewers; another attendant, unmeaningly attentive, rubs the chairs with his apron, and cleans what is already as clean as it can be, to give an air of business to the stall. And all this time the whole market-place becomes anxious about my open-air dinner, or my late lunch, or whatever you like to call it. One or two dervishes stand with paternal interest near me, saying silent graces and thanksgivings, and telling their sandal-wood beads. Some Turkish soldiers, engaged in cheapening a pumpkin, as yellow as a toad's belly, wait, with the curiosity of schoolboys, to see the infidel begin his meal; a moollah, who has been bargaining for quincees, and amusing himself, at various turns of the discussion, in beating the helpless Greek salesman about the head with his bathing clogs, draws near; five Persian senna merchants, with their high retreating black caps, order kibabs, too, that they may have an excuse for watching the fun. I am

going to dine, like Henry the Eighth, in public. One would think that infidels ate with the back of the head, or dined, like herons, on one leg, there is such a crowd of Mussulmans round the unbeliever.

Now the alchemic moment of ripeness and perfection has come; the fritter refuses to imbibe any more oil; the kibabs on the lark skewers, are frothy and done through. There is a great sensation as the waiter places a clean round brass tray with a rim to it, upon a stool before me, and, upon that, a bowl of kibab, piled with oily cake, and sauced with pickled cucumbers, stuffed with rice. Knife and fork there is none. Red sherbet, like raspberry vinegar, is brought me from a neighbouring stall. Grapes, turned here and there to blue raisins, await me. I dine like Dives, though my linen may not be so fine.

I have done; my fingers are greasy and fatigued. I have swallowed the kernels of meat, I have rolled up in tubes the muffin-like cake, and bolted it; but still they heap the bowl, and I shrink before the herculean labour. My stomach being full, my heart becomes full. I burn to feed a starving world. I look round for beggars, and even throw a kibab to one of the wolfish street dogs prowling near.

There are yonder three Circassian boys: the eldest about seventeen, the youngest may be ten; sons of that exile chieftain whom I lately met by the fountain—at least so I suppose, for I see him watching them wistfully at a distance, like Hagar, as I beckon them near, and as they come in a shy, wild, untamed way.

Djemmal is the eldest, I find; Labazon, the second; Machmat is the Benjamin. The father, Hadjo, is a Checknian, and from Schamy's favourite fortress at Dargi-Vedemmo. Their high Circassian caps of cream-coloured wool, have top coverings of red. The eldest, a broad-faced, Tartar looking, fierce boy, carrying a tremendous dagger, seizes the food I give him, ravenously, and devours it without thanks. After fourpence a month, and melon rinds, with stray snatches of the bones of sword-fish and buffalo milk cheese, this roasted meat rejoices the Circassian stomach, so that in a few minutes they all grow quite greasy and tame, and father and three sons squat near me, grinning satisfaction, with mouths full, and, I may say, swollen with dripping sections of oozy cake. How few paras all this charity cost me, after all, I am really ashamed to tell; but, I trust kindness is not necessarily estimated by its expensiveness, or else woe be to him who gives but the cup of cold water, and wishes the poor wayfarer a mere God's blessing!

I know not how I should have "got off" the scene, as actors say, had not, luckily, just at this moment, the Deus stepped in for me, in the shape of a crowd and tumult at the end of the street of the Mosque of Suliman.

We all ran to see what it was, and found it to be a long and melancholy procession of ox waggons, laden with Circassians: a jolting,

drawing train of rude carts, filled with red leather covered chests, withered old women; and rosy children; these were the first band of exiles, starting for their new home in far-off Anatolia. Beside the carts, paced the pale, hard-featured women, in their dirty, gipsy finery, their silver-tinselled helmets, their veils, and their coloured scarfs. When I looked at those women, with the hair cut straight across the forehead, and falling down the cheeks on either side in long wavy droops, I fancied myself gone back, by an express train of memory, to the reign of Tamerlane, and that I was beholding one of those weeping emigrations which his gigantic conquests produced.

As the long train of sick children, jaded women, sullen men, fierce youths, and dying old women who would never live the journey out, passed me, I sat down on the step of a melon-seller's door, and fell a thinking how this cruel banishment of a brave but unhappy nation had removed one of the great bulwarks between the steadily advancing Russian frontier, and our rich India. Ever since the bequest of Georgia to Russia, the Muscovites have been trying to tread the life out of Circassia, and push on to Persia. Slowly the iron wall of forts closed in upon Schamyl—the Abd-el-Kader of Daghestan—and, at last, turned his mountain home into a prison.

Only a week before the sad news of his surrender reached Stamboul, an English consular agent from Erzeroum told me that he had lately been visited in Armenia by a confidential messenger of the hero, who informed him that unless England sent speedy help, he must shortly surrender. He was so dogged by Russian troops, that he could no longer sleep two nights running in the same aoul, so that he grew weary of his life, and wished only for rest.

### CHRISTMAS BOUGHS.

THE mistletoe and holly now reign in every British household the wide world o'er, having done so annually now for more than two thousand years. Yet very little is known respecting the rise and progress of their sovereignty.

Pliny, in the words of his translator, Dr. Philemon Holland, says: "And forasmuch as we are entered into a discourse touching miselto, I cannot overpasse one strange thing thereof used in France. The Druidæ (for so they call their Divinours, Wise Men, and the state of their clergie) esteeme nothing in the world more sacred than miselto and the tree whereon it breedeth, so it be on the oke. Now you must take this by the way. The priests or clergiemen chose of purpose such groves for their Divine service as stood onely on okes; nay, they solemnise no sacrifice, nor perform any sacred ceremonies, without branches and leaves thereof; so that they may well enough to be named thereupon Dryidæ in Greeke, which signifieth as much as the oke priests. Certes to say, whatsoever they find

growing upon that tree over and besides its own fruite, be it miselto, or anything else, they esteeme it as a gift sent from Heaven, as a surc sign that the God whom they serve giveth them to understand that he hath chosen that peculiar tree. And no marveile, for in verie deed miselto is passing geason (scarce) and hard to be found on the oke." He further describes how the Druids, with many devout ceremonies, cut down the mistletoe, as Drayton, many years after, relates in his Poly-oblion:

The fearless British priests, under the aged oak,  
Taking a milk-white bull unstained with the yoke,  
And with an axe of gold, from that Jove-sacred tree  
The mistletoe cut down.

The connexion of the mistletoe with the most ancient traditions of Scandinavia and other European countries, invests the plant with an interest derived from association. Although we know little about the Druids or their customs, their vast monuments, cairns, and cromlechs are scattered over our country as remains of their worship. The mistletoe was said to represent the Messiah, and certainly at one time it was called the wood of the holy cross (*Lignum sanctæ crucis*).

In the feudal ages the boughs of mistletoe were gathered with much ceremony on the evening before Christmas-day, and hung up in hall or kitchen with loud shouts and rejoicing:

On Christmas-eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung;  
That only night in all the year  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear;  
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;  
The hall was dress'd with holly green;  
Forth to the woods did merry men go  
To gather in the mistletoe;  
Then open'd wide the baron's hall,  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.

From Herriek's Hesperides it appears that the mistletoe and its companions retained their places as ornaments in the house till Candlemas-day, at which time the poet says:

Down with the rosemary and bays,  
Down with the mistletoe:  
Instead of holly, now upraise  
The greener box for show.

The mistletoe is now excluded from the boughs which deck the churches at Christmas, either on account of its heathenish associations, or because, being so often in rustic places associated with Christmas merriment, it might awaken remembrances little favourable to thought and devotion. The playful customs beneath the mistletoe-bough are of old antiquity in our land, having originated when the plant was dedicated to Friga, the Venus of the Saxons.

The Druids considered the mistletoe of the oak efficacious in all sorts of diseases. And in many parts of Germany it is still supposed to cure wounds, rather by its charming than its healing properties; for the peasants also believe that if the hunters carry it in their hands it will ensure success. The herbalists in Queen Elizabeth's time, however, enumerate various pre-



parations of "mistletoe" both as external and internal remedies; and Culpepper remarks: "Why that should have the most virtue that grows upon oaks, I know not, unless because it is rarest and hardest to come by; and our college's opinion is in this contrary to Scripture, which saith, 'God's tender mercies are all over his works;' and so it is, let the College of Physicians walk as contrary to him as they like, and that is as contrary as the east to the west. Clusius affirms that which grows upon the pear-trees to be as prevalent, and gives orders that it should not touch the ground after it is gathered, and also saith that being hung about the neck it remedieih witchcraft." The Italian physician Matthiolus praised the mistletoe as a remedy for epilepsy, and even as lately as the reign of George the First, the plant was extolled, and Sir George Colbatch published, in 1719, a Dissertation concerning Mistletoe, recommending it as a specific in that malady. Pliny says the Druids called it all-heal, and he closes his account of their practices by quaintly moralising: "So vain and superstitious are many nations in the world, doing oftentimes such foolish things as these." The mistletoe is found, when growing on the apple, to contain twice as much potash, and five times as much phosphoric acid, as the tree itself, and when parasitic on the oak its bark is astringent. Now-a-days, however, it has lost its renown as a medicine, and the magical properties ascribed to it by Virgil, and other ancient poets, are remembered only as bygone superstitions.

The Celtic name of the mistletoe was *gwid*, *gue*, or *guy*; the name by which it is still called in France, *le gui*, being evidently but a slight alteration. Borlase, in his *Antiquities of Cornwall*, says that the Druids gathered the plant with great solemnity near the close of the year, saying, "The new year is at hand, gather the mistletoe;" and even now, in some parts of France, the peasant boys go about asking coppers, and crying, "A guy l'an neuf;" while in the upper part of Germany, the people, about Christmas time, run from door to door in the villages, shouting "*Guthyl, guthyl!*" which, he adds, "are plainly the remains of the Druidical custom." The name by which the plant is known in most parts of Germany, is *der mistel*. The people of Holstein call it "the branch of the spectres" (*Marentakken*), from the belief that holding a branch of the mistletoe in the hand would not only enable a man to see ghosts, but also to speak to them.

The mistletoe is very widely distributed over our globe. Thunberg says that the parasitic Cape mistletoe (*Viscum capense*) was disseminated everywhere on the branches of the trees by the birds eating plentifully of the berries. Kalm mentions finding a fibrous mistletoe (*Viscum filamentosum*) in abundance in Carolina, which he says the inhabitants make use of as straw for their beds, for packing brittle articles, for adorning their houses, and as fodder for cattle. Our common mistletoe, he says, grows on the sweet gum-tree, or tupelo, and on the oak

and lime, rendering their summits in the winter beautifully green. Colonel Mundy often mentions the mistletoe of Australia, hanging from the trees in abundance, and, like a vampire, seeming to exhaust the life-blood of the plant on which it fixes its fatal affections. This writer says: "Depending from some of the larger gum-trees were the most enormous mistletoes I ever saw. One or two of the clusters of this parasite were so uniform in shape as to look like a huge chandelier of bronze, for that was their colour, hanging plumb down from some slender twig."

The mistletoe-bough, with its yellowish green leaves and clear white berries, is not unfrequently to be met with in the winter woods, or on the trees of gardens or orchards in the south of England. It is found growing on many different trees, but is more common on the apple than any other, and very rarely to be found on the oak. Ray mentions the oak, hazel, and apple as the trees on which this parasite chiefly fixes; but adds that it may be found also on the pear, hawthorn, common maple, ash, lime, elm, and service-tree. Sir William Hooker and Dr. Arnott mention that it occurs in Gloucestershire on the common maple, and in Bedfordshire on lime-trees and locust-trees. It also grows on cherry laurels in gardens. Mr. Dovaston planted the mistletoe on twenty-three trees, but most of the young plants died early, particularly when planted on the gum-bearing trees, thriving well only on the oak, the apple, and the hawthorn-trees. Some poplar and lime-trees, however, in Surrey, have been completely destroyed by mistletoe growing upon them. Mr. Dovaston remarks that he never saw the mistletoe growing well on the oak but once, and that was in Anglesey, in the park of Lord Uxbridge, hanging—singularly enough—almost over a grand Druidical cromlech. The Society of Arts, having some years ago offered a premium for the discovery of mistletoe on the oak, had a specimen sent to them from an oak in Gloucestershire; and Mr. Jesse mentions having received a piece of mistletoe from an oak near Godalming, in Surrey.

The mistletoe is a true parasite, for no one has ever yet succeeded in making it take root in the earth. Mosses and lichens are often popularly called parasites; but in reality they are nourished by the moisture of the air, or by the soil lying in the crevices of the bark. But the mistletoe inserts its roots into the very substance of living vegetables, and the experiments made on it confirm the opinion derived from observation, that the tendency of a root is always towards the centre of the object on which it grows, and that the young shoots invariably take the opposite direction. Dr. Darwin ingeniously accounted for this on the principle that the leaf-bud was stimulated by air, and the roots by moisture, and that, therefore, each elongates itself where it is most excited. If the berries of the mistletoe, when fully ripe, are pressed and rubbed on the smooth bark of almost any tree, they will adhere closely, producing plants

the following winter, and the roots will be seen striking inwards to the centre of the branch.

Pliny tells us of many superstitions concerning the holly, saying, in the words of his translator, "As touching the holly, or hulver-tree, if it be planted about a house, whether it be within a citie or standing in the country, it serveth for a counter-charm, and keepeth away all ill spells and enchantments." Among the other remarkable things connected with the plant, the Roman naturalist relates that its flowers cause water to freeze, and repel poison, while, if a staff of holly wood is thrown at any animal, even if it falls short of touching it, the animal will be subdued by its influence, returning and lying down by it.

The Persians still fancy that the holly-tree casts no shadow, and consider an infusion of its leaves precious enough to be applied to many sacred purposes. They also sprinkle them on the faces of new-born infants.

The custom of decking houses and churches with holly-boughs, is one of great antiquity, being derived, most probably, from the Roman practice of sending branches of trees to friends during the festival of the Saturnalia. In many instances, customs of this kind were gradually adopted by the early Christians, and linked into their faith. Houses and temples were then decorated with holly, and Christmas-eve was marked in the Calendar as "Churches are decked."

The holly was formerly called holme, and hulver, or hulvere. The word holly is a corruption of holy-tree, the name given to it by the monks on account of its old use of decking churches. The plant is still called holme in Devonshire, while in Norfolk it is called hulver, a name as old as Chaucer's poems, and doubtless much older:

The herbere was full of flowers gende,  
Into the which as I beholde 'gan  
Betwixt an hulvere and a woodbende,  
As I was ware, I saw where lay a man.

Skinner suggests that this name is either from the English word "hold" and the Anglo-Saxon "fear long," a plant lasting long, or from "hold fair," because it keeps its beauty all the year. The holly is called in French, le houx; in German, the stechpalme; in Italian, the agri-foglio, and in Spanish, the acebo; the two last and the Latin specific name, aquifolium, signifying needle-leaved.

The holly is a native of the woods and forests of Britain. The numerous varieties of gold and silver, blotched, whole, notched, sawlike, hairy, bristly, broad, narrow, and thick-leaved, and yellow-berried, are beautifully ornamental, especially in winter, when a large holly-tree covered with a profusion of bright scarlet berries is certainly the queen of the woodland.

Holly has always been used for making fences, for, besides being ornamental, it is more durable than any other tree for the purpose. A hedge of holly will attain the height of sixteen feet in about twenty years. In Bretagne, holly-trees are often to be seen fifty feet in height,

and Bradley records that some of those at the Holly-walk, near Frensham, in Surrey, have attained the height of even sixty feet; while old hollies, thirty or forty feet high, with very large trunks, are to be found in various parts of this country. In the woods of Dumbartonshire there are trees more than thirty feet high, and the holly-trees of Needwood Forest, in Staffordshire, have long been renowned for size and beauty. Evelyn's holly-hedge at Say's Court, which the Czar of Muscovy destroyed during his temporary residence there, was a source of innocent delight to its owner, and Bishop Mant thus refers to it:

And such was once thy holly wall,  
Good Evelyn, thick, extended, tall.  
Thy hands disposed the seedlings fair;  
They throve beneath thy fostering care;  
Four hundred feet in length they throve,  
Thrice three they rose in height above,  
Glittering with arm'd and varnish'd leaves,  
Secure 'gainst weather, beasts, and thieves;  
Blushing with native coral red,  
Refreshment and delight they shed.

Beautiful holly-hedges yet remain, which might vie with this renowned one. At Tymington, in Scotland, the seat of the Earl of Haddington, there is a holly-hedge a hundred and thirty years old, two thousand nine hundred and fifty-two yards in length, varying from ten to twenty-five feet in height, with a base from nine to thirteen feet broad. The holly will thrive in places where the bleak winds would destroy every other tree. And many a hardy holly is scattered over moorlands such as Dartmoor, or some bleak Highland hill, where human hand could never have planted it, and serves as a beacon to the mariner at sea or the traveller over pathless wilds. On the lofty cliffs near the old Castle of Dover, and in the graveyard of the church where our forefathers worshipped when the Gospel was first brought to Britain, a holly-tree has been planted in memory of the Iron Duke. And long after the generation who placed it there are laid beneath the sod, the tree will probably survive in all its greenness, though on that bleak spot scarcely any other tree could brave the storms coming with the winter from land and sea. The abundant growth of holly has given the name of Holme Chase to a part of Dartmoor, and to Holnwood, near Dorking.

Holly sticks are used for whip handles, and this use seems very ancient, for an old writer says:

They their holly whips have braced;  
and far earlier we find Chaucer referring to

The bilder oke, and eke the hardie ashe,  
The box, pipetre, the holme to whippes lash.

Sheep browse on the leaves of the holly, and Linnæus explained the fact of the lower branches bearing thorny leaves, and the upper branches bearing smooth leaves, by supposing that the thorns were the tree's natural protection from cattle. Southey has repeated this error in verse:

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen,

No grazing cattle through their prickly round  
Can reach to wound;  
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

Now, the true and simple explanation of this fact is, that the holly leaves acquire their thorns only with age, and the topmost branches are thornless merely because they are in their infancy.

### THE TATTLESNIVEL BLEATER.

THE pen is taken in hand on the present occasion, by a private individual (not wholly unaccustomed to literary composition), for the exposure of a conspiracy of a most frightful nature; a conspiracy which, like the deadly Upas-tree of Java, on which the individual produced a poem in his earlier youth (not wholly devoid of length), which was so flatteringly received (in circles not wholly unaccustomed to form critical opinions), that he was recommended to publish it, and would certainly have carried out the suggestion, but for private considerations (not wholly unconnected with expense.)

The individual who undertakes the exposure of the gigantic conspiracy now to be laid bare in all its hideous deformity, is an inhabitant of the town of Tattlesnivell—a lowly inhabitant, it may be, but one who, as an Englishman and a man, will ne'er abase his eye before the gaudy and the mocking throng.

Tattlesnivell stoops to demand no championship from her sons. On an occasion in History, our bluff British monarch, our Eighth Royal Harry, almost went there. And long ere the periodical in which this exposure will appear, had sprung into being, Tattlesnivell had unfurled that standard which yet waves upon her battlements. The standard alluded to, is *THE TATTLESNIVEL BLEATER*, containing the latest intelligence, and state of markets, down to the hour of going to press, and presenting a favourable local medium for advertisers, on a graduated scale of charges, considerably diminishing in proportion to the guaranteed number of insertions.

It were bootless to expatiate on the host of talent engaged in formidable phalanx to do fealty to the Bleater. Suffice it to select, for present purposes, one of the most gifted and (but for the wide and deep ramifications of an un-English conspiracy), most rising, of the men who are bold Albion's pride. It were needless, after this preamble, to point the finger more directly at the LONDON CORRESPONDENT OF THE TATTLESNIVEL BLEATER.

On the weekly letters of that Correspondent, on the flexibility of their English, on the boldness of their grammar, on the originality of their quotations (never to be found as they are printed, in any book existing), on the priority of their information, on their intimate acquaintance with the secret thoughts and unexecuted intentions of men, it would ill become the humble Tattlesnivellian who traces these words, to dwell.

They are graven in the memory; they are on the Bleater's file. Let them be referred to.

But, from the infamous, the dark, the subtle conspiracy which spreads its baleful roots throughout the land, and of which the Bleater's London Correspondent is the one sole subject, it is the purpose of the lowly Tattlesnivellian who undertakes this revelation, to tear the veil. Nor will he shrink from his self-imposed labour, Herculean though it be.

The conspiracy begins in the very Palace of the Sovereign Lady of our Ocean Isle. Leal and loyal as it is the proud vaunt of the Bleater's readers, one and all, to be, the inhabitant who pens this exposure does not personally impeach, either her Majesty the queen, or the illustrious Prince Consort. But, some silken-clad smoothers, some purple parasites, some fawners in frippery, some greedy and begartered ones in gorgeous garments, he does impeach—ay, and wrathfully! Is it asked on what grounds? They shall be stated.

The Bleater's London Correspondent, in the prosecution of his important inquiries, goes down to Windsor, sends in his card, has a confidential interview with her Majesty and the illustrious Prince Consort. For a time, the restraints of Royalty are thrown aside in the cheerful conversation of the Bleater's London Correspondent, in his fund of information, in his flow of anecdote, in the atmosphere of his genius; Her Majesty brightens, the illustrious Prince Consort thaws, the cares of State and the conflicts of Party are forgotten, lunch is proposed. Over that unassuming and domestic table, Her Majesty communicates to the Bleater's London Correspondent that it is her intention to send his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to inspect the top of the Great Pyramid—thinking it likely to improve his acquaintance with the views of the people. Her Majesty further communicates that she has made up her royal mind (and that the Prince Consort has made up his illustrious mind) to the bestowal of the vacant Garter, let us say on Mr. Roebuck. The younger Royal children having been introduced at the request of the Bleater's London Correspondent, and having been by him closely observed to present the usual external indications of good health, the happy knot is severed, with a sigh the Royal bow is once more strung to its full tension, the Bleater's London Correspondent returns to London, writes his letter, and tells the Tattlesnivell Bleater what he knows. All Tattlesnivell reads it, and knows that he knows it. But, *does* his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ultimately go to the top of the Great Pyramid? *Does* Mr. Roebuck ultimately get the Garter? No. Are the younger Royal children even ultimately found to be well? On the contrary, they have—and on that very day had—the measles. Why is this? *Because the conspirators against the Bleater's London Correspondent have stepped in with their dark machinations.* Because Her Majesty and the Prince Consort are artfully induced to change their minds, from north to south, from east to west, immediately after it is known to the conspirators that they

have put themselves in communication with the Bleater's London Correspondent. It is now indignantly demanded, by whom are they so tampered with? It is now indignantly demanded, who took the responsibility of concealing the indisposition of those Royal children from their Royal and Illustrious parents, and of bringing them down from their beds, disguised, expressly to confound the London Correspondent of the Tattlesnive! Bleater? Who are those persons, it is again asked? Let not rank and favour protect them. Let the traitors be exhibited in the face of day!

Lord John Russell is in this conspiracy. Tell us not that his Lordship is a man of too much spirit and honour. Denunciation is hurled against him. The proof? The proof is here.

The Time is panting for an answer to the question, Will Lord John Russell consent to take office under Lord Palmerston? Good. The London Correspondent of the Tattlesnive! Bleater is in the act of writing his weekly letter, finds himself rather at a loss to settle this question finally, leaves off, puts his hat on, goes down to the lobby of the House of Commons, sends in for Lord John Russell, and has him out. He draws his arm through his Lordship's, takes him aside, and says, "John, will you ever accept office under Palmerston?" His Lordship replies, "I will not." The Bleater's London Correspondent retorts, with the caution such a man is bound to use, "John, think again; say nothing to me rashly; is there any temper here?" His Lordship replies, calmly, "None whatever." After giving him time for reflection, the Bleater's London Correspondent says, "Once more, John, let me put a question to you. Will you ever accept office under Palmerston?" His Lordship answers (note the exact expressions), "Nothing shall induce me, ever to accept a seat in a Cabinet of which Palmerston is the Chief." They part, the London Correspondent of the Tattlesnive! Bleater finishes his letter, and—always being withheld by motives of delicacy, from plainly divulging his means of getting accurate information on every subject, at first hand—puts in it, this passage: "Lord John Russell is spoken of, by blunderers, for Foreign Affairs; but I have the best reasons for assuring your readers, that" (giving prominence to the exact expressions, it will be observed) "NOTHING WILL EVER INDUCE HIM, TO ACCEPT A SEAT IN A CABINET OF WHICH PALMERSTON IS THE CHIEF." On this you may implicitly rely." What happens? On the very day of the publication of that number of the Bleater—the malignity of the conspirators being even manifested in the selection of the day—Lord John Russell takes the Foreign Office! Comment were superfluous.

The people of Tattlesnive! will be told, have been told, that Lord John Russell is a man of his word. He may be, on some occasions; but, when overshadowed by this dark and enormous growth of conspiracy, Tattlesnive! knows him to be otherwise. "I happen to be certain, deriving my information from a source which cannot be doubted to be authentic," wrote the

London Correspondent of the Bleater, within the last year, "that Lord John Russell bitterly regrets having made that explicit speech of last Monday." These are not roundabout phrases; these are plain words. What does Lord John Russell (apparently by accident), within eight-and-forty hours after their diffusion over the civilised globe? Rises in his place in Parliament, and unblushingly declares that if the occasion could arise five hundred times, for his making that very speech, he would make it five hundred times! Is there no conspiracy here? And is this combination against one who would be always right if he were not proved always wrong, to be endured in a country that boasts of its freedom and its fairness?

But, the Tattlesnive!ian who now raises his voice against intolerable oppression, may be told that, after all, this is a political conspiracy. He may be told, forsooth, that MR. DISRAELI's being in it, that LORD DERBY's being in it, that MR. BRIGHT's being in it, that every Home, Foreign, and Colonial Secretary's being in it, that every ministry's and every opposition's being in it, are but proofs that men will do in politics what they would do in nothing else. Is this the plea? If so, the rejoinder is, that the mighty conspiracy includes the whole circle of Artists of all kinds, and comprehends all degrees of men, down to the worst criminal and the hangman who ends his career. For, all these are intimately known to the London Correspondent of the Tattlesnive! Bleater, and all these deceive him.

Sir, put it to the proof. There is the Bleater on the file—documentary evidence. Weeks, months, before the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, the Bleater's London Correspondent knows the subjects of all the leading pictures knows what the painters first meant to do, knows what they afterwards substituted for what they first meant to do, knows what they ought to do and won't do, knows what they ought not to do and will do, knows to a letter from whom they have commissions, knows to a shilling how much they are to be paid. Now, no sooner is each studio clear of the remarkable man to whom each studio-occupant has revealed himself as he does not reveal himself to his nearest and dearest bosom friend, than conspiracy and fraud begin. Alfred the Great becomes the Fairy Queen; Moses viewing the Promised Land, turns out to be Moses going to the Fair; Portrait of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, is transformed, as if by irreverent enchantment of the dissenting interest, into A Favourite Terrier, or Cattle Grazing; and the most extraordinary work of art in the list described by the Bleater, is coolly sponged out altogether, and asserted never to have had existence at all, even in the most shadowy thoughts of its executant! This is vile enough, but this is not all. Picture-buyers then come forth from their secret positions, and creep into their places in the assassin-multitude of conspirators. MR. BARING, after expressly telling the Bleater's London Correspondent that he had bought No. 39 for one thousand guineas, gives it up to

somebody unknown for a couple of hundred pounds; THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE pretends to have no knowledge whatever of the commissions to which the London Correspondent of the Bleater swore him, but allows a Railway Contractor to cut him out for half the money. Similar examples might be multiplied. Shame, shame, on these men! Is this England?

Sir, look again at Literature. The Bleater's London Correspondent is not merely acquainted with all the eminent writers, but is in possession of the secrets of their souls. He is versed in their hidden meanings and references, sees their manuscripts before publication, and knows the subjects and titles of their books when they are not begun. How dare those writers turn upon the eminent man and depart from every intention they have confided to him? How do they justify themselves in entirely altering their manuscripts, changing their titles, and abandoning their subjects? Will they deny, in the face of Tattlesnivell, that they do so? If they have such hardihood, let the file of the Bleater strike them dumb. By their fruits they shall be known. Let their works be compared with the anticipatory letters of the Bleater's London Correspondent, and their falsehood and deceit will become manifest as the sun; it will be seen that they do nothing which they stand pledged to the Bleater's London Correspondent to do; it will be seen that they are among the blackest parties in this black and base conspiracy. This will become apparent, sir, not only as to their public proceedings but as to their private affairs. The outraged Tattlesnivellian who now drags this infamous combination into the face of day, charges those literary persons with making away with their property, imposing on the Income Tax Commissioners, keeping false books, and entering into sham contracts. He accuses them on the unimpeachable faith of the London Correspondent of the Tattlesnivell Bleater. With whose evidence they will find it impossible to reconcile their own account of any transaction of their lives.

The national character is degenerating under the influence of the ramifications of this tremendous conspiracy. Forgery is committed, constantly. A person of note—any sort of person of note—dies. The Bleater's London Correspondent knows what his circumstances are, what his savings are (if any), who his creditors are, all about his children and relations, and (in general, before his body is cold) describes his will. Is that will ever proved? Never! Some other will is substituted; the real instrument, destroyed. And this (as has been before observed), is England!

Who are the workmen and artificers, enrolled upon the books of this treacherous league? From what funds are they paid, and with what ceremonies are they sworn to secrecy? Are there none such? Observe what follows. A little time ago the Bleater's London Correspondent had this passage: "Boddleboy is pianoforte playing at St. Januarius's Gallery, with pretty tolerable success! He clears three hundred pounds per

night. Not bad this!!" The builder of St. Januarius's Gallery (plunged to the throat in the conspiracy) met with this piece of news, and observed, with characteristic coarseness, "that the Bleater's London Correspondent was a Blind Ass." Being pressed by a man of spirit to give his reasons for this extraordinary statement, he declared that the Gallery, crammed to suffocation, would not hold two hundred pounds, and that its expenses were, probably, at least half what it did hold. The man of spirit (himself a Tattlesnivellian) had the Gallery measured within a week from that hour, and it would *not* hold two hundred pounds! Now, can the poorest capacity doubt that it had been altered in the mean time?

And so the conspiracy extends, through every grade of society, down to the condemned criminal in prison, the hangman, and the Ordinary. Every famous murderer within the last ten years has desecrated his last moments by falsifying his confidences imparted specially to the London Correspondent of the Tattlesnivell Bleater; on every such occasion, Mr. Calcraft has followed the degrading example; and the reverend Ordinary, forgetful of his cloth, and mindful only (it would seem, alas!) of the conspiracy, has committed himself to some account or other of the criminal's demeanour and conversation, which has been diametrically opposed to the exclusive information of the London Correspondent of the Bleater. And this (as has been before observed) is Merry England!

A man of true genius, however, is not easily defeated. The Bleater's London Correspondent, probably beginning to suspect the existence of a plot against him, has recently fallen on a new style, which, as being very difficult to countermine, may necessitate the organisation of a new conspiracy. One of his masterly letters, lately, disclosed the adoption of this style—which was remarked with profound sensation throughout Tattlesnivell—in the following passage: "Mentioning literary small talk, I may tell you that some new and extraordinary rumours are afloat concerning the conversations I have previously mentioned, alleged to have taken place in the first floor front (situated over the street door), of Mr. X. Ameter (the poet so well known to your readers), in which, X. Ameter's great uncle, his second son, his butcher, and a corpulent gentleman with one eye universally respected at Kensington, are said not to have been on the most friendly footing; I forbear, however, to pursue the subject further, this week, my informant not being able to supply me with exact particulars."

But, enough, sir. The inhabitant of Tattlesnivell who has taken pen in hand to expose this odious association of unprincipled men against a shining (local) character, turns from it with disgust and contempt. Let him in few words strip the remaining flimsy covering from the nude object of the conspirators, and his loathsome task is ended.

Sir, that object, he contends, is evidently twofold. First, to exhibit the London Correspondent

dent of the Tattlesnível Bleater in the light of a mischievous Blockhead who, by hiring himself out to tell what he cannot possibly know, is as great a public nuisance as a Blockhead in a corner can be. Second, to suggest to the men of Tattlesnível that it does not improve their town to have so much Dry Rubbish shot there.

Now, sir, on both these points Tattlesnível demands in accents of Thunder, Where is the Attorney-General? Why doesn't THE TIMES take it up? (Is the latter in the conspiracy? It never adopts his views, or quotes him, and incessantly contradicts him.) Tattlesnível, sir, remembering that our forefathers contended with the Norman at Hastings, and bled at a variety of other places that will readily occur to you, demands that its birthright shall not be bartered away for a mess of pottage. Have a care, sir, have a care! Or Tattlesnível (its idle Rifles piled in its scouted streets) may be seen ere long, advancing with its Bleater to the foot of the Throne, and demanding redress for this conspiracy, from the orb'd and seep'tred hands of Majesty itself!

#### THE POPE IN ACCOUNT.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT, in the treatise, which "authority" has deemed it advisable, as far as may be, to suppress, has asked the question, "What wrong has Pope Pius the Ninth done?" It is a question which authority might well be anxious to suppress, were we still in the days when such suppression was possible. But neither Pope, nor Emperor, censor, nor police-prefect, cau, by any utmost exertion of power or vigilance, prevent M. de Montalembert's bold challenge from ringing forth to the utmost confines of Christendom, or can hinder millions of hearts and tongues from shouting back indignant answer. But it is not so that we would propose to reply to it. A fair question, as the phrase goes, deserves a fair answer. What wrong has Pope Pius the Ninth done? Let us see whether we cannot do something towards presenting a fair and honest statement of the account current, as between the Pope and Humanity.

The Pope, observe, versus Humanity. This is the issue to be debated. For we entirely decline to permit the question to be either blinked, or confused, or narrowed by mixing it up with the comparatively insignificant, and, in truth, wholly insoluble one of the conduct of an individual man. Who, save the common Judge of Popes and peasants can know, how far the man Giovanni Mastai, who calls himself the Ninth Pius, has acted well or ill as a moral agent? He has done many acts which outrage my sense of right and justice, and that of the majority of mankind. But it is replied that he acted according to his conscience, and, in so acting, did his duty as Pope. We are perfectly ready to admit the truth of the statement. It is possible, nay, probable, that Pius the Ninth

suffers from no reproach of conscience. It is possible, that as much might be said with equal truth of a Borgia or a Medici. The fact, therefore, if it be so, is utterly irrelevant to us, however important it may be to the individual Pius. If it be so, we have to remark, as we pass to the real question, that the Pope has committed moral murder on Giovanni Mastai, for one thing. He is one and not the least pitiable victim of Papacy. So is a drummer, of the system of military flogging. But in all the controversies of which that sad system has been the subject, we do not remember in any case to have met with any strictures on the conduct of the drummer, whose hard fate it was to administer the lash. Let us assume, then, that Pius the Ninth has any amount of angelic disposition, with which the defenders of the Papal system wish to credit him. The extreme "benignity"—that is the favourite phrase—of the "Holy Father," shall be fully admitted, since his friends are so eager to assert it. But it must be remembered that the man can only be thus praised at the expense of the system. When we come to the consideration of the deeds which the Papal power in such hands has enacted, we shall be entitled to argue, that these things are the necessary and unfailing product of the system; that the inexorable system forces them on the best and on the worst administrators of it indifferently; and that, as soon as the coming moment has come, when Christendom shall have reached that point of progress at which it can no longer tolerate the evils which Popes have inflicted on it, it must and will be, not the Pope, but the Papacy that will have to be put down.

Looking at the matter from this point of view, it will be seen that the bill of wrongs suffered by humanity from the Papacy must range over a wide field. The spiritual and the temporal power of the Pope have each in their due degree worked evil to mankind. And though, for reasons to be presently adduced, the writer of these lines does not admit the complete divisibility of these two fields of operation, we will first give a glance to the least complex and most universally understood portion of the subject. And we will understand the terms "temporal power" and "spiritual power" in their usual acceptation; merely remarking, as we pass, that the latter phrase is in truth only a specimen of that sort of professional or official slang which the gradual severance of pretension from fact gathers around many departments of human life. In reality, the Pope has no spiritual power whatever. Spiritual power is the power of spirit over spirit. If spirit by means of the eloquence of your tongue, or the flash of your eye, can persuade, awe, or subjugate my spirit, that is spiritual power. But it is many an age since a Pope has exercised this power in a measure to work either weal or woe to mankind. The special "power of the keys," as it is called, and all the various modes of influencing the mind which are derived from them, are, of course, an exercise of spiritual power, as long as they do operate by influencing the mind.



But—and here, once for all, the writer begs that it may be understood that he is writing of the Papal system and its effects as seen in their own country, Italy—all this has ceased there long since to be other than a means and pretext of power purely temporal. It is not spiritual power which brings custom to the confessional-box in Italy.

Taking, then, the temporal power of the Pope, in the usual restricted meaning of the phrase, let us inquire what wrong the Pope has done as sovereign of these "ecclesiastical states," of which he is the despotic ruler.

The wrongs done daily in every branch of governmental administration in the Pope's dominion, both in accordance with bad laws, and in the teeth of law, when it so happens that the law is not bad enough for the immediate purpose in hand, are infinitely too numerous and various to be catalogued in the space we have at command. Volumes would be required, and volumes have been devoted, to the recital of them. But all these manifold wrongs may be summed up in one compendious statement of the result of them, which has the advantages of needing no acquaintance with a state of society very different from our own to make it intelligible, and of being incontrovertibly demonstrable by the clearest evidence. We say, then, that the Pope has committed the supreme wrong of so governing the millions subjected to him, that all of them, with the exception of the few who are accomplices in his malpractices and sharers in the profits they are intended to produce, are at any moment ready to run any risk of disturbance, danger to life and property, anarchy, bloodshed, in the hope of escaping from his government. In no human society, probably, since social life began, was there ever the same portentous unanimity of discontent with the ruler. And this accusation against any government is so all-embracing and final, and is so inevitably felt to be such, even by the most violent supporters of "the right divine to govern wrong," that the same ever-ready reply is always made to the charge by every government whose misrule has caused the discontent of its subjects. "The discontent is not general. The discontented are few in number, and bad in character." It is always "a handful of factious men" who make all the mischief, and prevent a well-disposed and faithful people from enjoying in peace the blessings which a paternal government would otherwise assure to them. Now, discontent may be very wide-spread, and yet it may be difficult to disprove assertions of such a character. Nations cannot easily be polled on any such question. The great bulk of mankind are ordinarily dumb, as Carlyle somewhere says, or at best but inarticulately speaking, on such topics. This is what bad governments trust to when they confidently put forward their stock answer to the accusation that they have made themselves hateful to their subjects. But the detestation felt by the subjects of the Pope for his rule is so unprecedentedly great, the cry against it so unanimous, that, although it has not availed, as

it might have been expected, to make it impossible for even sacerdotal effrontery to put forward the usual plea, it is abundantly sufficient to convince the public mind of Europe that, in this case, it amounts to a decisive and final condemnation of the ruler.

It really seems almost superfluous to adduce proof of a fact of such wide notoriety as the sentiments of the Pope's subjects towards their government. Is a French army needed in Rome to repress the sedition of "a handful of factious individuals?" Are all the other men in Rome, except this handful, so helpless, and utterly imbecile, that the Pope and cardinals themselves acknowledge that, were that army withdrawn, they must quit the city in their suite. "If you leave us, general," said a most reverend cardinal to General Guyon, "be assured that we must be off the day after." "If your eminence will permit me to offer a suggestion," is said to have been the general's reply, "it would be that you should go the day *before* we do." Is it for fear of the machinations of a "few factious reprobates" that the English in Rome are putting clauses into the leases of their apartments, providing that the departure of the French troops shall put an end to the agreement? Have we not imperial testimony (for those who think that better than any other) as to the probability of what would follow the recall of the French force?

But we have some special and very curious testimony of a kind rarely to be got at in such cases to offer to any who have been staggered in their belief respecting the nature of the relations between the Pope and his subjects, by the unblushing falsehoods on the subject put forth by Rome's defenders in this country. Most readers have heard of the little book by Massimo Azeglio, entitled *The Events of Romagna*. Though the scope and the results of the little work were of a very wide kind, it was especially suggested by a trial which took place at Ravenna, on which occasion a mass of evidence was judicially recorded and put forth at Florence by Signor A. Gennarelli, an advocate of the Roman bar. The witnesses, it will be observed, are officials of the government, and their testimony as to the number of "the few factious persons" in that part of the Ecclesiastical States is irrefragable. A "political inspector" deposes that "all the population at Ravenna is most determined in its enmity to the government." The "*political registers*," he further declares, "indicate about thirty individuals, who may be said to be well affected to the Holy See." Another witness, also an officer of political police, declares that "all the inhabitants are *Liberals*, as they call themselves." A police director testifies that the people were so hostile to the government that "the latter had become a mere name, without any moral force. Another similar official gives evidence to the effect that "three-quarters of the population are enemies of the government, of law, order, and the *gendarmes*." He adds also the very remarkable and significant information, that such persons as wished to attend

the services of the Church were obliged to do so at a very early hour of the morning; for if they did so at a time of day when their attendance was liable to be observed, they were sure to hear themselves abused as wretches and hypocrites. The object of the trial, it seems, was to bring home to certain individuals the charge of belonging to a secret society. And we have another of the government officials who, like the above mentioned, was called for the prosecution, declaring that if the government wished to lay hands on all guilty of that crime it would be necessary to arrest a large portion of the entire population. The author of the pamphlet, which has supplied us with these extracts from the judicial record of the trial, asks very pertinently whether, in a population thus described by the government officials, the "few factious individuals" were not those THIRTY PERSONS, who, according to the registers of the professional political spies—certainly the best authority on such a point—were the only faithful friends of the established government?

There is no reason whatever for imagining that any causes for this universal disaffection are operative in the city and district of Ravenna which are not equally operative in every other part of the Papal States. But we are not left to any possibility of error on this point. Has Bologna shown itself better disposed towards its "Holy Father?" Does the unanimity of the representatives of the whole of Romagna tell a different tale? If these representatives do not fairly and truly represent the sentiment of the entire lay population, where are the reclamations of those whose votes have been fraudulently suppressed? The road is freely open to Rome. The post is not tampered with by the rebels. And how welcome and how precious at Rome would be a respectably and numerous signed memorial of the unrepresented may be readily imagined. Was affection for the Pope's rule more abundant at Perugia? Did it happen there also that "a few factious persons" caused the city to rise in revolt and defend its walls against its "legitimate" sovereign? If so, Colonel Schmid and his ferocious soldiers hardly deserved decorations, promotions, and public thanks at the hands of the "benignant" Pius for the indiscriminate massacre of his faithful subjects. In Rome itself, is it the fear of a few factious men that will cause every man connected with the government to fly for his life from the well-affected city the instant they are no longer protected by foreign bayonets? Has the Papal government, then, in its vigilant disarming of the population, taken all means of defence only from its own friends, and left arms in the hands of its few factious enemies?

This universality of hatred to the Pope's rule is so conclusive a condemnation of it, and is so evidently felt to be such by the government itself, as indicated by its passionate and desperate denial of facts so notorious, that it seems almost superfluous to insist on Mortara kidnappings, or other such isolated instances of

misdoing, which especially in the shape of lay defying, political persecution, might be multiplied till nothing short of a blue-book of the biggest dimensions would contain them. But, as the recent political events in the country have abundantly shown who, and of what classes and sorts, are the Pope's enemies, it may be worth while to put on record an exceedingly curious and less known fact, which will indicate the class to which his friends belong. The circumstance to be told is so monstrous, that nothing but the unimpeachable evidence of a public judicial act would make it credible or justify the publication of it. Being of undeniable authenticity as it is, it speaks volumes as to the sort of work to be done between the Pope and his subjects, and the means so holy a father adopts for the doing of it. The colonel of the Papal gendarmerie, a post which, under such a government as that of Rome, involves more political than ordinary police duty, and the functions of which place every citizen in the state more or less immediately at the mercy of the man who holds it, is one Filippo Nardoni. This man was elevated to that position and decorated with some knightly order by Cardinal Antonelli, the present all-powerful minister. Now, this Filippo Nardoni was, under the government of the First Napoleon, in 1812, tried and condemned to the pillory and to the galleys as a thief and a forger! We are indebted for this astounding fact to Signor A. Gennarelli, who has printed in the appendix to the above-cited little book, the sentence passed on Nardoni, with the grounds of it at length, as extracted by him from the archives of the court which tried the man. The fact was first printed by Signor Gennarelli in a Roman newspaper in 1848, upon which occasion he received a message from the ex-galley slave, to the effect that the thefts for which he had been condemned were "juvenile errors, occasioned by a passion for the lottery!" Is it not fair to conclude that the work to be entrusted to such an agent was of a nature that made it difficult to find an honest man willing to undertake it.

The general moral and physical condition of the Pope's dominions is a sufficiently evident cause for the universal discontent which exists there; and is a patent and standing proof that the government which has brought a country to such a condition has done "wrong" in every department of its duty. But if a recapitulation of the wrongs specially perpetrated by the present Pope's government, and superadded to all the chronic mass of wrong that has made the Ecclesiastical States what they are, be desired, it may be found in the following extract from the work above cited. The "he" of the Italian author refers to Cardinal Antonelli, who is the minister of the acts of Pius:

"He has made laws, by comparison with which those of Draco fall to a third-rate degree of ferocity. He has created a new kind of torture. He has entrusted the police duties of the country to men who have been condemned to the galleys for life by the tribunals. He has

restored to priests all the portfolios of the ministers. He left a lay governor—a man worse than any of the prelates—in one sole province, in order to be able to say that laymen are eligible to be governors of provinces. . . . . He has caused to be shot or beheaded about five hundred men, almost all for political offences, a number greater than is than all the governments of Europe together,\* have put to death in the same time. He has so crowded the prisons with political prisoners, that the Roman medical college have on three different occasions had to represent the imminent danger of pestilence breaking out among them, on a scale to endanger the entire city. . . . He has paid many millions to an Austrian army to hold Roman provinces in subjection, and to accustom them to the spectacle of the bastonade and the gallows. He has published a law condemning the possessors of political writings of an opposition tendency to twenty years of the galleys. . . . He has sent into exile the whole of that national assembly which (in 1849) was chosen by the universal suffrage of the nation. He has instituted courts which condemn in secret, without notice given to the accused, by means of which thousands of families have been reduced to misery. . . . He has declared exiles all who, in travelling, should so much as touch Piedmontese soil."

The writer adds a number of other griefs, some of which we omit because we have already alluded to them, and many because English readers would not readily understand the nature of them without lengthy explanations. Surely the bill of wrongs is long enough!

Let us pass on to the wrongs which mankind in general, and the Ecclesiastical States in particular, have to charge against the Pope in his so-called spiritual capacity—those wrongs which result, that is to say, from the assertion of his spiritual pretensions. For the still more deadly wrongs which are done to mankind by the intrinsic nature of these pretensions belong to a larger and deeper subject.

In the first place, it is by putting forward the necessities of his spiritual position, and claims, and duties, that the existence of this so infamously exercised temporal power is defended in the face of Europe. When it is urged that the Bishop of Rome makes a very bad sovereign, Rome, and her transalpine defenders in her behalf, reply that in any case the sovereignty of Rome's bishop is absolutely necessary to enable him to perform efficiently his duties as supreme head of the Catholic Church. "I cannot," the Pope declares, "act as Bishop of the universal Church to good purpose, unless I am king. If I am not a monarch, I must be a subject; and if I am a subject, my sovereign may prevent me from acting in various circumstances in such a manner as my universal cure of souls would

require of me." And this argument in favour of the Pope's temporal power has been urged so absolutely by his defenders, especially in France, as to amount to maintaining that, even though the Pope should govern his states badly, it is necessary that he should have subjects for the sake of the higher and wider interests of his pontifical duties. The temporal interests of the Pope's subjects must be made a sacrifice to the spiritual interests of the Catholic world. So strongly and avowedly has this ground been taken by some defenders of the Papacy, that it has been implied, if not said, "The Pope's subjects, it must be admitted, are, to a certain degree, victims to the spiritual necessities of the Catholic world. Let us reduce the evil to a minimum. The Pope must be a sovereign. But let us make his sovereignty as small as may be.

Now, before stating our own notions with regard to the position thus taken up, we will give the reply which is made to it by the parties most interested, the Pope's subjects themselves. The Italians in general are not good Catholics. The most religious Catholics in Italy are to be found, despite the quarrels and influences of statesmen, in Piedmont. Savoy is more Catholic still. In France, such portion of the population as is Catholic at all is yet more earnest in its faith. And the most truly religious Catholics in Europe are probably to be found among ourselves. Catholic devotion thrives in proportion to its remoteness from the head-quarters of its Church. The satire expressed in the old popular saying, "The nearer to Church, the further from God," is entirely applicable to the religious influence exercised by the Roman Pontiff. Thus, in the Roman States men are, to say the truth, very bad Catholics indeed. And the genuine answer of their hearts to the above proposal of making them victims to the religious welfare of Europe (veil it under decorous euphonisms as they may) is, that they wholly decline any such position, however glorious; that, in fact, as compared with their own national well-being, they care not a rush for the necessities of the Pope's spiritual office. However shocking, however sad this may seem to truly religious Catholics, however much even the Italians themselves might object to the statement being made thus crudely on their behalf, it may be believed that it truly represents the feeling of the great majority of the men of Central Italy. And if to many a truly religious mind, such a spiritual condition of a people as seems implied by the above assertion appears deeply to be lamented, it may be observed, in passing, that this is one of those deeper wrongs, against humanity, for which the Papacy is responsible; but which, want of present space, as well as a consciousness of the polemical nature of the subject, have led us to exclude from consideration in this article.

But the line of reply to the asserted necessity of the Pope's temporal sovereignty, which appears suggested by a consideration of the wrongs done by him, would lead us to admit at once,

\* The author adds a foot-note, to explain that, although the arrests and imprisonments in Naples were far more numerous, for absolute bloodshed, the Vicar of Christ is far ahead of any competitor.

that this sovereignty is necessary to that so-called spiritual function, which it is sought to maintain for him. Those who dispute this, and maintain that a non-sovereign pontiff might far more efficaciously than a temporal prince exercise all the functions of a universal bishop, may be divided into real enemies of the Papacy altogether, who think it wise policy to mask their attacks under this pretence; and such pious Catholics as look to the possibility of a real and true head of their Church, exercising only really and truly spiritual functions. Now we would take our place from the stand-point of these latter. Of course a Protestant thinks that the Pope, and his power, and his doctrines, are pernicious altogether, and argues the matter with a view to the total sweeping away with the whole of them. But it is not fair to look at the matter from this point of view in a statement of the case that purposely avoids the theological part of the subject. To the serious Catholic, therefore, who pictures to himself a pontiff unhampered by state affairs and temporal considerations, exercising the functions of a universal overseer of souls in apostolic fashion, we would reply that such functions are not those which the present defenders of the Papacy are anxious to preserve. The despots of Europe, who prop the Pope's temporal power, require in return for their support a quite other use of his spiritual pretensions. And one of the greatest "wrongs" of which the Pope has been and is daily guilty, is the prostitution and degradation of what should be a spiritual power into a mere sham-spiritual exercise of influence for the behoof of monarchs, who, in return, guarantee him the principality he could not hold a day without their aid. A sovereign position is necessary for the commander-in-chief of an army spread over the face of Europe, and everywhere engaged in giving that support to despotism, which is paid for no otherwise than by affording the material support of the secular arm to the Pope's despotism at home. Let the Pope become a simple bishop, however universal, and the whole of this mutual support system falls to the ground. Well may the potentates, who are interested in the preservation of their hierarchical allies, and who read the signs of the times more sagaciously than they do, implore the Pope to "reform" matters to such a degree as to render the duration of him and of their dealings with him possible. They can read the signs of the times, but are ignorant of the degree of the rottenness, which makes reform impossible to the Pope. He is less aware of the impossibility of existing as he is, but knows full well that such putting of new wine into old bottles, as is recommended to him, would shatter them to pieces. The birthright of the Pope was, from a pious Catholic point of view, indeed a glorious one; but he has long since sold it for a mess of Mammon's potage. And now, though, after the usual fashion of devil's bargains, the potage be taken away from him, the birthright will assuredly not be given back by those who bought it.

Of the deplorable spiritual evils which the

Pope has caused in Europe generally, and in Italy especially, by turning his bishopric into a temporal despotism, very much might be said. But it would lead us to trench on that theological ground, which we have deemed it best to avoid.

As the sum total, therefore, of the long bill of wrong done by the Pope, which M. de Montalembert has asked for, it may be said, that he has so degraded his episcopacy by the abominations of an imbecile and unprincipled temporal despotism, that it is no longer capable of doing aught but injury to the faith it should teach and protect; and that the special vices of unfaithful sacerdotalism have rendered his temporal government a scandal to Europe, and an utterly intolerable burden to the victims of it.

These, M. de Montalembert, are the wrongs which Pope Pius the Ninth has done.

#### OUR EYE-WITNESS IN BAKER-STREET.

THIS is decidedly a world of phases, and assuredly a bovine phase is on your Eye-witness. It was only the other day that his destiny mixed him up with the Performing Bull, and now he finds himself in the Cattle Show, and in a perfect atmosphere of Bulls. There must be something Zodiacal in this stroke of Fate. Taurus must have broken into the house of Aries in the twelfth month; or Capricornus has been getting the upper hand; or it is all Gemini—in a word, the attention of scientific persons and those learned in horoscopes is invited.

Treating of Fate and Destiny. It has been the unfortunate Destiny of the Eye-Witness to discover that one of the stories related when he was with "certain Story Tellers," as set forth at page 154 of this journal, is to be found in its integrity in a collection of tales published, some years ago, by MR. ALBERT SMITH, in a volume called *The Wassail Bowl*. For Mr. Albert Smith, the writer has a high personal as well as public esteem; and if he had recognised the story as originally that gentleman's, he would have explained that his reference was, to the manner of the telling, and not the matter. It was so (he may now remark), both in this case, and in that of the story which preceded it—also the work of an excellent writer—a noble French tale, the original of which is known to a large number of readers, and widely admired.

With every year of the world's advance the popularity of the Cattle Show—that Walhalla of the British agriculturist—seems to become greater. Every year shows more commotion in Baker-street. Every year, the crowd increases. Every year, the annual fillip is administered to Madame Tussaud, or her heirs, assignees, and executors, with a more stinging energy; and with every year the visitor to the Cattle Show is addressed by a longer row of newspaper advertisements, and is expected to plunge deeper into London amusement, and that headlong dissipation in which, during this frantic week, it is

the wont of the agriculturist to indulge. What is he not expected to do? It is distinctly intimated in the public prints, that it will be taken ill of him if he does not dine at Judkin's Castigation Tavern, that he must sup at Rarebit's, and hear the celebrated comic singer Sam Slivins. Then again, while music is on the tapis, it may be mentioned that his visit to the Cattle Show will be incomplete and ineffective, unless he listens to the inspiring strains of the "Rifleman's March." The Great Globe in Leicester-square is kept open throughout the year on his account. The Sydenham trousers is on the lookout, and with its eye (if the expression may be allowed) upon his stalwart leg, yawns expectant. The Talking Fish has come back from a tour in the provinces, solely on his account, and, on his account, has learnt a variety of new tricks, "which," says the advertisement, with much dry humour, "must be seen to be believed," as indeed they must. Then, what lures and snares are laid out for him in the building itself in which he stands; what doors (besides those of Madame Tussaud, about whom more hereafter), what doors of communication open invitingly into departments where he can buy furniture with which to madden the souls of the neighbouring farmers, or a brougham for his wife, wherewith to bring to a crisis that apoplexy which has long threatened to explode in the system of Mrs. Dumpy, the wife of the senior partner in Dumpy and Level's, the land surveyor's. In short, the commercial world is on the alert to captivate the British agriculturist, and from a "Magic horse-taming nose pincher"—which sounds like something very dreadful indeed—to a "Rifleman's registered knee-capper"—which sounds even more horrible still—all his wants are provided for.

The wants of the animals are also all provided for. There is plenty of straw for the prize ox to sink upon when he can sustain the weight of his own fat no longer; there are pens in which the sheep can stand trembling and panting with plethora, and the sides of which prop them up perfectly when they require support; and there are capital make-shift sties, in which the pigs, who have never gone through the form of attempting to stand, or to open their eyes, lie upon their sides, suffocating, before the satisfied eye of the visitor to the Cattle Show.

The cultivation of a high caste and breed in cattle, and the exhibition of specimens which have attained to great perfection in their different classes, are things against which no person in his senses could take exception, and there is, happily, no doubt whatever that these things are infinitely more the object of the annual show in Baker-street than they used to be. Still, there is, in this respect, much yet to be desired, and there remains an insensate emulation in the matter of developing more fat, which is as stupid as it is cruel. The white heifer, to which on the occasion of the recent Cattle Show the gold medal was awarded, would have been a beautiful and stately creature but for the

folly which had induced those to whom she belonged, to feed her up till she was, in spite of her beautiful breeding and naturally good form, a ridiculous and distressing object to contemplate. Indeed, the poor beast had sunk down upon the straw unable to sustain any longer the weight of that monstrous and exaggerated mass of fat, with which it had been for so many months the object of her proprietor to disfigure her fair proportions. It was impossible to see this really beautiful creature without admiring—not what she was, but what she might have been.

The prize heifer was unhappily not an isolated instance of this cruel and foolish system of over-feeding. The prize ox being possessed of greater strength than the successful female candidate, was able to stand erect in spite of his weight, but he was obliged to balance himself very artfully, and to spread what remained of his legs, very wide apart, in order to do so; while the sheep, burdened with their thick wool as well as the ponderous results of their recent diet, were for the most part to be found panting and heaving in their pens, and waiting for the merciful knife.

But there is in the collection in Baker-street one Department far more horrible than the rest; one class of animals more cruelly dealt with, and whose sufferings are more obvious and more distressing to witness than any which have been hitherto mentioned. It is difficult to awaken compassion, or to enlist sympathy for the sorrows of a pig, and the present writer has as keen a dislike as most persons to some of the manners and customs of the Porcine group. Yet your Eye-witness is willing frankly to admit that he has been on really intimate terms of friendship with only one individual of this tribe. He was an uncommonly pleasant fellow, who would hasten to meet your Eye-witness when that modest person entered his sty, and would manifest his affection by running in and out between the E.-W.'s legs, and butting against those limbs with his nose in a most affecting manner, uttering at the same time a succession of oily grunts calculated to touch any heart of large and extended sympathies. In a word, he was an urbane and gentlemanly pig.

Let the reader remember that the pig is an intellectual animal, capable of learning tricks, and executing wonders with cards, which throw the deeds of our friends the Performing Bull and the Talking Fish into the shade. Let him remember that the greediness of this animal which is objected to by some, is cultivated by all who approach it; that he is solicited to eat, by those who surround him, in a cruel and degrading manner; finally, that he is not always possessed of the corpulent presence and the laziness which we in this country associate with him, the Italian pig being a lean and long-legged animal, extremely active and of abstemious habits to a fault. Let no person be ungrateful enough to disparage the animal but for whose existence we should be ignorant of the flavour of broiled ham. Let us never forget, too, from

what materials he makes it, what a great chemist he must be to produce such admirable results out of the diet on which he is too often kept. A pig should be looked on as a living laboratory for the conversion of refuse and garbage of every sort and kind, into toothsome and agreeable nutriment—a sort of pork-works, in short. There is one charge which is too often brought against these nice and clever creatures which it is desirable to combat at once; it is the accusation of obstinacy. "Them's a difficult animal to drive, when there's many of 'em, is a pig—very," says the Hampshire drover, and no person who has ever seen a pig or pigs going to, or from market, will be disposed to deny the assertion. But, whence does this difficulty in the conduct of these animals arise? Simply, the writer contends, from their intellectual qualities. The pig is perpetually consumed with a burning thirst for information, and with a curiosity which it may be freely owned verges on the morbid. What turning does he come to, which he does not wish to avail himself of? What road, what lane, what footpath, that he does not desire to explore? What object does he pass on the way, which he does not turn to examine and to note in all its aspects? Observe, too, his activity in this pursuit of knowledge. He is from one side of the road to the other in no time; he runs ahead—nay, he is ready, suddenly giving his unintellectual drivers the slip, to run back any distance—that he may re-investigate such matters as he may have passed with too little notice, or may have examined in too cursory a manner to satisfy his inquiring mind.

Your Eye-witness was shocked, consequently, when, on approaching that portion of the building in Baker-street in which his favourites were confined, he perceived the wretched discomfort and misery of their condition. To the best of his recollection there was not one single instance in which a pig was to be found who was able to stand, or to give any sign of life beyond a feeble squeak in moments of a nearer approach to suffocation than usual. They had, none of them, any eyes; and the rolls of fat, which looked like monster jam-puddings without any jam in them, lay over every part of their naturally intelligent faces except the extreme tip of the snout, which worked convulsively in their ineffectual efforts to breathe. The E.-W. has no remembrance of a single tail being visible in the whole collection, but he will swear to the hoofs which grew immediately out of the stomachs of the animals; the usual connecting link of a leg being unable to assert itself. Your Eye-witness would have thought that there was not energy enough left in any one of these afflicted creatures to enable him to burst, but that later in the day (when in a remote part of the building) he heard an explosive sound, accompanied by a yell, which caused him to change his opinion. "Un mortel expire," said the French poet, when he saw a falling star—and an uncommonly safe remark it was. "A pig explodes," said the Eye-witness, when he heard

the sound just mentioned, and he thinks the one aphorism, on the whole, quite equal in sagacity to the other.

One word more, in seriousness. Let it be understood, once and for all, that the successful breeding and culture of an animal consists in bringing it as near as possible to the standard of symmetry established as the beau ideal of the class to which it belongs. This should be the canon of the Cattle Show; this the object of the breeder; this the point looked to by the judges. Were it so, now, and were the hideous disfigurement of an animal by morbid growths of fat, a disqualification instead of a recommendation, then would this yearly show be a really interesting and important exhibition. The popularity of the Cattle Show as it at present exists—but not as it might be—is little calculated to correct the too general foreign conception of our national prejudice; and it is a wonderful and distressing thing to think in how many respects this nation lays itself open to ridicule in the eyes of those who are ever awake to detect every one of our weaker insularities.

There were many curious things observable at the Cattle Show; but, among them all, perhaps nothing more remarkable than a general tendency on everybody's part to poke, probe, and pinch, with the finger and thumb, the fat, bones, and muscles of the different animals exhibited. With the leading favourites, such as those which had won medals and pecuniary prizes, or which being more especially disfigured than the others were labelled as being "highly commended by the judges"—round all these there was such a crowd of excited amateurs engaged in this process of percussion, that it became quite difficult to assert a hand anywhere, and in the case of the prize ox, there was no getting so much as a knuckle near, for love or money. Stalwart prize farmers, who had once got within probing distance of this unhappy beast, took care to keep their position when they had got it, and to make good use of it, too, digging him in the ribs, going down on their knees to probe him in the stomach, getting in front of him to punch his head, and generally acting in a manner which, if the theory of pummelling rump-steaks be a good one, was calculated to make this the tenderest animal ever slain. The persistency of these honest personages was not wholly unattended with danger, inasmuch as men of powerful frames, prevented from approaching the object of all this attention, would, from distant parts of the building, make maniacal thrusts with their fists at the animal's sides, which, missing their mark, would sometimes light upon the well-clothed ribs of those who had secured the front places, and who—such was the enthusiasm and excitement of the time—seemed wholly unconscious of these desperate and painful assaults. The force of example is very great, and the Eye-witness, getting into this crowd, was so hustled about, that he at last found himself flung—with force—against the prize ox itself; he is thus in a position to



state, on the evidence of an imbedded elbow, that the flesh of that eminent character was of a firm and elastic type, and strongly suggestive of india-rubber.

Nor was this punching mania—which was indulged in by all classes, and sometimes by obvious town-bred persons who would not know a heifer from a hog—the only remarkable thing connected with visitors to the Cattle Show, observed by your Eye-witness. Were there not present the wives and children of competing farmers, and had they not, some of them, taken up their quarters near to *their* especial sheep or ox, believing in it, and thinking it ought to have had the prize, just as the E.-W. has seen the families of artists encamped near *their* picture at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, watching its effect on the public, and wondering that anything else in the place was looked at for a moment?

While on the subject of artists, it may be mentioned that this class of persons is represented at the Cattle Show by the most singular and uncomfortable set of men that your Eye-witness ever beheld. Your cattle painter combines with the appearance of an ordinary sign-board artist, a strong flavour of the drover and the horse-dealer. He has also mysterious ways of following his profession: being able—while holding his canvas in one of his hands—to paint in oils with the other, from an animal which is so surrounded by the crowd that he never sees it. He is also much jogged as to the elbows, and generally hustled by the mob. Yet he is indifferent to these things, and progresses none the worse for them; producing a work of art which, though remotely suggestive—the prize ox being this year a mahogany coloured ox—of a chest of drawers, placed in a colic-green meadow to season, is yet very attractive to a nation as fond of cattle-pictures as ours. The nation, in this case, however, does not purchase, but confines itself to admiring (and hustling) the artist, till he is at last obliged to hold on to the stall of the ox in order to keep himself in the building at all. Yet even with this additional claim upon his hands, he manages to paint away at the chest of drawers, availing himself of the knocks upon the elbow which he receives for accidental touches which are very effective. The amateurs do not (as has just been said) purchase, and later in the day your Eye-witness came upon a little knot of these cattle-painters seated in speechless misery, in a very dark place, looking at their own works. Every one of them had two pictures in each of his hands, and one invariably held between the knees, and as all their lips were moving, without any sound issuing from them, the E.-W. could only conclude that these neglected men were engaged in selling their own works to themselves at an imaginary auction, and were whispering ima-

ginary biddings on a scale of awful and unheard-of magnificence.

There is something in the failure of a work of art—however bad it may be—which is always affecting, and the Eye-witness was touched by the unsuccessful efforts of these unfortunate gentlemen, as much as he was by the evident disappointment of a certain lonely and inflated sheep which was secreted under a flight of steps, and which was being furtively fed by its proprietor with slices of fattening food, as if, even now, there were a chance of getting the poor animal into such condition as might cause its merits to be recognised. That sheep had doubtless been expected to do great things. Is this the only instance of a home prodigy which when sent out into the world and tried by the terrible test of comparison is found to be “nowhere” in the race?

Of such failures in the competition there was a numerous herd, and they all appeared to your Eye-witness to wear an injured look, laying their heads together, and secretly disparaging their more successful rivals: while one abnormal ox whose owner was seated on the edge of his pen, evinced the morbid excess to which his appetite had been cultivated by eating the coat-tails of his master as they hung over the side of the stall.

Your Eye-witness, becoming anxious to change the scene, is thinking of the open air with feelings more keenly sharpened to appreciate that luxury by the somewhat tallowy smell emitted by the Cattle Show generally—when he happens to observe, in a corner of the building, a door leading to an obscure passage, dimly lighted with gas. One glance at the inscription over the door is enough for him. He plunges through it, pays his shilling with a free hand, hears a faint tinkling of music, stumbles up a staircase, the music becomes louder—another door opens, the music becomes deafening—and the E.-W. emerges into a gorgeous apartment of vast size, and with the oddest looking people, in the oddest looking dresses, and in the strangest attitudes, standing round about it. Of whom, more, next time.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

### XIII.

HALF an hour later, I was back at the house, and was informing Miss Halcombe of all that had happened.

She listened to me from beginning to end, with a steady, silent attention, which, in a woman of her temperament and disposition, was the strongest proof that could be offered of the serious manner in which my narrative affected her.

"My mind misgives me," was all she said when I had done. "My mind misgives me sadly about the future."

"The future may depend," I suggested, "on the use we make of the present. It is not improbable that Anne Catherick may speak more readily and unreservedly to a woman than she has spoken to me. If Miss Fairlie——"

"Not to be thought of for a moment," interposed Miss Halcombe, in her most decided manner.

"Let me suggest, then," I continued, "that you should see Anne Catherick yourself, and do all you can to win her confidence. For my own part, I shrink from the idea of alarming the poor creature a second time, as I have most unhappily alarmed her already. Do you see any objection to accompanying me to the farm-house to-morrow?"

"None whatever. I will go anywhere and do anything to serve Laura's interests. What did you say the place was called?"

"You must know it well. It is called Todd's Corner."

"Certainly. Todd's Corner is one of Mr. Fairlie's farms. Our dairy-maid here is the farmer's second daughter. She goes backwards and forwards constantly, between this house and her father's farm; and she may have heard or seen something which it may be useful to us to know. Shall I ascertain, at once, if the girl is down stairs?"

She rang the bell, and sent the servant with his message. He returned, and announced that the dairy-maid was then at the farm. She had not been there for the last three days; and the housekeeper had given her leave to go home, for an hour or two, that evening.

"I can speak to her to-morrow," said Miss

Halcombe, when the servant had left the room again. "In the mean time, let me thoroughly understand the object to be gained by my interview with Anne Catherick. Is there no doubt in your own mind that the person who confined her in the Asylum was Sir Percival Glyde?"

"There is not the shadow of a doubt. The only mystery that remains, is the mystery of his *motive*. Looking to the great difference between his station in life and hers, which seems to preclude all idea of the most distant relationship between them, it is of the last importance—even assuming that she really required to be placed under restraint—to know why *he* should have been the person to assume the serious responsibility of shutting her up——"

"In a private Asylum, I think you said?"

"Yes, in a private Asylum, where a sum of money which no poor person could afford to give, must have been paid for her maintenance as a patient."

"I see where the doubt lies, Mr. Hartright; and I promise you that it shall be set at rest, whether Anne Catherick assists us to-morrow or not. Sir Percival Glyde shall not be long in this house without satisfying Mr. Gilmore, and satisfying me. My sister's future is my dearest care in life; and I have influence enough over her to give me some power, where her marriage is concerned, in the disposal of it."

We parted for the night.

After breakfast, the next morning, an obstacle, which the events of the evening before had put out of my memory, interposed to prevent our proceeding immediately to the farm. This was my last day at Limmeridge House; and it was necessary, as soon as the post came in, to follow Miss Halcombe's advice, and to ask Mr. Fairlie's permission to shorten my engagement by a month, in consideration of an unforeseen necessity for my return to London.

Fortunately for the probability of this excuse, so far as appearances were concerned, the post brought me two letters from London friends, that morning. I took them away at once to my own room; and sent the servant with a message to Mr. Fairlie, requesting to know when I could see him on a matter of business.

I awaited the man's return, free from the slightest feeling of anxiety about the manner in which his master might receive my application. With Mr. Fairlie's leave or without it, I must

go. The consciousness of having now taken the first step on the dreary journey which was henceforth to separate my life from Miss Fairlie's, seemed to have blunted my sensibility to every consideration connected with myself. I had done with my poor man's touchy pride; I had done with all my little artist vanities. No insolence of Mr. Fairlie's, if he chose to be insolent, could wound me now.

The servant returned with a message for which I was not unprepared. Mr. Fairlie regretted that the state of his health, on that particular morning, was such as to preclude all hope of his having the pleasure of receiving me. He begged, therefore, that I would accept his apologies, and kindly communicate what I had to say, in the form of a letter. Similar messages to this, had reached me, at various intervals, during my three months residence in the house. Throughout the whole of that period, Mr. Fairlie had been rejoiced to "possess" me, but had never been well enough to see me for a second time. The servant took every fresh batch of drawings, that I mounted and restored, back to his master, with my "respects;" and returned empty-handed with Mr. Fairlie's "kind compliments," "best thanks," and "sincere regrets" that the state of his health still obliged him to remain a solitary prisoner in his own room. A more satisfactory arrangement to both sides could not possibly have been adopted. It would be hard to say which of us, under the circumstances, felt the most grateful sense of obligation to Mr. Fairlie's accommodating nerves.

I sat down at once to write the letter, expressing myself in it as civilly, as clearly, and as briefly as possible. Mr. Fairlie did not hurry his reply. Nearly an hour elapsed before the answer was placed in my hands. It was written with beautiful regularity and neatness of character, in violet-coloured ink, on note-paper as smooth as ivory and almost as thick as cardboard; and it addressed me in these terms:—

"Mr. Fairlie's compliments to Mr. Hartright. Mr. Fairlie is more surprised and disappointed than he can say (in the present state of his health) by Mr. Hartright's application. Mr. Fairlie is not a man of business, but he has consulted his steward, who is, and that person confirms Mr. Fairlie's opinion that Mr. Hartright's request to be allowed to break his engagement cannot be justified by any necessity whatever, excepting perhaps a case of life and death. If the highly-appreciative feeling towards Art and its professors, which it is the consolation and happiness of Mr. Fairlie's suffering existence to cultivate, could be easily shaken, Mr. Hartright's present proceeding would have shaken it. It has not done so—except in the instance of Mr. Hartright himself.

"Having stated his opinion—so far, that is to say, as acute nervous suffering will allow him to state anything—Mr. Fairlie has nothing to add but the expression of his decision, in reference to the highly irregular application that has been made to him. Perfect repose of body

and mind being to the last degree important in his case, Mr. Fairlie will not suffer Mr. Hartright to disturb that repose by remaining in the house under circumstances of an essentially irritating nature to both sides. Accordingly, Mr. Fairlie waives his right of refusal, purely with a view to the preservation of his own tranquillity—and informs Mr. Hartright that he may go."

I folded the letter up, and put it away with my other papers. The time had been when I should have resented it as an insult: I accepted it, now, as a written release from my engagement. It was off my mind, it was almost out of my memory, when I went down stairs to the breakfast-room, and informed Miss Halcombe that I was ready to walk with her to the farm.

"Has Mr. Fairlie given you a satisfactory answer?" she asked, as we left the house.

"He has allowed me to go, Miss Halcombe."

She looked up at me quickly; and then, for the first time since I had known her, took my arm of her own accord. No words could have expressed so delicately that she understood how the permission to leave my employment had been granted, and that she gave me her sympathy, not as my superior, but as my friend. I had not felt the man's insolent letter; but I felt deeply the woman's atoning kindness.

On our way to the farm we arranged that Miss Halcombe was to enter the house alone, and that I was to wait outside, within call. We adopted this mode of proceeding from an apprehension that my presence, after what had happened in the churchyard the evening before, might have the effect of renewing Anne Catherick's nervous dread, and of rendering her additionally distrustful of the advances of a lady who was a stranger to her. Miss Halcombe left me, with the intention of speaking, in the first instance, to the farmer's wife (of whose friendly readiness to help her in any way she was well assured), while I waited for her in the near neighbourhood of the house.

I had fully expected to be left alone, for some time. To my surprise, however, little more than five minutes had elapsed, before Miss Halcombe returned.

"Does Anne Catherick refuse to see you?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Anne Catherick is gone," replied Miss Halcombe.

"Gone!"

"Gone, with Mrs. Clements. They both left the farm at eight o'clock this morning."

I could say nothing—I could only feel that our last chance of discovery had gone with them.

"All that Mrs. Todd knows about her guests, I know," Miss Halcombe went on; "and it leaves me, as it leaves her, in the dark. They both came back safe, last night, after they left you, and they passed the first part of the evening with Mr. Todd's family, as usual. Just before supper-time, however, Anne Catherick startled them all by being suddenly seized with faintness. She had had a similar attack, of a less alarm-

ing kind, on the day she arrived at the farm; and Mrs. Todd had connected it, on that occasion, with something she was reading at the time in our local newspaper, which lay on the farm table, and which she had taken up only a minute or two before."

"Does Mrs. Todd know what particular passage in the newspaper affected her in that way?" I inquired.

"No," replied Miss Halcombe. "She had looked it over, and had seen nothing in it to agitate any one. I asked leave, however, to look it over in my turn; and at the very first page I opened, I found that the editor had enriched his small stock of news by drawing upon our family affairs, and had published my sister's marriage engagement, among his other announcements, copied from the London papers, of Marriages in High Life. I concluded at once that this was the paragraph which had so strangely affected Anne Catherick; and I thought I saw in it, also, the origin of the letter which she sent to our house the next day."

"There can be no doubt in either case. But what did you hear about her second attack of faintness yesterday evening?"

"Nothing. The cause of it is a complete mystery. There was no stranger in the room. The only visitor was our dairymaid, who, as I told you, is one of Mr. Todd's daughters; and the only conversation was the usual gossip about local affairs. They heard her cry out, and saw her turn deadly pale, without the slightest apparent reason. Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Clements took her up-stairs; and Mrs. Clements remained with her. They were heard talking together until long after the usual bedtime; and, early this morning, Mrs. Clements took Mrs. Todd aside, and amazed her beyond all power of expression, by saying that they must go. The only explanation Mrs. Todd could extract from her guest was, that something had happened, which was not the fault of any one at the farm-house, but which was serious enough to make Anne Catherick resolve to leave Limmeridge immediately. It was quite useless to press Mrs. Clements to be more explicit. She only shook her head, and said that, for Anne's sake, she must beg and pray that no one would question her. All she could repeat, with every appearance of being seriously agitated herself, was that Anne must go, that she must go with her, and that the destination to which they might both betake themselves must be kept a secret from everybody. I spare you the recital of Mrs. Todd's hospitable remonstrances and refusals. It ended in her driving them both to the nearest station, more than three hours since. She tried hard, on the way, to get them to speak more plainly; but without success. And she set them down outside the station-door, so hurt and offended by the unceremonious abruptness of their departure and their unfriendly reluctance to place the least confidence in her, that she drove away in anger, without so much as stopping to bid them good-by. That is exactly what has taken place. Search your own

memory, Mr. Hartright, and tell me if anything happened in the burial-ground yesterday evening which can at all account for the extraordinary departure of those two women this morning."

"I should like to account first, Miss Halcombe, for the sudden change in Anne Catherick which alarmed them at the farm-house, hours after she and I had parted, and when time enough had elapsed to quiet any violent agitation that I might have been unfortunate enough to cause. Did you inquire particularly about the gossip which was going on in the room when she turned faint?"

"Yes. But Mrs. Todd's household affairs seem to have divided her attention, that evening, with the talk in the farm-house parlour. She could only tell me that it was 'just the news'—meaning, I suppose, that they all talked as usual about each other."

"The dairymaid's memory may be better than her mother's," I said. "It may be as well for you to speak to the girl, Miss Halcombe, as soon as we get back."

My suggestion was acted on the moment we returned to the house. Miss Halcombe led me round to the servants' offices, and we found the girl in the dairy, with her sleeves tucked up to her shoulders, cleaning a large milk-pan, and singing blithely over her work.

"I have brought this gentleman to see your dairy, Hannah," said Miss Halcombe. "It is one of the sights of the house, and it always does you credit."

The girl blushed and curtsied, and said, shyly, that she hoped she always did her best to keep things neat and clean.

"We have just come from your father's," Miss Halcombe continued. "You were there yesterday evening, I hear; and you found visitors at the house?"

"Yes, miss."

"One of them was taken faint and ill, I am told? I suppose nothing was said or done to frighten her? You were not talking of anything very terrible, were you?"

"Oh, no, miss!" said the girl, laughing. "We were only talking of the news."

"Your sisters told you the news at Todd's Corner, I suppose?"

"Yes, miss."

"And you told them the news at Limmeridge House?"

"Yes, miss. And I'm quite sure nothing was said to frighten the poor thing, for I was talking when she was taken ill. It gave me quite a turn, miss, to see it, never having been taken faint myself."

Before any more questions could be put to her, she was called away to receive a basket of eggs at the dairy door. As she left us, I whispered to Miss Halcombe:

"Ask her if she happened to mention, last night, that visitors were expected at Limmeridge House."

Miss Halcombe showed me, by a look, that she understood, and put the question as soon as the dairymaid returned to us.

"Oh, yes, miss; I mentioned that," said the girl, simply. "The company coming, and the accident to the brindled cow, was all the news I had to take to the farm."

"Did you mention names? Did you tell them that Sir Percival Glyde was expected on Monday?"

"Yes, miss—I told them Sir Percival Glyde was coming. I hope there was no harm in it; I hope I didn't do wrong."

"Oh no, no harm. Come, Mr. Hartright; Hannah will begin to think us in the way, if we interrupt her any longer over her work."

We stopped and looked at one another, the moment we were alone again.

"Is there any doubt in your mind, *now*, Miss Halcombe?"

"Sir Percival Glyde shall remove that doubt, Mr. Hartright—or, Laura Fairlie shall never be his wife."

#### XIV.

As we walked round to the front of the house, a fly from the railway approached us along the drive. Miss Halcombe waited on the door-steps until the fly drew up; and then advanced to shake hands with an old gentleman, who got out briskly the moment the steps were let down. Mr. Gilmore had arrived.

I looked at him, when we were introduced to each other, with an interest and a curiosity which I could hardly conceal. This old man was to remain at Limmeridge House after I had left it; he was to hear Sir Percival Glyde's explanation, and was to give Miss Halcombe the assistance of his experience in forming her judgment; he was to wait until the question of the marriage was set at rest; and his hand, if that question were decided in the affirmative, was to draw the settlement which bound Miss Fairlie irrevocably to her engagement. Even then, when I knew nothing by comparison with what I know now, I looked at the family lawyer with an interest which I had never felt before in the presence of any man breathing who was a total stranger to me.

In external appearance, Mr. Gilmore was the exact opposite of the conventional idea of an old lawyer. His complexion was florid; his white hair was worn rather long and kept carefully brushed; his black coat, waistcoat, and trousers, fitted him with perfect neatness; his white cravat was carefully tied; and his lavender-coloured kid gloves might have adorned the hands of a fashionable clergyman, without fear and without reproach. His manners were pleasantly marked by the formal grace and refinement of the old school of politeness, quickened by the invigorating sharpness and readiness of a man whose business in life obliges him always to keep his faculties in good working order. A sanguine constitution and fair prospects to begin with; a long subsequent career of creditable and comfortable prosperity; a cheerful, diligent, widely-respected old age—such were the general impressions I derived from my introduction to Mr. Gilmore; and it is but fair to him to add, that the knowledge I

gained by later and better experience only tended to confirm them.

I left the old gentleman and Miss Halcombe to enter the house together, and to talk of family matters undisturbed by the restraint of a stranger's presence. They crossed the hall on their way to the drawing-room; and I descended the steps again, to wander about the garden alone.

My hours were numbered at Limmeridge House; my departure the next morning was irrevocably settled; my share in the investigation which the anonymous letter had rendered necessary, was at an end. No harm could be done to any one but myself, if I let my heart loose again, for the little time that was left me, from the cold cruelty of restraint which necessity had forced me to inflict upon it, and took my farewell of the scenes which were associated with the brief dream-time of my happiness and my love.

I turned instinctively to the walk beneath my study-window, where I had seen her the evening before with her little dog; and followed the path which her dear feet had trodden so often, till I came to the wicket gate that led into her rose garden. The winter bareness spread drearily over it, now. The flowers that she had taught me to distinguish by their names, the flowers that I had taught her to paint from, were gone; and the tiny white paths that led between the beds, were damp and green already. I went on to the avenue of trees, where we had breathed together the warm fragrance of August evenings; where we had admired together the myriad combinations of shade and sunlight that dappled the ground at our feet. The leaves fell about me from the groaning branches, and the earthy decay in the atmosphere chilled me to the bones. A little farther on, and I was out of the grounds, and following the lane that wound gently upward to the nearest hills. The old felled tree by the wayside, on which we had sat to rest, was sodden with rain; and the tuft of ferns and grasses which I had drawn for her, nestling under the rough stone wall in front of us, had turned to a pool of water stagnating round an islet of draggled weeds. I gained the summit of the hill; and looked at the view which we had so often admired in the happier time. It was cold and barren—it was no longer the view that I remembered. The sunshine of her presence was far from me; the charm of her voice no longer murmured in my ear. She had talked to me, on the spot from which I now looked down, of her father, who was her last surviving parent; had told me how fond of each other they had been, and how sadly she missed him still, when she entered certain rooms in the house, and when she took up forgotten occupations and amusements with which he had been associated. Was the view that I had seen, while listening to those words, the view that I saw now, standing on the hill-top by myself? I turned, and left it; I wound my way back again, over the moor, and round the sandhills, down to the beach. There was the

white rage of the surf, and the multitudinous glory of the leaping waves—but where was the place on which she had once drawn idle figures with her parasol in the sand; the place where we had sat together, while she talked to me about myself and my home, while she asked me a woman's minutely observant questions about my mother and my sister, and innocently wondered whether I should ever leave my lonely chambers and have a wife and a house of my own? Wind and wave had long since smoothed out the trace of her which she had left in those marks on the sand. I looked over the wide monotony of the sea-side prospect, and the place in which we two had idled away the sunny hours, was as lost to me as if I had never known it, as strange to me as if I stood already on a foreign shore.

The empty silence of the beach struck cold to my heart. I returned to the house and the garden, where traces were left to speak of her at every turn.

On the west terrace walk, I met Mr. Gilmore. He was evidently in search of me, for he quickened his pace when we caught sight of each other. The state of my spirits little fitted me for the society of a stranger. But the meeting was inevitable; and I resigned myself to make the best of it.

"You are the very person I wanted to see," said the old gentleman. "I had two words to say to you, my dear sir; and, if you have no objection, I will avail myself of the present opportunity. To put it plainly, Miss Halcombe and I have been talking over family affairs—affairs which are the cause of my being here—and, in the course of our conversation, she was naturally led to tell me of this unpleasant matter connected with the anonymous letter, and of the share which you have most creditably and properly taken in the proceedings so far. That share, I quite understand, gives you an interest which you might not otherwise have felt, in knowing that the future management of the investigation, which you have begun, will be placed in safe hands. My dear sir, make yourself quite easy on that point—it will be placed in *my* hands."

"You are, in every way, Mr. Gilmore, much fitter to advise and to act in the matter than I am. Is it an indiscretion, on my part, to ask if you have decided yet on a course of proceeding?"

"So far as it is possible to decide, Mr. Hartright, I have decided. I mean to send a copy of the letter, accompanied by a statement of the circumstances, to Sir Percival Glyde's solicitor in London, with whom I have some acquaintance. The letter itself, I shall keep here, to show to Sir Percival as soon as he arrives. The tracing of the two women, I have already provided for, by sending one of Mr. Fairlie's servants—a confidential person—to the station to make inquiries: the man has his money and his directions, and he will follow the women in the event of his finding any clue. This is all that can be done until Sir Percival comes on Monday. I have no doubt myself

that every explanation which can be expected from a gentleman and a man of honour, he will readily give. Sir Percival stands very high, sir—an eminent position, a reputation above suspicion—I feel quite easy about results; quite easy, I am rejoiced to assure you. Things of this sort happen constantly in my experience. Anonymous letters—unfortunate woman—sad state of society. I don't deny that there are peculiar complications in this case; but the case itself is, most unhappily, common—common."

"I am afraid, Mr. Gilmore, I have the misfortune to differ from you in the view I take of the case."

"Just so, my dear sir—just so. I am an old man; and I take the practical view. You are a young man; and you take the romantic view. Let us not dispute about our views. I live, professionally, in an atmosphere of disputation, Mr. Hartright; and I am only too glad to escape from it, as I am escaping here. We will wait for events—yes, yes, yes; we will wait for events. Charming place, this. Good shooting? Probably not—none of Mr. Fairlie's land is preserved, I think. Charming place, though; and delightful people. You draw and paint, I hear, Mr. Hartright? Envious accomplishment. What style?"

We dropped into general conversation—or, rather, Mr. Gilmore talked, and I listened. My attention was far from him, and from the topics on which he discoursed so fluently. The solitary walk of the last two hours had wrought its effect on me—it had set the idea in my mind of hastening my departure from Limmeridge House. Why should I prolong the hard trial of saying farewell by one unnecessary minute? What further service was required of me by any one? There was no useful purpose to be served by my stay in Cumberland; there was no restriction of time in the permission to leave which my employer had granted to me. Why not end it, there and then?

I determined to end it. There were some hours of daylight still left—there was no reason why my journey back to London should not begin on that afternoon. I made the first civil excuse that occurred to me for leaving Mr. Gilmore; and returned at once to the house.

On my way up to my own room, I met Miss Halcombe on the stairs. She saw, by the hurry of my movements and the change in my manner, that I had some new purpose in view; and asked what had happened.

I told her the reasons which induced me to think of hastening my departure, exactly as I have told them here.

"No, no," she said, earnestly and kindly, "leave us like a friend; break bread with us once more. Stay here and dine; stay here and help us to spend our last evening with you as happily, as like our first evenings, as we can. It is my invitation; Mrs. Vesey's invitation—" she hesitated a little, and then added, "Laura's invitation as well."

I promised to remain. God knows I had no wish to leave even the shadow of a sorrowful impression with any one of them.



My own room was the best place for me till the dinner bell rang. I waited there till it was time to go down stairs.

I had not spoken to Miss Fairlie—I had not even seen her—all that day. The first meeting with her, when I entered the drawing-room, was a hard trial to her self-control and to mine. She, too, had done her best to make our last evening renew the golden bygone time—the time that could never come again. She had put on the dress which I used to admire more than any other that she possessed—a dark blue silk, trimmed quaintly and prettily with old-fashioned lace; she came forward to meet me with her former readiness; she gave me her hand with the frank, innocent good will of happier days. The cold fingers that trembled round mine; the pale cheeks with a bright red spot burning in the midst of them; the faint smile that struggled to live on her lips and died away from them while I looked at it, told me at what sacrifice of herself her outward composure was maintained. My heart could take her no closer to me, or I should have loved her then as I had never loved her yet.

Mr. Gilmore was a great assistance to us. He was in high good humour, and he led the conversation with unflagging spirit. Miss Halcombe seconded him resolutely; and I did all I could to follow her example. The kind blue eyes whose slightest changes of expression I had learnt to interpret so well, looked at me appealingly when we first sat down to table. Help my sister—the sweet anxious face seemed to say—help my sister; and you will help me.

We got through the dinner, to all outward appearance at least, happily enough. When the ladies had risen from table, and when Mr. Gilmore and I were left alone in the dining-room, a new interest presented itself to occupy our attention, and to give me an opportunity of quieting myself by a few minutes of needful and welcome silence. The servant who had been despatched to trace Anne Catherick and Mrs. Clements, returned with his report, and was shown into the dining-room immediately.

"Well," said Mr. Gilmore, "what have you found out?"

"I have found out, sir," answered the man, "that both the women took tickets, at our station here, for Carlisle."

"You went to Carlisle, of course, when you heard that?"

"I did, sir; but I am sorry to say I could find no further trace of them."

"You inquired at the railway?"

"Yes, sir."

"And at the different inns?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you left the statement I wrote for you, at the police station?"

"I did, sir."

"Well, my friend, you have done all you could, and I have done all I could; and there the matter must rest till further notice. We have played our trump cards, Mr. Harrington," continued the old gentleman, when the servant had withdrawn. "For the present, at least, the women have out-

manceuvred us; and our only resource, now, is to wait till Sir Percival Glyde comes here on Monday next. Won't you fill your glass again? Good bottle of port, that—sound, substantial, old wine. I have got better in my own cellar, though."

We returned to the drawing-room—the room in which the happiest evenings of my life had been passed; the room which, after this last night, I was never to see again. Its aspect was altered since the days had shortened and the weather had grown cold. The glass doors on the terrace side were closed, and hidden by thick curtains. Instead of the soft twilight obscurity, in which we used to sit, the bright radiant glow of lamplight now dazzled my eyes. All was changed—in doors and out, all was changed.

Miss Halcombe and Mr. Gilmore sat down together at the card-table; Mrs. Vesey took her customary chair. There was no restraint on the disposal of *their* evening; and I felt the restraint on the disposal of mine all the more painfully from observing it. I saw Miss Fairlie lingering near the music stand. The time had been when I might have joined her there. I waited irresolutely—I knew neither where to go nor what to do next. She cast one quick glance at me, took a piece of music suddenly from the stand, and came towards me of her own accord.

"Shall I play some of those little melodies of Mozart's, which you used to like so much?" she asked, opening the music nervously, and looking down at it while she spoke.

Before I could thank her, she hastened to the piano. The chair near it, which I had always been accustomed to occupy, stood empty. She struck a few chords—then glanced round at me—then looked back again at her music.

"Won't you take your old place?" she said, speaking very abruptly, and in very low tones.

"I may take it on the last night," I answered.

She did not reply: she kept her attention riveted on the music—music which she knew by memory, which she had played over and over again, in former times, without the book. I only knew that she had heard me, I only knew that she was aware of my being close to her, by seeing the red spot on the cheek that was nearest to me, fade out, and the face grow pale all over.

"I am very sorry you are going," she said, her voice almost sinking to a whisper; her eyes looking more and more intently at the music; her fingers flying over the keys of the piano with a strange feverish energy which I had never noticed in her before.

"I shall remember those kind words, Miss Fairlie, long after to-morrow has come and gone."

The paleness grew whiter on her face, and she turned it farther away from me.

"Don't speak of to-morrow," she said. "Let the music speak to us of to-night, in a happier language than ours."

Her lips trembled—a faint sigh fluttered from them, which she tried vainly to suppress. Her fingers wavered on the piano; she struck a false note; confused herself in trying to set it right;

and dropped her hands angrily on her lap. Miss Halcombe and Mr. Gilmore looked up in astonishment from the card-table at which they were playing. Even Mrs. Vesey, dozing in her chair, woke at the sudden cessation of the music, and inquired what had happened.

"You play at whist, Mr. Hartright?" asked Miss Halcombe, with her eyes directed significantly at the place it occupied.

I knew what she meant; I knew she was right; and I rose at once to go to the card-table. As I left the piano, Miss Fairlie turned a page of the music, and touched the keys again with a surer hand.

"I *will* play it," she said, striking the notes almost passionately. "I *will* play it on the last night."

"Come, Mrs. Vesey," said Miss Halcombe; "Mr. Gilmore and I are tired of *écarté*—come and be Mr. Hartright's partner at whist."

The old lawyer smiled satirically. His had been the winning hand; and he had just turned up a king. He evidently attributed Miss Halcombe's abrupt change in the card-table arrangements to a lady's inability to play the losing game.

The rest of the evening passed without a word or a look from her. She kept her place at the piano; and I kept mine at the card-table. She played unintermittingly—played as if the music was her only refuge from herself. Sometimes, her fingers touched the notes with a lingering fondness, a soft, plaintive, dying tenderness, unutterably beautiful and mournful to hear—sometimes, they faltered and failed her, or hurried over the instrument mechanically, as if their task was a burden to them. But still, change and waver as they might in the expression they imparted to the music, their resolution to play never faltered. She only rose from the piano when we all rose to say good night.

Mrs. Vesey was the nearest to the door, and the first to shake hands with me.

"I shall not see you again, Mr. Hartright," said the old lady. "I am truly sorry you are going away. You have been very kind and attentive; and an old woman, like me, feels kindness and attention. I wish you happy, sir—I wish you a kind good-by."

Mr. Gilmore came next.

"I hope we shall have a future opportunity of bettering our acquaintance, Mr. Hartright. You quite understand about that little matter of business being safe in my hands? Yes, yes, of course. Bless me, how cold it is! Don't let me keep you at the door. Bon voyage, my dear sir—bon voyage, as the French say."

Miss Halcombe followed.

"Half-past seven to-morrow morning," she said; then added, in a whisper, "I have heard and seen more than you think. Your conduct to-night has made me your friend for life."

Miss Fairlie came last. I could not trust myself to look at her, when I took her hand, and when I thought of the next morning.

"My departure must be a very early one," I said. "I shall be gone, Miss Fairlie, before you—"

"No, no," she interposed, hastily; "not before I am out of my room. I shall be down to breakfast with Marian. I am not so ungrateful, not so forgetful of the past three months—"

Her voice failed her; her hand closed gently round mine—then dropped it suddenly. Before I could say, "Good night," she was gone.

The end comes fast to meet me—comes inevitably, as the light of the last morning came at Limmeridge House.

It was barely half-past seven when I went down stairs—but I found them both at the breakfast-table waiting for me. In the chill air, in the dim light, in the gloomy morning silence of the house, we three sat down together, and tried to eat, tried to talk. The struggle to preserve appearances was hopeless and useless; and I rose to end it.

As I held out my hand, as Miss Halcombe, who was nearest to me, took it, Miss Fairlie turned away suddenly, and hurried from the room.

"Better so," said Miss Halcombe, when the door had closed—"better so, for you and for her."

I waited a moment before I could speak—it was hard to lose her, without a parting word, or a parting look. I controlled myself; I tried to take leave of Miss Halcombe in fitting terms; but all the farewell words I would fain have spoken, dwindled to one sentence.

"Have I deserved that you should write to me?" was all I could say.

"You have nobly deserved everything that I can do for you, as long as we both live. Whatever the end is, you shall know it."

"And if I can ever be of help again, at any future time, long after the memory of my presumption and my folly is forgotten—"

I could add no more. My voice faltered, my eyes moistened, in spite of me.

She caught me by both hands—she pressed them with the strong, steady grasp of a man—her dark eyes glittered—her brown complexion flushed deep—the force and energy of her face glowed and grew beautiful with the pure inner light of her generosity and her pity.

"I will trust you—if ever the time comes, I will trust you as *my* friend and *her* friend; as *my* brother and *her* brother." She stopped; drew me nearer to her—the fearless, noble creature—touched my forehead, sisterlike, with her lips; and called me by my Christian name. "God bless you, Walter," she said. "Wait here alone, and compose yourself—I had better not stay for both our sakes; I had better see you go, from the balcony upstairs."

She left the room. I turned away towards the window, where nothing faced me but the lonely autumn landscape—I turned away to master myself, before I, too, left the room in my turn, and left it for ever.

A minute passed—it could hardly have been more—when I heard the door open again softly; and the rustling of a woman's dress on the carpet, moved towards me. My heart beat

violently as I turned round. Miss Fairlie was approaching me from the farther end of the room.

She stopped and hesitated, when our eyes met, and when she saw that we were alone. Then, with that courage which women lose so often in the small emergency, and so seldom in the great, she came on nearer to me, strangely pale and strangely quiet, drawing one hand after her along the table by which she walked, and holding something at her side, in the other, which was hidden by the folds of her dress.

"I only went into the drawing-room," she said, "to look for this. It may remind you of your visit here, and of the friends you leave behind you. You told me I had improved very much when I did it—and I thought you might like——"

She turned her head away, and offered me a little sketch drawn throughout by her own pencil, of the summer-house in which we had first met. The paper trembled in her hand as she held it out to me—trembled in mine, as I took it from her.

I was afraid to say what I felt—I only answered: "It shall never leave me; all my life long it shall be the treasure that I prize most. I am very grateful for it—very grateful to you, for not letting me go away without bidding you good-by."

"Oh!" she said, innocently, "how could I let you go, after we have passed so many happy days together!"

"Those days may never return again, Miss Fairlie—my way of life and yours are very far apart. But if a time should come, when the devotion of my whole heart and soul and strength will give you a moment's happiness or spare you a moment's sorrow, will you try to remember the poor drawing-master who has taught you? Miss Halcombe has promised to trust me—will you promise, too?"

The farewell sadness in the kind blue eyes shone dimly through her gathering tears.

"I promise it," she said, in broken tones. "Oh, don't look at me like that! I promise it with all my heart."

I ventured a little nearer to her, and held out my hand.

"You have many friends who love you, Miss Fairlie. Your happy future is the dear object of many hopes. May I say, at parting, that it is the dear object of my hopes too?"

The tears flowed fast down her cheeks. She rested one trembling hand on the table to steady herself, while she gave me the other. I took it in mine—I held it fast. My head drooped over it, my tears fell on it, my lips pressed it—not in love; oh, not in love, at that last moment, but in the agony and the self-abandonment of despair.

"For God's sake, leave me!" she said, faintly.

The confession of her heart's secret burst from her in those pleading words. I had no right to hear them, no right to answer them; they were the words that banished me, in the name of her sacred weakness, from the room.

It was all over. I dropped her hand; I said no more. The blinding tears shut her out from my eyes, and I dashed them away to look at her for the last time. One look, as she sank into a chair, as her arms fell on the table, as her fair head dropped on them wearily. One farewell look; and the door had closed on her—the great gulf of separation had opened between us—the image of Laura Fairlie was a memory of the past already.

### FULL OF LIFE.

SOME weeks ago we gathered from Sir Emerson Tennent's exhaustive work on Ceylon, a few notes on the home ways of the elephant. From the same source we now derive more knowledge of the marvels of a place teeming with life. So full of life is Ceylon, that the great forest trees disappear almost instantaneously after they have fallen to the ground, being reduced to dust by the white ants and beetles. Let a man come near with a gun, and a palmyra palm shall seem to have no creature in it, when there is a flock of monkeys in possession hidden cunningly behind its leaves. But let a dog follow, and the desire of all the monkeys to look at the dog will set them peeping. Ouanderu—written in English Wanderoo—means monkey in the native tongue, and there are in Ceylon four kinds of Wanderoo. The Singhalese say that the remains of a monkey never are found in the forest, and they have a proverb that "he who has seen a white crow, the nest of a paddy bird, a straight cocoa-nut tree, or a dead monkey, will live for ever." Even at Gibraltar it is believed that the body of a dead monkey is never found on the rock.

There are two kinds of the graceful little Loris or Ceylon sloth, a creature that can move so stealthily as to come unawares on a bird, and seize it before the alarm of its presence has been given. Its large bright eyes are prized by the natives as charms or love potions, and it is said that they extract them cruelly by holding the little animal to the fire until its eyeballs burst. Equally cruel is the mode of taking tortoiseshell from the hawkbill turtle, by which it is supplied to commerce. If taken after death the shell is clouded and milky. Therefore, the turtles are seized as they repair to the shore to deposit their eggs, and are hung over fires until heat makes the desired plates start from the bone to which they are attached. Then the miserable creatures are allowed to escape to the water, and so strong is the instinct at the period of breeding that the turtles are found to return again and again to the same spot, though at each visit they may undergo a repetition of the same torture. At Celebes, the turtle is killed by blows on the head, and the shell is detached by use of boiling water. Indifference to the sufferings of animals is a characteristic of the Ceylon natives. Disciples of Buddha, who account it a crime to take life, are dead to any sense of pain they may inflict. Pigs with their fore and hind legs tied together by a cord, are carried dangling on

a pole, screaming with pain. Fowls are brought to market from long distances, hanging by their feet, and ducks are carried by their heads with their necks bent to stifle their cries. Worst of all is the sale by Tamil fishermen's wives, in the Jaffna market-place, of turtle meat scooped from the living animal, which lies on its back with its beating heart bare to the sun and to the knife which cuts away fins, fat, and pounds of flesh, usually leaving heart and head to be the last pieces selected. The heart still beats, and the mouth snaps, when the shell is nearly emptied of all its contents.

The swarm of life in Ceylon includes a multitude of bats, who form one of the features of the evening landscape. Of many forms and sizes, they abound in every available cave, gallery, bungalow roof, or other place of shelter. They hang to the trees. At sunset, out they fly and chase the moths, even about the lamps upon the dinner-table. One bat has a growth like a leaf at the end of its nose. One glossy black little bat, not much larger than the bumble-bee, will alight on the dinner-cloth, and show no great terror at being caught under a wineglass.

In the depths of the forest, the most formidable fellow is the bear, who digs for roots, feeds on the ants, and accounts nothing daintier than honey. A bear, found by a traveller growling over his breakfast in the early dawn, was seated on a lofty branch, thrusting portions of a red ant's nest into his mouth with one paw, whilst with the other he endeavoured to clear his eyebrows and lips of the angry inmates, by whom he also was bitten. In time of great drought, bears slip into wells, and, unable to climb back, frighten away the women who resort to the wells for water. The bear is, in Ceylon, a solitary and retiring beast, using his immense strength against man, only in self-defence; then he endeavours to fell his assailant by a blow upon the head, and, when he has him prostrate, makes his attack first upon the eyes. The bears also attack fearlessly, the rude dwellings of the Veddahs, for the honey forming the chief store of these poor people. The post-office runners, who always travel by night, carry torches, that the bears who see them coming may avoid their path.

The only sort of tiger in Ceylon is a leopard, or cheetah, who is, in fact, the true panther, and he is much less feared by man than the bear. There is a variety of him, sometimes met with, that is not spotted, but altogether black. He haunts the pasture land in quest of deer and cattle. There is a belief among the people that when a leopard has brought to the ground a bullock, he will not return to feed upon it if it fall in dying so that the right side is undermost. The Ceylon leopard is hunted, trapped, or caught in a cage baited with a kid. He is strongly attracted by the smell of small-pox. This disease, as the natives shrink from vaccination, spreads fearfully among the villages. Rude temporary small-pox hospitals are made in the jungle, and to these the leopards are so certainly allured that special heed of them is necessary.

Of the jackals there is a native superstition

attached to a small horn, called Narri-combo, which sometimes grows on the head, hidden by a tuft of hair. Singalese and Tamils alike hold this jackal's horn to be a talisman, which commands for its owner the fulfilment of all wishes, and which, if lost, invariably finds itself again for him. On the other hand, the European superstition concerning the ichneumon, that it uses some plant as an antidote to the bites of the serpents upon which it preys, is here rejected.

Then there is the tree rat, with the rat snake that pursues it; and there is the coffee rat, which is so much relished by the Malabar coolies that they prefer working in the plantations it infests. They eat it fried in oil, or as a curry. Poreupine is commonly accounted as good for the table as young pig. The planters find him little to their taste when living, for he feeds on the young cocoa-nut palms. They catch him usually in trenches, baited at the end with his favourite food, and made so narrow that he cannot turn in them, while the direction of his quills makes him unable to back out. The pengolin, or scaly ant-eater, scoops out the white ants, which are his food, with powerful claws, rolls himself up into a ball, secured by a strong fold of his mail-covered tail, and lives with his one wife in a burrow seven or eight feet underground. Of a tame pengolin, kept for some time by Sir Emerson Tennent, we are told that it "was a gentle and affectionate creature, which, after wandering over the house in search of ants, would attract attention to its wants by climbing up my knee, laying hold of my leg with its prehensile tail."

There is the buffalo in Ceylon, and there are the oxen, used for ploughing and for treading out the corn, as well as for other kinds of labour in the farm. The wealth of a native proprietor often consists in the herds of bullocks hired out to dependents, who already have hired land and borrowed seed. The cows work with the oxen and the calves stay by the cows, so there is seldom milk to be had in a Kandyan village. Want of proper housing lays the cattle open to the ravages of murrain, and the murrains are so devastating as to affect seriously the commercial welfare of the colony.

In a part of Ceylon where they domesticate the buffaloes, wild ones occasionally mix with the tame and annoy the villagers by heading inconvenient rebellions among them. The birds frequenting the vast salt marshes and muddy lakes being used to the sight of the buffalo, this animal is sometimes trained to assist the sportsman, and a "sporting buffalo" sells for a considerable sum.

There is a peculiarity about the buffalo's foot, to which Sir Emerson Tennent has for the first time distinctly called attention. It adds to the sustaining surface, and is equivalent to the peculiarity by which the foot of the reindeer is distinguished from that of the stag and the antelope. In the reindeer, it is usually said that the exceptional structure is designed to enable the animal to shovel under the snow in order to reach the lichens beneath it. Sir Emerson believes that another use of it has been over-

looked—that of facilitating its movements in search of food, by increasing the difficulty of its sinking in the snow. The corresponding formation of the foot of the buffalo has like design. The ox lives on firm ground, the buffalo delights in the morass bordering pools and rivers. The change in the form of the foot enables it to traverse soft ground without sinking inconveniently, and offers no obstacle to the withdrawal of the foot from the mud. Professor Owen has noticed a similar difference between the second and fifth digits, which are expanded largely in the elk and bison when they inhabit swampy ground, and almost disappear from the feet of the camel and the dromedary, who tread over the dry soil of the desert.—There are deer of all sizes in Ceylon, from the elk to the small marsh deer no bigger than a hare.

In spite of crocodiles, myriads of water fowl people the lakes and marshes in the eastern provinces of Ceylon. Their number is one of the marvels of the island. The birds are surpassed by those of South America and Northern India in glory of plumage, and make no approach to English warblers in their power of song. But they have their own especial charm in the rich and melodious tones of their clear, musical calls. On the lofty branches of the higher trees, sits the hornbill, the toucan of the East, with the enormous double casque that suggested to an old Minorite friar, Oderic of Portenau, the statement that he had seen birds with two heads. It is said that when the female hornbill sits on her eggs in a hole of a tree, she is closed in by the male except only the large beak whereby she is fed, and with which she repels any attack by monkeys. In the park-like openings on the verge of the low country, peacocks and peacocks—more magnificent in size and splendour than the like birds as we meet with them in England—are at home on the projecting boughs of trees; especially preferring any leafless bough that allows free sweep for the gorgeous train, which hangs to the ground or is spread in the morning sun to dry the night dew from its feathers. In some districts the number of these fowl is so extraordinary that it is no sport to destroy them, and all sleep is banished by their cries.

The sky is peopled also with a profusion of perching birds—fly-catchers, finches, and thrushes—upon which the predatory eagles, hawks, and falcons swoop in smooth undulations from the heights of a serene sky. The eagles are small and not numerous. The largest is the great sea eagle, which hunts with the fishing eagle over beaches left by the receding tide, but, unlike the sea eagle, rejects garbage for living prey, especially for the sea-snake, which it carries aloft writhing in its talons.

There is a bird said to be a brown owl in Ceylon, called for its horrible cries the devil bird, of which the shriek is dreaded as a harbinger of ill. Mr. Mitford, of the Ceylon Civil Service, writes, however, that "the devil bird is not an owl. I never," he says, "heard it until I came to Kornegalle, where it haunts the

rocky hill at the back of Government-house. Its ordinary note is a magnificent clear shout like that of a human being, which can be heard at a great distance, and has a fine effect in the silence of the closing night. It has another cry like that of a hen just caught, but the sounds which have earned for it its bad name, and which I have heard but once to perfection, are indescribable—the most appalling that can be imagined, and scarcely to be heard without shuddering. I can only compare it to a boy in torture, whose screams are being stopped by being strangled. The only European who had seen and fired at one, agreed with the natives that it is of the size of a pigeon, with a long tail. I believe it is a podargus or night hawk.

Certain inland caves in Ceylon are the resort of the swift, that builds "edible birds'-nests." An establishment of Chinese immigrants collects them for export. Sunbirds, which are the humming birds of Ceylon, and birds of Paradise, haunt the flowers for the insects upon which they feed. The bulbul, with its tufted crown, lives here, but can be no relation to the bulbul of the Persians, bird of a thousand songs. This Indian bulbul is no sentimental lover of the rose, but one of the most pugnacious creatures that has wings, and the "gamest" of birds. Training it to fight was one of the duties entrusted by the King of Kandy to the Kooroowa, or Bird Headman.

Industry, as well as martial prowess, has its representatives among the birds, in this great crowd of island life. The tailor bird, having built her nest of leaves, sews them together with a cotton thread of her own twisting. The weaver bird plait grass into the form of a long necked bottle, which it hangs to a tree, mouth downwards, to secure it against the entry of tree snakes or other reptiles.

The blue-black, glossy little crow frequents towns, and is the more impudent, because, during the Dutch occupation of Ceylon, it was believed that he extended the growth of cinnamon by feeding on the fruit, and his life, therefore, was defended strictly by the laws. Therefore this crow watches proceedings in the houses, and takes constant advantage of the open windows to make seizure of anything tempting, from the kitchen or the dining-room. His robberies are not only of food. He will fly away with a lady's glove or pocket handkerchief, plunder a work-box, even pick open a paper parcel to steal its contents, or pull the peg out of a closed basket to lift its lid and lay his beak on the good things within. A good woman was once horrified by seeing a bloody knife drop from the sky. A crow had observed a cook who was enrobing mince meat, waited till he turned his head, and then carried off his knife. One of these crows envied a dog his bone, and, perching before him, tumbled and grimaced in vain, to divert his attention. Then the crow disappeared for a few minutes, and came back with a black accomplice, who perched on a branch behind the dog, and while his friend was resuming his grimaces, suddenly plunged down and struck his beak into the dog's back. The dog turned his

head round with a snarl and a snap, and instantly the bone was gone. The crows about Colombo assemble every evening in noisy groups round the adjacent fresh water lake to bathe for an hour or two before retiring for the night.

Of the number of the parrots in Ceylon Mr. Edgar Layard gives us this idea: "At Chilaw," he says, "I have seen such vast flights of parrots coming to roost in the cocoa-nut trees which overhang the bazaar, that their noise drowned the Babel of tongues bargaining for the evening provisions. Hearing of the swarms which resorted to this spot, I posted myself on a bridge some half mile distant, and attempted to count the flocks which came from a single direction to the eastward. About four o'clock in the afternoon, straggling parties began to wend towards home, and in the course of half an hour the current fairly set in. But I soon found that I had no longer distinct flocks to count, it became one living screaming stream. Some flew high in the air till right above their homes, and dived abruptly downward with many evolutions till on a level with the trees; others kept along the ground and dashed close by my face with the rapidity of thought, their brilliant plumage shining with an exquisite lustre in the sunlight. I waited on the spot till the evening cloud, when I could hear, though no longer distinguish, the birds fighting for their perches, and on firing a shot they rose with a noise like the 'rushing of a mighty wind,' but soon settled again, and such a din commenced as I shall never forget; the shrill screams of the birds, the fluttering of their innumerable wings, and the rustling of the leaves of the palm-trees, were almost deafening, and I was glad at last to escape to the Government Rest House."

On the other hand, among the dozen sorts of Ceylon pigeons and doves, is one with a note so opposite to that of the parrot or the devil bird, that a gentleman who has spent many years in the jungle declares its soft and melancholy notes, coming from some solitary place in the forest, to be the most gentle sounds he ever listened to. Some assert that it makes them feel as if they could freely forgive all who had ever offended them, and, adds this witness, "I can say with truth such has been the effect on my own nerves of the plaintive murmurs of the *neela cobeya*, that sometimes, when irritated, and not without reason, by the perverseness of some of my native followers, the feeling has almost instantly subsided into placidity on suddenly hearing the loving tones of these beautiful birds." Can these birds be imported, caged, for sale as New-Year gifts to the irascible?

On the marshy plains, and in the lagoons bordering the island, endless multitudes of stilt birds and waders, stand in long array within the wash of the water, or sweep in vast clouds above it. Ibises, storks, egrets, spoonbills, herons, and the smaller races of sandlarks and plovers, busily traverse the wet sands. Long files of the tall, rose-plumaged flamingoes—English soldier-birds as the Singhalese call them—line the beach; and at the mouths of rivers, are the peli-

cans. The flamingo bending its long neck to reach the bottom of the water, feeds with its head and beak turned upside down. The beak is specially adapted to this way of feeding. It is the upper mandible that is flat.

In the next place we may note the variety and beauty of the lizards on this island, which the Brahmans have called Lanka, the Resplendent; which the Buddhist poets describe as "a pearl on the brow of India;" which was known to the Chinese as the Island of Jewels, to the Greeks as the land of the hyacinth and ruby, and to the Mahometans as the new elysium with which our first parents were consoled for the loss of Paradise. There is the large iguana, four or five feet long, harmless and catable. There is the chameleon hunting insects in the trees, blushing all colours of the rainbow, and, because of the imperfect sympathy between the two lobes of the brain, having two sides not bound to act in concert with each other. One side appears, perhaps, to sleep while the other side is watchful, one side will change to a green colour while the other perhaps remains red. The tree frogs have also in a high degree this power of changing colour. There are the friendly geckoes which, by help of padded toes, can run up walls like a fly, climb glass and cross the ceiling. They come into the house out of their chinks at night. "In a boudoir," says Sir Emerson Tennent, "where the ladies of my family spent their evenings, one of these familiar and amusing little creatures had its hiding-place behind a gilt picture-frame, and punctually as the candles were lighted, it made its appearance on the wall to be fed with its accustomed crumb; and, if neglected, it reiterated its sharp, quick call of *chic, chic, chit*, till attended to. It was of a delicate grey colour, tinged with pink; and having by accident fallen on a work-table, it fled, leaving its tail behind it, which, however, it reproduced within less than a month. . . . In an officer's quarters in the fort of Colombo, a gecko had been taught to come daily to the dinner-table, and always made its appearance along with the dessert. The family were absent for some months, during which the house underwent extensive repairs, the roof having been raised, the walls stuccoed and ceilings whitened. But on the return of its old friends, at their first dinner, the little lizard made its entrance as usual the instant the cloth had been removed."

From the gecko to the crocodile. Crocodiles swarm in the still waters and tanks of the northern provinces of the island. There are two sorts, the great Indian crocodile and the marsh crocodile, which seldom exceeds the length of twelve or thirteen feet. These creatures, in time of drought, bury themselves in the mud and remain torpid until the return of rain. An officer attached to the department of the Surveyor-General, pitched his tent one evening on the parched bed of a tank. He was disturbed in the night by feeling a movement underneath his bed. Next day, a crocodile came up beneath the matting. A pool seen to contain twenty or thirty crocodiles was dragged for them in what



seemed a most effective way, but not one was to be found when the net came to shore. They had all dived below the bottom of the pond. There are land tortoises, and terrassins and turtles. Sir Emerson once rode past a Tityrus in charge of some sheep, who rested under the shade of a turtle shell raised upon sticks.

Ceylon snakes are shy. One may ride five hundred miles through jungle without having seen one. Only two, the tic polonga and the cobra de capello, inflict wounds fatal to man; of the others, the majority are harmless. The snake charmers who play with the cobra, do not extract its fangs, but rely on their own dexterity and the natural timidity of the snake, which is always reluctant to employ its fatal weapons. Only when accidentally trodden upon in the night, or otherwise driven to self-defence, will the cobra bite. The Singhalese, when travelling in the dark, carry a stick with a loose ring, and the noise made by it in striking on the ground suffices to warn snakes out of the path. There is a black polished stone, exceedingly light, which is used as a snake-stone, and supposed to have the power of drawing venom of snakes from a recent wound. Placed over the bite, it adheres to it for a few minutes, and by its spongy nature appears to absorb some of the blood. The stone is artificially prepared, the mode of preparation being secret. Mr. Faraday has examined one and finds it to be charred bone, filled perhaps more than once with blood, and, after each time of using, carefully charred again.

A strange variety of fishes occupy the waters of Ceylon. Six hundred different kinds have been found near Colombo only; there are not two hundred and fifty in all British waters. Sharks are taken for the sake of their oil. There are flaming many-coloured fishes, that obtain for themselves such glittering names as the fire-fish or the flower parrot.

Among the fresh-water fishes, which abound so much that every little plash of water, though but ankle deep, has fish in it, we find some of the chief marvels of life upon the island. Reservoirs and tanks are twice a year evaporated to such dryness that the mud of their bottoms becomes dust, and the clay gapes into hard clefts. Rain comes with the change of the monsoon, and in a few days natives are fishing in these tanks—not for small fry, but full-grown fishes. This is so unaccountable, that men have even supposed such fish to have rained from the clouds. Very small fishes, perhaps, have sometimes been carried up and dropped again out of the clouds. Again it is taught by Mr. Yarrell that these fishes reappear by reason of the preservation of unhatched spawn. But, not to mention other difficulties, this theory would not account for the appearance of a pond full of full-grown fishes in a day or two after the fall of rain. The truth is, that in Ceylon, and elsewhere, certain fishes have the power of journeying over land in search of water, or, when water fails, of burying themselves, and becoming torpid until its return. Both of these habits of certain Indian

fishes were learnt by the Greeks accompanying Alexander, and are recorded in the works of Aristotle and his pupil Theophrastus. The Romans ridiculed the notion. "Now," said Seneca, when quoting Theophrastus, "we must go to fish with a hatchet instead of a hook." Nevertheless, here is a true fact. The doras of Guiana have been seen travelling over land during the dry season, in such numbers that the negroes have filled baskets with them. Sallegoix, in his account of Siam, names three species of fish which traverse the damp grass, and Sir John Bowring, when ascending and descending the river to Bangkok, was amused with the new sight of fish leaving the river, gliding over its wet banks, and disappearing in the jungle. All these fishes are of a kind with heads so constructed, that they carry with them moisture enough to keep their gills damp. In Ceylon, the chief traveller of this sort is a kind of perch six inches long. It generally travels by night through the dew, "but in its distress it is sometimes compelled to travel by day; and Mr. E. L. Layard on one occasion encountered a number of them travelling along a hot and dusty gravel road under the mid-day sun." Mr. Morris, government agent of Trincomalee, tells how, on the drying up of tanks, the fish crowd into the little pools, and roll by thousands in the gruelly mud. The same witness has seen them crawling by hundreds from the pools as they go on drying, and working over half a mile of hard soil, indented by the foot prints of cattle, many of them falling into cracks, where they become the prey of kites and crows. The perch before mentioned has even earned, on the Coromandel coast, the name of climbing perch, because it has been seen working its way up the stems of palm-trees. Probably, any such feat was attempted only by an accident. The fish can have nothing to look for in a tree, and once up would not be able to climb down again. No tree climbing by fishes has been seen in Ceylon.

Burying fishes in Ceylon sink into the mud, and wait the change of the monsoon. Natives have been seen digging them out of stiff clay with the spade. Excessive heat in the tropics answers to the excess of cold elsewhere, in checking vegetation and compelling many animals to hide themselves, and sleep away the barren time.

We may sum up the animal wealth of this paradise, with a word for the myriads of blood-sucking land-leeches, that fasten upon the legs of travellers. Butterflies come in dense flights, miles broad, that will occupy hours or even days in passing overhead; whence coming no one knows, and whither going none can tell. There are the golden beetles with their jewelled coats, and there are the walking leaves—ribbed, shaped, and coloured like fallen leaves, that lay eggs not to be distinguished by the eye from brown, five angled seeds, with bits of stem attached to them. There are the stick insects, which resemble jointed sticks. The soothsayer, much given to an attitude of prayer, is a murderer and a cannibal among his own kind. The white ants, or termites (they are

not ants at all), are such determined walkers through the substance of whatever may lie in their path, that a swarm of them may pass through a row of books upon the shelf, turning them all to powder, and will convert tables, chairs, or the contents of a portmanteau, to the ghostly images of what they had been, which fall to powder at a touch. The true ants, also, are as the sands of the sea, and get into everything. Whatever contains sugar, they swarm over. The mason wasp enters the houses, to plug up keyholes with clay, and works most gracefully at this kind of nest-building. The carpenter bee perforates the wood-work of the house, and makes a great litter of sawdust. There are moths measuring nearly a foot across their open wings. Of one moth the larvæ inhabit bundles of twigs bound by threads; and they are called "billets of fire-wood" by the natives, who consider them to be metamorphosed wood stealers. Bugs abound, of course; fleas are to be seen skipping about in the dust of the roads. Dogs, to escape them, choose a sleeping place on the white ashes where a wood fire has been kindled. The mosquitoes of Ceylon are truculent and cunning. "When you are reading," says Sir Emerson, "a mosquito will rarely settle on that portion of your hand which is within range of your eyes, but, cunningly stealing by the underside of the book, fastens on the wrist or little finger." Spiders are so large and strong, that the lines thrown by them across a path will knock off the hat of a horseman. Ticks, dropping from shaken branches, dig into the skin. Centipedes, often a foot long, eager to bite on the faintest provocation, crawl up the sleeve, and creep into the innermost folds of the dress.

#### THE RUINED CITY.

THE shadows of a thousand springs,  
Unnumbered sunsets, sternly sleep  
Above the dust of perished things  
That form this city's blasted heap.  
Dull watch the crumbling columns keep  
Against the fierce relentless sky,  
Hours, that no dial noteth, creep  
Like unremembered phantoms, by;  
And still this city of the dead  
Gives echo to no human tread.  
A curse is writ on every stone,  
The Temple's latest pillar, lies  
Like some white Mammoth's bleaching bone,  
Its altars know no deities.  
Fine columns of a palace rise,  
And when the sun is red and low,  
And glaring in the molten skies,  
A shadow huge these columns throw,  
That like some dark colossal hand  
In silence creeps across the sand.  
The Senate slumbers, wondrous hive  
Of councils sage, of subtle schemes;  
But does no lingering tone survive  
To prove their presence more than dreams?  
No light of revelation beams  
Around that voiceless Forum now,  
Time bears upon his restless streams  
No reflex of the haughty brow  
That oft has frowned a nation's fate  
Here—where dark reptiles congregate.

Where, where, is now the regal rag

That clothed the monarch of yon tower,  
On which the rank weed flaps its flag  
Across the dusk this sombre hour?

Alas! for pomp, alas! for power,  
When Time unveils their nakedness,  
And Valour's strength and Beauty's flower  
Find naught to echo their distress;  
And flattery—fine delusive breath  
Melts in the iron grasp of Death.

Day rises with an angry glance,  
As if to blight the stagnant air,  
And hurls his fierce and fiery lance  
On that Doomed City's forehead bare.  
The sunset's wild and wandering hair  
Streams backward like a comet's mane,  
And from the deep and sullen glare  
The shuddering columns crouch in vain,  
And through the wreck of wrathful years  
The grim hyæna stalks and sneers.

#### OUR EYE-WITNESS IN GREAT COMPANY.

A LARGE room, handsomely decorated, with the oddest-looking people in the oddest-looking dresses, and in the strangest attitudes, standing round about it. This was the scene upon which your Eye-witness had just entered at the conclusion of that Cattle Show experience which formed the subject of his last report. His entry was accompanied by a burst of music, and the bewilderment produced by the sight of the strange figures by which he found himself surrounded was something modified by the presence of other personages wearing the costume of our own day, and in other respects resembling the ordinary types of humanity to be met with in the England of the nineteenth century.

These, however, are the exception: the greater part of the occupants of this gorgeous apartment being habited in vestments of brilliant colour of fanciful and strange design, and sometimes in garments decorated with a blazing wealth of jewellery. Here, are a cardinal, a Greek warrior, a Quaker, a gentleman in a toga, and a lady with a powdered head, all to be taken in at one glance. The military and naval professions are not unrepresented; the Bishop of Protestantism is here, as well as the Defender of the Romanist persuasion; the Deputy-Lieutenant and the Secretary of State, as well as the Chinese Commissioner and the Sovereign of these realms.

On this enchanted ground, too, costume is in almost every instance a safe guide to the rank and titles of the wearer. It is too often the case elsewhere, that a noble earl or marquis is to be found in a shabby coat rather white at the seams, in dog-skin gloves, and carrying a six-penny walking-stick; but, here, the members of that peerage which it is the delight of our nation to study, are habited, as such august persons should be, in a dress indicative of their rank, with their coronets fixed more or less uncomfortably on the tops of their heads, and their ermine right to a tuft. Nay, it is pos-

sible to go a degree further, and, with hushed breath and trembling knees, to mount a step higher. Here is the long-lost monarch with a crown on, whom we have been looking for all our lives. The bitter disappointment we all feel, at seeing a queen in a Paris bonnet, or an emperor in a glossy hat, does not await us here, where sceptres, and maces, and gold sticks, and state swords are in every hand that has a right to hold them.

But what place, then, is this? Where is this spacious hall in close contiguity to a Cattle Show and Baker-street, where yet we may mix in such good society, and bask in the sunshine of aristocracy to such a blissful extent?

The Eye-witness has passed from the Cattle Show, into the waxwork department attached to the Baker-street Bazaar, or, in other words, he is—at Madame Tussaud's.

Madame Tussaud's—or, as it is rendered in our ordinary vernacular, Tissard's—is, with the whole population of this country, metropolitan or provincial, something more than an exhibition; it is an institution. Whether it is from the circumstance touched on above—the good company into which the visitor to this establishment is introduced—or from the profound and awful misery of the place which provides the Englishman with an entertainment which does not make him happy—from which of these two causes the popularity of this exhibition arises, the Eye-witness is unable with certainty to state. As far as an opinion goes, however, he begs to express his own personal belief that the last-named of these two attractive elements has the most to do with the inconceivably great success of Madame Tussaud's. At all events, the fact is so. Visitors from the country go to see these waxworks if they go nowhere else; tradesmen living in the neighbourhood put "Near Madame Tussaud's" on their cards; the omnibuses which run down Baker-street announce that they pass that deceased lady's door, as a means of getting customers; and there is scarcely a cab-horse in London but would make an instinctive "offer" to stop as he went by the well-known entrance to "Tissard's."

The remarkable woman with whom this exhibition originated, was born as long ago as in 1760. The present writer remembers her well, sitting at the entrance of her own show, and receiving the shillings which poured into her exchequer. She was evidently a person of marked abilities, and of a shrewd and strong character. The establishment is kept up by her successors, "whose chief aim," we are told in the catalogue, "has always been to combine amusement with instruction." From this catalogue we gain a world of useful and interesting information, and many new views on general subjects. Taking, for instance, the really handsome room called the Hall of Kings, we find that it is "so named from containing several portraits in oil by eminent artists;" but whether it is from the fact that the portraits are "in oil," or from the eminence of

the artists by whom they have been executed, that this apartment has been called the Hall of Kings, it is difficult to understand.

The Eye-witness finds a difficulty in stirring from this Hall of Kings, and is especially drawn to a consideration of the effigy of His Majesty William the Fourth. The group in which this prince is placed is (chronologically) calculated to produce temporary insanity in all beholders. The E.-W. has sent for an eminent mad-doctor, and, pending his arrival, will endeavour to arrange his ideas on the subject of this bewildering assembly.

The central feature of it, is our lamented king, George the Fourth, standing with one leg bent, and with beautifully curling hair, smiling in an insulting manner at his father, who is not allowed to be on the dais at all, but is placed aloof at a respectful distance. The finest gentleman in Europe wears his real coronation robes—and here the writer would meekly ask whether there is not something compromising to the dignity of royalty in the sale of such wares, and their exhibition in this place? and whether, if this finery must be sold at all, it would not be better to divide it into small parcels, or lots, and let it be privately disposed of, to be worked up in mantles for our shop-windows, or properties for the Alhambra Circus? Round about the dais are grouped many illustrious noblemen, statesmen, and prelates, of all periods of English history, including the present Bishop of Exeter and the late Lord Nelson. But this anachronistic arrangement is so little to the taste of the great admiral last mentioned, that he is represented with his back to his sovereign, descending the steps of the throne, and evidently about to leave a court of which no good is to be expected. Before, however, he can get away, he will have to pass through a group which is hardly more promising in a chronological point of view. It consists of four persons seated in a circle. The first is Charlotte, the wife of George the Third; the second, Queen Caroline; the third, the Princess Charlotte, daughter, as everybody knows, to the finest gentleman in Europe; the remaining chair is occupied by our before-mentioned favourite, William the Fourth. He is evidently bewildered and disheartened by the presence of the three ladies just alluded to, and, pointing them out in a demonstrative manner with his open hand, is obviously saying, "Bless my life and soul, I thought all these women were dead and gone long ago! Yet here they are, come to court, and sitting down, as if they meant to stop."

What wonder that a family of four sisters, fresh from the Cattle Show, and who had established themselves for a good afternoon with British History in the Hall of Kings—what wonder that these honest persons were a little mystified, and disposed, to a certain extent, to quarrel with each other as to who was who, in this royal assembly. Their conversation was of this sort:

1st Sister. No, Jane; that *can't* be.

2nd Sister. Why?

3rd Sister. Emily, how can you say so, when you know that she was beheaded?

4th Sister. George the Second was *he's* father, and George the Third married Queen Caroline, which the crown'd is on her head.

2nd Sister. No, Sarah. *She* was *he's* wife.

4th Sister (who pays no attention). And the sceptre in her hand.

1st Sister (evidently an authority). George the Second succeeded George the First, and was grandfather to George the Fourth, who married—

3rd Sister. But if *she* was *he's* wife, who was *she*? (Pointing to the Princess Charlotte.)

2nd Sister. Good gracious me, what a stupid thing you are! Don't you know that when Queen Anne ascended the throne—

Passing the spot two hours afterwards, the E.-W. found the sisters still at it, and dim sounds of "*she* was *he's* wife" were floating upon the evening breeze.

It is a curious circumstance that all the grouped figures in the Tussaud gallery appear to be speaking—with the exception only of those who are represented as engaged in conversation. The silence of these last is absolutely awful. The combined potentates in the separated portion of the Hall of Kings—near the Bath-bun dépôt—who are intended to be discussing affairs of state, are obviously all speechless. [It is distressing, by-the-by, to find from this group that Marshal Ney was afflicted with weak knees—he will never be able to sustain the weight of Napoleon's favourite Mameluke, who is just about to tumble forward against him.] But though the members of this congress are dumb, this is far from being the case with many other distinguished personages in the gallery. William the Conqueror (an authentic likeness) is speaking with much animation, and is evidently asking his queen, who in vain endeavours to calm him, how it is possible that the gentleman on his right (the late Sir Robert Peel) can keep his centre of gravity, when leaning forward to so alarming an extent. Take again the King and Queen of Hanover. His Majesty has his son, a boy about eight years old, on his knee, and, turning to his queen, who looks upon the child with a sneer of undisguised contempt, says, "My dear, what is to be done with this boy; he's growing up, you know?" The queen answers, still regarding the boy with moody disgust, "I don't see that *anything* can be done with him. He looks to me as if he had been drinking;" which is certainly the case. There is no shadow of a doubt about this conversation. Let the reader stand before the group in question, and say if there be.

The most loquacious figures of all, nowever, are those which are addressing society in general, and not any individual member of it. These persons never select any individual present, to give their confidence to. This is an unmistakable fact; it being impossible—the E.-W. has tried it—to get into any part of the

room in which you can catch a waxwork's eye. Thus, in the case of the King and Queen of Greece, when he points to his wife and child, and defiantly exclaims, "Do you mean to say I am not a domestic character?—Pooh!" he addresses this question, not to you, but to some one over the top of your hat, or behind you, or through you, or under your left arm, or in some remote and inaccessible spot.

To those who regret not having lived in the days when the Kemble family adorned the stage, it will be a melancholy consolation to be able to gather from the effigies of the late Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, as they appear in this collection, some idea of their manner of acting. It is impossible to deny that the first named of these eminent performers has a certain sidelong and crab-like manner of throwing herself into her part, which, combined with a tying up of the jaw as though the artist were afflicted with toothache, is vastly impressive, nor can we wonder that "her powers" (as the catalogue informs us) "speedily raised her fame and opulence." With regard to this lady's brother, the great John Kemble, we are told by the pamphlet, that, "whether we view him as an actor or an author, we shall find that he possessed wonderful talent." It being extremely difficult to view this gentleman as an actor in the present day, we are compelled to content ourselves with viewing him in wax, the result of which scrutiny is, that whether he was possessed of wonderful talent or not, he was certainly possessed of very wonderful legs; of a wonderful power of keeping upright upon them; and of a presence, generally, calculated to affect the spectator with profound depression.

It may be mentioned, that the Eye-witness is pleased to observe the chastity of ideas possessed by the management on the subject of splendour in decoration. Thus, in the same ingenious catalogue, it is mentioned that the likeness of Mr. G. V. Brooke was taken from life "in the magnificent dress as worn by him;" while, on referring to the model itself, the visitor will be a little surprised to perceive this performer clothed from head to foot in a single garment of white merino, alike suggestive of ancient Rome and modern hair-dressing, but perfectly free from ornament of any kind or sort. The Eye-witness has dim recollections of a time, many years ago, when this figure was habited in a gorgeous costume, which he thinks is at present worn by the monarch of the Greek Isles. He does not assert this confidently, but it may be so. Such things have been in the annals of waxwork.

Your Eye-witness, passing in review before him the other models in the Hall of Kings, and the Great Room in which the members of our present Royal Family are combined into an affecting central group, finds one or two features of the collection impressed strongly on his mind—one or two questions, for answer to which his soul is clamorous. He wishes to know why there is so strong an inclination in many of the ladies and gentlemen here assembled to lean

forward? And why any member of this company who is supposed to be in motion, is represented as skating? The figure of John Knox may be quoted as a remarkable instance of this skating tendency. He is advancing upon the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots (with whom he is supposed to be arguing) on the outside edge, threatening to "crush her," not only metaphorically but practically, if she does not promptly yield to the force of his reasoning. The whole of this group is well worthy of attention, for is not Martin Luther blazing away at this injured lady on one side, while the Reverend Knox is skating dead at her on the other? Lord Darnley and John Calvin are standing behind her in different stages of intoxication, while the Queen of Scots herself is smiling feebly, and slipping slowly off her chair, in obvious idiocy produced by the noisy gentlemen on either side.

The Eye-witness is now called to another part of these rooms, and is drawn to a consideration of matters of a less soothingly aristocratic nature than those among which he has lingered so long, and in the midst of which (did duty permit him) he would gladly linger yet.

"And every one of these here has been hung," said a powerfully-built gentleman in top-boots, speaking to himself aloud with immense relish. "Every one of 'em hung," he said again, smacking his lips.

He was standing in the middle of the Chamber of Horrors, and looking dead at the new model of Dr. Smethurst, who, with his hand raised in deprecation, and with a gentle smile upon his innocent countenance, appeared to be softly reasoning with the agriculturist, and saying, "No, dear sir, no—do not say so. I have not been hung—far from it!"

To enter the Chamber of Horrors rather late in the afternoon, before the gas is lighted, requires courage. To penetrate through a dark passage under the guillotine scaffold, to the mouth of a dimly-lighted cell, through whose bars a figure in a black serge dress is faintly visible, requires courage. Your Eye-witness entered, on the principle which causes judicious persons to jump headlong into the sea from a bathing-machine instead of gradually and timidly emerging themselves from the ankle upwards. Let the visitor enter this very terrible apartment at a swift pace and without pausing for an instant, let him turn sharply to the right, and scamper under the scaffold, taking care that this structure—which is very low—does not act after the manner of the guillotine it sustains, and take his head off. Let him thoroughly master all the circumstances of the Count de Lorge's imprisonment, the serge dress, the rats, the brown loaf—let him then hasten up the steps of the guillotine and saturate his mind with the blood upon the decapitated heads of the sufferers in the French Revolution—this done, the worst is over.

But, *what* a horrible place! There is horror in the dull cold light descending from above

upon those figures in the Old Bailey dock, all with the same expression on their faces, upturned, inquisitive, bewildered. There is Horror in the unpicturesqueness of this aspect of crime—crime in coats and trousers being more horrible (because nearer to us) than crime in doublets and trunk-hose. There is Horror in the inflated smiling heads, cast after death by hanging. There is Horror in the basket by the side of the guillotine—a basket just the length of a body without the head, and filled with blood-drinking sawdust. There is Horror in the straps and buckles which hold the victim on the plank till the broad edge descends and does its work. There is Horror in the smell of the wax figures, in the folds of the empty clothes, in the clicking of machinery behind the scenes, and in the faces of most of the visitors to the place.

What says the catalogue about this Chamber of Horrors?

"In consequence of the peculiarity of the appearance of the following highly interesting Figures and Objects, they are placed in an adjoining room. The sensation created by the crimes of Rush, Mannings, &c., was so great that thousands were unable to satisfy their curiosity. It therefore induced the Messrs. Tussaud to expend a large sum in building a suitable room for the purpose, and they assure the public that so far from the exhibition of the likenesses of criminals creating a desire to imitate them, Experience teaches them that it has a direct tendency to the contrary."

Our old friend the cataloguist is not only reassuring (as seen above) when he gets into this Chamber of Horrors, but is bent, very obviously, upon impressing as often as possible, and not unfrequently in the same words, such moral lessons as his subject suggests or the weaknesses of the visitors to the place may seem to require; nor is the obviousness of his truths more flattering to the spectator's powers of discernment, than the nature of the caution administered, is, to his sense of right and wrong. The novelty and originality, however, of the cataloguist's remarks, sometimes leads him a little astray in his application of them. In treating of the model of the swindler Robson, he says, "How happy is that mortal that can withstand temptation!" This would rather lead us to the conclusion that Robson had withstood temptation—which was scarcely the case. In the instance of Strahan, Bates, and Paul, our literary friend's imagination appears to have run away with him altogether. Your Eye-witness was wholly unable to find either one of these gentlemen, who are nevertheless in the catalogue. How is this? It is true that Smethurst, Garibaldi, and Montalembert, were wanted in a hurry:—is there any connexion between the disappearance of the mendacious firm alluded to above, and the coming to light of the three gentlemen just named?

An inexpressible dreariness is added to the other horrors of this Chamber of Despair by the sounds of distant music which reach it from without, at gusty intervals. The band which plays in the principal and less horrible

room outside, is audible in this ghastly apartment in some of the stormier and more untidy passages of the overture to the Bronze Horse, as well as in the last tune but one of the Maritana Quadrilles.

There is in the Chamber of Horrors a figure in the shadow of one of the docks which struck your Eye-witness as the most frightful of all the models exhibited. It is a representation of one John Thom, alias Sir William Courtney, who raised an insurrection in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, in the course of which a humane young officer was shot by this maniac under peculiarly distressing circumstances. It is mentioned in the catalogue that the poor vain wretch is dressed as the King of Jerusalem, which he professed to be. On reading this announcement, the visitor to the Chamber of Horrors, hastens to examine the costume of the King of Jerusalem, and is probably as much surprised as your Eye-witness was, to find that it consists of a dress-coat, a pair of black trousers tightly strapped over the boots, a huge turn-down collar, and a dark blue cloak with a velvet collar, and black cords and tassels.

For a comfortable, bold, unconscientious, and jovial villain, let us rest contented with Nana Sahib. The model of this Eastern reprobate is the only element of hope in the room, and this fact carries out the theory propounded above, that an additional horror is imparted to crime when its perpetrators are clothed in the ordinary costume of our day. It is the Eastern dress worn by this potentate, which takes the edge off his criminal repulsiveness.

Suppose some of these murderers to be transplanted into the other room, and to be labelled as great philanthropists, should we find ourselves in a state of admiration at their benevolent expression? Your Eye-witness is disposed to think that there is much in position. He has himself, in looking at a collection of heads in a phrenologist's window, all of which he understood to be heads of murderers, found himself dwelling at length, on the especial villany of some one specimen amongst them, when, his eye happening to light upon the label affixed to this particular cast, he has discovered with shame that it is the head of the admirable Howard, or the Man of Ross, or Dr. Jenner. Does anybody look to advantage in the dock of the Old Bailey?

Enough of the Old Bailey and of horrors. We may now, without any imputation on our nerves, skip out of our gloomy apartment as fast as we like; as soon, at least, as we have glanced at the Napoleon relics, we may get out again into the frosty open air. The Napoleon relics are really in some instances very remarkable, and are authenticated on good authority. The carriage taken after the battle of Waterloo is especially interesting, and, with its huge wheels and immense strength and solidity of construction, is highly suggestive of the rough roads which have to be rattled over in the course of a campaign. The contrivances of which it is full, for the Emperor's convenience, are very curious. The visitor to this part of the Tussaud collection, is allowed to

get into the carriage, and sit there if he chooses, examining the inside of this very interesting vehicle at his ease. It is a noisy and jingling process though, the getting into this conveyance—as the E. W. can affirm by personal experience—and is not done without attracting the attention of everybody in the room; so let all modest and embarrassed persons think twice before they attempt it.

"The piece of cloth of gold, from the field of that name," sounds dubious; and though the "paste star worn by the Duke of Sussex," the pair of spurs worn at court by the same prince, and the sashes of the late Dukes of Kent and Cambridge, are doubtless genuine relics, the Eye-witness does not find that they have impressed his mind as strongly as might have been expected.

What shall be said of the man who could stand at the door of the Chamber of Horrors *eating a pork pie*? Yet such a man there was—your Eye-witness saw him; a young man from the provinces; a young man with light hair, a bright blue neckcloth, and a red and beefy neck. His eye was on the model of Marat, assassinated in a bath, and with this before him he could eat an underdone pork pie.

It is the last straw that breaks the laden camel's back; it was this last horror that sent your Eye-witness out of Madame Tussaud's, as fast as his legs would carry him.

## VERY COMMON LAW.

### I.

WHATEVER reputation, in a metallic point of view, this age may possess; whether it be termed a Golden Age, an Iron Age, an age of Brass, or Tin, or Aluminum; there is one characteristic of it sufficiently conspicuous "that all manner of knowledge be made as pleasantly accessible as possible."

If our ancestors, aided by such machinery as they possessed, obtained their supplies from the Pierian spring with painful toil and most uncomfortable energy (as they were wont to perform weary journeys in very slow coaches), we, who know better, will use hydraulic pressure and the steam ram, as befits the spirit of the times!

Not to be behindhand in this pleasant characteristic of the age, we find that the law itself has been coerced into light handybooks for general reading, and delectation of the public mind; that whilst the cheerful narrative of the rule in Shelly's case beguiles the tedium of Jones's railway journey, the history of contingent remainders solaces the leisure hours of paterfamilias in his lodgings by the sea. Nor do we mean for one moment to object to such gilding of unpleasant pills.

So far, indeed, from this, it is our present purpose (with as little exhibition as may be of the pill) to let the readers of this journal know what things the law—the very common law—allows them in the routine of their daily lives to do, and what the law forbids. If we fail in



this our purpose (no great improbability), let us, at least, in self-justification, make known that we have good authority for the attempt, for (apart from the fact that the law presumes every one to be cognisant of its precepts), do we not find Mr. Justice Blackstone saying "that it is incumbent upon every man to be acquainted with those laws at least with which he is immediately concerned, lest he incur the censure as well as inconvenience of living in society without knowing the obligation which it lays him under."

One precautionary word: we have no wish whatever to see "every man his own lawyer." Very far from it. Of all the amateur performers of our acquaintance, the gentleman who plays upon the statutes is the most dangerous both to himself and his friends. Of all amateur artists, the person who indulges in a taste for fancy wills and testaments is the most perilous to society. Moreover, as we very well know that our professional adviser has taken out a special license for retailing law, has spent five years of apprenticeship to the business, has disbursed a large sum of money in obtaining the privilege, and holds a certificate of his competency to furnish us with the very best article for our money, we make a point of referring to him whenever we are unfortunate enough to find ourselves in a legal difficulty, and we wish every reader of this journal to go to his professional advice in a like case.

John Blank, whom we will adopt, if you please, as our illustrative man, is not permitted to be long in the world before the law asserts a claim upon him. Within forty-two days of his birth we find that the announcement of that fact, with particulars of the time, name, sex, names of the father and mother, &c., must be entered in the books of the district registrar. Henceforward, a reference to these books will afford sufficient legal proof (much more easily acquired, we may remark, than by searching through a series of parish registers) to all inquiries that John Blank was really born, and is not a mythical personage. This ceremony of registration (a continental institution long before we adopted it in this country) is, to a certain extent, compulsory: the Registration Act requiring parents to give notice to the registrar of the birth of a child, though affixing no actual penalty to the neglect. On the other hand, however, if the registrar has by any means obtained information that any one has been inconsiderate enough to increase the surplus population, he is required to call upon the parent, or the occupiers of the house where the event has taken place, for all particulars, and a refusal of these particulars will render the parties liable to be indicted for misdemeanour. As the law places a good many difficulties in the way of this registration after six weeks from the child's birth (though it may be effected until the child is six months old upon payment of additional fees and the going through certain additional formalities), we may assume that it looks upon the ceremony as a privilege. Six months having expired from the

time of birth, registration is altogether prohibited.

Let us see what would be the effect upon our illustrative Mr. John Blank were his parents inconsiderate enough to neglect this proceeding. Under these circumstances the only evidence of his age would be found in his baptismal certificate, and this is very unsatisfactory evidence indeed. The parish forms contain no provision for registering more than the day of baptism; and, although it is customary to add in a note the day of birth, this addition has no legal validity. In the absence of registration, then, whilst we should be enlightened as to when Mr. John Blank was baptised, we should be totally unable to discover when he was born. Rather an inconvenient circumstance for our illustrative man, supposing him to be entitled to a little funded property on attaining his majority, and to have been baptised some years after he was born.

The better to make this clear, let us boldly incur the risk of injuring the surface of our gilded pill, and plunge our readers inconspicuously into the intricacies of "*Wiker v. Law*."

Once upon a time a certain Mr. Law, for the purpose of proving his infancy at a particular period, produced in court the register of his christening. It appeared from the document that the ceremony had been performed in the year 1807, but the entry stated that he was born in 1779. Whereupon, Mr. Justice Bayley furnished Mr. Law with a little argument upon the subject. "I am of opinion," said that learned judge, "that the entry relating to the time of his birth (Mr. Law's birth) is not evidence of the fact; it does not appear upon whose information the entry has been made; and the clergyman who made the entry had no authority to make inquiry concerning the time of birth, or to make any entry concerning it in the register."

This was sufficient to upset the plea of infancy which Mr. Law wished to establish, and the Court decided against him. He was not satisfied, however. "At all events," he contended, in applying for a new trial, "the entry is evidence to confirm the statement of my mother, who has been examined as a witness at the former trial," and who (he might with some justice have observed) ought to know something about the matter.

Mr. Law, however, could not move the court. The court were of opinion, and they said so, "that the entry was not evidence to prove the age of the party; it was nothing more than something told to the clergyman at the time of the christening, concerning which he had not power by law to make an entry in the register.

"If it had appeared," the court continued, with a laudable desire to let Mr. Law down as gently as possible, "that the entry had been made by direction of the mother, it might, perhaps, if required, have been read in evidence for the purpose of confirming her testimony; but even then it would have amounted to

nothing more than a mere declaration by her as to the age of her son made at a time when there was no motive on her part to misrepresent his age."

We mentioned as one of the requisites of registration that the child should have a name. It may happen, however, that the parents in the interval between registration and baptism wish to change this name, and, if this be the case, the law will afford them facilities for so doing. The baptismal name, however, once given, will be from henceforth conclusive as to the child's identity, and the courts (woful sceptics are the courts) will require a vast amount of evidence to prove the contrary.

We are tempted to introduce a fragment of black letter law upon this subject, which may be of some interest.

In olden times the baptismal name was not unalterable, the bishop having power in certain cases to confer a new name at confirmation. "This was done," says Lord Coke, "in the case of Sir Francis Gawdic, late chief justice of the Common Pleas, whose name of baptism was Thomas, and his name of confirmation Francis; and that name of Francis, by the advice of all the judges, in Anno 36 Hen. VIII., he did beare and after used in all his purchases and grants."

It appears that in the old confirmation service the bishop addressed each candidate by name, and thus had an opportunity of conferring a new name when requested to do so; but as this custom, since the last revision of the Prayer-book, has been discontinued, it is doubtful whether they now possess the power.

From some MS. notes, however, in an old Prayer-book in the possession of Mr. Maskell, the learned author of *Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, it appears that the Bishop of Lincoln, on the 21st December, 1807, confirmed a lad in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, "who on that occasion was to change his christian name; and accordingly the sponsors who presented him delivered to the bishop a certificate, which his lordship signed, to notify that he had confirmed such a person by such a name, and did order the parish minister then present to register the person in the parish books in that name;" and it is added, "This was done by the opinion under hand of Sir Edward Northey and Lord Chief Justice Holt."

Without further disclosure, however, of the unpleasant interior of our pill, we may say that this precedent is not likely to be acted upon in our day: the more especially as the rule appears to apply only when the child has had an improper (as, for instance, a blasphemous) name given him in baptism—an event we hope altogether improbable now.

Having satisfactorily succeeded in registering and naming our illustrative man, the law now becomes solicitous as to his health, and, as a preliminary consideration, suggests that he should be vaccinated. For this purpose it requires that he should be taken by his parents within three months of his birth to medical

practitioner, and if the vaccination should not "take" (as certain writers in the Times would have us believe it will not), the reason of its not succeeding, and why it is inadvisable to proceed with it at that time, is to be sent to the registrar. This certificate is to be renewed every two months until a successful result is obtained.

Then the law, under ordinary circumstances, has done with our illustrative man for a time. It may not, however, of necessity be called upon to interfere in his education. If, for instance, John Blank's parents should quarrel, and agree to live separate, then it will not allow him to be entirely deprived of his mother's care; for, notwithstanding the natural rights of the paternal to the custody of the child, the Court of Chancery is empowered to decree that the maternal shall have the sole care of him until he is seven years of age, and after that time that she shall have proper access to him.

Moreover, if the conduct of both the paternal and maternal be so bad that it would not be good for him to be brought up by them, he may be given over to a stranger for the purposes of education. Once more, supposing that one or both of the parents of our illustrative man were to die, then the law would interfere in determining in what religion he is to be brought up.

It may possibly be in the recollection of our readers that a case of this description arose out of the late Crimean campaign. One Race, a sergeant of marines, had the misfortune to be killed, leaving a widow, who was a Roman Catholic, and two children, a boy and girl. The gallant sergeant, not having been blessed with much worldly gear, these children were charitably placed by the commissioners of the Patriotic Fund at two Protestant schools, the boy in Dorsetshire, and the girl in Hampshire. They had both been baptised as Protestants, but during the lifetime of the sergeant had been brought up by their mother in the Roman Catholic faith.

After the children had been resident for some time at their respective schools, the mother removed the boy, and was proceeding to do the like with the girl, when Miss Race rebelled. "I believe," she said, "that I should be disobliging God by returning to my mother to be brought up a Roman Catholic." And the commissioners accordingly refused to allow her to be removed. Nothing daunted by this refusal, and endowed, it may be, with somewhat of the departed sergeant's spirit, the mother applied to the Court of Queen's Bench for a habeas corpus.

The matter, however, was not to end here. Friends of the child, who were anxious to see her Protestant, applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the mother from interfering with the religious education of her daughter; and this injunction was granted. Finally, Vice-Chancellor Kinderley, to settle the question, decided that the child should be brought up in the religious persuasion of the father, and, to the best of this deponent's knowledge and belief, this was done.

With these exceptions, as we have said, the law will not, under ordinary circumstances, interfere with John Blank until he has attained his majority. It will not condescend, in fact, to look upon him during this period in any other light than as an infant. It will not permit him to make a will, or to be a party to any conveyance, or in general to enter into any contract (unless, indeed, he be foolish enough to contract matrimony, which he can satisfactorily accomplish at the age of fourteen, and of which more hereafter). The Court of Chancery itself, not usually so difficult of access, will only, with a dreadful facetiousness, allow him to appear before it by his next friend!

Should he succeed in persuading any credulous tradesman to give him credit during this infantile period of his life, the law will exonerate him from payment for any goods not necessary to his social status. As to what these necessities may be, the courts have been from time to time at wonderful pains to determine. As some contribution towards the legal knowledge of our readers, we may mention that it has been decided that nineteen coats (exclusive of regimentals), forty-five waistcoats, thirty-eight pairs of trousers, a black velvet dressing-gown, and a racing jacket, all furnished to a young officer in the Guards between October in one year and July in the next, have not been considered to be absolute necessities.

"There is a racing-jacket charged for," said Baron Alderson, before whom the question was tried, "that cannot be suitable to any degree except that of a jockey; and if that were to be considered a necessary for a young gentleman, it will next be said that gambling is necessary for him."

"Eleven guineas for a waistcoat!" proceeds the horrified baron. "Can that be considered necessary in any station of life? If a person of full age orders these extravagant things, he must pay for them. If a person of full age be extravagant enough and absurd enough to order a coat to be made of gold, and it was made and delivered to him, beyond all question he must pay for it; but with minors the law is otherwise."

Horses and gigs, too, have been decreed not to be necessities of undergraduate life; nor can a tradesman, says my Lord Abinger, recover for dinners, soda-water, lozenges, oranges, and jellies supplied to a young gentleman of the universities.

On the other hand, however, a horse has been considered by Lord Denman a necessary for a chemist's apprentice, who had been recommended to take horse exercise. And the other day (as a balance in favour of cap and gown) we were gratified to find that portraits of Dr. Donaldson and the Dean of Ely were admitted to be necessities of an undergraduate, son of a distinguished member of the Evangelical Alliance.

There is also extant, a decision of Lord Ellenborough's very applicable to the present day (and highly satisfactory, no doubt, to the tailors of this age), in which he held that regimentals

furnished to an infant who was a member of a volunteer corps were to be considered necessities. For the rest, this doctrine of necessities applies only to goods supplied to the infant himself. Should he be a husband and a father, he will be liable for necessities supplied to his wife and family.

As we have given a general legal incapacity whilst under twenty-one years of age to our illustrative man, we must state that there are a few exceptions to this rule. He may, while in his legal infancy, for instance, act as agent for another, without being affected by any legal disabilities; may present to a living, should he be the patron; and, though incapable of acting as a juror, may be sworn as a witness.

Upon the whole, then, we find that the law exercises a very wholesome authority over her adopted children. As a means of proving their identity and actual age in after life, she provides them with the machinery of registration; in consideration for their health, and through them for the health of the community, she protects them from the attack of that once dreadful scourge—small-pox; she shields them from the seductions of designing tradesmen by not permitting these tradesmen to recover for unnecessary articles; she will not allow any laches to affect them on attaining their legal manhood; and in all the perils of their impetuous youth she provides them (when parental supervision is inexpedient or impossible) with a suitable guide and counsellor.

Let us see what will be her treatment of our friend when, having arrived at man's estate, he appears as a respectable citizen and British householder: deferring our investigation of the matter to another chapter.

## STREET DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is my private, and, therefore, my unshakable opinion, whatever Eothen, or Mr. Brunswick, Senex, or anybody else says, that the street dogs of Constantinople, in spite of the natural benevolence and chronic almsgiving of the true Mussulman character, do not fare sumptuously *every* day.

I have many invincible reasons for this opinion. One of them I may as well bring forward and throw down as an outside card of not much consequence, except as saving the half-dozen red and yellow kings and queens that form my argumentative hand. This is, that once when, just by Sultan Achmed's mosque—that one in the Hippodrome, with the gigantic marble pillars—I saw four street dogs making a simple, hearty dinner on the remains of an old beaver hat.

I do not mean to say that the street dogs of Constantinople live on nothing but old hats. On the contrary, I have intimate reasons for knowing that they live on dead cats, dead pashas, dead horses, dead asses, melon rinds, water-skins, old saddles, shreds of ribbons, and nut-shells. Have I not sat down and watched

their frugal meal with the interest of a brother, a thousand times? Have they not, like poor relations and friends, snapped at my legs on a dozen occasions? Have I not taken up my stick at last and drubbed them till I was weary, just to show them that I really loved them?

I think that, striking an average, the more retired and short streets of the great Turkish city would furnish in the dog-days, let us say about from seven to nine dogs to the great unpaid dog army of Constantinople. By a short Turkish street, I mean one about the length of our filthy Fetter-lane, and by retired, I mean a street somewhat removed from the chief mosques and bazaars, about as lively as St. John's-wood, and about as peopled as the big new houses at Kensington.

Now, you must not—you must not run away with the notion that the pariah dogs, perhaps of good lineage, are mean, ugly, or debased in face or bearing, not they! They may not be as bold and chivalrous as the shaggy Newfoundland, as lithe and crescenty as that shivering exile the Italian greyhound, as droll and muffy as the Isle of Skye, as sturdy and sagacious as the Spanish pointer, as vivacious and hearty as the smooth terrier, or as dogged a dog as the bull-dog, that most costermongery and bloodthirsty of "our four-footed favourites," as Mr. Mother Hubbard, the popular lecturer, would call it. They are not very thoroughbred, though they do keep to themselves, and are as strict as Mr. Borrow's gipsies about losing caste and position by lowering marriages or even civic alliances. They are not ridiculously too small for any honest use, but they are just such downright, brave, sharp-teethed, strong-backed dogs as the Great Shaper first made and Adam first named, in the fruitful mother of all languages—Hebrew—the "dodger," i.e. "wise animal," from whence, as Mr. Trenchant tells me, came the Venetian word "Doge," quasi "master spirit," i.e. "wise being," from whence is deduced, or dragged, our own degraded slang word, "dodger," or "knowing one," still retained in the far East White-chapel.

I observed that, while the dogs in the quieter and more lonely streets on the top of the Seven Hills towards the ruined walls were sullen, ascetic, fierce, shy, and cynical, the dogs of the busier streets near the Bosphorus and down by the Seraglio or the bazaars, were slinking, mean, timid, and cowardly. Philosophy soon discovers the reason. In the quiet streets, these dogs prowl and scavenger, and do the strolling, unpaid sanitary commissioner, and are the terror of Turkish urchins, and the dread of gossiping servants at garden doors; but, nearer the busy haunts of men, these same dogs become so kicked and drubbed and driven and "chivied" (for you cannot beat that London thief-epithet for persecution), that they get quite broken-hearted, and, laying down abjectly

all pretensions to savage freedom, become acknowledged and branded pariahs, rogues, and vagabonds, servants of the public, doing willingly the "meanest chares," yet as terribly worried in return as any unpopular prime minister. So that, while when alone in the higher streets, it is possible that you may be followed by a growing train of dogs, who in time will gather courage and fall on you, leaving, for all I know, nothing but your shirt-buttons, which they will spit out like cherry-stones, according to the precedent of the unhappy sausage-maker; so in the other streets, it is nothing all day but one incessant charging out of protesting shopmen from doorways, stick in hand, a shower of blows and a scuttling away ending with a groaning howl (dismal to hear), that lasts sometimes a good five minutes.

I do not know what Professor Moler makes of these dogs, whether they are of Roumclian or Anatolian origin; whether they are dogs of the Lower Empire, or truant dogs that, absconding from Turkish houses (embezzling, say a leg of mutton, or eloping with my lady's brooch), have taken to a free, strolling, houseless life, which, in that climate and in that nook-and-corner city, is not so unbearable as an Englishman, looking sourly through a crystallised November window, would imagine.

But, first to describe our friend "Canis erraticus," as Moler would call him. He is a fine-made animal, nearly as large as a retriever, but occasionally sinking to the smaller fox-hound size; he is generally of a ruddy brown or rufous colour, now deepening almost to black, now lightening to the pale brown of a rather underdone ginger biscuit. His tail is nothing particular, but his head is well made and sagacious; his eyes are bright, wary, and untamed; his teeth generally large, white, and singularly strong and sharp. As for the old legend of the necessity of going armed with a perpetual stick, it is now at least sheer nonsense. Except at night, when the unlighted streets are dangerous, the dogs will never touch you; stooping for a stone, except in rare cases, would frighten away a dozen; and so well is this known in Stamboul, that it is a common saying among the turbaned true believers, that no Turkish dog will stay in a mosque, because they always mistake the stooping and bowing men, for vindictive enemies, bending for stones to pelt them with. The Greeks have the same legend, which is more noteworthy there, where the shepherds' dogs rush, like open-mouthed and hungry lions, upon every traveller that passes them, be he wise or simple.

I think it was in the second week or so of my acquaintance with Constantinople, that I saw the wild dog in his fiercest and most historic aspect. Almost the first thing that a newly arrived English traveller visits in Constantinople, is Florence Nightingale's Hospital, over in Scutari. It is still called "Florence Nightingale's Hospital," and always will be called so, in memory of that brave lady; though it is now truly returned to its old uses, and is again a barrack for dirty Turkish soldiers.

I had done what Rockett called "the proper thing;" that is, had taken a caïque on the Wooden Bridge; skipping gingerly along its sharp, narrow, covered end, knowing that one inch awry I should be in the water, I reached the seat, and then letting myself quietly drop into the sort of well, or "cradle," as the boatmen called it, smuggled myself comfortably into the cushion-lined box, and called out in Turkish, "To the Scutari barracks" (Kyakji effendim), "Mr. Boatman!" and off we went.

A moment took the stalwart boatman to adjust his oars, by a greased leather loop, to the rowlock pegs; then, poisoning the curious oars, the upper parts of which are as large and oval as small skittle-pins, he flew over the blue Bosphorus with me, bearing straight to the cliff on whose top the English tombstones shine like beacons.

In due time, that half-mile or so of blue water was passed by my silk-shirted Palinurus, and, paying him so many great copper piastres, I leaped on the little plank jetty, where I found some Turkish boys watching a stalwart black diving. Asking them my way, and so learning it, I scrambled across the grooved sloping tramway of a caïque-builder's, and made along the narrow strip of shore that underlies the crumbling earth-cliffs of Scutari—the barrack-side of the town. It was delicate walking, for the earth sloped very close to the black shell-less pebbles of the beach, and the miserly water washed high up to meet those boulders and coloured stones and drag them back to submarine hiding-places.

The walk was pleasant, on one side, because I could see the city gleaming in the distance, and the breath of the sea was bracing and fresh in that torrid climate; but, on the other hand, it was not pleasant, for here and there a sluggish black stream treacled down the cliff, or poured through some self-worn channel, in a way that would have made the Thames—the grandmother of all sewers, past, present, and to come—burst its banks with envy.

I was trying to quiet the scruples of my offended nose, and I was wondering what strangled pashas and headless wives might not, fifty years ago, have been washed up on this noisome shore, where nothing but the wild barren gourd grew, and where the ground was strewn with dead star-fish, when my eyes, looking upward from the beach, ran twenty yards off, and there fell, with alarm and horror, upon the carcase of a dead horse, upon which a band of wild dogs were feeding as busily as aldermen at a charity dinner on a haunch of venison. They were tugging, and peeling, and riving, as energetically as lawyers on Chancery property, unanimous as swindling directors, silent as gluttons at a feast. They scarcely looked up to see who was coming: poachers and wreckers work not so industriously. I should have believed that they had not dined for a month before, for they were slaving like shipwrights working overtime the night before a launch. I knew not which dog's energy most to admire: whether he of the tanning, or he of the zoological: he of the

anatomical, or he of the physiological department. It was a labour of love to them, and they went at it tooth and nail.

Some of the wretches were nuzzling their gory heads in the scooped-out stomach; others were tugging angrily at the crimsoning mane, to get at the choicer morsels beneath. Others were stripping up the hide over the flank and thigh, with loathsome dexterity, and a few of the more timid, frightened by warning bites, and scared by ominous growls, were digging their sharp and hungry teeth into the distant legs and the long sinewy neck. The carrion-vulture gorging himself on a dead swollen ox, is horrible to see, but this cried out to me: "You infidel, you are in a new country, where life has no high value, and where death has new terrors." Making a long détour, so as to outflank this public dinner, I passed on, inward and upward, to the stony street that leads to the hospital of Florence Nightingale.

Only the next day, as I strolled through an almost disused part of the "Petit Champ des Morts," as the French of Pera playfully call the old Turkish burial-ground, through which their lively chief promenade runs, I looked among the tombs around me, and saw a grave, immediately facing where I stood, that had lately fallen in, just as a badly baked pie might do at the first shivering touch of the knife. As the Turks are not civilised enough yet, to boast of resurrection-men, and as their doctors are not so studious of death's secrets as to give even one farthing for dead Turks, whether murdered for the purpose or not, I began to wonder for a moment what had led to this yawning aperture. But, when I instantly remembered that poor Turks are buried without coffins, only laths or light hoop-wood being placed to keep the earth from pressing uncomfortably on the pale man, I ceased to wonder. The body decays, the earth, unless renewed, falls in; and what leads to this ghastly and alarming accident still more, is, that the Turks are in the habit of leaving a hole communicating from the body to the upper air. The edge of this tube the sun chaps, and the crack, running downwards at once, levers up the baked clay.

I was turning away, wondering what horror would next meet my eyes in this strange country, when lo! the ground gaped and cracked wider, and, from the dark loathsome little cave toddled upwards, winking to the light, a little wild dog-pup, his yellowish hair still almost down; and before I had done wondering at finding the poor man's grave turned into a kennel, up toddled, screeching feebly, yelping, and rolling now and then on their backs, four others of the same breed; the respected mother of the family refusing to appear, and remaining in her unfragrant, subterranean drawing-room.

I had been told so much about these wild dogs which I found untrue, that I began to disbelieve in the capability of the ordinary human eye of seeing, or even wishing to see, anything exactly as it was. For instance, at the table of Miss Bendy, the old maid said the

Sultan generally wore red trousers. Mr. Bobster immediately said it pained him to contradict his respected friend Miss Bendy, but that very morning he had met the Sultan going to mosque in white, the colour he always wore. So, when Mr. Bobster helped me to some Smyrna figs, he assured me that it was a well-known fact, he had heard it from half the Franks in Galata, that every dog in Constantinople had its own district or parish, beyond which, if he dared to encroach, he was at once fallen upon. Every dog had his beat, his range of property, his domain, his small kingdom, beyond which lay war, bitings, and perhaps death. It was the same in Pera, and the same in Scutari; indeed I must not understand and imagine the pariah dogs of Constantinople anything very miraculous or special, for every Eastern city had them, more or less, and they probably originated in the great increase of animals, encouraged by the kindness and charity of Mohammedanism to our dumbfellow-creatures, from the insignificant yet pertinacious flea to the lordly and sagacious elephant. Charity to them was enjoined in the Koran; cruelty to them was thought irreligious: hence Constantinople had become the paradise of dogs. So far Mr. B.

It was only the day after this dinner conversation, that I was roaming about the old palace of the Blachernæ, the quarter where the families of the higher Greeks reside, looking at I scarce know what—perhaps, for instance, at a Greek girl, of singular dirt and beauty, hanging out clothes on the battlements of the old palace—when a tremendous wild pelting race of dogs down the narrow street, drove me to more practical thoughts of personal safety; so, mounting a giant dust-heap, I saw advancing a complete band of street dogs, tumbling, and tearing, and biting, and worrying a poor mud-covered Sharlow, whose wobegone face streamed with blood.

The victim, evidently a stray intruder from another parish, was a little in front of the persecuting mob, and beyond an occasional melancholy snap, looked an unhappy and unresisting object of popular hatred. No old pauper, driven from parish to parish by *guardians* objecting to his claims of settlement, could ever appear more sad and heart-broken.

Here, thought I, the selfish sentimentalist who fed French donkeys with maccaroons might have squeezed out his theatrical tear to some purpose. Right and left looked the wretch, pitied by none, but saw nowhere shelter; every moment, in a business-like way, from under doorway, or hole in the ground, or from rubbish heaps, appeared fresh persecutors, going as regularly to work to join the hue and cry, as soldiers when the bugle sounds for falling in, and the "advance." No members of any dependent or independent denomination could have been more unanimous in intolerance, than these dogs.

Away again they broke, with all the pertinacity and sense of enjoyment that you see in fox-hounds in the first ten minutes of half an hour's burst. Away they went, with yelps and screams, and

howls, and snaps, and barks, "a rather terrible sight to behold," that bright cheerful morning of September, in the street of Stamboul that leads to the old palace of the Blachernæ.

It must have been full half an hour later, that I was strolling on, nearly a mile further towards the Monastery of Job—not the man of Uz—but a leader of Mahmud's army, who, after performing utterly improbable feats of valour at the siege of Constantinople, was buried outside the walls, and a mosque reared over his wondrous-working grave. This is now a place of special sanctity with Mohammedan fanatics; and it is the shrine where the Sultan, on his accession, is invested with his royal sabre, "never to be drawn but for truth, never to be sheathed but with honour," as the Toledo legend runs. It is a mosque, moreover, where, under no pretence, can a Christian gain admittance—no, not even with the royal firman.

I was peering about the gateway of this dangerous and anti-Christian place, wondering how much I could see without having my head cut off, when the fury of that wild huntsman chase sounded again in my astonished ears, and again the rush of dogs swept past me, mimicking human war and persecution; before them, still in the unpleasant position of leader, ran the outcast dog, looking now a mere shapeless lump of bloody clay. But, the sight of me full in front of the race, this time drove him to desperation. Suddenly making a charge at the open mouth of a black sewer, he flew in, and vanished from my eyes, leaving the yelping pack as astonished and disappointed as a young terrier is on his first day's shooting, when the rabbit he is pursuing suddenly exits down a hole.

This abrupt and brusque proceeding left me in doubt as to whether some of these dogs might not live in the sewers; which are certainly as cool in the summer as any dog of an unbeliever's villa on the Bosphorus, and would be equally sheltered in the winter frosts. In all seasons the dwelling-place would be rent-free. As to smells, people differ. Some like lavender; others onions. As to rats, they would be rather an advantage. Any port in a storm, said the Greek philosopher; and, summing all up, there is much to be said for a sewer residence. A sociable, elutable dog might, it is true, lack society; but, on the other hand, a hermit dog would find retirement cheaply.

Had it not been a good two miles away, and across the water, I should (by mere force of association) have at once set it down as the same dog, when I saw a dog three days afterwards, stiff and dead, with tongue out and eyes staring, victim of a violent and cruel death, stretched on a heap of refuse, waiting for the scavenger in the Pilgrim-street, some two or three turnings to the left from Misseri's. It was pitiful to see even a dog's body left in such a pitiless way, but it shocked nobody, and, as it had not yet begun to decompose, it angered nobody. Indeed, the Turks are a hard, unreflective people, and do not stop to sentimentalise much over death, so long as



the chibouk be full, the coffee black and hot, and the rice in the pilaff dyed a reasonable pale red with tomato skins. At a door close to the dog, stood a beautiful Armenian woman, cheapening mackerel of a Bosphorus fisherman. They were monster fish, and looked hard and swollen—from the Turkish habit of inflating them, by blowing through the gills, to make them look larger. They were tabbied with indigo tattooings, and wore that opaline mother-of-pearliness that fresh mackerel should wear when the bloom of death is on them in

That first dark day of nothingness.

The Armenian ogled and squabbled, as the "womankind" will when they cheapen fish; the Turk, grave and inflexible, weighed the fish in the scale of justice, imitating Justice unpleasantly, however, in one thing—that is, in her blindness—for he seemed somehow or other to mistake the weights, and to change half-pounds for pounds. The fair Armenian was eager, and prettily fussy, and disputative, but credulous as young house-keepers are apt to be, and as Eve herself probably was. She even pointed to the dead dog, and then to the scales, with a smile at the itinerant fisherman (the same who fished up the Genii) as much as to say, "At how much per pound wouldst thou sell thy servant that dog?" Upon which the Turk thrust his scales into his girdle, and shouldering his load of fish, pointed to me, meaning plainly, "O lady, that dead dog and yonder staring infidel are neither of any monetary value in the scales of a true believer, and, what is more, a Hadji."

This was in Pera—among the Franks, however, it must be remembered—for in Constantinople I have seen a crowd of Turks stand sympathising round a puppy that had been run over by a bullock-cart; a fact which may go to their account, to balance my before-mentioned opinion of the Turks' general want of tenderness. I have, too, seen a pantaloon of a grey-bearded mullah run, with a rapidity ill-beseeming his years, but reflecting much credit to his heart, to get from the nearest fountain a cup of cold water to throw over a dog in a fit—much, probably, to the aggravation of the malady. I must confess, too, that Turkish legends—or rather Arabic and Persian legends—turn much on Allah's requital to poor Mahomedans who have shown kindness to animals in his name. But, Heaven help us all! what can you expect of the Turk, who is to-day as when he first left his Tartar tent.

If Cruelty to Animals Martin were alive, he could not do better than go and dwell in Constantinople, which he would find to be a choice place for the animal philanthropists, if he could but keep his head tight on. Those dogs are always turning up: if you look down a hole under a door-step, blind puppies crawl up; if you go out at dusk and fall over something,

and that something prove "an adder in the path," and turn and bite you, that adder will be a dog. Dogs lurk under the market-stalls, prowl about mosque gates, roam (not unlicked and uncuffed) through the dim-vaulted drug bazaars; they surround the kabob stoves; they haunt the cemeteries and the cypress groves; they lie in the open street, and sleep hardily, defiant of hoof, or foot, or wheel. They are, in a word, everywhere and omnivorous: you seldom see a dead one, unless slain by violence and human agency. I am almost afraid that the street-dogs of Constantinople, when they get old, and chargeable to the parish, burdensome to relations, and generally a stumbling-block, are devoured bodily by their poor relations.

I wish, as a lover of the dog, that I could come to a less harsh conclusion. I wish, to shame man, that they sent the old worn-out dog to some pleasant, cheerful, well-feeding workhouse, where he might be refreshed with alternate doses of gruel and turtle-soup, oakum picking, and the pianoforte; but such, alas! is not the case.

The dog to his death-bed I cannot, therefore, follow; but the dog to his decrepitude I can. You can scarcely take an observant walk in Constantinople streets, but you meet a poor animal, his hair eaten off by a devouring mange that has nearly gnawed into his vitals. Sometimes he is horrible to look at, for his hind legs are paralyzed by some carriage accident that has injured the spine. Loathsome and ghastly, the wretched creature drags about his hated life, perpetually flown at by cruel tyrants of dogs, who hate the sufferer because he is unfortunate, and who bully him because he is unable to resist (O Allah, how like us men!); and there, in momentary danger from crushing wheels, and beaten and bitten by everybody, fellow man and fellow dog trying which can rival the other in cruelty, he lingers on, till death kindly steps in, and on some dunghill the beggar dog breathes his last. "A happy release" indeed, and, for once, the cant phrase of consolation is true, but, being true, is not uttered.

Why the police do not do kindly execution on these poor wretches, I could never discover, but I think my friend Herne Bey told me that it was against the Mahomedan creed to kill animals unnecessarily. What would Mohammed have said of our preserves and battucs, thought I. Would he hold that fashionable butchery excusable?

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

THE NARRATIVE OF VINCENT GILMORE, SOLICITOR,  
OF CHANCERY-LANE, LONDON.

### I.

I WRITE these lines at the request of my friend, Mr. Walter Hartright. They are intended to convey a description of certain events which seriously affected Miss Fairlie's interests, and which took place after the period of Mr. Hartright's departure from Limmeridge House.

There is no need for me to say whether my own opinion does or does not sanction the disclosure of the remarkable family story, of which my narrative forms an important component part. Mr. Hartright has taken that responsibility on himself; and circumstances yet to be related will show that he has amply earned the right to do so, if he chooses to exercise it. The plan he has adopted for presenting the story to others, in the most truthful and most vivid manner, requires that it should be told, at each successive stage in the march of events, by the persons who were directly concerned in those events at the time of their occurrence. My appearance here, as narrator, is the necessary consequence of this arrangement. I was present during the sojourn of Sir Percival Glyde in Cumberland, and was personally concerned in one important result of his short residence under Mr. Fairlie's roof. It is my duty, therefore, to add these new links to the chain of events, and to take up the chain itself at the point where, for the present only, Mr. Hartright has dropped it.

I arrived at Limmeridge House, on a Friday in the week, either at the end of October or the beginning of November—it is not material to my present purpose to say precisely which.

My object was to remain at Mr. Fairlie's until the arrival of Sir Percival Glyde. If that event led to the appointment of any given day for Sir Percival's union with Miss Fairlie, I was to take the necessary instructions back with me to London, and to occupy myself in drawing the lady's marriage settlement.

On the Friday, I was not favoured by Mr. Fairlie with an interview. He had been, or had fancied himself to be, an invalid for years past; and he was not well enough to receive me. Miss Halcombe was the first member of the family whom I saw. She met me at the house

door; and introduced me to Mr. Hartright, who had been staying at Limmeridge for some time past.

I did not see Miss Fairlie until later in the day, at dinner time. She was not looking well, and I was sorry to observe it. She is a sweet, lovable girl, as amiable and attentive to everyone about her as her excellent mother used to be—though, personally speaking, she takes after her father. Mrs. Fairlie had dark eyes and hair; and her elder daughter, Miss Halcombe, strongly reminds me of her. Miss Fairlie played to us in the evening—not so well as usual, I thought. We had a rubber at whist; a mere profanation, so far as play was concerned, of that noble game. I had been favourably impressed by Mr. Hartright, on our first introduction to one another; but I soon discovered that he was not free from the social failings incidental to his age. There are three things that none of the young men of the present generation can do. They can't sit over their wine; they can't play at whist; and they can't pay a lady a compliment. Mr. Hartright was no exception to the general rule. Otherwise, even in those early days and on that short acquaintance, he struck me as being a modest and gentlemanlike young man.

So the Friday passed. I say nothing about the more serious matters which engaged my attention on that day—the anonymous letter to Miss Fairlie; the measures I thought it right to adopt when the matter was mentioned to me; and the conviction I entertained that every possible explanation of the circumstances would be readily afforded by Sir Percival Glyde, having all been fully noticed, as I understand, in the narrative which precedes this.

On the Saturday, Mr. Hartright had left before I got down to breakfast. Miss Fairlie kept her room all day; and Miss Halcombe appeared to me to be out of spirits. The house was not what it used to be in the time of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fairlie. I took a walk by myself in the forenoon: and looked about at some of the places which I first saw when I was staying at Limmeridge to transact family business, more than thirty years since. They were not what they used to be, either.

At two o'clock Mr. Fairlie sent to say he was well enough to see me. He had not altered, at any rate, since I first knew him. His talk was to the same purpose as usual—all about himself and his ailments, his wonderful coins, and his

matchless Rembrandt etchings. The moment I tried to speak of the business that had brought me to his house, he shut his eyes and said I "upset" him. I persisted in upsetting him by returning again and again to the subject. All I could ascertain was that he looked on his niece's marriage as a settled thing, that her father had sanctioned it, that he sanctioned it himself, that it was a desirable marriage, and that he should be personally rejoiced when the worry of it was over. As to the settlement, if I would consult his niece, and afterwards dive as deeply as I pleased into my own knowledge of the family affairs, and get everything ready, and limit his share in the business, as guardian, to saying, Yes, at the right moment—why of course he would meet my views, and everybody else's views, with infinite pleasure. In the mean time, there I saw him, a helpless sufferer, confined to his room. Did I think he looked as if he wanted teasing? No. Then why tease him?

I might, perhaps, have been a little astonished at this extraordinary absence of all self-assertion on Mr. Fairlie's part, in the character of guardian, if my knowledge of the family affairs had not been sufficient to remind me that he was a single man, and that he had nothing more than a life-interest in the Limmeridge property. As matters stood, therefore, I was neither surprised nor disappointed at the result of the interview. Mr. Fairlie had simply justified my expectations—and there was an end of it.

Sunday was a dull day, out of doors and in. A letter arrived for me from Sir Percival Glyde's solicitor, acknowledging the receipt of my copy of the anonymous letter, and my accompanying statement of the case. Miss Fairlie joined us in the afternoon, looking pale and depressed, and altogether unlike herself. I had some talk with her, and ventured on a delicate allusion to Sir Percival. She listened, and said nothing. All other subjects she pursued willingly; but this subject she allowed to drop. I began to doubt whether she might not be repenting of her engagement—just as young ladies often do, when repentance comes too late.

On Monday Sir Percival Glyde arrived.

I found him to be a most prepossessing man, so far as manners and appearance were concerned. He looked rather older than I had expected; his head being bald over the forehead, and his face somewhat marked and worn. But his movements were as active and his spirits as high as a young man's. His meeting with Miss Halcombe was delightfully hearty and unaffected; and his reception of me, upon my being presented to him, was so easy and pleasant that we got on together like old friends. Miss Fairlie was not with us when he arrived, but she entered the room about ten minutes afterwards. Sir Percival rose and paid his compliments with perfect grace. His evident concern on seeing the change for the worse in the young lady's looks was expressed with a mixture of tenderness and respect, with an unassuming delicacy of tone, voice, and manner, which did equal credit to his good breeding and his good sense. I was rather sur-

prised, under these circumstances, to see that Miss Fairlie continued to be constrained and uneasy in his presence, and that she took the first opportunity of leaving the room again. Sir Percival neither noticed the restraint in her reception of him, nor her sudden withdrawal from our society. He had not obtruded his attentions on her while she was present, and he did not embarrass Miss Halcombe by any allusion to her departure when she was gone. His tact and taste were never at fault on this or on any other occasion while I was in his company at Limmeridge House.

As soon as Miss Fairlie had left the room, he spared us all embarrassment on the subject of the anonymous letter, by adverting to it of his own accord. He had stopped in London on his way from Hampshire; had seen his solicitor; had read the documents forwarded by me; and had travelled on to Cumberland, anxious to satisfy our minds by the speediest and the fullest explanation that words could convey. On hearing him express himself to this effect, I offered him the original letter which I had kept for his inspection. He thanked me, and declined to look at it; saying that he had seen the copy, and that he was quite willing to leave the original in our hands.

The statement itself, on which he immediately entered, was as simple and satisfactory as I had all along anticipated it would be.

Mrs. Catherick, he informed us, had, in past years, laid him under some obligations for faithful services rendered to his family connexions and to himself. She had been doubly unfortunate in being married to a husband who had deserted her, and in having an only child whose mental faculties had been in a disturbed condition from a very early age. Although her marriage had removed her to a part of Hampshire far distant from the neighbourhood in which Sir Percival's property was situated, he had taken care not to lose sight of her; his friendly feeling towards the poor woman, in consideration of her past services, having been greatly strengthened by his admiration of the patience and courage with which she supported her calamities. In course of time, the symptoms of mental affliction in her unhappy daughter increased to such a serious extent, as to make it a matter of necessity to place her under proper medical care. Mrs. Catherick herself recognised this necessity; but she also felt the prejudice common to persons occupying her respectable station, against allowing her child to be admitted, as a pauper, into a public Asylum. Sir Percival had respected this prejudice, as he respected honest independence of feeling in any rank of life; and had resolved to mark his grateful sense of Mrs. Catherick's early attachment to the interests of himself and his family, by defraying the expense of her daughter's maintenance in a trustworthy private Asylum. To her mother's regret, and to his own regret, the unfortunate creature had discovered the share which circumstances had induced him to take in placing her under restraint, and had

conceived the most intense hatred and distrust of him in consequence. To that hatred and distrust—which had expressed itself in various ways in the Asylum—the anonymous letter written, after her escape, was plainly attributable. If Miss Halcombe's or Mr. Gilmore's recollection of the document did not confirm that view, or if they wished for any additional particulars about the Asylum (the address of which he mentioned, as well as the names and addresses of the two doctors on whose certificates the patient was admitted), he was ready to answer any question and to clear up any uncertainty. He had done his duty to the unhappy young woman, by instructing his solicitor to spare no expense in tracing her, and in restoring her once more to medical care; and he was now only anxious to do his duty towards Miss Fairlie and towards her family, in the same plain, straightforward way.

I was the first to speak in answer to this appeal. My own course was plain to me. It is the great beauty of the Law that it can dispute any human statement, made under any circumstances, and reduced to any form. If I had felt professionally called upon to set up a case against Sir Percival Glyde, on the strength of his own explanation, I could have done so beyond all doubt. But my duty did not lie in this direction: my function was of the purely judicial kind. I was to weigh the explanation we had just heard; to allow all due force to the high reputation of the gentleman who offered it; and to decide honestly whether the probabilities, on Sir Percival's own showing, were plainly with him, or plainly against him. My own conviction was that they were plainly with him; and I accordingly declared that his explanation was, to my mind, unquestionably a satisfactory one.

Miss Halcombe, after looking at me very earnestly, said a few words, on her side, to the same effect—with a certain hesitation of manner, however, which the circumstances did not seem to me to warrant. I am unable to say, positively, whether Sir Percival noticed this or not. My opinion is that he did; seeing that he pointedly resumed the subject, although he might, now, with all propriety, have allowed it to drop.

"If my plain statement of facts had only been addressed to Mr. Gilmore," he said, "I should consider any further reference to this unhappy matter as unnecessary. I may fairly expect Mr. Gilmore, as a gentleman, to believe me on my word; and when he has done me that justice, all discussion of the subject between us has come to an end. But my position with a lady is not the same. I owe to her, what I would concede to no man alive—a *proof* of the truth of my assertion. You cannot ask for that proof, Miss Halcombe; and it is therefore my duty to you, and still more to Miss Fairlie, to offer it. May I beg that you will write at once to the mother of this unfortunate woman—to Mrs. Catherick—to ask for her testimony in support of the explanation which I have just offered to you."

I saw Miss Halcombe change colour, and look a little uneasy. Sir Percival's suggestion, politely as it was expressed, appeared to her, as it appeared to me, to point, very delicately, at the hesitation which her manner had betrayed a moment or two since.

"I hope, Sir Percival, you don't do me the injustice to suppose that I distrust you," she said, quickly.

"Certainly not, Miss Halcombe. I make my proposal purely as an act of attention to *you*. Will you excuse my obstinacy if I still venture to press it?"

He walked to the writing-table, as he spoke; drew a chair to it; and opened the paper-case.

"Let me beg you to write the note," he said, "as a favour to *me*. It need not occupy you more than a few minutes. You have only to ask Mrs. Catherick two questions. First, if her daughter was placed in the Asylum with her knowledge and approval. Secondly, if the share I took in the matter was such as to merit the expression of her gratitude towards myself? Mr. Gilmore's mind is at ease on this unpleasant subject; and your mind is at ease—pray set my mind at ease also, by writing the note."

"You oblige me to grant your request, Sir Percival, when I would much rather refuse it." With those words Miss Halcombe rose from her place, and went to the writing-table. Sir Percival thanked her, handed her a pen, and then walked away towards the fireplace. Miss Fairlie's little Italian greyhound was lying on the rug. He held out his hand, and called to the dog good-humouredly.

"Come, Nina," he said; we remember each other, don't we?"

The little beast, cowardly and cross-grained as pet-dogs usually are, looked up at him sharply, shrank away from his outstretched hand, whined, shivered, and hid itself under a sofa. It was scarcely possible that he could have been put out by such a trifle as a dog's reception of him—but I observed, nevertheless, that he walked away towards the window very suddenly.

Miss Halcombe was not long in writing the note. When it was done, she rose from the writing-table, and handed the open sheet of paper to Sir Percival. He bowed; took it from her; folded it up immediately, without looking at the contents; sealed it; wrote the address; and handed it back to her in silence. I never saw anything more gracefully and more becomingly done, in my life.

"You insist on my posting this letter, Sir Percival?" said Miss Halcombe.

"I beg you will post it," he answered. "And now that it is written and sealed up, allow me to ask one or two last questions about the unhappy woman to whom it refers. I have read the communication which Mr. Gilmore kindly addressed to my solicitor, describing the circumstances under which the writer of the anonymous letter was identified. But there are certain points to which that statement does not refer. Did Anne Catherick see Miss Fairlie?"

"Certainly not," replied Miss Halcombe.

"Did she see you?"

"No."

"She saw nobody from the house, then, except a certain Mr. Hartright, who accidentally met with her in the churchyard here?"

"Nobody else."

"Mr. Hartright was employed at Limmeridge as a drawing-master, I believe? Is he a member of one of the Water-Colour Societies?"

"I believe he is," answered Miss Halcombe.

He paused for a moment, as if he was thinking over the last answer, and then added:

"Did you find out where Anne Catherick was living, when she was in this neighbourhood?"

"Yes. At a farm on the moor, called Todd's Corner."

"It is a duty we all owe to the poor creature herself to trace her," continued Sir Percival. "She may have said something at Todd's Corner which may help us to find her. I will go there, and make inquiries on the chance. In the mean time, as I cannot prevail on myself to discuss this painful subject with Miss Fairlie, may I beg, Miss Halcombe, that you will kindly undertake to give her the necessary explanation, deferring it of course until you have received the reply to that note."

Miss Halcombe promised to comply with his request. He thanked her—nodded pleasantly—and left us, to go and establish himself in his own room. As he opened the door, the cross-grained greyhound poked out her sharp muzzle from under the sofa, and barked and snapped at him.

"A good morning's work, Miss Halcombe," I said, as soon as we were alone. "Here is an anxious day well ended already."

"Yes," she answered; "no doubt. I am very glad your mind is satisfied."

"My mind! Surely, with that note in your hand, your mind is at ease too?"

"Oh, yes—how can it be otherwise? I know the thing could not be," she went on, speaking more to herself than to me; "but I almost wish Walter Hartright had staid here long enough to be present at the explanation, and to hear the proposal to me to write this note."

I was a little surprised—perhaps a little piqued, also, by these last words.

"Events, it is true, connected Mr. Hartright very remarkably with the affair of the letter," I said: "and I readily admit that he conducted himself, all things considered, with great delicacy and discretion. But I am quite at a loss to understand what useful influence his presence could have exercised in relation to the effect of Sir Percival's statement on your mind or mine."

"It was only a fancy," she said, absently. "There is no need to discuss it, Mr. Gilmore. Your experience ought to be, and is, the best guide I can desire."

I did not altogether like her thrusting the whole responsibility, in this marked manner, on my shoulders. If Mr. Fairlie had done it, I should not have been surprised. But resolute, clear-minded Miss Halcombe, was the very last

person in the world whom I should have expected to find shrinking from the expression of an opinion of her own.

"If any doubts still trouble you," I said, "why not mention them to me at once? Tell me plainly, have you any reason to distrust Sir Percival Glyde?"

"None whatever."

"Do you see anything improbable, or contradictory, in his explanation?"

"How can I say I do, after the proof he has offered me of the truth of it? Can there be better testimony in his favour, Mr. Gilmore, than the testimony of the woman's mother?"

"None better. If the answer to your note of inquiry proves to be satisfactory, I, for one, cannot see what more any friend of Sir Percival's can possibly expect from him."

"Then we will post the note," she said, rising to leave the room, "and dismiss all further reference to the subject, until the answer arrives. Don't attach any weight to my hesitation. I can give no better reason for it than that I have been over-anxious about Laura lately; and anxiety, Mr. Gilmore, unsettles the strongest of us."

She left me abruptly; her naturally firm voice faltering as she spoke those last words. A sensitive, vehement, passionate nature—a woman of ten thousand in these trivial, superficial times. I had known her from her earliest years; I had seen her tested, as she grew up, in more than one trying family crisis, and my long experience made me attach an importance to her hesitation under the circumstances here detailed, which I should certainly not have felt in the case of another woman. I could see no cause for any uneasiness or any doubt; but she had made me a little uneasy, and a little doubtful, nevertheless. In my youth, I should have chafed and fretted under the irritation of my own unreasonable state of mind. In my age, I knew better; and went out philosophically to walk it off.

## II.

We all met again at dinner-time.

Sir Percival was in such boisterous high spirits that I hardly recognised him as the same man whose quiet tact, refinement, and good sense had impressed me so strongly at the interview of the morning. The only trace of his former self that I could detect, reappeared, every now and then, in his manner towards Miss Fairlie. A look or a word from her, suspended his loudest laugh, checked his gayest flow of talk, and rendered him all attention to her, and to no one else at table, in an instant. Although he never openly tried to draw her into the conversation, he never lost the slightest chance she gave him of letting her drift into it by accident, and of saying the words to her, under those favourable circumstances, which a man with less tact and delicacy would have pointedly addressed to her the moment they occurred to him. Rather to my surprise, Miss Fairlie appeared to be sensible of his attentions, without being moved by them. She was a little confused from time to time,

when he looked at her, or spoke to her; but she never warmed towards him. Rank, fortune, good breeding, good looks, the respect of a gentleman, and the devotion of a lover, were all humbly placed at her feet, and, so far as appearances went, were all offered in vain.

On the next day, the Tuesday, Sir Percival went in the morning (taking one of the servants with him as a guide) to Todd's Corner. His inquiries, as I afterwards heard, led to no results. On his return, he had an interview with Mr. Fairlie; and in the afternoon he and Miss Halcombe rode out together. Nothing else happened worthy of record. The evening passed as usual. There was no change in Sir Percival and no change in Miss Fairlie.

The Wednesday's post brought with it an event—the reply from Mrs. Catherick. I took a copy of the document, which I have preserved, and which I may as well present in this place. It ran as follows:

"MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, inquiring whether my daughter, Anne, was placed under medical superintendence with my knowledge and approval, and whether the share taken in the matter by Sir Percival Glyde was such as to merit the expression of my gratitude towards that gentleman. Be pleased to accept my answer in the affirmative to both those questions, and believe me to remain, your obedient servant,

"JANE ANNE CATHERICK."

Short, sharp, and to the point: in form, rather a business-like letter for a woman to write; in substance, as plain a confirmation as could be desired of Sir Percival Glyde's statement. This was my opinion, and with certain minor reservations, Miss Halcombe's opinion also. Sir Percival, when the letter was shown to him, did not appear to be struck by the sharp, short tone of it. He told us that Mrs. Catherick was a woman of few words, a clear-headed, straightforward, unimaginative person, who wrote briefly and plainly, just as she spoke.

The next duty to be accomplished, now that the answer had been received, was to acquaint Miss Fairlie with Sir Percival's explanation. Miss Halcombe had undertaken to do this, and had left the room to go to her sister, when she suddenly returned again, and sat down by the easy-chair in which I was reading the newspaper. Sir Percival had gone out a minute before, to look at the stables, and no one was in the room but ourselves.

"I suppose we have really and truly done all we can?" she said, turning and twisting Mrs. Catherick's letter in her hand.

"If we are friends of Sir Percival's, who know him and trust him, we have done all, and more than all, that is necessary," I answered, a little annoyed by this return of her hesitation. "But if we are enemies who suspect him——"

"That alternative is not even to be thought of," she interposed. "We are Sir Percival's friends; and, if generosity and forbearance can

add to our regard for him, we ought to be Sir Percival's admirers as well. You know that he saw Mr. Fairlie yesterday, and that he afterwards went out with me?"

"Yes. I saw you riding away together."

"We began the ride by talking about Anne Catherick, and about the singular manner in which Mr. Hartright met with her. But we soon dropped that subject; and Sir Percival spoke next, in the most unselfish terms, of his engagement with Laura. He said he had observed that she was out of spirits, and he was willing, if not informed to the contrary, to attribute to that cause the alteration in her manner towards him during his present visit. If, however, there was any other more serious reason for the change, he would entreat that no constraint might be placed on her inclinations either by Mr. Fairlie or by me. All he asked, in that case, was that she would recal to mind, for the last time, what the circumstances were under which the engagement between them was made, and what his conduct had been from the beginning of the courtship to the present time. If, after due reflection on those two subjects, she seriously desired that he should withdraw his pretensions to the honour of becoming her husband—and if she would tell him so plainly, with her own lips—he would sacrifice himself by leaving her perfectly free to withdraw from the engagement.

"No man could say more than that, Miss Halcombe. As to my experience, few men in his situation would have said as much."

She paused after I had spoken those words, and looked at me with a singular expression of perplexity and distress.

"I accuse nobody and I suspect nothing," she broke out, abruptly. "But I cannot and will not accept the responsibility of persuading Laura to this marriage."

"That is exactly the course which Sir Percival Glyde has himself requested you to take," I replied, in astonishment. "He has begged you not to force her inclinations."

"And he indirectly obliges me to force them, if I give her his message."

"How can that possibly be?"

"Consult your own knowledge of Laura, Mr. Gilmore. If I tell her to reflect on the circumstances of her engagement, I at once appeal to two of the strongest feelings in her nature—to her love for her father's memory, and to her strict regard for truth. You know that she never broke a promise in her life; you know that she entered on this engagement at the beginning of her father's fatal illness, and that he spoke hopefully and happily of her marriage to Sir Percival Glyde on his death-bed."

I own that I was a little shocked at this view of the case.

"Surely," I said, "you don't mean to infer that when Sir Percival spoke to you yesterday, he speculated on such a result as you have just mentioned?"

Her frank, fearless face answered for her before she spoke.



"Do you think I would remain an instant in the company of any man whom I suspected of such baseness as that?" she asked, angrily.

I liked to feel her hearty indignation flash out on me in that way. We see so much malice and so little indignation in my profession.

"In that case," I said, "excuse me if I tell you, in our legal phrase, that you are travelling out of the record. Whatever the consequences may be, Sir Percival has a right to expect that your sister should carefully consider her engagement from every reasonable point of view before she claims her release from it. If that unlucky letter has prejudiced her against him, go at once, and tell her that he has cleared himself in your eyes and in mine. What objection can she urge against him after that? What excuse can she possibly have for changing her mind about a man whom she virtually accepted for her husband more than two years ago?"

"In the eyes of law and reason, Mr. Gilmore, no excuse, I dare say. If she still hesitates, and if I still hesitate, you must attribute our strange conduct, if you like, to caprice in both cases, and we must bear the imputation as well as we can."

With those words, she suddenly rose, and left me. When a sensible woman has a serious question put to her, and evades it by a flippant answer, it is a sure sign, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that she has something to conceal. I returned to the perusal of the newspaper, strongly suspecting that Miss Halcombe and Miss Fairlie had a secret between them which they were keeping from Sir Percival and keeping from me. I thought this hard on both of us—especially on Sir Percival.

My doubts—or, to speak more correctly, my convictions—were confirmed by Miss Halcombe's language and manner, when I saw her again, later in the day. She was suspiciously brief and reserved in telling me the result of her interview with her sister. Miss Fairlie, it appeared, had listened quietly while the affair of the letter was placed before her in the right point of view; but when Miss Halcombe next proceeded to say that the object of Sir Percival's visit at Limmeridge was to prevail on her to let a day be fixed for the marriage, she checked all further reference to the subject by begging for time. If Sir Percival would consent to spare her for the present, she would undertake to give him his final answer, before the end of the year. She pleaded for this delay with such anxiety and agitation, that Miss Halcombe had promised to use her influence, if necessary, to obtain it; and there, at Miss Fairlie's earnest entreaty, all further discussion of the marriage question had ended.

The purely temporary arrangement thus proposed might have been convenient enough to the young lady; but it proved somewhat embarrassing to the writer of these lines. That morning's post had brought a letter from my partner, which obliged me to return to town the next day, by the afternoon train. It was extremely probable that I should find no second

opportunity of presenting myself at Limmeridge House during the remainder of the year. In that case, supposing Miss Fairlie ultimately decided on holding to her engagement, my necessary personal communication with her, before I drew her settlement, would become something like a downright impossibility; and we should be obliged to commit to writing questions which ought always to be discussed on both sides by word of mouth. I said nothing about this difficulty, until Sir Percival had been consulted on the subject of the desired delay. He was too gallant a gentleman not to grant the request immediately. When Miss Halcombe informed me of this, I told her that I must absolutely speak to her sister, before I left Limmeridge; and it was, therefore, arranged that I should see Miss Fairlie in her own sitting-room, the next morning. She did not come down to dinner, or join us in the evening. Indisposition was the excuse; and I thought Sir Percival looked, as well he might, a little annoyed when he heard of it.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, I went up to Miss Fairlie's sitting-room. The poor girl looked so pale and sad, and came forward to welcome me so readily and prettily, that the resolution to lecture her on her caprice and indecision, which I had been forming all the way up-stairs, failed me on the spot. I led her back to the chair from which she had risen, and placed myself opposite to her. Her cross-grained pet greyhound was in the room, and I fully expected a barking and snapping reception. Strange to say, the whimsical little brute falsified my expectations by jumping into my lap, and poking its sharp muzzle familiarly into my hand the moment I sat down.

"You used often to sit on my knee when you were a child, my dear," I said, "and now your little dog seems determined to succeed you in the vacant throne. Is that pretty drawing your doing?"

I pointed to a little album, which lay on the table by her side, and which she had evidently been looking over when I came in. The page that lay open had a small water-colour landscape very neatly mounted on it. This was the drawing which had suggested my question: an idle question enough—but how could I begin to talk of business to her the moment I opened my lips?

"No," she said, looking away from the drawing rather confusedly; "it is not my doing."

Her fingers had a restless habit, which I remembered in her, as a child, of always playing with the first thing that came to hand, whenever any one was talking to her. On this occasion they wandered to the album, and toyed absently about the margin of the little water-colour drawing. The expression of melancholy deepened on her face. She did not look at the drawing, or look at me. Her eyes moved uneasily from object to object in the room; betraying plainly that she suspected what my purpose was in coming to speak to her. Seeing that, I thought it best to get to the purpose with as little delay as possible.

"One of the errands, my dear, which brings me here is to bid you good-by," I began. "I must get back to London to-day; and, before I leave, I want to have a word with you on the subject of your own affairs."

"I am very sorry you are going, Mr. Gilmore," she said, looking at me kindly. "It is like the happy old times to have you here."

"I hope I may be able to come back, and recall those pleasant memories once more," I continued; "but as there is some uncertainty about the future, I must take my opportunity when I can get it, and speak to you now. I am your old lawyer and your old friend; and I may remind you, I am sure, without offence, of the possibility of your marrying Sir Percival Glyde."

She took her hand off the little album as suddenly as if had turned hot and burnt her. Her fingers twined together nervously in her lap; her eyes looked down again at the floor; and an expression of constraint settled on her face which looked almost like an expression of pain.

"Is it absolutely necessary to speak of my marriage engagement?" she asked, in low tones.

"It is necessary to refer to it," I answered; "but not to dwell on it. Let us merely say that you may marry, or that you may not marry. In the first case, I must be prepared, beforehand, to draw your settlement; and I ought not to do that without, as a matter of politeness, first consulting you. This may be my only chance of hearing what your wishes are. Let us, therefore, suppose the case of your marrying, and let me inform you, in as few words as possible, what your position is now, and what you may make it, if you please, in the future."

I explained to her the object of a marriage-settlement; and then told her exactly what her prospects were—in the first place, on her coming of age, and, in the second place, on the decease of her uncle—marking the distinction between the property in which she had a life interest only, and the property which was left at her own control. She listened attentively, with the constrained expression still on her face, and her hands still nervously clasped together in her lap.

"And, now," I said, in conclusion, "tell me if you can think of any condition which, in the case we have supposed, you would wish me to make for you—subject, of course, to your guardian's approval, as you are not yet of age."

She moved uneasily in her chair—then looked in my face, on a sudden, very earnestly.

"If it does happen," she began, faintly; "if I am——"

"If you are married," I added, helping her out.

"Don't let him part me from Marian," she cried, with a sudden outbreak of energy. "Oh, Mr. Gilmore, pray make it law that Marian is to live with me!"

Under other circumstances, I might perhaps have been amused at this essentially feminine interpretation of my question, and of the long explanation which had preceded it. But her looks and tones, when she spoke, were of a kind to make me more than serious—they distressed

me. Her words, few as they were, betrayed a desperate clinging to the past which boded ill for the future.

"Your having Marian Halcombe to live with you, can easily be settled by private arrangement," I said. "You hardly understood my question, I think. It referred to your own property—to the disposal of your money. Supposing you were to make a will, when you come of age, who would you like the money to go to?"

"Marian has been mother and sister both to me," said the good, affectionate girl, her pretty blue eyes glistening while she spoke. "May I leave it to Marian, Mr. Gilmore?"

"Certainly, my love," I answered. "But remember what a large sum it is. Would you like it all to go to Miss Halcombe?"

She hesitated; her colour came and went; and her hand stole back again to the little album.

"Not all of it," she said. "There is some one else, besides Marian——"

She stopped; her colour heightened; and the fingers of the hand that rested upon the album beat gently on the margin of the drawing, as if her memory had set them going mechanically with the remembrance of a favourite tune.

"You mean some other member of the family besides Miss Halcombe?" I suggested, seeing her at a loss to proceed.

The heightening colour spread to her forehead and her neck, and the nervous fingers suddenly clasped themselves fast round the edge of the book.

"There is some one else," she said, not noticing my last words, though she had evidently heard them; "there is some one else who might like a little keepsake, if—if I might leave it. There would be no harm, if I should die first——"

She paused again. The colour that had spread over her cheeks suddenly, as suddenly left them. The hand on the album resigned its hold, trembled a little, and moved the book away from her. She looked at me for an instant—then turned her head aside in the chair. Her handkerchief fell to the floor as she changed her position, and she hurriedly hid her face from me in her hands.

Sad! To remember her, as I did, the liveliest, happiest child that ever laughed the day through; and to see her now, in the flower of her age and her beauty, so broken and so brought down as this!

In the distress that she caused me, I forgot the years that had passed, and the change they had made in our position towards one another. I moved my chair close to her, and picked up her handkerchief from the carpet, and drew her hands from her face gently. "Don't cry, my love," I said, and dried the tears that were gathering in her eyes, with my own hand, as if she had been the little Laura Fairlie of ten long years ago.

It was the best way I could have taken to compose her. She laid her head on my shoulder, and smiled faintly through her tears.

"I am very sorry for forgetting myself," she

said, artlessly. "I have not been well—I have felt sadly weak and nervous lately; and I often cry without reason when I am alone. I am better now; I can answer you as I ought, Mr. Gilmore, I can indeed."

"No, no, my dear," I replied; "we will consider the subject as done with, for the present. You have said enough to sanction my taking the best possible care of your interests; and we can settle details at another opportunity. Let us have done with business, now, and talk of something else."

I led her at once into speaking on other topics. In ten minutes' time, she was in better spirits; and I rose to take my leave.

"Come here again," she said, earnestly. "I will try to be worthier of your kind feeling for me and for my interests if you will only come again."

Still clinging to the past—the past which I represented to her, in my way, as Miss Halcombe did in hers! It troubled me sorely to see her looking back, at the beginning of her career, just as I look back, at the end of mine.

"If I do come again, I hope I shall find you better," I said—"better and happier. God bless you, my dear."

She only answered by putting up her cheek to me to be kissed. Even lawyers have hearts; and mine ached a little as I took leave of her.

The whole interview between us had hardly lasted more than half an hour—she had not breathed a word, in my presence, to explain the mystery of her evident distress and dismay at the prospect of her marriage—and yet she had contrived to win me over to her side of the question, I neither knew how nor why. I had entered the room, feeling that Sir Percival Glyde had fair reason to complain of the manner in which she was treating him. I left it, secretly hoping that matters might end in her taking him at his word and claiming her release. A man of my age and experience ought to have known better than to vacillate in this unreasonable manner. I can make no excuse for myself; I can only tell the truth, and say—so it was.

The hour for my departure was now drawing near. I sent to Mr. Fairlie to say that I would wait on him to take leave if he liked, but that he must excuse my being rather in a hurry. He sent a message back, written in pencil on a slip of paper: "Kind love and best wishes, dear Gilmore. Hurry of any kind is inexpressibly injurious to me. Pray take care of yourself. Good-by."

Just before I left, I saw Miss Halcombe, for a moment, alone.

"Have you said all you wanted to Laura?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied. "She is very weak and nervous—I am glad she has you to take care of her."

Miss Halcombe's sharp eyes studied my face attentively.

"You are altering your opinion about Laura," she said. "You are readier to make allowances for her than you were yesterday."

No sensible man ever engages, unprepared, in a fencing match of words with a woman. I only answered:

"Let me know what happens. I will do nothing till I hear from you."

She still looked hard in my face. "I wish it was all over, and well over, Mr. Gilmore—and so do you." With those words she left me.

Sir Percival most politely insisted on seeing me to the carriage door.

"If you are ever in my neighbourhood," he said, "pray don't forget that I am sincerely anxious to improve our acquaintance. The tried and trusted old friend of this family will be always a welcome visitor in any house of mine."

A really irresistible man—courteous, considerate, delightfully free from pride—a gentleman, every inch of him. As I drove away to the station, I felt as if I could cheerfully do anything to promote the interests of Sir Percival Glyde—anything in the world, except drawing the marriage settlement of his wife.

### SINDBAD COME TRUE.

THE story of Sindbad the Sailor in the Arabian Nights, often referred to as the Arabian Odyssey, is treated with all due respect in Sir Emerson Tennent's work on Ceylon. Our old friend Sindbad there appears as an "Arabian mariner, whose voyages have had a world-wide renown, and who, more than any other author, ancient or modern, has contributed to familiarise Europe with the name and wonders of Serendib." Sir Emerson observes of him that he could not have lived in the reign of Haroun Alrashid, who died in the year eight hundred and eight, his narratives being based on the recitals of Abou Zeyd and Massoudi, geographers whose date is about fifty years later. Concerning Ceylon, it is deduced from Sindbad's narrative that, while the sea-coast was known to the Arabians, the interior was little explored, and was to them a world of mystery. "Hence, what Sindbad relates of the shore and its inhabitants is devoid of exaggeration: in his first visit, the natives who received him were Malabars, one of whom had learned Arabic, and they were engaged in irrigating their rice lands from a tank. These are incidents which are characteristics of the north-western coast of Ceylon at the present day; and the commerce for which the island was remarkable in the ninth and tenth centuries is implied by the expression of Sindbad, that on the occasion of his next voyage, when bearing presents and a letter from the caliph to the King of Serendib, he embarked at Bassorah in a ship, and with him were many merchants."

Sir Emerson was told by a Kandzan chief of the universal belief of his countrymen that the elephants near death resort to a valley near Saffragam, among the mountains to the east of Adam's Peak, which is reached by a narrow pass with walls of rock on either side, and that they

lie down there to die by a lake of clear water. This, he observes, is a belief in harmony with the adventure of Sindbad when, after carrying the gifts to the King of Serrendib, he was wrecked, made a slave, employed in shooting elephants for the sake of their ivory; and one day, senseless from a fall, was carried away by the great elephant, who wound his trunk around him, and ceased not to proceed until he had taken him to a place where "he found himself amongst the bones of the elephants, and knew that this was their burial-place."

We are told also of a native belief in the connexion of a subterranean river with a remarkable well near Potoor, which tallies with Sindbad's account of his river voyage underground, where the raft rubbed against the sides and his head against the roof.

Such are the notes made by the newest of travellers in corroboration of the faith in ancient Sindbad which has of late years been steadily increasing. Saying nothing of the learned treatise upon Sindbad, written by Mr. Holc, and the notes of several French scholars and geographers, we may dwell especially upon the commentary of Baron Walckenaer, published twenty-eight years ago in a volume of a French series of *Annals of Travel*. A summary of the baron's views was given by Mr. R. H. Major, in the introduction to a recent collection of accounts of Early Voyages to India, published by our own most excellent and useful Hakluyt Society.

The Adventures of Sindbad of the Sea formerly constituted a distinct Arabic work which was no part of the Arabian Nights entertainment. They were composed of the genuine travellers' tales of probably two or three Arabic merchants who lived at the beginning, or in the middle, of the ninth century, and were contemporary with the Mahometan merchant Soliman. The trade with India is very ancient. From Ceylon, the Phœnician pilots of King Soliman's fleet brought gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks. Horace sang of the untouched treasures of rich India. Indians served in the ancient Persian armies. Alexander the Great laid open the way to India and an Indian trade. The luxurious Persians could not dispense with Oriental silks and gems, and ivory. Egypt was the link in trade between India and Europe. When Rome conquered Egypt, the rich Roman matrons were proud in the show of silk dresses that had cost their weight in gold. Eighty years after the conquest, in the year fifty, Hippalus, commander of a vessel in the Indian trade, stretched boldly out to sea from the mouth of the Arabian Gulf, and was carried by the south-western monsoon to a point on the coast of Malabar. The monsoon, of which the use was thus discovered, was named, after this captain, the wind Hippalus. Constantinople, after the decay of Rome, became the new centre of commerce between Europe and the East. Caravans came by Candahar into Persia, but the Persians, after the overthrow of the Parthian empire, began trading actively with Ceylon and India by way of the Persian Gulf.

Then came the time when the Arabs, conquering ground for the doctrines of their prophet, established in Persia the rule of the Caliphs on the throne of the Sassanides, and, subduing also Egypt, gained complete possession of the Eastern trade. For the direct purpose of promoting it, the Caliph Omar founded the port of Bassorah, from which Sindbad sailed.

When, therefore, on his first voyage, Sindbad has to tell the story of the snare of the King of Malradje, we are not to be surprised at finding in the Malay Annals, translated by Mr. Leyden, the same story connected with the founding of the city of Vijnagar, in the Deccan, once a place of great importance. We conclude that the Maharajah of whom Sindbad tells was a king of the Deccan.

In the account of the second voyage, only one country is named, the peninsula of Riha, where we are told there are high mountains and camphor. Sindbad rightly describes the manner of getting camphor from the trees; he describes, also, the rhinoceros and elephant. Camphor was unknown to the Greeks and Romans. Arabs are its first describers, and the best comes from Sumatra, Borneo, and the Malay peninsula. On the Malay peninsula we find also the elephant and the rhinoceros; therefore we may assume that the Malay peninsula was visited by Sindbad—or by those merchants whose tale we have in Sindbad's second voyage.

The third voyage was to an island of fierce tattooed savages, answering to the character of natives of the Andaman Islands. A fish is described partaking of the nature of the ox, and breeding and suckling its young in a like manner. Doubtless the dugong of those coasts.

The fourth voyage was to an island—all unexplored coast was commonly spoken of as island in the middle ages—to an island where pepper was gathered. The coast of Malabar was the chief pepper ground. Thence, Sindbad went to Nacous (Nicobar); thence, in six days, to Kela, "a large empire bordering on India, in which are mines of tin, plantations of sugar-cane, and excellent camphor." This, Baron Walckenaer finds in the province of Keydah, in the Malay peninsula, opposite Sumatra.

The fifth voyage led to shipwreck on the island in which Sindbad served the Old Man of the Sea, whom he was obliged to carry on his back. Again, says Baron Walckenaer, a portion of the coast of Malabar. Ibn Batuta, who visited that coast early in the fourteenth century, says that in his time there were no horses or beasts of burden, and that everything had to be carried on the backs of men hired for the purpose. After escaping from the Old Man of the Sea, and setting sail again, Sindbad almost immediately arrived at a place where they gathered cocoa-nuts. And the chief cocoa-nut islands are the Maldives, lying opposite the coast of Malabar. Thence, he went to the pepper land—the coast of Malabar again; thence, to the coast of Comorin, in the region of Komar, which he identifies by mentioning its aloes wood. Then he went to the pearl fisheries, which are in the

Gulf of Manaar, and, having made great profit by his trading, returned home.

The sixth voyage brought Sindbad to Serendib, or Ceylon, and, the seventh was again to Serendib, whither he went as ambassador from the Caliph. It is noticeable that Sindbad never names more than two or three places in each voyage—sometimes only one place, the destination of his trade; and that the natural history and commerce of the places named is always rightly described. The countries which are the scene of the most extravagant legends are not named at all.

But what is extravagant in Sindbad's story? Not exactly the tale of the roc. Marco Polo speaks of an extraordinary bird in Madagascar, "so large and strong as to seize an elephant with its talons and lift it into the air." He says that the Grand Khan sent inquirers into this tale, who came back with one of the bird's feathers, measuring ninety spans. We may forgive the morsel of exaggeration when we hear what modern naturalists tell of the gigantic eggs of the *epyornis*.

Neither must we dismiss too hastily the story of the valley of diamonds, for which good reason can be furnished. The tale of the colossal tortoise, also, can ride safely upon the broad back of the *Colossochelys Atlas*, of which the first fossil remains were discovered five-and-twenty years ago.

### THE END OF THE WORLD.

THERE are in every generation some presumptuous men eager to expound the inscrutable, and to read for us through their narrow spectacles all that has been foreordained by the Divine Wisdom. Their choice amusement is the making an End of the World. They cannot foretell whether their mutton will be burnt at the next dinner time, but when the world will be burnt up they tell us that they do know to a year, and sometimes almost to an hour. They wish to tell us the date of its end as distinctly as the sage quoted by Chevreau in his *History of the World* had calculated the beginning of it to have been Friday, the sixth of September, at four o'clock in the afternoon, a period which he states in his French idiom to have been "four hours after dinner." Some say that the ending of the world will, and some say that it will not, bring about the conversion of the Jews. The belief in the end of the world is not Jewish and Christian only. A doctrine of the final tumbling together of all things into chaos was held by the old heathen philosophers and poets, taught by Empedocles and Heraclitus, sung by Lucretius and Lucan. Seneca wrote in a book of consolation, "When the time comes, and the world, seeking renewal, is destroyed, things will, by their own powers, wound each other, the stars will strike together, and when all matter is smoking with one fire, everything that now shines in its order will be burnt up."

Many later writers have informed us of the manner of the world's destruction. It is to be taken to pieces, some have taught, in the order in which, as a mechanism, it was put together; the last things added being first removed. But when the question of destroying all the stars arises, then vain man, masquerading as a prophet, has to discuss, and does boldly discuss, the probability of all the worlds that fill the heavens being inhabited like ours, and the chance their inhabitants—if they have any—may run of being destroyed with us for our sins.

Then, again, sections of speculators have decided for themselves whether the world is to be destroyed by natural agencies—as by fire from its centre, or the stroke of a comet—or by means wholly miraculous. The time to be occupied by the destruction has been also variously settled. Some know that it is a day; others have been equally sure that as there were six days of creation, so there will be also a gradual process of destruction. Some have taught that while all things upon earth were slowly decomposing into their elements, the signs foretold by the prophets would be happening. We are assured now that the signs are happening, and we are often told that men are not so large as they once were.

It was an old Jewish doctrine that the world would last six thousand years: two thousand before the Law, two thousand under the Law, and two thousand under the Gospel. In the Christian Church there has been question whether the heavens and earth were to pass wholly away, or whether only all their evil was to be destroyed out of them, and they were to be renewed.

In our own day, fashionable expounders of the secrets of the Most High dwell especially upon the thousand years that are to come before the end. Of Millenaries or Chiliasts there have been three classes: those who look for a visible reign of the Saviour during all those years, those who expect a spiritual kingdom, those who expect ten centuries of simply better days. The founder of the spiritual school, whose doctrine many of the early fathers taught, is said to have been Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis, regarded as a disciple of St. John. The expectants of a material heavenly reign upon earth have their opinion traced back to Cerinthus. The doctrine of a substantial millennium was taught with enthusiasm by the anabaptists, who, at the time of the siege of Munster, circulated a book on the reconstitution of the whole world. It has been a doctrine widely held that men alive at the beginning of this period (for which the last in the list of would-be prophets has appointed the year 1867) will remain alive, and that the martyrs only will rise from their graves.

There was a time when the duration of the world was thought to be bound up with that of the Roman Empire. Then every comet, every earthquake, was a terror. Hesychius, Bishop of Salone, wrote, in the fourth century, to Saint Augustine, asking him whether it was true that the end of the world was near. Saint Augustine

replied that a few years of respite would most probably be granted. From year to year the date was put back till the ninth century, when there was a special expectation and dread, lasting till the year one thousand, which had been definitely fixed as the term of the world's existence. During that century, many grants of estates were made to the churches and monasteries, under the formula "*Termino mundi appropinquante*."—"Whereas the end of the world is approaching." When the thousandth year had passed without any catastrophe, there was a new reason why gifts should be made to the clergy. A new lease was granted to mankind, and the fine payable was a renewal and re-decoration of the episcopal churches, monasteries, and chapels, which took place all over Europe. The illustrious Manuel Comnenus, in the reign of the Emperor Basil the Second, was incessantly tormented by men who would predict the very hour and moment of the end of all. This emperor, who wore monastic dress under his armour, whom his people cursed and his Church blessed, had caves prepared, in which he might take refuge, and his courtiers and flatterers were busy as ants about him, making galleries under the earth, against the time of need.

In the year eleven hundred and seventy-nine, the Eastern astrologers sent letters all over the world, announcing positively that in the middle of September, seven years after date, the end of all things would be brought about by storms of wind. Terrified men were surprised when the time came, by gentle zephyrs and the mildest autumn weather.

In the year fifteen hundred and twenty-four, there was great terror, because John Stoffler, a German astrologer, had predicted universal deluge for the month of February. There were many great conjunctions in the constellation of the Fishes, which indicated terrible mutation by flood in all lands and among all creatures. Men in France, England, Spain, Italy, and elsewhere, fled from the low grounds, and lived upon the hills. A Professor of Divinity at Alcalá wrote a book, blaming the great cost incurred in removals, and suggesting cheap ways of escape. A doctor of Toulouse built himself a boat raised on four pillars. Nevertheless this February, in which all Europe was prepared to battle with the floods, turned out to be "extremely clear and fine." In Hall's contemporary chronicle we read that in this year, because of the signs, "many persons virtualled themselves and went to high grounds for fear of drowning, and specially one Bolton, who was prior of St. Bartholomew's, in Smithfield" (but the story, true as to many, was a mistake as to Bolton), "buildd him a house upon Harrow-of-the-Hill, only for fear of this flood, and thither he went; and made provision for all things necessary within him for the space of two months; but the faithful people put their trust and confidence only in God. And this rain was by the writers prognosticated to be in February, wherefore, when it began to rain in February, the people were much afraid, and said, 'Now it beginneth!' but many wise

men which thought that the world could not be drowned again, contrary to God's promise, put their trust in Him only, but because they thought that some great rains might fall, by inclinations of the stars, and that water-mills might stand still and not grind, they provided for meal, and yet, God be thanked, there was not a fairer season in many years. And, at the last, the astronomers, for their excuse, sayd that in their computation they had mistaken and miscounted in their number an hundreth yer'es."

In fifteen hundred and eighty-six, the Sieur Andreas announced that in two years the world would come to an end, and that *immediately afterwards* all the powers would fall under the dominion of the Turks.

A famous book in the history of Physical Science, Whiston's Theory of the Earth, professed on its title-page to make "the Deluge and the General Conflagration perfectly agreeable to Reason and Philosophy." This reverend gentleman was—in accordance with the scanty knowledge of more than a century and a half ago—the philosophical beginner of the vulgar dread awakened still whenever a comet moves in the direction of this earth. He thought that the near approach of a comet to the earth could so retard its motion for a time as to alter the form of its path round the sun from a circle into an ellipse, "so near to the sun in its perihelion that the sun itself would scorch and burn, dissolve and destroy it in the most prodigious degree; and this combustion being renewed every revolution, would render the earth a perfect chaos again, and change it from a planet to a comet for ever after." 'Tis evident," he adds, "*this* is a sufficient cause of a general conflagration with awitness; and such an one as would entirely ruin the make of the present, and the possibility of a future world." On which last account, he proceeds to say, another method of destruction must be looked for; therefore he goes on to paint this picture, founded, we need hardly observe, upon a perfectly false notion of a comet and of many things besides. Having said that the central heat alone would burn the earth up if its surface were not kept cool by the wash of waters and the coldness of the air, he adds,

"If therefore the passing by of a comet be capable of emptying the seas and ocean and of rendering the air and its contiguous upper surface of the earth extremely hot and inflamed, no more, I suppose, will be necessary to a general conflagration. Or if any more assistance be afforded by the presence of the comet, it will be in excess, and only contribute still the more certainly, and the more suddenly, to kindle such a fatal fire and so dreadful a combustion. Now that both these requisite conditions for a general conflagration would be the consequents of this passage of the ascending comet, is plain and evident: For (1) on the approach of the comet a vast tide would arise in the great abyss; and by the new, more considerable, and more violent elevations thereof into the protuberances, and the spheroid surface of the whole, the old fissures and breaches would be opened again, and not a



few new ones generated; not only as at the Deluge, in the mountainous or more loose columns, extant above the surface of the waters of the globe; but in all parts, and under the seas and ocean, as well as in other places; which fissures must immediately swallow up the main mass or bulk of the waters upon the face of the ground, and send 'em to their fellow-waters in the bowels of the earth; which was the first and principal step towards a general conflagration. And then (2) the vapours acquired from the comet's atmosphere, which at the Deluge were, by reason of their long absence from the sun in the remote regions beyond Saturn, pretty cool; at this time must be supposed, by reason of their so late and near approach to the sun about the perihelion, exceeding hot and burning; and that to so extraordinary a degree that nothing but the idea of the mouth of a volcano, just belching out immense quantities of liquid and burning streams, or torrents of fiery matter, can in any measure be suitable to the violence thereof. Imagine, therefore, the earth to pass through the very middle of this." Thereupon Whiston proceeds to realise for us the situation in which—if he were right and if there be any sense in a reverend gentleman whose vanity we shall not feed by helping towards the publication of his name—we shall all find ourselves if we are alive, seven years hence.

For, the conflagration, Whiston shows, is the beginning of the Millennium. The burning will be at the surface, and heat will subside during a thousand years. On earth during the Millennium there will be no seas or great waters. The rub of the comet will have caused so much stoppage of the earth as to snap the link between it and the moon, who will then travel away on her own separate path. Again, the rub in a direction opposite to the earth's diurnal rotation, would so balance it as to stop its spinning on its axis. Thus there would be during the Millennium no natural day on one side of the earth, and no night on the other.

One day the Duchess of Bolton pretending to come to court in a great fright, explained that she had been at Mr. Whiston's, who told her that the world was to be burnt up in three years, and that, for her part, she was determined to go to China. Certainly that was a place quite out of the world. Horace Walpole's reflection upon the matter was: "For my own part I comfort myself with the humane reflection of the Irishman in the ship that was on fire—I am but a passenger."

In our day, End of the World cries are to be heard in plenty. We are still also taught by ingenious gentlemen, able in their own conceits to tell us who is the Beast. Greek letters represent numbers. The number of the Beast is six hundred and sixty-six. Any man's name being written in Greek letters, the numbers represented by the letters are cast up, and if their sum prove to be six hundred and sixty-six, or whatever other number that number may be interpreted to mean, the man is proved to be the

Beast. Upon this principle many a pope has been denounced, and so has Martin Luther, his name being spelt *Lanter* for this occasion only. Once upon a time Napoleon Bonaparte was detected as the Beast, and the last of this series of discoveries, not many months old, occurs in a large book entitled *Therion*, more than six hundred pages long; if the number of pages had but been six hundred and sixty-six, the book itself might have come under serious suspicion. The author of this work declares it to be "certainly a most astonishing fact that the numeric sign, sixty, ten, six, presents in full detail, and with the utmost precision, the name of Louis Napoleon." A question having been raised by a brother scholar out of the fact that the last o in the name of Napoleon ought to be written in Greek with a long o, or omega, instead of a short o, or omicron, and that this change would upset the whole calculation, the author of *Therion*, replies that the name is not Greek, and therefore is not confined as to its ending by Greek rules; "furthermore," he says, "the lexicons tell us that omega is an assemblage of two o's and I would wish to be informed, the proper spelling of a certain name being Napoleon, by what right I should proceed to write it Napoleon? And, because it is *not* Napoleon, are we to understand that this chief could not possibly have been within the view of the prophet? Why is the Holy Spirit to be bound by the rules of classical orthography? That the name alluded to should be compounded of letters common to the Greek, and the language in which the Beast's name of the latter days should be written, was to be expected, and we find it is so,—every letter in the word Napoleon belongs equally to the Greek and the modern alphabets. And this characteristic, when extended to a double name, as in the case of the present ruler of France, should at least have the effect of propitiating our judgment, for I need not mention that there are many names among us—e. g. Frederick, Alfred, William, &c.—which, not admitting of being written in Greek, could none of them be the Beast signified." There is a good deal of consolation in all this. Our gracious Queen is safe against scandal, which is more than could have been said for Queen Elizabeth. Anybody with a c, f, h not preceded by t, i, g, v, w or y in his name is safe against suspicion on this head at any rate. The same acute writer calls attention to the fact that our imperial ally is the Gallic (i. e. cock-like) chief, and thus fulfils the scriptural name of "Lucifer—Son of the Morning!"

This may sound like a burlesque on sacred things, but we simply repeat what we find in the works of the wiseacres. Upon the passage in Revelations, which says that "the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun," one interpreter, a scholar of high standing, Dr. Wordsworth, says that the sun is Our Lord Himself; another interpreter who is no scholar, Dr. Cumming, says that it is Napoleon Bonaparte.

We are ashamed that there is need to call at-

tention to the emptiness of all these false pretensions to a kind of knowledge that no man possesses. Another writer of a large book, lately issued from the press, seeing the Scarlet Woman in the Papacy, interprets for us the history of what is yet to come. Rome is yet to place her foot upon the necks of kings before she is swallowed up in the abyss at the time when the Jews, by help of money, shall have advanced themselves to the possession of the heavenly Jerusalem. "The process," says this writer, "by which the now rejected and outcast Jew is to be restored, and his city and temple to be raised from the dust and degradation of centuries to glory unexampled in the world's history till then, will involve in it the rejection of the Gentile, and the precipitation of his metropolis into the depths of the abyss, to rise no more." The means to this end he defines thus emphatically: "Money and superstition are the two chief elements of power and influence—the means by which the possessors will be most likely to obtain the objects of their worldly desires. The Jew commands the one, and the Papacy works out its ends by the other; and however determined spirits may scorn and scoff at their respective hopes and pretensions, with such weapons the scattered Israelites will assuredly enter into possession of the Holy Land, and the Papacy as certainly place her iron heel on the necks of the submissive beings of the earth."

A contemporary French wiseacre interprets Scripture for us into the cry of an approaching "End of the World through Science." The pile of science cracks under its own weight, and is about to fall in ruin on our heads. "Ignorance," he says, "of the relations of forces is the portal by which our destiny will enter. It will be the flaw in the armour through which all the race of man is one day to receive its mortal wound." It is no misstatement to say that this gentleman, M. Eugene Huzar, conceives that the last conflagration of London may arise out of one man's having set the Thames on fire. "See," he says, "round our globe, that immense ocean, with its phosphorous fires, with its oily and fat beds, with its elements so combustible that the volcanoes catch fire at it incessantly, and never go out for want of fuel till the sea shall have deserted them. See, on the other hand, this chemical product burning in the water, true Greek fire, which will lay open the road to a hundred other discoveries still more incendiary. And understand how, some day or other, conflagration may be kindled in the world." Fire set to the Thames or Seine in one of the two great capitals of science, by an unforeseen chemical accident, will spread over the Channel, raise the North Sea and the Atlantic into one great blaze, and the more water the more fire. The Pacific will blaze up, the rivers will run flame, and everything living will be roasted to a cinder.

Wherein are these our contemporary speculations better than that of the Judas who fixed Antichrist for the tenth year of the reign of

Severus, or that of Dionysius of Alexandria, who promised him in the days of Valerian, or those who promised that the end of the world should begin when Lady Day fell upon Easter-eve? An old French wiseacre, M. Jurien, taught that "Antichristianism was born about the year four hundred and fifty; it shall die about the year seventeen hundred and ten. This may happen sooner, but I do not see that it can go much farther, unless it be to seventeen fourteen." And he fixed the beginning of the Millennium for the year seventeen eighty-five, as impudently as another wiseacre now fixes it for eighteen sixty-seven. Richard Brothers, a presumptuous oracle in the same school at the end of the last century, taught that "the very loud and unusual kind of thunder heard in January, seventeen ninety-one, was the voice of the angel mentioned in the eighteenth chapter of Revelations," and fixed the fifteenth of August, 'ninety-three, for the destruction of London. "Write, write; the spirit says write," prophesied an old Suffolk woman ninety-four years ago; "the High Priest, the High Priest shall never have another Christmas dinner!"

The last, and at this particular moment most notorious, of these would-be prophets, is a doctor to whom we have already referred, who talks big words empty of wit, and streams incessantly the mouthiest of books from all his fingers' ends. He points to the wars and the police reports; tells us in his own inflated way, that "there is at present an area accumulation and intensity of morbid agencies in the air which no previous year has witnessed"—did he never hear of the plagues of the middle ages?—observes a general "dereliction of moral obligations," and fills for us a windbag of coming tribulation. "I hope," he says, "soon to publish a photographic sketch of the Millennial state, as a companion to this volume." The next step in audacity will, perhaps, be an advertisement of Heaven in the Stereoscope.

This vain man, equal to any of his predecessors in audacity, although inferior to most of them in wisdom, even favours us with a long account of the last conflagration of the world, in the style of the penny-a-liner. That "spectacle of awful grandeur" is done into a long report for us, "as seen by the happy and safe spectators, from the cloud of glory that floats their beautiful pavilion far above it. I look," he says, in the course of this outpouring, "to another part of the world; I see, what must pain some, the library of our great Museum, the yet more precious library of the Vatican at Rome, reached by the all-devouring and unsparing fire, I see the works of Gibbon and Voltaire, and Rousseau, and Shelley, and Byron cast into the flame; and as they are consumed, they send forth volumes of sulphurous and intolerable smoke. I see the works of Milton and Shakespeare, and Scott, and the masterspirits of every age of our country, blazing in the flames, while they shoot up only in brilliant sparks that have all the splendour of the lightning, and all its evanescence too." That

passage affords a fair text of the mind of the man who is now warning us—as others, many of whom better educated in their day, and less presumptuous in tone—have warned those who lived before us concerning scores of other years, “that eighteen sixty-seven is to be the great crisis, the testing crisis in the events of history, in the fulfilment of prophecy, and in the experience of man.” The words overweigh the meaning even in that little sentence; but to any one who seeks a certain sort of notoriety, it is a blessing to be round-mouthed.

The last of the wisecracks, of course reminds us that the prophets have been stoned. Every simpleton who is discredited, is free to talk of Galileo; every quackery, from the Mortality Pill upward and downward, expects ridicule, and is resigned to it as the fate of truth that shines before its day. Ridicule suffered by the wise and true men of our race has been the shield worn ostentatiously by every quack for the last century or two. But for a single word, we do not know whether we read from the works of Holloway or Morison, or Hahneman or Doctor Cumming, or a Spirit-Rapper, when we find a preface ending with “I need not add that, like all my previous volumes on prophecy, this will receive plenty of that style of secular criticism which consists in scoffs, ridicule, and caricatures.” For prophecy and secular we may read pills and regular, or homœopathy and allopathic, or spiritualism and secular, but the rest of the form is but the old stereotype. It is gross arrogance for a man to add upon a question about his own speculations, as the writer here does, that “the world cannot endure the truths of prophecy.” Humble endeavour at interpretation—and what labour demands humility so much?—wins the respect due to it. But when a man puts forward his own ostentatious claim to be of the school of the Prophets—even although he has the moderation to be satisfied with a bargain of the impossibility of lasting credit, for a seven years’ lease of certain notoriety that shall expire when in due course his promissory note upon the future is dishonoured—he attracts a notice by which he must not hope always to be flattered.

### OUR EYE-WITNESS ON THE ICE.

ONCE every year, the earth suffers from a seizure of a violent and savage nature, which brings hidden benefits with it, but administers them with a rough hand: much as a man might fling a purse of gold at your head, hitting you a nasty knock, while he conveyed at the same time certain advantages compensating for the accompanying thump.

This attack—it is called a Frost—is sometimes but an affair of a day or two in and about London; sometimes it lasts for weeks together; while sometimes it comes and goes, and hangs about us like an intermittent fever. It is, however, always sudden in assault. A short warning of unusual fog and darkness is given, and lo! we wake one morning at five, while it is yet dark;

we say, “It has turned suddenly cold;” we hear the subsiding crack of the fuel of our long-extinguished fire as it sinks together; we stretch out a reluctant arm for our wadded dressing-gown, and make use of it as a supplementary blanket. Nay, we harpoon towards us the shooting-jacket from the chair by the bedside, and bivouac under that also, and, in spite of all, and after all, we find that “we can’t get to sleep again for the cold.”

The symptoms develop rapidly: the London boys outside give tongue, and though thinly clad, shout to each other in congratulation on this opportunity of effecting much slide-mischief on the pavement; the New-road is dotted with fallen horses; the cabs move at a foot pace; the water is hard to come at; the pipes are frozen and roar all day, meaning to burst when the thaw comes; the wet towels on the horse by the window, become stiff with ice; and a variety of other inconveniences occur which cause the human race generally to be slow in rising from bed, to be prone to good living, to get grimy about the knuckles, to be apt to graze the same against angles of furniture, to feel sore in the eyes and torpid towards evening, and to make the best possible excuses for a second glass of punch before retiring for the night. In short, it is undeniable that of the four elements the air has the best of it now. It has locked the earth and the water up tight, and even the fire cannot hold its own, and affects a very small circle just round about it, and no more.

It is not long before rumours go forth that the Serpentine—or, as some will have it, the Circomtime—will bear, and away rushes the populace to disport itself upon the broad expanse of its waters, or to stand in safety on the shore, scoffing at the misfortunes of its more venturesome members. Away rushes the populace, and, after them, away rushes the Eye-witness, to take note of the predominant characteristics of the scene.

Peppermint and oranges are the predominant characteristics. Hot, fiery, appetite-destroying peppermint, and cold, pale, grief-engendering oranges. It is impossible to stir five paces, without coming in contact with a tray full of peppermint drops, or a basket lined with blue paper to set off its cargo of oranges. There is evidently a reaction of the stomach contemplated in this provision. The orange, which is hideously unripe and cold, produces such internal anguish that the consumer of it rushes off for peppermint to allay his torment; while the heated diaphragm of the peppermint eater calls loudly within him for the ever near orange. Nay, in some cases, there are to be found humane men who sell the bane and antidote together, having a division in their baskets with oranges on one side and peppermint drops on the other.

These two articles of consumption having it all their own way, it follows that the vendor of three-cornered tarts with a dab of jam couchant, in a field of pale paste, must come off second best, while the purveyors of gingerbread, roasted chest-nuts, oily Brazil nuts, and even of hot elder

wine, are left nowhere in the race. Not so the merchants of walking-sticks; there is a brisk demand for them, a walking-stick being much affected by your inexperienced skater. Indeed, such a supplementary prop is a serviceable thing, and, whether planted on the ice to support the beginner—in which case it always slips away from him—or flourished wildly in the air to the detriment of the eyes of other skaters, is a graceful and convenient appendage.

The man who has brought what looks like an engine of torture, but which is really an instrument for ascertaining the height, weight, and strength of those who may be anxious for information on those subjects, has made a sad mistake. What could he hope for, but the neglect with which he is treated? Did he think that skaters who had measured their length on the ice would come and test the truth of their estimate afterwards, or that persons of corpulent proportions would wish to ascertain whether they were too heavy to venture on the ice.

Among the component members of the crowd upon the banks, two great classes are to be found: the people who suffer from the cold, and the people who enjoy the cold. These last might sometimes surely be less defiantly hardy, with great advantage to themselves and others. It is most aggravating to see Old Bellows, for instance, always stamping about and thumping his chest with the perpetual old phrase about the bracing nature of the air. We have no objection to his being braced, far from it; but there is no occasion for him to make such a fuss about it, as if it were a very creditable thing to be braced, and as if nobody were braced but himself. Let him be braced quietly and modestly, and let poor little Wriggles, who is home on sick leave from India, and is shivering his soul out, decline to be braced if he likes.

The single member of the Rifle Corps, who walks up and down with a lady on his arm, dressed in uniform, and with a red cock's plume in his cap, is sufficiently punished by his own feelings and by the sneers of passers-by, and may be left without further censure or comment. But the young man who has brought ladies with him to see him skate, and who, while his skates are being put on, becomes paler and paler with every added strap—this young man who, when at last fully equipped and launched forth upon the world of ice, instantly falls down with a sickly giggle as if he enjoyed the joke,—this personage, we say, is of some importance, because he at once leads us to that analysis of falls, that great dissection of the art of tumbling, which the world has hitherto strongly felt the want of.

Shakespeare, when he puts into the mouth of Touchstone that celebrated dissertation on the different degrees of removal in a quarrel, is able, it will be remembered, to dispose of his subject under seven heads. It is not so with the degrees of tumbling. This voluminous and most important topic can be done justice to, in no fewer than eight divisions. A greater degree of condensation, a more merged classification, have been attempted,

but the result was found to be imperfect, and the reader may depend upon the subjoined analysis as being reduced to the narrowest limits compatible with a complete examination of the subject.

There are—to deal with the matter after the Touchstone manner—eight degrees, forms, or modes of tumbling—no more, and no less. There is, first, the “Fling utter;” secondly, the “Smash complicated;” thirdly, the “Stagger victorious;” fourthly, the “Scramble ineffectual;” fifthly, the “Drop sudden;” sixthly, the “Fall facetious;” seventhly, the “Tumble truculent;” and, eighthly and lastly, the “Crash unresisted.”

Let us now examine each and go into this fearful subject a little more in detail, beginning at the beginning, with the Fling utter. He who having attained the highest possible degree of speed known in the annals of skating, strikes suddenly against some particle of foreign matter which has become embedded in the ice—be it a stone, a frozen twig, or what not—he who when thus checked, finds his feet cast up into the air, and presently his body in such violent contact with the ice that he slides along upon his shoulder and his ear, fifteen yards, before his legs have descended to the same level with the portions of his anatomy just hinted at—this man, and he alone, knows what it is to have experienced the Fling utter. It is a condition of tumbling wholly dependent upon, and inseparable from, a great degree of speed, and is intimately associated with that phenomenon known to skaters as “the outside edge.” This Fling utter is a piteous accident. It is frequent and terrible, and is attended by the following symptoms: a smart tingling in the ears, a sensation as of a rush of blood to the back of the head, a vision before the eyes of numerous black tadpoles ornamented with diamond frontlets or coronets and floating in the air, a sudden taste of base metal in the mouth, a conviction on the part of the sufferer that his neck has become shorter, that his vertebrae are jammed together, that his heart is between his teeth, that his legs are in his body, that his body is up in his head, that his stomach is collapsed, that his hands are affixed to his ankles and his feet joined on to his wrists. Let us get on to the Smash complicated.

This is an accident strangely connected with peculiar states of the nervous system. You see a man swooping down upon you; you have time to avoid him, but you can't; a hideous fascination draws you on, you meet with a dread concussion, you embrace him and cling to him, and he to you; your hat drops off, so does his; you perform together a frenzied waltz, which brings you to a slide; you are falling; remember, all this time, the sliders descend upon you, and you form the centre of an entangled mass of arms, legs, and bodies, in which no person can identify his own, till, the great crash over, the sufferer crawls out of this seething mass of humanity on his hands and knees, and very commonly finds a recess or dimple in his hat, which

brings the career of that article of costume to an untimely end. This is a brief history of the Smash complicated, so called from the number of persons involved in it, and the manner in which all the victims of the accident become mixed up together in one common ruin.

We now come to the Stagger victorious, and the Scramble ineffectual. It has doubtless been the lot of most persons, who have looked on at the sport of skating, to have their attention drawn to the conduct of some individual engaged in that pastime, who suddenly, and for some unexplained reason, flings his head and body back, stamps seven times with the heels of his skates, whirls his arms around, casts his stick into a distant parish, plunges forward, swerves, advances several hurried paces, stamps more wildly than before, revolves, clutches at the air, bows himself double, again flings himself back, recovers himself and his balance without any actual fall, and stands perfectly still for several minutes, with his hands supporting the small of his back. This is the Stagger victorious, concerning which it may be said, in one word, that it is a mistake, and that it is better to tumble down at once than to rick the back, strain the abdomen, and dislocate the limbs generally, by the manœuvres just described. But if the Stagger victorious be a mistake, what is the Scramble ineffectual—a performance in which our acrobat goes through the whole of the above-mentioned extravagances, and tumbles down after all? This is the most disappointing and the most humiliating of all modes of falling: the unhappy victim of the Scramble ineffectual having secured the attention of everybody present by the prolonged struggle which precedes his ruin.

Perhaps, however, the most undignified of all tumbles is that which has been characterised as the Drop sudden. It is a very simple transaction, commonly unattended with serious results, and consists, to put the affair in two words, of a sudden (and involuntary) sitting down act on the part of the sufferer, who drops, without any apparent cause, upon the ice in a sitting posture, with his legs stretched out straight in front of him. It has been remarked, by great observers and profound thinkers, that the patient in this case will ordinarily remain in this position for some minutes before attempting to rise; that he is apt to look about him, and that, after picking up his hat which the Drop sudden invariably jerks off, he will take a handkerchief therefrom, and carefully blow his nose whilst still in the sitting posture. From these observations, the profound thinkers aforesaid have drawn the conclusion that the Drop sudden is a less alarming seizure than any other to which skaters are liable.

Let us speak of the Fall facetious. The Fall facetious is in its earlier stages intimately mixed up with the Scramble ineffectual. It is generally preceded by the same resistance and staggering, and even the fall itself has no distinguished character of its own. It is in this case a question of the tumbler and not of the tumble. He who treats his fall in the facetious manner

will (with anguish in every limb) get up with a smiling countenance, joining the laugh against himself, and even sometimes muttering in a gay manner disparaging remarks about his own clumsiness, or faintly humming a lively air. Let no person be taken in by this. Instances have been known, in which sufferers by the Fall facetious have skated for three minutes and a half after their accident just as if nothing had happened, have then cast a hurried look around the swift circle in which they have been performing, and, coming to the conclusion that nobody was looking, have limped off to some secret island, and have been found there, hours afterwards, sitting among the water-fowl and groaning with anguish.

The Fall facetious, though a less candid, is a more amiable view of our subject than that exhibited in the Tumble truculent. The Tumbler truculent is a man of a somewhat savage but a sincere and open character, who, when he is in a rage and in considerable bodily discomfort, is at no pains to conceal the fact. It is his habit, as is the case with most dangerous characters, to dine early, and he has come out to skate immediately after his meal. Under these circumstances the shock of a severe fall is no doubt anything but conducive to digestion, yet is this no efficient defence of the fury with which the Tumbler truculent turns upon the small boy upon the bank and asks him "What the devil he is laughing at?" It must not be forgotten that (at least as far as the present writer's knowledge extends) the Tumble truculent has not arisen from any fault on the skater's part. He has either been tripped up, or has stumbled over some defect in the ice; and the tripper-up, or the ice itself, as the case may be, will at such times come in for certain remarks which are the reverse of complimentary. It is a fatal error to display emotion on the ice, and a man will meet with no sympathy who resents his fall as a deadly injury.

We have now got in our examination of this great subject to the eighth and last division of falls, and the Crash unresisted remains alone for consideration. Perhaps, of all the orders of tumbling, there is none so opposed to this last upon the list as the Scramble ineffectual. Just as the skater in that instance declined to accept his doom, so in the case of the Crash unresisted, he takes the accident as it comes, makes no resistance, and only devotes the half-instant between the flying of his legs into the air and the descent of his body upon the ice, to a rapid act of self-preservation, in so ordering his fall that the fleshiest portions of his frame and not the more bony angles shall sustain the full force of the impending crash. This is perfect wisdom, and, in carrying it out, he will find the advice of Sancho Panza, on the best means of enduring a blanket-tossing, of incalculable service. "If such mishaps do come," he says, "there is nothing to be done but to shrug up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, shut one's eyes, and let oneself go whither fortune and the blanket please to toss one."

With this invaluable piece of advice, the Eye-witness thinks he may bring the more analytical part of his subject to a close, introducing only a few concluding remarks on tumbles generally, which are required to complete the usefulness of his treatise. The writer having studied the art of skating for twenty years, and having always aimed at its higher achievements, has, perhaps, had as many falls as most men, and is, consequently, in a condition to speak about this matter as authoritatively as another. He would suggest, then, for the consideration of psychologists, a theory about which he has little doubt himself, though it certainly sounds a little startling at first. He holds that tumbling is infinitely more a thing of the mind than of the body. The writer has observed that, after a hard day's work, he will be apt to fall oftener than after a day of less mental exertion, and he has also noticed that one fall (if it hurts) begets another, and that at such times the injured part of the frame is exactly that portion which comes in for damage again: which has entirely resulted from a sensation in the mind of horror at the thought of another blow on the tender place. But, perhaps, the strongest support of all to this theory of the mental or cerebral origin of tumbles is to be found in the fact that any attempt on the part of a skater to *show off*, is invariably attended with a series of disasters calculated to wound the feelings, both mental and bodily, of the exhibitor in no ordinary degree.

Let us illustrate this, with an instance. No sooner have those two young ladies with the grosseille rosettes outside their bonnets, with cheeks which the frost has nipped into the loveliest pinkness conceivable, and escorted by convenient brothers just home for the holidays—no sooner have those interesting young persons approached the ring of ice on which our skater is engaged, than the troubles of the unhappy man begin. He ceases to complete his skates, he passes from one to the other too rapidly; in his anxiety to achieve tours de force beyond his reach, he rushes upon an outside edge with more impetus than he can deal with safely, and the Fling utter is the consequence. He is skating *at* those two young ladies; his wandering eye is for ever covertly watching the effect of his performance, when it ought to be helping him to steer clear of impending dangers; his nerves are unstrung; he says to himself, "Good Heavens, what a failure it would be if I were to get a fall!" and instantly down he goes.

One more instance in support of this theory. It is well known that all success in the world has the effect of surrounding him who has been able to attain it, with a band of admiring and watchful parasites. Now, successful skating is more indicative of strength of limb than of force of mind, and a man may be a dexterous skater, and yet have a weak head. There is nothing more common than such a combination, and he who is thus constituted, completely upset by his own triumphs, and in a manner carried away by his own legs, will frequently lose himself so

far as to hold forth to the admirers and satellites who invariably surround him, upon the subject of skating, and even to illustrate his meaning at times by an attempt to show the neophyte whom he is instructing, the stroke, or combination of strokes, which it is his province to describe. Woe to such men! Woe to him who says, "If you'll allow me, I will show you what I mean." If that man fail to dislocate a limb in the tumble which ensues, he may think himself well out of it.

Enough has now been said to prove to demonstration the frequent mental origin of disasters on the ice, and with this last fall we will let the subject fall also, and get on to other things.

Get on to the bridge over the Serpentine, and observe how colour, in this vast assemblage of people, goes for nothing, and how the eye is struck by nothing but black and greyish white: the crowd entirely showing in patches, larger or smaller, of black, and the greyish white of the ice or the frosty earth being their background. Get on to the other bank and shudder as you read the board which limits the hours for bathing in the Serpentine. Bathing in the Serpentine before daylight, and with only that small pool to bathe in, which is kept for the ducks!

Get on to a consideration of the ducks themselves—the frozen out ducks who don't know what to think of it at all, who make short excursions on the ice, and finding it a failure, return to their small domain where the ice is broken for them, and turn themselves upside down, for inexplicable reasons, in the water, as if they didn't mind the cold.

Get on to where the small capitalist, whose stock in trade consists of a rough deal box, turned bottom upwards, and with a string attached to it, is giving ha'penny rides upon the ice to abject boys, who call this vehicle a sledge, and shout and yell for joy as they sit astride it.

And having got on through all these matters, and having arrived safely at the end of the Serpentine from which we originally started, we may stand there for half a minute and ponder over one or two questions connected with ice and skating, before we run shuddering home to a furious fire and the best dinner that circumstance accords us.

What becomes of ice-men and skate-lenders in summer? In summer, quotha? What becomes of them during eleven months of the year? These strange and fearful-looking men, who work the machinery of the Royal Humane Society—these men with inflated air cushions on their stomachs, and hopeless-looking cork life-preservers over their shoulders—what becomes of *them* when the Serpentine is not frozen over? Look again at these mysterious throngs and armaments of skate proprietors, men who pass a shuddering and frostbitten existence, intimately allied with gimlets impaired at the point, and bradawls of doubtful sharpness—what becomes of these men and of their rows of sorry skates for hire, when no ice is to be found except at the fishmongers' and the pastrycooks'? This



race is a race apart. They are not like other men. They are never tall, never fat, never thin. What becomes of these men, your Eye-witness demands, during the summer months and "in the season of the year?" What becomes of them and of their stock, their sorry skates, their impaired gimlets, their pointless bradawls, their strips of bedside carpet, and their wheezy chairs? These are awful questions! To look at these men, they are like bill-stickers. But can they belong to that valuable fraternity? Hardly; for if so, who would stick the bills on our walls while these mysterious personages are sticking the skates on our feet? Are they members of some league or guild, which supports them through the year? Are they and the icemen, bound up as they are by common interests, allied in such a society; and do they spend their summer together, the skate proprietors fixing the sorry skates on the feet of the icemen, taking them off again immediately, and then tumbling through trap-doors provided for the purpose, and being straightway hooked up again with the apparatus of the Humane Society, for practice?

The season for skating is so short and uncertain in this country, that little or no legislative attention has been bestowed upon the best means of regulating the condition under which that pastime may be most safely practised. Short, however, as the season is, the list of accidents which annually occur is long enough to justify the bestowal of some degree of attention upon this subject. In the first place (to take the most important class of accidents, those, namely, which affect life), is there any reason why our ornamental waters should have a greater depth than two or three feet? If, as their name implies, these artificial lakes are simply intended for ornament, that purpose would surely be answered by two feet of water as well as by twenty. The difficulty, if there be any, with regard to the fish, is unworthy to be put in the balance for a moment; if they cannot live in the shallow water, they may go. There is, indeed, but one doubt that can affect this question, and that is, whether a great depth of water is necessary to prevent stagnation. On this, the present writer is unable to give an opinion, but the subject is well worthy of the attention of those who may be acquainted with such matters, being one by which, beyond the shadow of a doubt, human life is annually lost.

A miss is *not* as good as a mile in all cases, and when the point of a walking-stick has been within a quarter of an inch of your eye, you are not (as to the nerves) as well off as if it had never attained such proximity to the organ in question. The wild flourishing of sticks by skaters in their attempts to preserve a balance must have struck—in more senses of the word than one—everybody who has spent much time on the ice as one of the most annoying and aggravating dangers they have had to encounter. A disaster produced by this practice of carrying sticks, so prevalent among bad skaters, has occurred this year. It is enough to say that the

thing is excessively dangerous, that *sticks are of no use to skaters whatsoever*, and that they should not be allowed in the hands of any one engaged in skating.

These two are the main questions in connexion with this topic, which really seem, as affecting life and limb, to call for some little attention. It would be curious to examine the books of our hospitals and of the Royal Humane Society, with a view to ascertain how many of the accidents which one frost has brought about, might have been prevented by a more serious recognition of the great importance of that annual visitation.

### ANOTHER WHITSTABLE TRADE.

If it had not fallen to the lot of Whitstable to be celebrated for its oysters, and its company of "free dredgers,"\* it might have claimed a word of notice for producing that rarest of all workmen, the sea-diver. As the oyster exerts such an obvious influence upon Whitstable men, and lives at the bottom of the sea, it would almost seem as if this stationary shell-fish were the father of this other Whitstable trade.

The Whitstable divers may be from thirty to fifty in number, strong, stout, healthy, temperate men, who look like able-bodied sailors. Though not incorporated as a joint-stock company, and protected by a charter, like their friends and neighbours, the free-dredgers, they form themselves, by a kind of Whitstable instinct, into a working brotherhood, under the presidency and guidance of a captain—Mr. Green. Mr. Green is not a diver himself, and has never been under water, either in the helmet or the bell; but he directs the labour of those within his command, purchases their chances for a certain fixed payment before they dive, and acts generally like that very useful, but oftentimes much-abused "capitalist," without whom so few trades can be successfully carried on.

In stormy seasons, when the wreck of some heavily-laden homeward-bound vessel is an every-day occurrence round our fatal coast, the rooms at the King's Head Inn, in Whitstable, the house of call for divers, are very thinly attended, and the men, with their boats and apparatus, are hurried off in all directions to profitable work. Mr. Green is then in the hourly receipt of telegrams from Lloyd's, or from private owners, requesting him to send "four divers to Moelfre," and four more "to the Goodwin Sands." If a vessel tilts over, as it did the other day in the Victoria Docks, Mr. Green is communicated with to furnish help; and his divers are sometimes sent for from the West Indies, and distant, unknown seas.

These men go down to work in the diving dress, until they are sixty or seventy years of age. The dress consists of a waterproof body suit, to keep them dry and warm; very heavily-weighted boots, to keep them steady and on their legs; and the well-known helmet with the glass-eye

\* See No. 31, pp. 113, 14, 15, and 16.

windows, which is furnished with air pumped from the boat above down an elastic tube. So hideous does this dress appear to animals as well as to human beings, that every kind of fish flies from it in dismay. In going down in the West Indian waters, where sharks are painfully plentiful, the Whitstable diver found his unsightly armour a sufficient protection, and his large-toothed enemies darting away from him, without offering the slightest attack.

The depths that the Whitstable diver has most frequently to go to, are ten to fifteen fathoms, or sixty to ninety feet. He sometimes ventures to eighteen fathoms (one hundred and eight feet), but seldom goes beyond, as the weight of water above his head impedes his movements, and the longer his air-tube is paid out, the more difficult it becomes to supply him with sufficient air. The sharp pain in the ears, as if a couple of quills had been thrust into them,\* is nearly always felt by the diver during the first three or four fathoms of his descent, though it goes off some little time before he reaches the deck of the sunken ship. This pain is caused by the condensed air in the helmet, and the sensation is precisely similar when the diving is performed in a bell.

When the vessel has settled down in a sandy bottom, it is preserved, for many months, from breaking up; and its position may be much the same as it would be when floating in calm water, if it be not tilted over by any under-current drifts. The light, of course, depends a good deal upon the depth, and upon the nature of the bottom; but, where there is no chalk to give a milky thickness to the water, the diver pursues his work in a kind of gloomy twilight. By the aid of this, he can see and feel his way round the ship; but when he ascends to the deck, and winds down into the principal cabins, he finds everything pitch dark, and has nothing to guide him but his hands. This is the most difficult, and yet the most frequent, labour he has to encounter; the danger being that, in a large vessel, where the cabin stairs are deep, and the cabins are long and broad, he may get his air tube twisted round some unfamiliar projection, and so squeeze off his supply of life from above. In positions such as this, he requires all his nerve and self-possession, all his power of feeling his way back in the exact road that he came. He may have got the precious casket, to which he has been directed, in his arms; but what of that, if he die before he can find the stairs? The cold, helpless masses that bump against his helmet, as they float along the low roof over his head, are the decomposed corpses of those who were huddled together in the cabin when the ship went down. A few of these may be on the floor under his feet, but only when pinned down by an overturned table or a fallen chest. Their tendency is upward—ever upward—and the remorseless sea washes away the dead infant from its dead mother's arms, the dead wife from her dead husband's embrace. If the wreck be

in the Channel, the small crabs are already beginning to fatten on their prey.

The diver disentangles himself from this silent crowd, and ascends the welcome stairs to the deck. The treasure he has rescued, is hauled up into the attendant diving boat; and he turns again to renew his work. He seldom meets with an accident, under water; never, perhaps, with death, and the chief risk he runs is from getting some heavy piece of ship lumber overturned on his long train of air-pipe. Even in this case he feels the sudden check and the want of air, gropes his way back to the obstruction, removes it, signals to his companions to be raised, and reaches the boat exhausted and alarmed, but not so much so as to give up his place in the trade. His earnings mostly take the form of shares in what he recovers. If fortunate, his gains may be large; if unfortunate, they may be small; but no man can grudge him the highest prizes it is possible for him to win. May Whitstable always have the honour of producing such bold and dexterous men as plentifully as she has hitherto done, and may they have the wisdom to keep what they get!

#### STREET SIGHTS IN CONSTAN- TINOPLE.

You, London reader, have seen wonderful things in your time; the sham sailor in the New-road, with a painting of a storm in the Bay of Biscay rolled out between his wooden legs, which rest as sentinels on either side of it; the man in Gower-street, about dusk o' summer evenings, who comes round to the area railings with illuminated cathedrals, and other precious transparent trifles; the little lump of a man on a trencher, selling nutmeg-graters, who propels himself along Regent-street with a wooden flat-iron in either hand; the Bearded Woman (penny admittance) in Holborn, close to Tottenham-court-road; the blind man with the tremendous eyebrows, dragged along Oxford-street at an irreverent and disrespectful pace, by the unbroken-in, rampant, smooth terrier; but let me tell you what I saw near the Horse Bazaar at Constantinople, on a certain October morning.

I had crossed the famous wooden bridge that brackets Stamboul and its hills, to the opposite hills of Pera, and, turning to the left, had mounted the steps, thronged by itinerant Greek and Turkish dealers, which lead towards the Bazaars. I had passed the strings of white candied figs, the goloshes, the grapes (white, yet blued here and there by weaker brothers, that had turned into bloom-covered raisins); and shunning the incessant water-sellers, I had had a glass of port-wine-looking sherbet from a man with a large tin vessel on his back, the mouth of which was closed with a huge cudgel of ice, which had turned crimson from the juice it had imbibed. One or two streets further on, I had again drowned my thirst, which seemed to turn my throat into a kiln, and the very breath of my lungs into flame. I had tampered

\* See No. 11, page 249.

with another man, who carried in a leather skin, some curious brown liquid of a nutty flavour, and a medicinal colour. Not a street further, and I was found, from sheer high spirits and sociability, discussing prices with an old Turk, who carried about some sort of golden gummy sweetmeat, in a round tin pan, much patronised.

I had just escaped the fierce Mamaluke charge of a wild Nubian eunuch, who, mounted on an entire Syrian horse, was dashing him up the street at such a lathering pace, that it sent the fire out of the stones like the running twinkle that at lamp-lighting hour you see spreading in the distance up Piccadilly. Whether he was trying to kill the horse or to sell him, I don't know, but the only thing I had ever seen like it before, in a decent city, had been a London butcher's boy, spurring with food to a starving family in May Fair, and a young doctor gigging it at an express-train velocity, to convey an idea to a passing coroneted barouche of the vast extent of his practice.

Thanking Allah for this deliverance, I stopped a moment among the stalls crowded with old saddles, bits, and bridles of the Horse Bazaar (Aat Bazaar), meditating over the numerous reminiscences that abound there of our blundering prodigality during the Crimean war. I stayed to see, at the call of prayer, one of the most rascally of the dealers, prostrate himself, and go through his ceremonies with all the formality of the incumbent of Saint Barabbas on the vigil of St. Simony; just as I was breaking from this nest of sharking traders, and resisting pressing offers to buy a fat Syrian sheep with a fleshy apron of tail some two feet broad, I started, because, at the foot of a bread-seller's stall, I saw a sight as horrible to me as if Coleridge's nightmare, Death in life, had stepped from behind a curtain, and seized me by the throat.

And yet it was only a little yellow shrivelled old Turk with opiated eyes, Whitby jet without the polish, who sat cross-legged before a little three-legged wooden stand on which was laid *a dead man's arm*. It was the mendicant's own arm evidently, or at least I could see he claimed it by the quiet look of triumph he gave when he saw my involuntary start. He felt an intellectual satisfaction in seeing the bird go into the trap, the more so, as he himself had with some pains made the trap, and at some personal sacrifice supplied the bait I now saw laid horizontally on the jammed and bruised English tea-tray that stood on the little altar of a tripod. Like an experienced fisherman, he gave me time to gorge before he struck. He had missed often, I dare say, from striking too soon, while the hook still vibrated suspiciously only about the fish's lips; he would now strike home when he struck, so he prayed to Allah, saying:

"May Allah grant it!" I asked as much of Allah. "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet! May this infidel have a short life, and heavy punishment of Eblis!"

All this or fragments of it I could indeed hear, for Turkish mendicants are always telling

their rosaries or muttering their prayers, and he little thought I had some inkling of his sweet-sounding, rude language. It was time—"quick there with the landing-net!" He gathered himself together to address me: that is to say, he carefully drew out his stump, readjusted the dead arm on the tray in a becoming pose, and with the authoritative manner of a landlord handling his own fixtures, he pulled his beard sorrowfully (there the mendicant's game began), and gave his face a pained expression as if he had just borne an operation. It was only after seriously performing the graceful salutation which prevails all through the East, and supersedes our blunter Saxon hand-shaking, that he pronounced, with the air of a pasha, the one word of salutation, "Salamet, sultanim!" (Peace, O sultan!)

Grave and solemn impostors are these Orientals, and to meet them in the dark winding passages of their artfulness, one has to relearn one's European Rogue's Catechism, and say it backwards. Indeed, a Turkish rogue has, astonishing to say, more the air of an English popular preacher than anything else. Slowly again, as I went and took up the limb, did that solemn cheat press his hand upon his chest (quasi heart), and then lightly with the tips of his fingers, brothers of those crumpled thin yellow ones I now moved about, touch his forehead, or quasi brain, and ejaculated, with the up-turned eyes of gratitude not unknown upon our own religious platforms,

"Khosh gueldiniz, safa gueldiniz!" (You have come in safety, oh, may you depart in safety!) "Hai guideh Inglis!" (O these brave English!) "Amriniz chok olsun, effendim!" (May your life be long, effendim!) And then, at the end of every two or three words, a chanted, sonorous groan, after the manner of the moolahs, of "Thanks be to God!" No rogue perhaps ever erected such costly machinery, or reared such cumbrous scaffolds, to obtain merely an infidel's halfpenny.

At that moment, as I was still examining the atrophied arm, cut off just under the elbow, feeling its mummy yellow skin, its dark nails and bent skeletony fingers, uncertain how far I should pretend to understand the rogue's conversation for fear of spoiling my game; on the one hand knowing that a rogue on his guard is worth nothing to the observer, no, not even if he be a Great Chimborazo Railway director; and, on the other hand, very loth indeed to leave the spot without hearing at least the Turk's own version of his bereavement (more sincerely lamented than many bereavements, I warrant), a Deus stepped in, and politely undid the knot of Gordium.

The Deus was a little handsome fleshy-lipped Jew boy, Benjamin, who haunts the Pera hotels, to guide travellers to the lions, and who was now jaunty and gay (two piastres at least, in his bank, I should say), his large, half-Armenian eyes dancing with fun, came up with a smile of triumph in his face at seeing an old customer in a mess, and evidently requiring his profes-

sional help. A doctor in small practice who has succeeded in running over a rich City man by accident, could not leap upon the suffering creature with more polite alacrity and overflowing philanthropy than did handsome Benjamin on me.

In a moment Benjamin was by my side, had performed his salutation, and entered on a short but brilliant dragoman and cicerone's career. The Turk smiled, Benjamin smiled; they looked on me as a dead hare between the paws of two strong-limbed greyhounds, agreeing, yet uncertain how to divide him. The Turk took up his arm, and lectured on it gracefully; all other passers-by, even that tall eunuch, in rose-colour silk and patent boots, are to him now indifferent; it is the rich English sultan he wants to land.

The story ran thus, and was on the whole episodic. Neither Benjamin nor the Turk supposed I understood them:

Benjamin.—Now, then, old Eski-Beski, out with your story for this infidel sultan, and how much am I to get?

Turk.—Allah be merciful, my son, Benjamin; one piastre is, I think, enough for thee, from this rich infidel's treasure (curse and wither him!); tell him I lost my arm when I was a groom of the great Pasha; and—

Myself.—Why don't you tell me what he says, Benjamin?

Benjamin.—He says, your Excellency, may your life be long, your wives beautiful, and your offspring numerous; that he once rode fiery Turcoman horses for his Sublime Highness, and that on a certain day, as he was in the Atmeidan, where the column is, under which much gold and treasure was buried by Constantine, a soldier's djerced struck the untamable beast (defile his grave!), and that after a dreadful struggle, leaving hoof marks, still to be seen on the wall of the mosque of the Sultan Achmed, he was thrown and his arm broken. This wound would, however, with Allah's blessing, have soon recovered, had not a poor dervish, to whom he had refused alms (this was a fine side-wind touch—I winced, as they both saw, and Benjamin spat to hide a laugh), cursed him in the name of Allah and the Prophet. From that time the arm got worse and worse, the bone sloughed, a hopeless running set in, and at last, to escape death, or a lingering disease (even more horrible than death), he had the arm cut off, and there it is.

At this conclusion, as, indeed, had been the case at the end of every sentence, Benjamin sighed, and the little old Turk turned up his eyes, "Thanks be to God!" as if losing a bone were, in his opinion, rather one of kind Providence's best bonuses.

I looked much satisfied, and took up the arm and weighed it, as you are expected to do with a friend's baby.

Said I to Benjamin, in a friendly and duped voice, "That is a great deal of English for a little Turkish."

Not a "levator labii superioris" moved its pulleys, as that young dragoman replied:

"Thanks be to Allah!" (these Jew touts and

parasites always affect Turkish phraseology), "he has given the people of this worthy man"—the Turk nodded and stroked his beard, seeing he was mentioned, and readjusted the loose arm—"a brief, yet beautiful language."

"Ask him," I said, assuming a solicitous tone, "for how many piastres he will sell this embalmed limb, of which Allah has deprived him."

Here a long and intricate conversation ensued between Benjamin and the Turk; for this great result had never suggested itself to even Benjamin's sanguine and precocious mind. It sounded like a grinding up of my old friends the Turkish numerals. Each rogue seemed what young ladies call, "doing the scales" with the numerals. Now, "bir" (one) came up, then you heard, "own" (ten), now "elli" (fifty), then presently, "yüz" (one hundred).

They stopped. Benjamin advanced, with all the fun out of his eyes, and put on the semblance of a herald dictating terms. He spoke gravely, which did him credit; and the old Turk bent forward with all the eagerness of Shylock before the Doge:

"In the month of Abib of this year, Mustapha Effendi says, chilibi (sir), a rich pasha, whose name he has an objection to mention, reined up his horse just where you, chilibi, stand, and offered him five hundred piastres—good money—not paper—for that treasure of an arm, but Mustapha refused, and dismissed him with his blessing."

I placed three silver piastres (sixpence sterling in all), bright as spangles, in the dead hand palm, wished worthy Mustapha a "Peace be with you!" to which he returned a "God forbid that I should forget you!" and walked away; to the jacked Benjamin I flung a large copper piece, much to his instant loathing and horror; and, as I truded quickly off, with a surreptitious glance back at the exploding mine, I saw both rogues, as if by agreement, spit execrately on the ground, and exclaim, loud enough for me to hear them, in one deep breath: "Allah! hai guideh kafer!" (Allah! what a hideous infidel!)

Heaven forgive me, how many rogues I have, in my small way, led on to exhibitions of lying and hypocrisy—smugglers, with cigars in red pocket-handkerchiefs, at London street corners; foreign princes in distress, outside Wyld's Globe; castaway sailors in the City-road; mechanics with clean aprons, pelting first-floor windows in Gower-street with hymns; and soapy-faced secretaries of fraudulent charities. I have many sins to answer for, and these stand high amongst them.

Let not the patient reader imagine, however, that the city of the Sultan is infested with beggars like Naples; where eyeless men lay hold of you as you walk up the Toledo; where there is a complete competition of rival stumps and sores, and where, at every shop door, parasites still more odious abound, who "beg a thousand pardons, but may they be allowed the infinite happiness of removing a speck of mud from Eccellenza's coat-tail."

No; the streets of Stamboul are grave, solemn, almost monastic. No files of men with sandwich boards, no cripples on trenchers, no blind men and curs, no old women and dancing dogs, no barrel-organs or white mice, no distressed mechanics or sham fits, with placards, "Don't bleed me—give me brandy-and-water," ready written, clenched in their stiff right hands; in fact, seldom anything amusing in the way of sham misery—by day, frothing at the mouth with soft soap, and at night revelling on beef-steak suppers—but only here and there a poor doubled-up old hag, with ophthalmic eyes, crouched under a wall, with a cup-like hand held out, as she chants verses from the Koran, in that horrible, nasal, monotone peculiar to the Turks. Oftener, you meet the santon, rather mad—if you may believe his eyes—begging for a Dervish brotherhood; or a wandering fakir, with dirty elf locks, perhaps from India, in streaming robes, and with the usual wooden shoe (for alms) slung by a chain to his arm. His begging is so insolent and impertinent that it reminds you of the old soldier in *Gil Blas*. Two causes keep down Turkish mendicancy: the first, the few wants of a Turk; the second, the charity of their richer men. Where a cake and a few figs are food for the day, and where alms are largely given, and alms-giving forms part of the religious creed, there cannot be much distress.

Hence it is that the beggars bear away rather to the Frank side of the city, and haunt the bazaars and places where foolish and rich Franks are wont to congregate. The bridge of boats is their special resort. Here, just a few feet from the toll lodges, at imminent risk of death from bullock carts and arabas, they squat in rows, some twenty at each end, and remain there all day, clacking out their songs and hymns, and pattering supplications in the name of Allah and the Prophet. Stop a moment from curiosity, or detained by the crowd, and they open upon you like a pack of hounds, chattering, and singing, and shaking the show pence in their brass bowls and their tin dishes.

How well I remember one old lady, with eyes like red button-holes, with which she ogled me with what she thought resembled motherly affection! Next her was a dreadful monster of a lean Arab, bared to the knee to exhibit, with pardonable pride, a left pedestal that exactly resembled, in colour and shape, a chair leg: the knee standing for the ribbed ornament above, the lower part, no larger round than an ebony flute, for the shank. Once, too, I met three blind men, walking along in file, ponderingly and anxiously, each of them with his right hand on the left shoulder of his predecessor, and the first man, with a due sense of his responsibility as Prime Minister—that is, blind leader of the blind—groping with his hand along the white wall of the Seraglio gardens. Sometimes I encountered a sort of groping Elymas old man, led about by a boy, who, shamefully indifferent to the patriarch's optical infirmity, munched a peach as he towed the senior along.

But Galata, that home of black cloth and respectability slightly streaked here and there with fraudulent bankruptcy, has street celebrities of its own, and foremost among them is Baba, the old crafty-looking woman decently robed in white, who sits all day on the doorstep of one of the Galata stores, swaying backwards and forwards, chanting now an objectionable song, now a hymn, according to the character of the person whom she sees coming. She is as well known in Galata by everybody, from the head banker to the poorest clerk of a swindling house, as the Lascar who sweeps the crossing at the Edgeware-road is to West-end people, or the pretty Irish girl who in June sells moss-roses at the Exchange is to every stockbroker. Report says that she is rich, and that young Galata merchants who, for a joke, have pretended to be "hard up," and have, to try her, asked their old pensioner, Baba, for help, have received I don't know how many silver piastres. Scandal says that Baba has really ulterior motives in pretending to be a beggar, that she is really a spy, and waits about in public places to watch the movements of certain people and their exits and entrances for Russian or for French Government officials. I can scarcely look at the sleek, dark woman's crafty face and believe this; but I am, I confess, inclined to accord with a still darker rumour, which asserts that Baba is a sort of slave merchants' agent, and that, when men are to be trusted, and are rich enough to be depended on, this Satanic matron arranges with them the traffic of beautiful Georgians' bodies and souls. Yet who would think that in busy London streets that man who ran against you with his heavy carpet-bag, and then took off his hat and begged your pardon so civilly, had a dead murdered man's body in it! In these days Satan, throwing off his horns and clipping close his stinged tail, walks amongst us with Inverness cape on and wears kid gloves like the best of us. So Baba, though outwards a decent, well-dressed matron, in appearance not unlike our old Hindoo friend the Begum of Bangalore, may, after all, be a vile, concealed slave-dealer.

But though Baba never let me pass without a smile and greeting, and a cry for "the smallest money," my special pet, among the objects of Constantinople, was Nano Papisillo, the Greek dwarf, a little microscopic man whom you might have put in a band-box without difficulty. I first saw him one day that I was scaling the hill of Pera. Butted by porters, and jostled by asses, laden with everything from peaches to brickbats, I was looking into a tobacconist's window, not far from the great Genoese tower, just to rest myself.

Suddenly, at my elbow, I heard coming up, as if out from the very wall that lined the road, a little, lisping, attenuated falsetto voice, such as you would fancy would have proceeded from an Irish leprechaun, or such as *Asop* must have heard when Wisdom spoke to him from the lips of tortoise or of bullfrog. If the wall had itself addressed me in an Eastern apologue, like the faded vision of Mirza, such a voice I should have

expected it to have taken. I looked round more in curiosity and alarm, and saw on a small doorway stone, seated, and bowing gravely to me, the little celebrity whom I trust I may be permitted to call my very worthy friend, Nano Pupisillo, the frostbitten, but still worthy, scion of an old Greek stock. (Why an *old* stock should be better than a *new* stock, or what a *new* stock means, I never could yet ascertain, believing myself all souls of equal value before God—but I use the jargon of the day.)

Milton, meeting for the first time Sir Geoffrey Hudson at the corner of Fleet-street, by St. Bride's Church, could not have been more amused and astonished than I was to see the little man—a most choice twinkle of self-satisfaction on his droll face, staring old eyes, and fatuous protruding mouth—performing the Eastern salutation, with all the decorum of a French dancing-master newly appointed, by some strange coincidence, Sultan. It was a salute that would almost have become a gentleman, but that in a humble patient way which made one quite love the little fellow—it had a touch, the slightest in the world, of mendicancy—it was a little too thrust forward, a little too much obtruded on attention, for it suggested, in the tenderest, and yet most unmistakable manner, “Alms, for the love of Heaven, for a poor little abortion, permitted to live for some good and gracious purpose; feed him, therefore, in the name of Allah, who made both him and thee, both the great Sultan and this thy poor dwarf.”

He bent, and bowed, and touched his heart with his hand, like a little duodecimo Lord Chesterfield; then, without vulgarly screaming and scolding for alms, or without driving texts into me to torment me into charity, Pupisillo gracefully began telling me his age and prospects, and branching off into general matters of national and political importance, irrelevant but entertaining.

It really made me ashamed, to look at that little bundle of humanity—that little lump of intelligence—that man who, compared with a fat friend of mine then in my mind's eye, looked but as a pimple, a creature with a large caricature head, spindly spider hands, and no body or legs at all to mention—to see him, not cynical, not a black dwarf, not a misanthrope, not a hermit, nor a critic, nor a bilious, malicious historian, but a cheery, soeiable, happy being, always smiling in his own queer, droll way, and rather enjoying his publicity than otherwise. And here was my friend “the hot blood,” Laey Rocket, the Queen's messenger, whom I just left cheapening a Persian poniard in the Arms Bazaar, with life, spirits, and the reversion of eight thousand a year and a baronetcy, always yawning and being bored with every amusement and pleasure that luxury and extravagance could suggest! Only one hope of amusement left him, and that he pines for—elephant-shooting; not having this, he vows human nature is a fool and the world “a hass.” Rather than be blasé at five-and-twenty, I would cut off my legs, send them home in a hamper, viâ Marseilles,

and turn mendicant dwarf in the streets of Stamboul. Pupisillo was thirty-five, this little man told me confidently; he was not yet married, though he hoped (here he smiled rather vainly) that that happy event would not be long deferred. He was cheerful, thanks be to God, and grateful for many mercies. As to moving about, of course he could not; he was carried every day in a basket to some special station that he selected, now this side, now the other side, of the bridge. His father still lived, and was a good father to him.

It completed my moral lesson, and gave me infinite delight when I put some piastres in the little screwed-up hand, to see those strange eyes twinkle with tears, the little crooked hand move ceremoniously to the breast and forehead, and the little mandarin body bob up and down with a serious yet droll politeness till I was out of sight. Why this little Greek dwarf had never been bought for a Turkish household, I don't know, but I suppose the want of legs made Pupisillo more naturally an object of charity.

Jesters, I suppose, are now changed to theatrical clowns, but the real Eastern dwarf still flourishes in Turkey. I saw him several times: now, with important face elbowing his way through the Pera crowd, with bowed legs, splay feet, enormous head and hydrocephalic prominence of brain; now, with a settled look of ridiculous refinement, holding the hand of some black eunuch who, with turban of lemon-coloured cashmere and crimson sash, was preceding one of the little painted egg-shell carriages in which the whitewashed and rouged ladies of some great man's harem were taking the air: the dwarf's look of monstrous malice and vanity setting off the childish beauty and inane splendour of Lolah, Katinkah, and Dudu, who, in gold-coloured, violet, and chocolate satins, peered through their yashmak wrappings like painted corpses whose dead beauty is horrible to behold.

In street shows, Stamboul is not rich, for the Turks are a serious people who go to bed early, and who, even if they did not, dare not venture out in unlighted streets when they know that at night the very paving-stones turn into dagger-blades. The few sights there are, being of the humblest kind, are all by day, and are intended more for the mere loungee and stranger than for the Turk pur sang, the lord and master (as long as he can keep it) of this once Christian country.

To get a relish of the safety of home, the traveller in Turkey has only to remember that anywhere, and at any time, a half involuntary shout of execration at the Prophet, or a self-asserting blow at a true Mussulman of any “position”—by which snob word I mean, of course, wealth—a sacred pigeon killed in the “Birds' Mosque,” a defiant shout in St. Sophia, a stone thrown into a room of dancing dervishes, and in three minutes his rash blood would probably smoke on the pavement.

It was a day so hot, that you might have cooked a chop in five minutes on my friend the



fez-maker's door-stone. The air was like hot water, and Cain's curse was realised merely when sight-seeing. I was working my way slowly, through many impediments to my favourite, and everybody's favourite, haunt, the bazaars, which, if the sun rained fire outside, would still be cool and shady as a monk's cloister, or as the London Docks wine-cellar.

I was looking, now, at an old Turk making vermicelli; now, at a turner rounding wooden blocks for fez caps—for these Turkish shops are all open to the passer-by, and are, indeed, mere covered stalls—when I heard, down the street, which was so crowded that I could not see far before me, the long, melancholy blare of a key bugle, evidently suffering from asthmatic diphtheria. It was a querulous, violent, shriek of a blast, blown, not in a smart, military, formal, dry manner, but in a vagabondish, meretricious, hopeless, tricky, yet desponding style. I wondered for a moment, then asked no questions of the crowd, but pushed on. That bugle was the bugle of Paillasse! the bugle of the itinerant, or, if stationary, only for a moment stationary, mountebank.

A minute or two's walk brought us (for, that energetic public servant, Rocket, was, by this time, with me) to the door of the small shop at which the trumpeter stood. He was a grimy Greek, with greasy black hair escaping from under a large, baggy, red fez cap; and he wore a greasy embroidered jacket, and a full-pleated white kilt, stained, torn, and unwashed. With one hand to his mouth, and the other holding down the old bed-curtain that hid the exhibition, he was now and then turning to two large, but rude cartoons, drawn with black chalk on white paper, which hung up behind him. They represented two biped monsters with hoofs and horns and tail, just like the Apollyon in old editions of the Pilgrim's Progress. They were both hairy, and both bound round the waist, for security, with immense chains. But there was this difference between them: that while one had the old Satanic type of head with glaring eyes, and a bird's face, the other was more human in bearing, and stood up, with an ancient tower in the background, and held a halberd in his right claw. There was not a smile on the face of the showman, nor a smile on the face of the crowd, as with an appearance of perfect good faith he screamed the good tidings that

"Within were to be seen two monsters (some thought devils), that had lately been caught in the deserts of Anatolia, and had been, at an immense expense, by permission of the Sultan, brought alive to Stamboul. Admission, one para<sup>3</sup> (halfpenny).

"Allah be praised!" cried one or two grey-bearded Turks. But people seemed shy of entering, because one or two sly Perotes stood by and laughed or whispered.

Rocket said, "By Jove, sir, let us go in and

chaff 'em." I assented, and the Greek, with a gracious bow and a blast of triumph on his bugle, cautiously let us pass under the dirty striped curtain.

I scarcely knew what I expected to see—perhaps a poor panorama, perhaps a stuffed bear, or an orang-outang—something that would not go down with drunken sailors at Greenwich Fair, or with the smallest and dullest English country town thirsting for amusement. Yet I could not have believed that even to the gross ignorance of a Turk, a showman would have dared to exhibit a live devil.

But there he was (the other, the showman told me, had died from confinement), pacing up and down, in a clumsy and rather shame-faced way, in a sort of stall of a stable newly planked up with the most solicitous care and anxiety. The fiercest man-eating tiger, or the most tearing maniac, could not have been hooped up more timidly. In fact, what with the planks and what with the opaque curtain at the entrance, it was some minutes before my eyes got sufficiently acquainted with the light, to be able to distinguish a man, impudently sewn up in a sort of hairy grey rug, which covered face, body, and hands, and yet left some outline of form visible. A vulture's beak, two bullock's horns, and two enormous brown-glass bullock's eyes, completed the flagrant impersonation. I tried, with limited modern Greek, to "chaff" the monster, and so did Rocket, who got violent, and wanted to poke him with a walking-stick. The devil, feeling himself alluded to, considered it professionally necessary to shake his chain, and walk up and down in a silent manner, as if longing to get at us and "eat us without salt." But he did it in such a slinking, downcast, shame-faced way, that, contrasting with his sting-tail, horns, and tremendous eyes, it drove us to shrieks of laughter.

We went out, Rocket pinching old Turks by the arm, and confidentially whispering in their ears, "Pek ayi" (very good). Upon which some dozen enthusiasts, exclaiming with one voice, "Allah is wonderful!" poured in, and dragged down the curtain.

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# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

[PRICE 2d

## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

GILMORE'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

### III.

A WEEK passed, after my return to London, without the receipt of any communication from Miss Halcombe.

On the eighth day, a letter in her handwriting was placed among the other letters on my desk.

It announced that Sir Percival Glyde had been definitely accepted, and that the marriage was to take place, as he had originally desired, before the end of the year. In all probability the ceremony would be performed during the last fortnight in December. Miss Fairlie's twenty-first birthday was late in March. She would, therefore, by this arrangement, become Sir Percival's wife about three months before she was of age.

I ought not to have been surprised, I ought not to have been sorry; but I was surprised and sorry, nevertheless. Some little disappointment, caused by the unsatisfactory shortness of Miss Halcombe's letter, mingled itself with these feelings, and contributed its share towards upsetting my serenity for the day. In six lines my correspondent announced the proposed marriage; in three more, she told me that Sir Percival had left Cumberland to return to his house in Hampshire; and in two concluding sentences she informed me, first, that Laura was sadly in want of change and cheerful society; secondly, that she had resolved to try the effect of some such change forthwith, by taking her sister away with her on a visit to certain old friends in Yorkshire. There the letter ended, without a word to explain what the circumstances were which had decided Miss Fairlie to accept Sir Percival Glyde in one short week from the time when I had last seen her.

At a later period, the cause of this sudden determination was fully explained to me. It is not my business to relate it imperfectly, on hearsay evidence. The circumstances came within the personal experience of Miss Halcombe; and, when her narrative succeeds mine, she will describe them in every particular, exactly as they happened. In the mean time, the plain duty for me to perform—before I, in my turn, lay down my pen and withdraw from the story

—is to relate the one remaining event connected with Miss Fairlie's proposed marriage in which I was concerned, namely, the drawing of the settlement.

It is impossible to refer intelligibly to this document, without first entering into certain particulars, in relation to the bride's pecuniary affairs. I will try to make my explanation briefly and plainly, and to keep it free from professional obscurities and technicalities. The matter is of the utmost importance. I warn all readers of these lines that Miss Fairlie's inheritance is a very serious part of Miss Fairlie's story; and that Mr. Gilmore's experience, in this particular, must be their experience also, if they wish to understand the narratives which are yet to come.

Miss Fairlie's expectations, then, were of a twofold kind; comprising her possible inheritance of real property, or land, when her uncle died, and her absolute inheritance of personal property, or money, when she came of age.

Let us take the land first.

In the time of Miss Fairlie's paternal grandfather (whom we will call Mr. Fairlie, the elder) the entailed succession to the Limmeridge estate stood thus:

Mr. Fairlie, the elder, died and left three sons, Philip, Frederick, and Arthur. As eldest son, Philip succeeded to the estate. If he died without leaving a son, the property went to the second brother, Frederick. And if Frederick died also without leaving a son, the property went to the third brother, Arthur.

As events turned out, Mr. Philip Fairlie died leaving an only daughter, the Laura of this story; and the estate, in consequence, went, in course of law, to the second brother, Frederick, a single man. The third brother, Arthur, had died many years before the decease of Philip, leaving a son and a daughter. The son, at the age of eighteen, was drowned at Oxford. His death left Laura, the daughter of Mr. Philip Fairlie, presumptive heiress to the estate; with every chance of succeeding to it, in the ordinary course of nature, on her uncle Frederick's death, if the said Frederick died without leaving male issue.

Except in the event, then, of Mr. Frederick Fairlie's marrying and leaving an heir (the two very last things in the world that he was likely to do), his niece, Laura, would have the property on his death; possessing, it must be remembered,

nothing more than a life-interest in it. If she died single, or died childless, the estate would revert to her cousin Magdalen, the daughter of Mr. Arthur Fairlie. If she married, with a proper settlement—or, in other words, with the settlement I meant to make for her—the income from the estate (a good three thousand a year) would, during her lifetime, be at her own disposal. If she died before her husband, he would naturally expect to be left in the enjoyment of the income, for *his* lifetime. If she had a son, that son would be the heir, to the exclusion of her cousin Magdalen. Thus, Sir Percival's prospects in marrying Miss Fairlie (so far as his wife's expectations from real property were concerned) promised him these two advantages, on Mr. Frederick Fairlie's death: First, the use of three thousand a year (by his wife's permission, while she lived, and, in his own right, on her death, if he survived her); and, secondly, the inheritance of Limmeridge for his son, if he had one.

So much for the landed property, and for the disposal of the income from it, on the occasion of Miss Fairlie's marriage. Thus far, no difficulty or difference of opinion on the lady's settlement was at all likely to arise between Sir Percival's lawyer and myself.

The personal estate, or, in other words, the money to which Miss Fairlie would become entitled on reaching the age of twenty-one years, is the next point to consider.

This part of her inheritance was, in itself, a comfortable little fortune. It was derived under her father's will, and it amounted to the sum of twenty thousand pounds. Besides this, she had a life-interest in ten thousand pounds more; which latter amount was to go, on her decease, to her aunt Eleanor, her father's only sister. It will greatly assist in setting the family affairs before the reader in the clearest possible light, if I stop here for a moment, to explain why the aunt had been kept waiting for her legacy until the death of the niece.

Mr. Philip Fairlie had lived on excellent terms with his sister Eleanor, as long as she remained a single woman. But when her marriage took place, somewhat late in life, and when that marriage united her to an Italian gentleman, named Fosco—or, rather, to an Italian nobleman, seeing that he rejoiced in the title of Count—Mr. Fairlie disapproved of her conduct so strongly that he ceased to hold any communication with her, and even went the length of striking her name out of his will. The other members of the family all thought this serious manifestation of resentment at his sister's marriage more or less unreasonable. Count Fosco, though not a rich man, was not a penniless adventurer either. He had a small, but sufficient income of his own; he had lived many years in England; and he held an excellent position in society. These recommendations, however, availed nothing with Mr. Fairlie. In many of his opinions he was an Englishman of the old school; and he hated a foreigner, simply and solely because he was a foreigner. The utmost that he could

be prevailed on to do, in after years, mainly at Miss Fairlie's intercession, was to restore his sister's name to its former place in his will, but to keep her waiting for her legacy by giving the income of the money to his daughter for life, and the money itself, if her aunt died before her, to her cousin Magdalen. Considering the relative ages of the two ladies, the aunt's chance, in the ordinary course of nature, of receiving the ten thousand pounds, was thus rendered doubtful in the extreme; and Madame Fosco resented her brother's treatment of her, as unjustly as usual in such cases, by refusing to see her niece, and declining to believe that Miss Fairlie's intercession had ever been exerted to restore her name to Mr. Fairlie's will.

Such was the history of the ten thousand pounds. Here again no difficulty could arise with Sir Percival's legal adviser. The income would be at the wife's disposal, and the principal would go to her aunt, or her cousin, on her death.

All preliminary explanations being now cleared out of the way, I come, at last, to the real knot of the case—to the twenty thousand pounds.

This sum was absolutely Miss Fairlie's own, on her completing her twenty-first year; and the whole future disposition of it depended, in the first instance, on the conditions I could obtain for her in her marriage-settlement. The other clauses contained in that document were of a formal kind, and need not be recited here. But the clause relating to the money is too important to be passed over. A few lines will be sufficient to give the necessary abstract of it.

My stipulation, in regard to the twenty thousand pounds, was simply this: The whole amount was to be settled so as to give the income to the lady for her life; afterwards to Sir Percival for his life; and the principal to the children of the marriage. In default of issue, the principal was to be disposed of as the lady might by her will direct, for which purpose I reserved to her the right of making a will. The effect of these conditions may be thus summed up. If Lady Glyde died without leaving children, her half-sister, Miss Halcombe, and any other relatives or friends whom she might be anxious to benefit, would, on her husband's death, divide among them such shares of her money as she desired them to have. If, on the other hand, she died, leaving children, then their interest, naturally and necessarily, superseded all other interests whatsoever. This was the clause; and no one who reads it, can fail, I think, to agree with me that it meted out equal justice to all parties.

We shall see how my proposals were met on the husband's side.

At the time when Miss Halcombe's letter reached me, I was even more busily occupied than usual. But I contrived to make leisure for the settlement. I had drawn it, and had sent it for approval to Sir Percival's solicitor, in less than a week from the time when Miss Halcombe had informed me of the proposed marriage.

After a lapse of two days, the document was returned to me, with the notes and remarks of the baronet's lawyer. His objections, in general, proved to be of the most trifling and technical kind, until he came to the clause relating to the twenty thousand pounds. Against this, there were double lines drawn in red ink, and the following note was appended to them:

"Not admissible. The *principal* to go to Sir Percival Glyde, in the event of his surviving Lady Glyde, and there being no issue."

That is to say, not one farthing of the twenty thousand pounds was to go to Miss Halcombe, or to any other relative or friend of Lady Glyde's. The whole sum, if she left no children, was to slip into the pockets of her husband.

The answer I wrote to this audacious proposal was as short and sharp as I could make it.

"My dear sir. I maintain clause number so-and-so, exactly as it stands. Yours truly."

The rejoinder came back in a quarter of an hour.

"My dear sir. I maintain the note in red ink exactly as it stands. Yours truly." In the detestable slang of the day, we were now both "at a dead-lock," and nothing was left for it but to refer to our clients on either side.

As matters stood, my client—Miss Fairlie not having yet completed her twenty-first year—was her guardian, Mr. Frederick Fairlie. I wrote by that day's post, and put the case before him exactly as it stood; not only urging every argument I could think of to induce him to maintain the clause as I had drawn it, but stating to him plainly the mercenary motive which was at the bottom of the opposition to my settlement of the twenty thousand pounds. The knowledge of Sir Percival's affairs which I necessarily gained when the provisions of the deed on *his* side were submitted in due course to my examination, had but too plainly informed me that the debts on his estate were enormous, and that his income, though nominally a large one, was, virtually, for a man in his position, next to nothing. The want of ready money was the practical necessity of Sir Percival's existence; and his lawyer's note on the clause in the settlement was nothing but the frankly selfish expression of it.

Mr. Fairlie's answer reached me by return of post, and proved to be wandering and irrelevant in the extreme. Turned into plain English, it practically expressed itself to this effect: "Would dear Gilmore be so very obliging as not to worry his friend and client about such a trifle as a remote contingency? Was it likely that a young woman of twenty-one would die before a man of forty-five, and die without children? On the other hand, in such a miserable world as this, was it possible to over-estimate the value of peace and quietness? If those two heavenly blessings were offered in exchange for such an earthly trifle as a remote chance of twenty thousand pounds, was it not a fair bargain? Surely, yes. Then why not make it?"

I threw the letter away from me in disgust. Just as it had fluttered to the ground, there

was a knock at my door; and Sir Percival's solicitor, Mr. Merriman, was shown in. There are many varieties of sharp practitioners in this world, but, I think, the hardest of all to deal with are the men who overreach you under the disguise of inveterate good humour. A fat, well-fed, smiling, friendly man of business is of all parties to a bargain the most hopeless to deal with. Mr. Merriman was one of this class.

"And how is good Mr. Gilmore?" he began, all in a glow with the warmth of his own amiability. "Glad to see you, sir, in such excellent health. I was passing your door; and I thought I would look in, in case you might have something to say to me. Do—now pray do let us settle this little difference of ours by word of mouth, if we can! Have you heard from your client yet?"

"Yes. Have you heard from yours?"

"My dear, good sir! I wish I had heard from him to any purpose—I wish, with all my heart, the responsibility was off my shoulders; but he won't take it off. 'Merriman, I leave details to you. Do what you think right for my interests; and consider me as having personally withdrawn from the business until it is all over.' Those were Sir Percival's words a fortnight ago; and all I can get him to do now is to repeat them. I am not a hard man, Mr. Gilmore, as you know. Personally and privately, I do assure you, I should like to sponge out that note of mine at this very moment. But if Sir Percival won't go into the matter, if Sir Percival will blindly leave all his interests in my sole care, what course can I possibly take except the course of asserting them? My hands are bound—don't you see, my dear sir?—my hands are bound."

"You maintain your note on the clause, then, to the letter?" I said.

"Yes—deuce take it! I have no other alternative." He walked to the fireplace, and warmed himself, humming the fag end of a tune in a rich, convivial bass voice. "What does your side say?" he went on; "now pray tell me—what does your side say?"

I was ashamed to tell him. I attempted to gain time—nay, I did worse. My legal instincts got the better of me; and I even tried to bargain.

"Twenty thousand pounds is rather a large sum to be given up by the lady's friends at two days' notice," I said.

"Very true," replied Mr. Merriman, looking down thoughtfully at his boots. "Properly put, sir—most properly put!"

"A compromise, recognising the interests of the lady's family as well as the interests of the husband might not, perhaps, have frightened my client quite so much," I went on. "Come! come! this contingency resolves itself into a matter of bargaining after all. What is the least you will take?"

"The least we will take," said Mr. Merriman, "is nineteen-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine - pounds - nineteen - shillings - and - eleven-

pence-three-farthings. Ha! ha! ha! Excuse me, Mr. Gilmore. I must have my little joke."

"Little enough!" I remarked. "The joke is just worth the odd farthing it was made for."

Mr. Merriman was delighted. He laughed over my retort till the room rang again. I was not half so good-humoured, on my side: I came back to business, and closed the interview.

"This is Friday," I said. "Give us till Tuesday next for our final answer."

"By all means," replied Mr. Merriman. "Longer, my dear sir, if you like." He took up his hat to go; and then addressed me again. "By the way," he said, "your clients in Cumberland have not heard anything more of the woman who wrote the anonymous letter, have they?"

"Nothing more," I answered. "Have you found no trace of her?"

"Not yet," said my legal friend. "But we don't despair. Sir Percival has his suspicions that Somebody is keeping her in hiding; and we are having that Somebody watched."

"You mean the old woman who was with her in Cumberland?" I said.

"Quite another party, sir," answered Mr. Merriman. "We don't happen to have laid hands on the old woman yet. Our Somebody is a man. We have got him close under our eye here in London; and we strongly suspect he had something to do with helping her in the first instance to escape from the Asylum. Sir Percival wanted to question him, at once; but I said, 'No. Questioning him will only put him on his guard: watch him, and wait.' We shall see what happens. A dangerous woman to be at large, Mr. Gilmore; nobody knows what she may do next. I wish you good morning, sir. On Tuesday next I shall hope for the pleasure of hearing from you." He smiled amiably, and went out.

My mind had been rather absent during the latter part of the conversation with my legal friend. I was so anxious about the matter of the settlement, that I had little attention to give to any other subject; and, the moment I was left alone again, I began to think over what my next proceeding ought to be.

In the case of any other client, I should have acted on my instructions, however personally distasteful to me, and have given up the point about the twenty thousand pounds on the spot. But I could not act with this business-like indifference towards Miss Fairlie. I had an honest feeling of affection and admiration for her; I remembered gratefully that her father had been the kindest patron and friend to me that ever man had; I had felt towards her, while I was drawing the settlement, as I might have felt, if I had not been an old bachelor, towards a daughter of my own; and I was determined to spare no personal sacrifice in her service and where her interests were concerned. Writing a second time to Mr. Fairlie was not to be thought of; it would only be giving him a second opportunity of slipping through my fingers. Seeing

him and personally remonstrating with him, might possibly be of more use. The next day was Saturday. I determined to take a return ticket, and jolt my old bones down to Cumberland, on the chance of persuading him to adopt the just, the independent, and the honourable course. It was a poor chance enough, no doubt; but, when I had tried it, my conscience would be at ease. I should then have done all that a man in my position could do to serve the interests of my old friend's only child.

The weather on Saturday was beautiful, a west wind and a bright sun. Having felt latterly a return of that fullness and oppression of the head, against which my doctor warned me so seriously more than two years since, I resolved to take the opportunity of getting a little extra exercise, by sending my bag on before me, and walking to the terminus in Euston-square. As I came out into Holborn, a gentleman, walking by rapidly, stopped and spoke to me. It was Mr. Walter Hartright.

If he had not been the first to greet me, I should certainly have passed him. He was so changed that I hardly knew him again. His face looked pale and haggard—his manner was hurried and uncertain—and his dress, which I remembered as neat and gentlemanlike when I saw him at Limmeridge, was so slovenly, now, that I should really have been ashamed of the appearance of it on one of my own clerks.

"Have you been long back from Cumberland?" he asked. "I heard from Miss Halcombe lately. I am aware that Sir Percival Glyde's explanation has been considered satisfactory. Will the marriage take place soon? Do you happen to know, Mr. Gilmore?"

He spoke so fast, and crowded his questions together so strangely and confusedly, that I could hardly follow him. However accidentally intimate he might have been with the family at Limmeridge, I could not see that he had any right to expect information on their private affairs; and I determined to drop him, as easily as might be, on the subject of Miss Fairlie's marriage.

"Time will show, Mr. Hartright," I said—"time will show. I dare say if we look out for the marriage in the papers we shall not be far wrong. Excuse my noticing it—but I am sorry to see you not looking so well as you were when we last met."

A momentary nervous contraction quivered about his lips and eyes, and made me half-reproach myself for having answered him in such a significantly guarded manner.

"I had no right to ask about her marriage," he said, bitterly. "I must wait to see it in the newspapers like other people. Yes," he went on, before I could make any apologies, "I have not been well lately. I want a change of scene and occupation. You have a large circle of acquaintance, Mr. Gilmore. If you should hear of any expedition abroad which may be in want of a draughtsman, and if you have no friend of your own who can take advantage of the opportunity,

I should feel greatly obliged by your letting me know of it. I can answer for my testimonials being satisfactory; and I don't care where I go, what the climate is, or how long I am away." He looked about him, while he said this, at the throng of strangers passing us by on either side, in a strange, suspicious manner, as if he thought that some of them might be watching us.

"If I hear of anything of the kind I will not fail to mention it," I said; and then added, so as not to keep him altogether at arm's length on the subject of the Fairlies, "I am going down to Limmeridge, to-day, on business. Miss Halecombe and Miss Fairlie are away, just now, on a visit to some friends in Yorkshire."

His eyes brightened, and he seemed about to say something in answer; but the same momentary nervous spasm crossed his face again. He took my hand, pressed it hard, and disappeared among the crowd, without saying another word. Though he was little more than a stranger to me, I waited for a moment, looking after him almost with a feeling of regret. I had gained, in my profession, sufficient experience of young men, to know what the outward signs and tokens were of their beginning to go wrong; and, when I resumed my walk to the railway, I am sorry to say I felt more than doubtful about Mr. Hartright's future.

## IV.

LEAVING by an early train, I got to Limmeridge in time for dinner. The house was oppressively empty and dull. I had expected that good Mrs. Vesey would have been company for me in the absence of the young ladies; but she was confined to her room by a cold. The servants were so surprised at seeing me that they hurried and bustled absurdly, and made all sorts of annoying mistakes. Even the butler, who was old enough to have known better, brought me a bottle of port that was chilled. The reports of Mr. Fairlie's health were just as usual; and when I sent up a message to announce my arrival, I was told that he would be delighted to see me the next morning, but that the sudden news of my appearance had prostrated him with palpitations for the rest of the evening. The wind howled dismally, all night, and strange cracking and groaning noises sounded here, there, and everywhere in the empty house. I slept as wretchedly as possible; and got up, in a mighty bad humour, to breakfast by myself the next morning.

At ten o'clock I was conducted to Mr. Fairlie's apartments. He was in his usual room, his usual chair, and his usual aggravating state of mind and body. When I went in, his valet was standing before him, holding up for inspection a heavy volume of etchings, as long and as broad as my office writing-desk. The miserable foreigner grinned in the most abject manner, and looked ready to drop with fatigue, while his master composedly turned over the etchings, and brought their hidden beauties to light with the help of a magnifying glass.

"You very best of good old friends," said Mr. Fairlie, leaning back lazily before he could look at me, "are you *quite* well? How nice of you to come here and see me in my solitude. Dear Gilmore!"

I had expected that the valet would be dismissed when I appeared; but nothing of the sort happened. There he stood, in front of his master's chair, trembling under the weight of the etchings; and there Mr. Fairlie sat, serenely twirling the magnifying glass between his white fingers and thumbs.

"I have come to speak to you on a very important matter," I said; "and you will therefore excuse me, if I suggest that we had better be alone."

The unfortunate valet looked at me gratefully. Mr. Fairlie faintly repeated my last three words, "better be alone," with every appearance of the utmost possible astonishment.

I was in no humour for trifling; and I resolved to make him understand what I meant.

"Oblige me by giving that man permission to withdraw," I said, pointing to the valet.

Mr. Fairlie arched his eyebrows, and pursed up his lips, in sarcastic surprise.

"Man?" he repeated. "You provoking old Gilmore, what can you possibly mean by calling him a man? He's nothing of the sort. He might have been a man half an hour ago, before I wanted my etchings; and he may be a man half an hour hence, when I don't want them any longer. At present, he is simply a portfolio stand. Why object, Gilmore, to a portfolio stand?"

"I *do* object. For the third time, Mr. Fairlie, I beg that we may be alone."

My tone and manner left him no alternative but to comply with my request. He looked at the servant, and pointed peevishly to a chair at his side.

"Put down the etchings and go away," he said. "Don't upset me by losing my place. Have you, or have you not, lost my place? Are you sure you have not? And have you put my hand-bell quite within my reach? Yes? Then, why the devil don't you go?"

The valet went out. Mr. Fairlie twisted himself round in his chair, polished the magnifying glass with his delicate cambric handkerchief, and indulged himself in a sidelong inspection of the open volume of etchings. It was not easy to keep my temper, under these circumstances; but I did keep it.

"I have come here at great personal inconvenience," I said, "to serve the interests of your niece and your family; and I think I have established some slight claim to be favoured with your attention, in return."

"Don't bully me!" exclaimed Mr. Fairlie, falling back helplessly in the chair, and closing his eyes. "Please don't bully me. I'm not strong enough."

I was determined not to let him provoke me, for Laura Fairlie's sake.

"My object," I went on, "is to entreat you to reconsider your letter, and not to force me to



abandon the just rights of your niece, and of all who belong to her. Let me state the case to you once more, and for the last time."

Mr. Fairlie shook his head, and sighed piteously.

"This is heartless of you, Gilmore—very heartless," he said. "Never mind; go on."

I put all the points to him carefully; I set the matter before him in every conceivable light. He lay back in the chair; the whole time I was speaking, with his eyes closed. When I had done, he opened them indolently, took his silver smelling-bottle from the table, and sniffed at it with an air of gentle relish.

"Good Gilmore!" he said, between the sniffs, "how very nice this is of you! How you reconcile one to human nature!"

"Give me a plain answer to a plain question, Mr. Fairlie. I tell you again, Sir Percival Glyde has no shadow of a claim to expect more than the income of the money. The money itself, if your niece has no children, ought to be under her control, and to return to her family. If you stand firm, Sir Percival must give way—he must give way, I tell you, or he exposes himself to the base imputation of marrying Miss Fairlie entirely from mercenary motives."

Mr. Fairlie shook the silver smelling-bottle at me playfully.

"You dear old Gilmore; how you do hate rank and family, don't you? How you detest Glyde, because he happens to be a baronet. What a Radical you are—oh, dear me, what a Radical you are!"

A Radical!!! I could put up with a great deal of provocation, but, after holding the soundest Conservative principles all my life, I could *not* put up with being called a Radical. My blood boiled at it—I started out of my chair—I was speechless with indignation.

"Don't shake the room!" cried Mr. Fairlie—"for Heaven's sake, don't shake the room! Worthiest of all possible Gilmores, I meant no offence. My own views are so extremely liberal that I think I am a Radical myself. Yes. We are a pair of Radicals. Please don't be angry. I can't quarrel—I haven't stamina enough. Shall we drop the subject? Yes. Come and look at these sweet etchings. Do let me teach you to understand the heavenly pearliness of these lines. Do, now, there's a good Gilmore!"

While he was maundering on in this way, I was, fortunately for my own self-respect, returning to my senses. When I spoke again, I was composed enough to treat his impertinence with the silent contempt that it deserved.

"You are entirely wrong, sir," I said, "in supposing that I speak from any prejudice against Sir Percival Glyde. I may regret that he has so unreservedly resigned himself, in this matter, to his lawyer's direction, as to make any appeal to himself impossible; but I am not prejudiced against him. What I have said would equally apply to any other man, in his situation, high or low. The principle I maintain is a recognised principle among lawyers.

If you were to apply, at the nearest town here, to the first respectable practitioner you could find, he would tell you, as a stranger, what I tell you, as a friend. He would inform you that it is against all rule to abandon the lady's money entirely to the man she marries. He would decline, on grounds of common legal caution, to give the husband, under any circumstances whatever, an interest of twenty thousand pounds in the event of the wife's death."

"Would he really, Gilmore?" said Mr. Fairlie. "If he said anything half so horrid I do assure you I should tinkle my bell for Louis, and have him sent out of the house immediately."

"You shall not irritate me, Mr. Fairlie—for your niece's sake and for her father's sake, you shall not irritate me. You shall take the whole responsibility of this discreditable settlement on your own shoulders, before I leave the room."

"Don't!—now please don't!" said Mr. Fairlie. "Think how precious your time is, Gilmore; and don't throw it away. I would dispute with you, if I could, but I can't—I haven't stamina enough. You want to upset me, to upset yourself, to upset Glyde, and to upset Laura; and—oh, dear me!—all for the sake of the very last thing in the world that is likely to happen. No, dear friend—for the sake of peace and quietness, positively No!"

"I am to understand, then, that you hold by the determination expressed in your letter?"

"Yes, please. So glad we understand each other at last. Sit down again—do!"

I walked at once to the door; and Mr. Fairlie resignedly "tinkled" his hand-bell. Before I left the room, I turned round, and addressed him, for the last time.

"Whatever happens in the future, sir," I said, "remember that my plain duty of warning you has been performed. As the faithful friend and servant of your family, I tell you, at parting, that no daughter of mine should be married to any man alive under such a settlement as you are forcing me to make for Miss Fairlie."

The door opened behind me, and the valet stood waiting on the threshold.

"Louis," said Mr. Fairlie, "show Mr. Gilmore out, and then come back and hold up my etchings for me again. Make them give you a good lunch down stairs—do, Gilmore, make my idle beasts of servants give you a good lunch."

I was too much disgusted to reply; I turned on my heel, and left him in silence. There was an up train, at two o'clock in the afternoon; and by that train I returned to London.

On the Tuesday, I sent in the altered settlement, which practically disinherited the very persons whom Miss Fairlie's own lips had informed me she was most anxious to benefit. I had no choice. Another lawyer would have drawn up the deed if I had refused to undertake it.

My task is done. My personal share in the

events of the family story extends no farther than the point which I have just reached. Other pens than mine will describe the strange circumstances which are now shortly to follow. Seriously and sorrowfully, I close this brief record. Seriously and sorrowfully, I repeat here the parting words that I spoke at Limmeridge House:—No daughter of mine should have been married to any man alive under such a settlement as I was compelled to make for Laura Fairlie.

### WITHOUT A NAME.

THE following communication, authenticated by the writer herself, has been addressed to the Conductor of these pages. It appears to him so remarkable and affecting, that he publishes it exactly as he received it, and without even giving it a title. The confidence voluntarily reposed in him by this correspondent, in the fulness of a grateful heart, he of course holds sacred. She lives by the exercise of an accomplishment, and is one of the large number of educated and delicate women who do so in this city.

The sense of gratitude for unmerited kindness is sometimes oppressive. And only by making a public acknowledgment of gratitude to my benefactors can I get quit of the oppression which is now upon me. Should I annoy them by so doing, they will pardon me if they reflect, that it affords me pleasure to chronicle their goodness. I *know* that they will pardon me, because they delight always in giving happiness and pleasure to those under their charge, and being absent from them I am yet overshadowed by their protection, and feel always like an adopted child away from its home.

Can Bethlehem Hospital be a home?

Wearily of life, heart-sick, and utterly despondent, I found refuge within its walls. And my readers will surely forgive all imperfections of style in my narration when they know that for several months I was a patient in this Royal Hospital for lunatics. Had it not been for the unwearying kindness of those under whose authority I was placed, I should not now be able, coherently and quietly, to write down my remembrance of the past, for I should either be the inmate of an asylum for the insane, or I should have passed unrepentant and hopeless into the "Silent Land."

It can interest none to know the cause of my insanity, it may interest many to be made aware of the manner in which my restoration to health of mind was effected.

One lovely summer afternoon I am conveyed, melancholy and utterly indifferent as to my future fate, to the building over whose doors I read plainly Dante's often quoted words,

Leave Hope behind all ye who enter here.

Sensible to all I see and hear, but ever silent and moody, I part from the relatives who have accompanied me, and meekly accept the offered

arm of the kind-looking attendant who is summoned by the physician's bell, and ordered to take me to "No. 3." Anticipating that some fearful torture awaits me in "No. 3," I yet allow myself, tearless and unresisting, to be conveyed up some broad stone stairs, and find myself presently in a long, light gallery, in which stand, sit, or walk, several women of different age and appearance. The song of birds greets my entrance; the sight of green plants and bright-hued flowers refreshes the eyes accustomed to gaze for many days on the walls of a bedroom, in which my friends had thought it advisable to immerse me. Am I in Fairyland? A pretty girl, becomingly dressed, advances with a smile to meet me. This is— But no, I must neither describe nor name the individuals who afterwards became my associates, who bore patiently with the disagreeable moodiness of my manner, who assisted to amuse and cheer me, and who performed for me many acts of disinterested kindness. I often see some of them now; others I may never see again; but I forget none who were kind to me in the time of my need. Sitting—still silent and absorbed in wretched thoughts—at the further end of the gallery, I see, advancing from the door, a lady of dignified presence. She approaches me with slow and decided steps, and a pleased feeling of security steals over me as I gaze upon her benevolent face. No torture will be practised upon me, for I feel certain she will permit no cruelty. The lady wears a black dress and a red shawl; and I have ever since associated a black dress and a red shawl with kindness of heart and suavity of manner. She listens patiently to all who throng around her, and answers all with gentleness; then she pauses beside me. Instinctively I rise. Very pityingly looks the dear lady upon me with her large brown eyes, very soothingly she speaks to me in her musical voice; and, with a gentle caress she leaves me, still silent, although not quite so moody, and pursues her round to comfort those capable of being consoled, and to feel pity for those who cannot feel for themselves. Shortly afterwards, while sitting always at the extremity of the gallery, I see two gentlemen walking, as the dear lady had walked, only perhaps not quite so slowly, towards me. And I feel frightened. For, perhaps, I shall be sent away from the pleasant gallery, and perhaps I shall never see the lady in the black dress and the red shawl again. I had read such fearful tales about Bedlam! But as they approach me, I see that the shorter gentleman is the same who consigned me to the care of the kind-looking attendant, and the taller looks mild and smiles, although I think a little sadly.

They stand looking kindly down upon me, as I sit, shrinking from their gaze, and fearing lest they should read the wicked thoughts always, always stirring within me—the thought that, as for me, there remains no hope of happiness, either in this world, or the world to come: it would be better, had I only the courage, to

end at once the life which is so burdensome to me.

It would, perhaps, be wearisome to detail my life at Bethlehem. I might, had I the skill, delineate many scenes that would amuse, as also many incidents that would pain the reader. But it must content me to record the following facts, and to add that to all, as to me, equal attention and kindness were shown.

Everything was done to amuse and interest me. I was sent, under the charge of an attendant, to numerous places of amusement. I was encouraged to employ myself, and books were lent to me by the head physician. Also he spent much of his time in reasoning with me, always kindly and feelingly, as a father might reason upon the folly and wickedness of my impatience of life. I was an uninteresting, a wearying, for some time an incorrigible patient; but the patience of my guardians never ceased, and at length I was discharged well. I entered the hospital without tears, but I left it sorrowfully, knowing that in the wide wide world there were none who would treat me with so much consideration, none who would so tend and console me, should it please God again to afflict me, as the kind friends who reside within the dear walls of Bethlehem. To each of them I offer upon paper the thanks which I have never been able to utter; to each of them I say—as each one has said to me—in sincerity and confidence,

God bless you!

### MAN IN!

It was the endeavour of your Eye-witness in his last report to call the attention of those whom it might concern to a consideration of what steps might be taken to diminish the number of accidents, and injuries to life and limb, which the setting in of a frost usually brings about. It may be, that in dwelling on the apparently unnecessary depth of the lakes in our different parks, the E.-W. was influenced by the recollection of an experience of his own, passed through many years ago, which has left an impression, as vivid now as it was fourteen years since, and as it will be, if the writer live, fourteen years hence. And perhaps a narrative of all that the E.-W. remembers of a break through the ice, an immersion in ten feet of water, a rescue by the icemen belonging to the Royal Humane Society, and an account of the course of treatment which the sufferer by an ice accident goes through at the receiving-house in Hyde Park, will serve to draw increased attention to the merits of that admirable society, to whose agency the Eye-witness owes it that he is an Eye-witness, and through whose instrumentality it happens that the hand which writes these lines is at this moment other than a little heap of crumbling bones and dust.

A child blowing at an extinguished torch, with the motto, "Some little spark may be hidden here yet," is the device of the

Royal Humane Society; and indeed the spark must be a very faint one, if the treatment adopted by the servants and officers of the establishment fail to fan it into a flame. The accredited instances of the resuscitation of those apparently drowned are most extraordinary, and seem to show that until such actual signs of dissolution as stiffness of the limbs, and other unmistakable symptoms, are developed, a hopeful use of the various means of restoring animation should not be given up.

Cases are even on record of a restoration of life after its total suspension for *five hours*; and it is difficult to imagine a more intense gratification than those must experience who, after hours of labour, see at last some hint of life appearing in their patient. As they observe the first convulsive catchings of the chest muscles, the first feeble gasp for breath, the first faint sob or sigh which follows; as they note the slight relaxing of the jaws, the weak flutter of the heart and pulse; the excitement must be extreme, and the anxiety lest the hold obtained on the hardly recovered life should loosen. There is danger even when, with the restoration of the circulation, the senses return. Sometimes, the patient will screech out in alarm, as consciousness revives; at other times, convulsions take place and suddenly cause death.

The writer, in giving his own experience of the efficiency of the Royal Humane Society, will—for the greater convenience of narration—ask leave to tell his story in the first person.

It was fourteen or fifteen years ago at least, and I was then an eager skater: a student of the higher walks (or rather strokes) of the art of skating: a diligent cultivator of that mystery which is at the root of all advancement in this exercise, the mystic "outside edge."

The Round Pond was crowded to inconvenience. The Round Pond is, as most Londoners know, just in front of Kensington Palace; it is rumoured that it was once a gravel pit, and that in consequence its waters are in some parts of very great depth. The number of skaters on this piece of water on the day in question was so great, that there was scarcely a possibility of carrying out a single stroke to completeness. So constant were the collisions between the skaters, and so completely was one's attention absorbed by the necessity of steering clear of other people, that it was hardly possible to enjoy the amusement; I was on the point of giving the thing up and taking off my skates, when it occurred to me that there was one part of the pond on the opposite side, which I had not tried, and which seemed to be less covered with skaters than the other portions of the ice.

Distance is a thing very soon disposed of in skating, and an approach to this more deserted region was the affair of a very few moments. As I drew nearer, I found that my first impression was not an incorrect one; there were fewer people here. Fewer people on

all parts of this side of the pond, and just out there where that pole inscribed "Dangerous" had tumbled over on its side, there was no one. What fools the people must be! Are they afraid? Why, the frost has lasted a fortnight, and any one with eyes in his head would see that that "dangerous" pole has been left there, simply because the proper authorities have forgotten to take it away.

Arrested and balked at every stroke as I had been all the morning, the sight of the clear place, where I could practise unmolested, was inconceivably attractive. I was very young, not more than sixteen or seventeen, and my taming days had not begun. Here was good ice in front, and nobody to knock up against me, and behind was bad ice and a crowd of skaters. Pooh! No danger! That board has been there ever since the frost set in.

Most people who have had anything to do with ice will be aware that that substance is subject to several different kinds of cracks. There is the melodious, ringing, wholesome crack, which ice of any strength is liable to, and which is not indicative of danger; there is the sharp, rattling crack of thin ice, which certainly does show mischief at hand, but which is not perfectly inconsistent with security; and, lastly, there is a crack which he who hears will know by instinct to be a cry of warning, but one which is uttered generally, just too late.

I had not philosophised much on cracks, or, indeed, on anything else, at the time I am writing about. I had my skates on, I saw before me a sheet of ice, and I knew that the frost which was making my fingers tingle, dated from a fortnight back. Such ice too! So black, and so smooth! A few more strokes, and what a sweep I shall have over its polished surface! a few more—Hark! is that man with the life belt on, calling out to me? Yes. What's that!

A crack such as I had never heard before, and which sent the knowledge—not the apprehension, but the certainty—into my soul that I was going through the ice. There was not a clear second of time between the crack and the time when the ice gave way under me, and I was in the water. The cruel, treacherous ice broke away as I held to it with my hands, gave with every touch, and made the space which I had broken away, so large, that water was all around me except just in one spot to which I held, but held gently, seeing the thinness of the edge against which my breast was pressing, and knowing that if I moved, this last fragment might go too, and that then I must inevitably sink—I knew not how far: there was no ground beneath my feet.

How difficult, too, to keep still: the excessive cold of the water making my chest heave convulsively, and causing me to gasp for breath. How difficult to keep still, with the wicked water sucking at me and pulling and drawing me under, until I felt the *toes of my skates scraping the inside of the ice!*

By this time, the words that head this paper were ringing through the air, and the cry of "Man in!" reached me from many voices. I hardly expect it to be believed, but I have a vivid impression that in that hour of extreme danger, and with death so near, it was a gratification to me to hear that cry, and—I was not seventeen, remember—to be called a "man." I had so often writhed under the insult of being called a "boy" by my elders, that this cry of "Man in!" was, in a dim way, a sort of compliment to me. As I lay in the water with my arms stretched out over the piece of ice on which my life depended, I watched the preparations which were going on for my rescue, with an eagerness which none can know but those who have been in some such position. There was no one near me. The machinery of the Humane Society was all far removed from that place. I was skating alone when I dropped through, and had no friend upon the ice.

Still, that lifting and sucking action of the water beneath me—pulling and drawing at me always. The man with the life-belt, with the long ice-ladder on wheels with the air-barrels at one end of it, and a drag fastened to the side, is hastening towards me from the other side. Can I hold on till he comes? The cold seems arresting my very life within me. Am I going to die? My young life—is it at an end already? Oh God! why did I ever do anything wrong! The man with the ice-ladder on wheels, has broken in at fifty yards' distance, and cannot get any nearer to me—the ice is rotten all around. Who can come near to help me? A circle far, far off, of frightened people gazing at me—I cannot see their faces—they are making signs to me, but I cannot understand; they are calling out to me, but I cannot hear. And what would they say at home if they could see me now? Would the icemen try harder to save me, if I had a brother there among the crowd to urge them on? A brother! This piece of ice is giving way; the water, which is sucking at me more and more, has got into my clothes; I am lower down than I was, and the ice to which I cling, is sinking! The man who was coming to save me is still in the hole, and other men are trying to get him out. Every one of those Latin exercises, done with the help of a key—and praises lavished on me for them—I lied about them, and said I had no help—I shall die—and the crowd—and that snow figure which the boys have built up is like the clown I saw last night in the pantomime—and the water is creeping over this piece of ice, and my arms are wet—and the ice will be under soon—and the men with the strange machinery are standing aloof, and cannot get to me, and some are running round the bank, and they have ropes—and one has got a drag—but I am sinking now, my hair is wet, and the water pouring down my collar—and when we were at Naples, my father asked me to go out with him one day and to stay with him while he sketched—and a dog would have gone—but I had some plan of my own, and would not go—and he sighed

—and I shall die—the men with the ropes upon the bank, and with a ladder—it is tied to the ropes—it is pushed along the ice towards me—a man is crawling along the ladder—but too late, for surely this is death—the voices on the bank—what do they say? The man is not far off—he crawls—so slowly—too late—I cannot hold—I cannot see—or hear—or feel—and I shall—die—

Not then. Saved, to write these words some fifteen years afterwards, and to pause from time to time as I do so, and think how those years have passed. Saved, to remember this rescue for an hour after it happened, and then to go back into the world forgetting it. Saved, to pass through other dangers and to escape other perils; but never, perhaps, to be at such close quarters with death.

I have no distinct recollection—I never had any—of how I was got out of the water. I remember something of crouching beside the man on the ladder, a huddled mass of ice and freezing water, the ladder being swiftly drawn ashore by the ropes which were fastened to it, and breaking in once or twice in its progress over the surface of the ice. I remember the horror of each of these new accidents. I remember running as fast as I could, supported on each side by an iceman, from the Round Pond to the receiving-house of the Humane Society. I remember that some one had been sent on to order the warm bath, which I found ready on my arrival. I remember how difficult it was to get my wet clothes off. I remember rejoicing that my stockings were not the pair which were darned so much at the knee, and which would have been discreditable; and I recollect seeing the water poured out of my watch—it was a silver one, but a good performer—on the ground; and then I remember feeling very happy, while the superintendent of the place—a man of some forty years of age, with a kind face and great bushy whiskers—kept throwing the warm water over my chest with his hands as I lay in the bath, and thought how warm it felt, and how strange it was that water should be the first thing resorted to, to repair the mischief which water had done.

Is misfortune good for us, that it makes us feel so happy afterwards? I shall never forget the peace of that time. I shall never forget how, looking up at the face of this man as he sat beside the bath; I thought I had never seen any one who looked so good and so benevolent. He was a man who had the appearance of a sea-captain, and was the sort of person one would wish to have by one in a storm, or indeed in any kind of danger.

The receiving-house in Hyde Park is not in its interior arrangements unlike a ward in a hospital. Clean, and warm, and airy, it is provided with the means of having several warm baths at one time, and of readily putting in practice all the directions which are given in the Society's book for the restoration of those in whom life is suspended. As soon as I had been long enough in

the warm bath, I was taken out and put into a bed between two warm blankets, heated from beneath by a hot water apparatus, but without sheets. The next remedy applied, was a glass of scalding brandy-and-water of considerable strength; after drinking which I lay down again, and thought I had never been so warm or so comfortable in all my life. I remained there all the afternoon, in a half-dreamy state, watching the attendants as they moved about the room, putting to rights the things which had been deranged on my account, and listening to the sound of the turning over of leaves, which came from an adjoining room, where the superintendent was sitting, waiting till he might be wanted again, and reading, to beguile the time, a book of shipwrecks. Meanwhile, a messenger had been sent to my house for dry clothes. The messenger thoughtfully chosen was a woman, lest, if one of the men in his remarkable costume had gone, he might alarm those to whom he was sent in an unnecessary degree. By the time the dry clothes had arrived, I was just waking up from a pleasant doze. I was soon dressed, and was safe at home by the fireside, before the lamps were lighted in the streets.

It happened but a few afternoons before this present writing, that the Eye-witness was passing in his solitary walk along the north bank of the Serpentine, just as the short daylight of December was coming to an end. It was a damp and melancholy evening, and the piece of water described last week as the scene of so much life and excitement, was deserted, except by one lonely and overgrown blue-coat boy, who stood on the bank testing the strength of what remained of the ice, with one of his long, yellow legs, and holding on the while by a post which supported one of those exhortations to protect the water-fowl, which meet the public eye so often in our parks. The E.-W. had been thinking, as he walked along, and saw a couple of these same water-fowl careering over his head, in a flight surely more rapid than that of other birds, that with such powers of diving, swimming, and flying combined, these creatures had a very agreeable notion of passing their lives. Well fed, able to enjoy the privileges of birds, beasts, and fish at once, and with nothing to do, their lot seems without a drawback; it is a curious refutation of the theory that happiness is equally divided, to turn from a contemplation of the existence of these water-fowl, to that of a donkey upon Hampstead Heath.

Occupied with these thoughts, the E.-W. had walked on till he found himself opposite that receiving-house of the Royal Humane Society, in which he had passed through the course of treatment described above. It must be owned that the building is not a cheerful edifice, and that it is strangely and funereally suggestive of a mausoleum. And yet a strong inclination came upon your Eye-witness, as he stood before the house, to revisit the room in which he had been so humanely dealt with, years ago. Cruising

round to the back of the mausoleum, your Eye-witness came suddenly upon a semi-official looking man, who had the appearance of something between a river steamer ticket-collector and a diver out of work, and who was entangling himself with some very hooky drags at the back of the building, near to a suspicious shed, which looked like a dead-house. Heaven! by what break-ladders, by what deadly implements, by what coils of rope, by what sledges of deliverance, was this man not surrounded! The engines that rescue you from death—as surgeons' instruments, hospital appurtenances, life-boats, drags, and ice-tackle—are as terrible to look on as the apparatus of death itself.

The man who had been coiling drag-ropes, upon being questioned by the E.-W. as to when he could look over the inside of the mausoleum, suggested that he could "throw his eye over it" now, if he liked, and if he did not mind the faintness of the light. There was light enough for all that the Eye-witness wanted to see, and there was even something in the approach of twilight that made the notion of penetrating into this tomb—where men are saved from the tomb—additionally attractive. Your Eye-witness advanced to the front entrance, and the ex-iceman went round to the back, to let him in.

The first sounds that reached the writer's ears as he entered the building, were sounds of music, and of children's voices, singing some touching melody. The superintendent lived there, the iceman said—"the superintendent lived there and his family, and the children were singing, as they did most evenings."

There was the room, there was the bath, the bed! All smaller, of course, than the Eye-witness recollected them, but all in the same position as they were fifteen years ago. There was the other room, where the man had sat, reading the book about shipwrecks. There were the printed directions for the recovery of the apparently drowned, hanging against the wall, and there was the Society's device of the child blowing at the extinguished torch, with the motto round it. It chanced that your Eye-witness was left alone in this room, for, having expressed a wish to possess a copy of the last-printed Report of the Royal Humane Society, the ex-iceman had to go round to the back of the premises to get it. He went out at the front door of the building; it closed behind him with a great crash; and the Eye-witness was left the only occupant of the place. The children, in a part of the building shut off from the rest, were still singing to a simple air played on a piano, the darkness was gathering about the walls, and the visitor sat down upon a chair by the side of the bed in which he had once passed a winter's afternoon.

What anxious hearts had beaten in this place! What faces, pale with suspense, had gathered, perhaps, round this very bed, as some one linked to those who looked on, by ties of blood, lay there, with glazed eyes, and with the foam upon his lips! And the sufferer himself, his body resenting the revival going on within it, writhing

and convulsed under the newly stirring life—the sufferer himself, with the machinery of his existence labouring so hard in its efforts to recommence the functions which had stopped, it seemed just now, for ever!

And then, how soon forgotten! The life, the precious trust, given back to him—again to be misused, as soon as it was regained. The escape, how soon forgotten by him who sustained it, as well as by the friends who stood around.

How soon forgotten! How soon was the rescue experienced by the writer of these words, scattered out of his mind to give place to trifles. How soon is the Magdalen forgetful of her fall, and once more thoughtful about the tying of her hair and the fit of her dress. How soon is the widow attentive to her mourning, and anxious about the judicious crimping of her cap. "To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread," is still the cry to-day, as it was in the time of Cervantes.

And, indeed, it must be so. In the room itself, there was as great a combination of the grave and the trifling, as elsewhere. On the lid which covered the hot bath in which the dead-alive is placed, was laid a woman's half-finished dress of a gay and brilliant pattern, a perambulator was perched upon one of the beds, and the children in the adjoining compartment of the house had begun to sing a comic negro melody.

The door opened again with a sounding crash. The ex-iceman returned with the Report, and the Eye-witness passing out into the empty park, looked once again to where the elms grow tall about the pond at Kensington, and thought of what had happened to him there as he walked homeward, and as the darkness of the longest night in the year dropped down upon the earth.

#### THE GOLDEN YEAR.

Come, sunny looks, that in my memory throng;

Come! bringing back some happy afternoon;

Come! for your gentle presence is the song

Without which Nature hums a lonely tune.

Oh, light feet, tread the narrow path once more;

Come to my cry, fair forms, and, resting near,

On the dear rocks where you have sat before,

A little while renew the golden year.

Come to this spot, whence we so oft have viewed

The gleam of waves, rock-broken, round the bay,

Come once more, or wild grasses will intrude,

And clasp their hands across the narrow way;

Come, for the place is fair as land of dream,

And, through the rushes, winds hum mournfully,

As if just moved in slumber, and the stream

Still struggles through its cresses to the sea.

'Tis vain to call; I once the strain have heard,

That lacked no note to make the tune complete,

Once, wakened by the touch of some kind word,

I found a garden fair, with flowers sweet;

There, plucking fruits from many a drooping bough,

I stayed, untroubled by foreboding doubt;

Once have I passed the golden year, and now

I see it far back, like a star going out.



The daisies of the golden year are dead,  
 Its sunsets will not touch the west again,  
 Its glories are removed, its blessings fled,  
 And only fully known when sought in vain;  
 The same sweet voices I shall never hear,  
 For the fair forms that once my pathway crossed  
 Are gone, with waters of the golden year  
 That now are mingled in the sea and lost.

### VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

#### A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY. IN NINE CHAPTERS.

##### CHAPTER I. GOING UP TO TOWN TO BE "BROUGHT OUT."

It was in the last quarter of that stormy and many-coloured sixteenth century—time of "renaissance" we call it, but a time of universal dissolution and near approaching end of all things, as it appeared to the Tribulation-mongers of that day—that the following facts occurred. They really DID occur. No filling in of historical outline with lights and shadows of fictitious detail, and no heightening of colour for the sake of effect, shall be attempted in this narrative; the reader is invited to receive the tale as a piece of well-authenticated history: showing, somewhat strikingly, how the world went in the good old times three hundred years ago.

There lived in the remote little city of Gubbio an ancient but obscure family of provincial nobles, named Accoramboni. Gubbio, in its pleasant niche at the western foot of that part of the Apennines which crosses the province of the ecclesiastical state called the Marches, was a long way from Rome—a longer way, taking all the difficulties of the journey into account, than London is now-a-days. And in proportion to its distance from Rome, the centre of life, wealth, honour, preferment, and all good things, despite its ante-Roman Etrurian reminiscences, and other claims to respect, was life at Gubbio stagnant and obscure. The sun, to use Queen Dido's metaphor, yoked his team very far away from the quiet little city under the Apennines. Count Claudio Accoramboni and his countess, however, might have been content to live and die, and make their wine and press their olives on the paternal acres, as a long line of unrecorded Accorambonis had done before them, had they not chanced to have a daughter, who grew in this rustic retirement so rare a perfection of loveliness and grace, that her parents felt it to be their duty to the dear girl to give her a few seasons in town. In fact, Vittoria Accoramboni was rightly judged by her judicious parents to be far too superior an article for the native Gubbio market.

All the chroniclers—and they are many—who have left records of Vittoria and her eventful history, vie with each other in their enthusiastic accounts of her surpassing beauty. And yet this, we are assured, was but one portion of the irresistible charm with which she enchanted all who came within the sphere of her influence. One grave old monk writes—crossing himself, one may fancy, the while—of the "portentous

power of attraction" which her tongue exercised when she spoke. Others speak of the inimitable grace of her movements, the sylph-like perfection of her form, her artless elegance, and entire freedom from all affectation. Her talents, too, were no less admirable than her beauty. She was a poetess; and if the productions of her muse, whether printed or preserved in manuscript, cannot be said to be much read by her countrymen of the present generation, yet they sufficed to obtain a place for her name in the huge volumes of the literary historians of her country. Quadrio, Tiraboschi, Mazzuchelli, and the others, all have a niche in their Pantheons for the fairest of their host of songstresses.

It has often been remarked that the wide differences of social habits, and still more of moral feeling, which exist between one age and social system and another, make it exceedingly difficult for us duly to appreciate and understand the life of the middle ages, and to estimate fairly the characters of its actors. And, doubtless, the entire difference of our own practice and modes of thought with respect to such matters must have the effect of making the conduct of Count Claudio Accoramboni and his wife, in this business of the disposal of their peerless daughter to the best advantage, seem altogether strange and unnatural. As soon as ever her surpassing beauty, and rare endowments of mind and body, manifested themselves, Vittoria seems to have been considered by this sixteenth century family as a valuable piece of marketable property, to be disposed of in such manner as would produce the greatest amount of advantage to the family. The means adopted to this end, and the differences of opinion on the subject between various members of the family, will further illustrate the enormous difference of our own ways of thinking and acting on such subjects.

Rome, of course, was the only market for such merchandise as Count Claudio had to offer for sale; and to Rome, accordingly, the Accoramboni family removed. Vittoria had a good escort on her long and far from safe journey to the capital of the world; for, besides father and mother, four adult brothers accompanied her—remarkably noble and needy youths, all trusting to Vittoria, the family treasure, to open for them some of the numerous roads to fortune, which in those days all converged on the Papal city.

This wonderful Rome had still in the sixteenth century very legitimate pretensions to take rank as the capital of the civilised world. The authority which the popes claimed over all the civil powers of Christendom, and which, though often rebelled against in practice, was still admitted almost universally in theory, caused their capital to be the centre of all the political intrigues and schemes of Europe; caused it to be perpetually thronged with ambassadors and diplomatists of every grade, with petitioners, adventurers, fortune-hunters, and notabilities of every sort from every part of the world. Most of the special peculiarities which stamped the age with its own social character existed in a concentrated degree

at Rome. The system of superseding law by privilege, which lay at the root of most of the social disorders of the age, existed in greater intensity in Rome than in any other society. The turbulences and disorders arising thence were more constant, more audacious, and more serious there than elsewhere. The wonderful encroachment of ecclesiastical power, and its strange and curious intermixture in all the affairs of life, which also was one leading characteristic of the time, was, as might have been expected, most remarkable and most mischievously active in Rome. It was the headquarters, too, of literature, art, and magnificence. The gorgeous and ostentatious splendour which characterised the period were there to be seen in their most dazzling excess and profusion. In no city of similar size, probably, was ever known so great an expenditure of wealth. For Rome, like a spendthrift swindler, had the spending of revenues drawn from every country in Europe. Unproductive herself, she squandered the lightly-come-by contributions from every hive of industrious workers, and was only left to beggary when her trick was detected.

Every new pope brought up fresh swarms of relatives, dependents, friends, countrymen, to seek their fortune in the great world-carnival. In the papacy of a Genoese pope, Rome would swarm with Ligurians. With a Medici in St. Peter's chair, Florence almost monopolised the good things which flow from the hand of Heaven's viceroy. With the Bolognese pope, who held the keys at the time we are writing of, Bologna had her turn. And the hot pursuit of Fortune was all the hotter, and the means used for attracting her smile were all the more unscrupulous, because popes' reigns are mostly short. In no case was the need of hurry to make hay while the sun shone, more imperative. A pope's death was as a sudden and entire turn of the wheel of Fortune. Those who were at the top found themselves, between the rising and the setting of the sun, hurled to the bottom; and those who were at the bottom as suddenly were lifted to the top. And the recurrence of these violent changes, which threw the whole Roman world into tenfold confusion, turbulence, and trouble, was strangely frequent. During the whole of the sixteenth century the popes reigned, on an average, only six years each. In the natural course of things it must be expected that the mode of making a pope would ensure his being an old man. But this probability was further increased by the frequent policy of the College of Cardinals. The different parties who found themselves, as would of course frequently happen, unable to secure the election they wished, would unite in selecting as pope some member of their body whose age and infirmities seemed to promise that they would very shortly have another opportunity of trying their strength in the conclave. Many popes owed their elevation, solely to this consideration.

A thirteenth Gregory was seated in the chair of St. Peter at the time Vittoria and her family

made their appearance on this seething, many-coloured, and turbulent scene. We have not the precise date of their journey. But it is certain that it was after 1576, and before—probably not much before—1580. Rome was in a yet more turbulent and lawless condition than usual during these years. For the reigning Pope was a particularly weak and incapable ruler. Gregory the Thirteenth, we are told, was not stained by any of those more glaring vices which had marked many of his recent predecessors. He simply neglected every portion of his manifold duties. His father, as one of the Venetian ambassadors reports to the Senate, lived to be eighty, and his grandfather to be ninety. And the great and absorbing object of the Pope's thoughts and cares was to live as long. With this view, says the ambassador, he systematically refused to occupy himself with any troublesome business, on the ground that nothing is more conducive to longevity than a mind at ease! When reports were made to him of the scandalous scenes of anarchy and violence which were continually occurring, and were rendering his capital as unsafe a residence for quiet citizens as a field of battle or a den of robbers, he never was betrayed into expending more of his carefully treasured vital force than was needed for tranquilly observing that he would pray for the evil-doers.

During this and the preceding centuries the great feudal princes and barons of the ancient and powerful clans of Savelli, Orsini, Colonna, Gaetani, and others, such were the pest and ever-present danger of Rome. Constantly in open warfare with each other, and often with the popes themselves, these haughty and unruly subjects, and their numerous bodies of armed retainers, who knew no law save the will of their employer, often tasked to the utmost the strength of the most vigorous of the popes. And under such a ruler as Gregory the Thirteenth their utter lawlessness reduced Rome to a state of anarchy which, had it continued unchecked, must have entirely sapped the foundations of all civil society. A notice of one of the ordinary street tumults that took place about the time in question, as it has been preserved in the pages of a contemporary chronicler, will serve to give an idea of the sort of deeds which were wont to pass in Rome unchecked and unpunished, and will, at the same time, introduce to the reader one of the principal "dramatis personæ" in the tale we have to tell.

The "Bargello," as the principal police-officer of the city was called, had, with his band of armed followers, arrested certain outlaws belonging to the territory of Naples; and it would seem that these men were in the pay, or otherwise under the protection, of some one of the great Roman barons. While the bargello, therefore, was conducting his prisoners through the streets, he was met by a cavalcade of noble youths, Raimondo Orsini, Pietro Gaetani, Silla Savelli, and others, who disputed his passage. The bargello, writes the chronicler, "spoke to them cap in hand, with great respect, endea-

vouring to quiet them, and persuade them to let him do his duty. They, however, would hear nothing, but attacked him and his men, killed several, took others into houses, and flung them from the windows, to the great ignominy and contumely of public justice." All this, however, could not have mattered much, or have been worth recording, but that an unlucky shot from one of the bargello's men killed the noble Raimondo Orsini. The bargello at once fled from Rome, knowing full well that neither pope nor law could save his life from the vengeance of the Orsini. But the noble anger of that proud house was not to be thus balked. And Ludovico Orsini, the brother of Raimondo, and the gentleman with whom the reader will have to make further acquaintance, avenged his brother, and asserted the honour of the clan, by murdering the lieutenant-general of police, the officer on whom the bargello depended, as he was coming down from the papal palace on Monte Cavallo.

Such was the Roman world to which Count Claudio Accoramboni was bringing his daughter and four sons to seek their fortunes about the year 1578.

But in accordance with the saying, that when things are at the worst they must mend, there was a change preparing for Rome and its lawless nobles, and almost equally villanous outlawed bandits, in a manner and from a quarter from which no human being in Rome dreamed of expecting it.

Among the cardinals resident in the city was an old man whose infirmities made him seem yet older than he was, and whose quiet and retired life was remarkable only for its purity and for its perfect inoffensiveness to any man alive. Nor were the social position or connexions of this good old man more calculated to draw attention on him than the unpretending modesty of his blameless life. For the old Cardinal di Montalto was the son of a peasant of the March of Ancona; had begun life as an humble mendicant friar; and having first risen by his virtues and talents to be the general of his order, had by this road reached the cardinalate. Yet it was on this obscure old man that the eyes of his fellows of the Sacred College had turned as the most likely candidate for the papacy, on the evidently not distant day when Gregory the Thirteenth, despite all his precautions, should not be able to live any longer. There were not wanting members of the college bearing the names of Medici, Este, Farnese, and others of the great princely families of Italy. But every man was afraid of his fellow. Most men in Rome at that day, whether clerical or lay, had so much cause to fear! And it was thought that no man need fear poor old Cardinal di Montalto, who had never given offence to any one, or seemed capable of conceiving a feeling of animosity or resentment. Besides the very manifest infirmities of old Peretti—that was the Cardinal di Montalto's family name—his tottering gait and bent body were, on the principle above mentioned, all recommendations in his

favour. It was clear he could not last long. And his short papacy would give rival parties time, as each hoped, to strengthen itself, and to be ready then for the struggle which they feared to undertake at the present moment. As for the old man himself, when spoken to on the subject, he would treat the matter as one in which a man so near the grave could have little interest; and with a mild sigh and gentle shake of his bent head, followed by a hollow cough, would give his hearers to understand how entirely his mind was occupied on other things.

Rome, however, though quite agreeing with the Cardinal di Montalto in the opinion that he could not last long, yet thought it probable that he would last longer than the octogenarian pope; and considered that for such brief space he would be the most convenient, inoffensive, meek pope that could be found. Despite himself, therefore, Felix Peretti, Cardinal di Montalto, occupied an important position in the Roman world when the Accoramboni family arrived in the Eternal City.

#### CHAPTER II. THREE STRINGS TO THE HEROINE'S BOW.

THE "sensation" caused by the first appearance of the beauty on this great theatre and focus of all the grandeurs of the world, exceeded all that the proprietors of the new "great attraction" had promised themselves. All Rome talked of nothing else than the lovely and all-accomplished Vittoria. Cardinals met to discuss the rival pretensions of the French and Spanish courts, but found themselves neglecting such trifling matters to expatiate, quite en connoisseurs, on the marvellous perfections of the young provincial from the Marches. Princes of the noblest and most powerful families of Italy, young and old, single or married, swore that the bewitching stranger was worthy of promotion to the honour of becoming—the plaything of an hour to any one of them. Father, mother, and brothers, all found themselves suddenly changed into people of importance; sought for, courted and made much of by magnates lay and ecclesiastical, into whose presence they would have hardly ventured to come cap in hand a few short weeks ago. In a word, their speculation promised excellently well; and only prudence was needed to make the most of it. Very much prudence; Italian prudence, of a far more long-sighted and subtly calculating kind than is ordinarily known to the more off-hand and open men of a less guileful race. This excess of prudence, and the exaggerated value attached to it, and admiration of it, is a marked and peculiar characteristic of the Italian character. It is not a pleasing one. And were it not that there seem to be reasons for believing that the same peculiarity marked the old Roman character, it might be attributed to the unhappy social organisation which has for so many centuries sown the field of society broadcast with dangers and pitfalls of all kinds, so as to make every man afraid of his neighbour. It is difficult not to place somewhat of the strange cautiousness

which meets one at every turn both in Italian histories of the past and in the modern life of the people, to the account of this cause. But we remember the dictum of the old poet, who more than any other has daguerreotyped for us the life, manners, and modes of thought of the old Roman world—Horace—to the effect that “no one of the gods refuses his favour to the man whom Prudence stands by,” and recognise in the thought the ancestors of Italy’s present and mediæval inhabitants.

The game now to be played out by the combined sagacity of the Accoramboni family was one which called forth all the resources of this favourite faculty. If the prizes in the wheel were numerous and splendid, so also were the dangers which lay thick and various round about them; so many things had to be considered in that strangely constituted and cynically corrupt Roman world, which the members of a simpler, because a more law-governed, state of society would never dream of. Enmities had to be forecastingly provided against. And if this were impossible, they were to be providently counteracted by such protections as might be most suited for overcoming them; and if it were absolutely inevitable to give offence either to one or to another person, the means of injuring possessed by either at the time being or prospectively in the future, had to be carefully and sagaciously compared and balanced. And in a state of society where every man from my lord cardinal down to the vagabond, who was first cousin to the laundress who washed for my lord cardinal’s valet, and every woman from the princess of an all but sovereign house down to the old hag on whose daughter one of his highness’s lawless free lances was known to cast an eye of affection—all in every class and in every degree sought to secure life, property, and advancement not by their own merits or industry, or the protection of the public law, but by favour, privilege, and patronage—in such a state of society these calculations and provisions were complex and difficult matters, as will be seen in the sequel of this true history.

No part of the difficulty which lay before Vittoria’s judicious father and anxious mother, arose from lack of eligible candidates for their daughter’s favour. Suitors on all sorts of terms came forward in abundance. To choose wisely and prudently among them, was the point. And the difficulty of the case was sadly increased by a discordance of opinion between Vittoria’s papa and mamma. The case was as follows: From among the crowd of prétendants, three stood forward prominently as the most promising. The first was Francesco Peretti, the favourite nephew of poor quiet old Cardinal di Montalto. The Perettis were poor, and not even noble. What then had simple Francesco Peretti to offer, that could justify him in dreaming of carrying off a prize that princes and cardinals were disputing? His personal qualifications may have been high, or may have been none at all. Of the many contemporary writers who have expressly or incidentally mentioned the facts of

this history, no one has thought it worth his while to advert even to such irrelevant circumstances. But Francesco Peretti was the nephew of the uncle; and it might well be that the nephew of old Fra Felice (Friar Felix, as we should say) would turn out to be the greatest catch in all Rome. For all the world in the Eternal City seemed to have made up their minds that the decrepit old cardinal friar was to be pope. And a pope’s favourite nephew! And such a pope; a meek old man used to the quietest retirement, without worldly sense, or passion in him enough to resent the taking of his cloak off his back! Why, it would be as good as having the papacy itself for one’s dower! “And then, my dear Vittoria, it is your duty, you know, to think of your family. There are four brothers! God knows, it’s little enough I can do for them. But with the position that such a marriage would place you in, there are no limits—positively no limits to the hopes that might open before all of us.” It is true that in catching Peretti, Vittoria was playing her great stake for a bird not in the hand, but still in the bush of the future. It was possible, after all, that the Cardinal di Montalto might never be pope. But, on the other hand, the Peretti marriage was free from great risks and perils which surrounded the union with another of the trio of aspirants, who, out of all those that at first entered their names, finally ran for the plate.

All these things duly meditated and calculated, papa Accoramboni declared himself decidedly in favour of knocking down all that desirable lot, with magnificent head of hair annexed, lovely eyes, attractive form, brilliant accomplishments laid on regardless of expense, &c. &c. &c., known by the name and title of Vittoria Accoramboni to Francesco Peretti, as to the best bidder.

But, as has been said, there was an unhappy difference of opinion between the chiefs of the Accoramboni councils. And while in reply to Peretti’s proposals, “papa said, yes! she may; mamma said, no! she shan’t!” For the female imagination was dazzled by the brilliant magnificence of the second candidate for her daughter’s hand. This was no less a man than the Italian historical reader’s old acquaintance Prince Paolo Giordano Orsini! There was an offer! the head of all the Orsini clan! the noblest family in Rome! The owner of immense territories, and so powerful, that popes themselves quailed before him, and hesitated to put the law in execution against him or his. Was such a son-in-law to be for a moment compared to the obscure nephew of an old monk, who might or might not one day be pope? In this case the bird was a bird in the hand, and not one in the bush; and a bird of such dazzling plumage! The prince was the man for the lady mother’s money; and if her word was worth anything, no trumpery commoner should ever have her darling child, &c. &c. &c.—a whole page of *etceteras*!

There were, however, some drawbacks to the brilliant advantages of a union with the prince;

that must be admitted. In the first place—and this was the consideration that chiefly weighed with the prudent and wary father—the whole of the powerful and unscrupulous Orsini clan would doubtless be furious at such a mismatch on the part of its chief. And there were other very influential personages likely to be highly offended by the marriage. It was not without reason, in short, that Count Claudio Accoramboni considered the connexion, however flattering, as doubly hazardous. Then, again, the noble Orsini had, about two years previously, murdered his first wife. Not that such a circumstance could be held in any wise to sully the character of one in the unattackable position of the Prince Orsini, or that any great weight should be attributed to an accident that would frequently happen in the noblest families. Still, Vittoria's father thought that, all other things being equal, it might be held to be an objection to a son-in-law in the eyes of a fond parent; while her mamma felt strongly that in the case of a prince, it was mere invidious cavilling to rake up matters of a kind that were never alluded to in really good society. Again: though of course no nobility could be more exalted, more undoubted, more ancient and celebrated than that of the chief of the great house of Orsini, whose names are to be found on every page of the history of their country for hundreds of years back, as the constant disturbers of peaceful life and social progress, by their noble determination to be subject to no law save that of their own fierce will, though all the world recognised this nobility as of the purest water and most genuine dye, yet, somehow or other, old Dame Nature, obstinately taking note only of his highness's manner of life, had got it into her stupid old head that he was not noble at all, but to a remarkable degree the reverse. Not that it would have signified a rush what Dame Nature, with her old-fashioned notions, might have thought about the matter, had it not been that she had unfortunately found the means of expressing her opinion so emphatically, that it was impossible not to be more or less annoyed by it. It was now fifty years that she had been making up her mind as to the genuineness of the nobility of the most noble prince; and she now announced her opinion on the subject to the world by fashioning him into the most hideously bloated caricature of the human form and face divine that a nightmare fancy could conceive. He was, we are told, so enormously fat, that his leg was as large round as an ordinary man's body. And one of these huge unnaturally bloated limbs was afflicted with a loathsome cancerous affection, named, we are told by the science of that good old time, a "lupa," or she-wolf, because it was necessary continually to supply it with abundant applications of raw flesh, in order that, exerting on them its destroying power, it might so the more spare the living tissues of the noble patient's body. It might seem, on the whole, to the livers in a degenerate age, that these circumstances might also have weighed somewhat in the estimate of the prince as a bridegroom, formed by the young lady and her family. But

they do not appear to have done so. And the facts have been preserved by the contemporary writers only as the envious talk of other Roman ladies, mothers and daughters, who would fain have scented the noble prince, lupa and all, for themselves.

Strange, is it not, to note how entirely changed our nineteenth century world is from a state of society in which noble matrons and damsels could be led by such feelings to indulge in such talk! What do May Fair drawing-rooms care about the fifty years, or other drawbacks, of great catches in the matrimonial market, that have been already caught? But Roman sixteenth-century saloons did, as it seems, find no little delectation in such considerations.

That other little circumstance of the removal of his first wife by the agency of his highness's own noble hands, though it was by no means felt to have cast any stain on the prince's fair fame as a knight and a gentleman, or to have rendered him generally on that account a less desirable family connexion, yet was one of the causes that, as prudent Count Accoramboni perceived, contributed to surround a marriage between his daughter and the prince with especial danger. For the first Princess Orsini, thus removed, was no other than Isabella dei Medici, the sister of Francis, the reigning Duke of Florence, and of the Cardinal Ferdinand dei Medici, one of the most powerful of the Sacred College. Now this poor Isabella had unhappily been led, by the total neglect of her noble husband, to requite his conduct to her in such sort, as to make her death no less necessary to the honour of her "serene" and "most reverend" brothers, than to that of her husband. So much so, that the former, far from feeling any estrangement from their brother-in-law on that account, considered themselves beholden to him for his nice care for the reputation of the family. And, notwithstanding any little unpleasantness as to the manner of their dear departed sister's death, the duke and the cardinal would have felt that the "honour" of the Medici family was dreadfully compromised by their brother-in-law making so shocking a misalliance. And Count Accoramboni wisely considered that it might not pay in the long run to encounter such enmities, even to make his daughter Princess Orsini.

But no prudent considerations of this kind could induce his lady wife to give up the dear vision of becoming mother-in-law to a prince. Despite his fifty years, his infirmities, and his monstrous unwieldy person, she felt that a prince is a prince for a' that, and a' that, and twice as muckle's a' that. And the Orsini offer had, accordingly, her consistent and unflinching support.

As for the third proposals, perhaps it would have been better to say nothing about them, were it not for the paramount obligation to tell the truth, and, as far as in him lies, the whole truth, which is binding on whosoever presumes to meddle with history. Be as angry as you will, gentle reader, with the novelist who recounts to

you what you had rather not hear. His business and duty is to please you. But do not blame a poor dealer with facts, who is forbidden by the primary law of his duty to make things pleasant on all occasions, and who would fail in setting before you a true picture of any bygone state of society, if he shrink from telling you everything which is disagreeable in the telling.

Well, then, the beautiful Vittoria's third suitor was his eminence the most reverend sexagenarian Cardinal Bishop Farnese. Suitor? Proposals? Why, the old man was a priest irrevocably vowed to celibacy! Yes, indeed. That was unquestionably the state of the case. And yet his "proposals" had the energetic support of two of the brothers. What! when it has been just related how two other brothers, acting according to the ideas prevalent in that age, thought it necessary to connive at their fallen sister's murder, to purge the family of the disgrace brought on it by her fault! And these two Accoramboni brothers, too, were of "noble birth." But they were reprobate castaways then, these young Gubbio counts? Far from it! One of them, we are assured by a monk who has written a biography of Sixtus the Fifth, was "a young man of saintly morals," and was shortly afterwards made a bishop. And, doubtless, if proposals of the nature of those of his venerable eminence the Cardinal Farnese had come from any one of the same rank as the Accorambonis, the young brother of saintly morals would have duly resented them. That is the whole explanation of the matter. What but honour could accrue to an obscure provincial count's daughter and her family from any connexion with a cardinal and a Farnese?

Such were the principles avowed and recognised in the Roman world of the sixteenth century.

### MORE VERY COMMON LAW.

HAVING spoken of some of the legal incidents of Mr. Blank's infancy, we purpose in this paper to treat shortly of his marriage.

When we state, then, that since his last appearance in these pages the ecclesiastical machinery of St. George's, Hanover-square, has been worked up to its highest pressure in the service of our illustrative man, and that a beehive of clergymen and a full choral service have been brought to bear upon him in his capacity of bridegroom, we expect that no one (including Sir C. Cresswell) will question the fact of his marriage.

True, there were other means equally efficacious, though possibly more plebeian, by which he could have effected his object; but, as he preferred a stylish wedding, we will not grudge him that transient enjoyment. He might, had he been so minded, have dispensed with the clerical element entirely, and have been married by an attorney and a retired pork-butcher in the dusty seclusion of the Registrar's office; but more of this hereafter. He might, let us for our present

purpose say, have been married after "due publication of the banns," and, as this is possibly the most popular form of the ceremony, we will mention a point or two of law affecting it.

If it were our present business to criticise, in place of illustrating, the law as we find it, we should feel disposed to find a little fault with this portion of our jurisprudence as it now stands. We should feel disposed, for example, to say that we think it affords too good an opening to any man with a taste for matrimony and a diversity of wives, to be consistent with our national abstemiousness in that respect. As thus: "Any marriage," the books tell us, "solemnised after publication of banns in a false name, when this false name has been given with the privity and consent of *both* the parties, can be set aside on application to Her Majesty's Court of Divorce." As to what the law will construe as "privity and consent" is at present an open question, upon which the following cases may throw a little light:

A certain amorous youth of nineteen fell in love with his father's cook, aged thirty, and made proposals of marriage to that domestic. The cook, conjecturing that the marriage might not be acceptable to her intended husband's family, persuaded him, for the purpose of concealment, to have the banns published in the name of "John:" the youth's name being "Henry John," and the cook being constantly in the habit of addressing him by his first name. They were married, but, as might have been expected, they were not particularly happy; and a suit having been instituted for the purpose of setting aside the marriage, it was declared null and void.

Again (to go no further back than to a case decided before Sir C. Cresswell a short time since), a young man, a minor, named Bower Wood, published his banns, with his intended wife's privity and consent, in the name of John Wood: he having expectations from his uncle, Mr. Bower, and not wishing to offend that gentleman. On application to the Divorce Court, the marriage was annulled, on the ground of this false publication.

On the other hand, a man in humble circumstances, named James Carpenter, married (we quote a reported case) a woman named Susannah Spence. For some reason which is not mentioned, the woman's name in the publication of banns, was stated to be "Agnes Watts." During the marriage ceremony, the clergyman addressed her as "Agnes," and she, thinking that she was to be married in her own proper name, looked at Carpenter: whereupon he (surly bridegroom that he was) told her to "hold her tongue." This marriage, to the discomfiture, let us hope, of the ungracious Carpenter, who wished to set it aside, was afterwards upheld, on the ground that only one of the parties was ignorant of the false publication.

This is the present position of the law, with which we are disposed to quarrel. So long as divorce was a luxury not easily attainable, and, consequently, not much sought after, this con-



sequence of false publication might not have been of great moment, but we take it to be otherwise now. Do we not (lawyers included) know that Phyllis is very prone to yield to the suggestion of Corydon in that tender billing and cooing season before the banns are published? Suppose, then, that as they sit under the trysting-tree, when the deepening twilight, &c., and the sweet dalliance of the balmy breeze, &c.—suppose that Corydon at that season should suggest to Phyllis dear, for any reason in the world (she wouldn't probe the logic of it very deeply), that the banns should be published in any other name than his, would Phyllis always be found courageously to answer No? And suppose, further, that Corydon should ever come (alas for the possibility of such things!) to grow weary of Phyllis dear, would it not be rather hard upon the damsel that her foolish weakness in the twilight, should prove her undoing in her later married life? We really think it would.

So far banns; but, as our illustrative man was married by license, it behoves us to speak a word or two as to that ceremony.

Now, as to banns and licenses, "note a diversitie." If a license be obtained under false names, and the marriage be solemnised thereupon, the marriage is good; but, it is otherwise (as we have shown) with a marriage celebrated after banns have been published in a wrong name. The reason of this distinction is sufficiently obvious.

The very object to be gained by publication of the banns being publicity, this purpose, should the publication be made in false names, is utterly defeated. On the other hand, a license not being a matter of public notoriety, is granted by the ordinary upon such evidence as he may be content to receive.

A rather curious case illustrative of the stability of a marriage by license, though celebrated under a false name, was heard before Sir William Scott (afterwards Lord Stowell):

A woman, named Sarah Burt, endowed with a dreadful partiality for aliases, left her father's house in the year 1781, and went to reside with her sister: assuming the name of Sarah Melville, and stating that she was a widow. Seven years afterwards, she left her sister, and went to live alone: styling herself, by way of variety, Elizabeth Melville. Under this name, she was married; but the third change was not a happy one, and her husband endeavoured to set aside the marriage. Sir William Scott, however, entertained the opinion that the marriage could not be set aside, and he acted upon it. Marriage by license, therefore, we see, is valid even if the license have been obtained in a false name: "provided always," says my Lord Ellenborough, "that the false name be not intended to cover a fraud on the other party."

In mentioning that our illustrative man might have employed other means to attain his present felicity of a more plebeian character, we ought to have remembered one more aristocratic. There is "special license." Not thinking it necessary, however, to dilate upon this part of our subject,

we will content ourselves by stating that this is a delightful and rather costly prerogative, granted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, which will enable anybody to be married anywhere and at any time, and which any of our readers can obtain on application to his lordship, and the enclosure of a negotiable cheque.

To return, however, to the consideration of the plebeian paths to matrimony before alluded to, we are reminded of the Registrar. Had our illustrative man been content to adopt this humble method of arriving at the holy estate, he would have found it burdened with the following conditions; a solemn declaration from him that no impediment existed to his intended marriage; that (should he desire to be married without license) he and his intended wife had resided for seven days within the district of the Registrar, or (if with license) that one of them had lived for fifteen days within the same district; that, should either of the parties be under age, proper consent to the marriage had been obtained; and all this in the presence of the Registrar, and under all the penalties (should any false statement be made) attached to perjury.

No person having objected to the Registrar issuing his certificate, our illustrative candidate for matrimony would have been furnished by that functionary with the important document, sooner or later, according to circumstances. If he were about to be married without license, he would have obtained it twenty-one days after he had given notice of his intention; if with license, it would have been granted to him at any time after one day had passed. Once furnished with this passport, his difficulties would have been at an end, and the marriage could be solemnised at any time, either according to the rites of the Church of England, or of the Jews, or of the Quakers.

Should it unfortunately happen that our friend's faith was not the faith of Churchman, Jew, or Quaker, the marriage would have to be solemnised in a licensed building in the presence of the Registrar, but with whatever ceremony Mr. Blank might choose to elect.

Always provided, however, that during the ceremony, whatever it might be, he and his intended wife should declare that they knew of no impediment to the marriage, and that he or she called upon the persons present to witness that he or she took the other party for her wedded husband or wife, as the case might be.

With this brief glance at a few of the more notable characteristics of marriage by license, by banns, by special license (a very brief glance indeed at this), and by the Registrar, let us endeavour to furnish our readers with an epitome of matrimonial law in general. In common with all other laws, it has been subject at times to gross abuse, and in no instance to greater abuse than in the case of the notorious Fleet marriages.

"Prior to the middle of the last century," says Mr. M'Queen in his treatise on Marriage and Divorce, "there was in the Fleet Prison a

colony of degraded ecclesiastics, who earned their livelihood by celebrating clandestine marriages for fees smaller than those legally taken in the parish church. Already," he continues, "incarcerated for debt or delinquencies, the reverend delinquents were beyond the reach of episcopal jurisdiction."

And a very thriving trade these reverend reprobates found it, as we may infer from the fact that six thousand couples were married by one of them in one year: whilst in the neighbouring parish church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, the legitimate parson married but fifty-three. We don't say much as to the morality of the proceeding, as witness the sad story (one out of a thousand) of Miss Ann Leigh:

"Miss Ann Leigh," the Weekly Journal for the 26th September, 1719, informed its readers, "an heiress of 200*l.* a year and 6000*l.* ready cash, hath been carried away from her friends in Buckinghamshire by Captain Pealy, a half-pay officer, and married at the Fleet against her consent, the authors of the plot having so used her that she now lieth speechless."

Happily the weekly journals of to-day are not called upon to record any such summary journeys to the hymeneal altar as that undertaken by the avaricious Captain Pealy, nor are the broad principles of the marriage law very difficult to understand. What these broad principles are may be stated shortly thus:

A marriage must be celebrated by a person in holy orders. It must take place (except in the case of special license) before twelve o'clock at noon. It must be solemnised (except as above mentioned) in a church or chapel consecrated for the purpose. The contracting parties (this is the way in which the law speaks of a bride and bridegroom) must not be related to each other in any degree prohibited by the table of consanguinity. They must be of age, or have obtained the consent of their parents or guardians. One of the parties must have resided for fourteen days in the parish where the marriage is celebrated.

The first and third of these principles do not apply to marriage by the Registrar.

Clear as these broad principles may appear, however, there are some points upon which the public will persist in going astray.

It is a popular error, for example (founded, we have little doubt, upon the dictum of Lord Stowell, "that a foreign marriage, valid according to the law of the place where celebrated, is good everywhere else"), to suppose that a marriage with a deceased wife's sister, celebrated abroad, will be recognised as legal in this country. This is not the case; and Sir C. Cresswell and Vice-Chancellor Stuart have already decided, in the case of *Brook v. Brook*, that the children of a marriage celebrated at Altona between an Englishman and his deceased wife's sister, were illegitimate. What is true of Altona is equally applicable to any part of the world.

The fact is, that Lord Stowell's rule applies only to the formalities of marriage, and merely intimates that the service which commences with

"Dearly beloved," and ends in "amazement," is not a *sine qua non* for tying English couples together, all over the world. If two persons between whom marriage is possible by English law, are married according to the rites and ceremonies of any foreign country which observes what is called the comity of nations with our tiny little island, then the marriage is perfectly valid. But, for all this, a man may not marry his grandmother during a continental tour with any hope of ever having the marriage recognised as legal in England. Nor can he, in any country in the world, effect such an alliance with his deceased wife's sister as shall legitimatise the offspring of the marriage.

Another popular fallacy is, that a marriage celebrated after twelve o'clock at noon is void. This is not the case: the marriage being good enough, though the clergyman who so officiates subjects himself to severe penalties for his infringement of the law.

That this error is not confined to the unlearned laity we may gather from the following anecdote, which we have heard from very good authority, and believe to be true:

A couple having appeared before the curate of a large metropolitan parish, for the purpose of being married, it was discovered that the bridegroom had forgotten the license. Posting off in hot haste to procure this important document, he was not able to reach the church on his return before the clock had chimed twelve. The curate, however, good-naturedly went on with the ceremony, and the happy couple were, as they fondly imagined, married. In the midst of the wedding breakfast, and shortly after the bride and bridegroom had taken their departure, the guests were startled by the abrupt appearance of the rector in whose parish the marriage had taken place. "No marriage, no marriage!" said that gentleman, to the consternation of the company, and demanded that the couple should be recaptured, and brought before him next morning, to go through the ceremony once more. This was done, to the satisfaction of the rector and the annoyance, we may suppose, of the rest of the party.

Now this worthy rector (he is at the present writing a member of the Episcopal Bench), had he been conversant with the law, might have saved both himself and others a great deal of annoyance. The parties were legally married in the first instance, but the unhappy curate had committed a felony, and might have been transported for fourteen years.

One additional word as to the age at which matrimony becomes a legal act, and we must leave any further condensation of the legal incidents of Mr. Blank's marriage for our next chapter.

It has been already mentioned that a young gentleman of fourteen can marry, and it only remains to say that a young lady of twelve is considered capable of consenting to be a bride. If the young lady be under sixteen, however, the husband may possibly be "wanted" for abduction; but, having paid the penalty

for this offence (merely transportation), he may, upon his return, claim his bride, and live happily all the rest of his life.

We say, claim his bride, advisedly; for, should there have been any false measures used in obtaining the license, or in the publication of banns, he will gain the lady only, and not her property. Happily, the Marriage Act is explicit upon this point, and lays it down that, when a valid marriage by license or banns is solemnised between persons either of whom is under age by means of the false oath or fraudulent procurement of one of the parties, the party offending shall be liable to forfeit all property which would otherwise accrue upon the marriage.

In fact, upon the whole, the law does not encourage the precocious marriages of boys and girls; and, the better to exhibit its feeling in this respect, it requires that no license shall be granted without the consent of the parents; and if after the publication of the banns the parents should object, it will prohibit the ceremony. If, however, any amorous youth should by any means (fair or foul) succeed in having his banns published without objection, or should once get his license safe into his own possession, it has been repeatedly held that a marriage celebrated under such circumstances must be considered good and valid.

### AN UNHOLY BROTHERHOOD.

It is but to a limited number of Spaniards of the present day, that the existence, in any age, of the society we are about to describe is known. But, that it was rooted out, only in the latter years of Charles the Fourth's reign, is an indubitable fact in the secret history of Spain, and one in association with which the Inquisition performed, perhaps, its only praiseworthy act.

There is no record of the period at which the secret society of Despenadores was first instituted; but, from the name, it is to be inferred it was of some antiquity. For, though the Spanish language yet owns the verb active, *despenar* (not to be confounded with *despeñar*, which latter means the act of throwing from a rock or other elevation, precipitating), with the signification "to ease, to alleviate, to relieve from pain or care," it has long fallen into disuse, and may be looked upon as nearly obsolete.

On the evening of a certain day, in the year 1803, in a darkened and noiseless apartment in the town of Ocaña, in Old Castile, a worthy and respected citizen lay suffering under disease of long standing; at the tester of his bed, was fixed the customary *pila*, or little open earthenware vessel, containing holy water, surmounted by a painting of his patron saint; at the foot of the bed, a table of a small kind of altar bearing a couple of lighted tapers flanking a wooden effigy of Our Saviour extended on the cross, on which the sick man's eyes were riveted imploringly, gave unmistakable signs that the patient was considered in danger. He was yet but a middle-

aged man, unmarried, well to do in the world, of excellent character, and notable for his devout habits and rigid observance of all the forms and ceremonies of his church. His only relative was a sister, who, with two domestics, constituted his household; these had now withdrawn from the sick-chamber, to make way for his friend the parish priest—fortunately a plain, sensible, straight-minded man—who, at the patient's request, had been sent for to receive his confession, and to administer the last rites of absolution and extreme unction. And now that these ceremonies had been performed, the clergyman, who had long known and held the patient in much esteem, remained alone by his side, praying with and exhorting him. The sick man did not exactly fear to meet death, nor did he murmur at the decree of his Maker, yet he nevertheless exhibited extreme regret at being called from this world so soon. Therefore his friend, the priest, sought somewhat to cheer him, by observing, "that although in these acts he had complied with the duty of a good Christian in preparing himself for the worst, he ought by no means to despair of the possibility of the Divine mercy being even yet extended to him in this world, as there were numerous instances of persons recovering from a far more precarious state than he was yet in." This reawakened some hope in the patient's mind, and he seemed to gather strength and energy.

But, a slight noise in the room occasioning him suddenly to cast his eyes towards the door, the patient was seized with a convulsive tremor, his countenance betrayed signs of the most intense horror, and a cold sweat burst from him, as in an agonised whisper he said to the priest, "There is no hope, no escape, for me; now, indeed, my life is circumscribed to a few minutes, and it must terminate when you leave me; my death is now certainly and inevitably at hand." The good priest feared that a sudden delirium had seized the sick man, yet thought it well to argue with him, and inquire if any change in his sensations induced him to make so fatal a prognostic? No; he felt no increase in the symptoms of his disease; but he must die, he must die almost immediately. As he repeated this, often and coherently, and always in the same whispered tone, the priest insisted on being told the reason; and, at last, the patient, with great trembling and secrecy, pointed his attention to two persons who had entered and who stood in conversation at the farther end of the room, as though unwilling to intrude on his spiritual conference with his adviser. They were staid, sober, and respected men of that same town, wearing the sad-coloured garments that denoted their being *beatos*, or devotees, and they were acquainted both with the patient and the priest; they had come to inquire the state of their departing friend, and if it must be, to take their farewell of him. The sick man, with increased agitation, whispered, "They are of us. They are my companions. They are Despenadores. By their hands I shall die as soon as you quit me and they and I are alone." With

this, his thin hands seized and held the priest's arm with almost supernatural force.

What was the meaning of those words? What were Despenadores? Why should his fate depend upon them? These were questions the priest was quite unable to solve; but he determined, as far as possible, to tranquillise the poor wretch by assuring him that he would not leave his side until desired by himself to do so. This in some measure relieved the sick man's fright. There the priest sat for hours, during which the two visitors more than once drew near the bedside, inquiring of the patient (who shuddered afresh at each approach) the state of his body and mind, considerably observing that the Señor Parroco must be wearied by his long attendance, and offering to relieve him in waiting upon and praying by the dying man. But the priest, warned by the clutch of his friend's hand, declined to accept their proposal, and, finally, finding no pretext for a longer stay at that time, they had to withdraw.

Perceiving that there was a mystery he could not for the present trace, and that the conflict of terror and hope rendered the patient for the time incapable of clearing it up, the clergyman resolved on staying by him until his latest hour, should his disorder finally take a fatal turn; and he gave strict injunctions that no one whatsoever but the medical attendants should be admitted into the sick-room: his clerical presence being a sufficient excuse to any others who might seek entrance. On the succeeding day he was gratified by learning that the crisis of the disorder had passed, and that the patient's condition was much more hopeful. As soon as he found him sufficiently tranquil and reassured to revert to the mysterious subject, the priest urged him to disclose everything relating to his strange hints of the preceding night. Ultimately he drew from him, though with much difficulty, this acknowledgment: That there existed a secret Brotherhood of which he was a member, not numerous, but widely, disseminated throughout Spain, who were sworn to seek every opportunity of gaining access to such persons as, being in articulo mortis, had received the last sacraments and rites of their religion, and, under pretext of praying with and giving them spiritual consolation, to seize the first moment of being alone with them to terminate their remaining hours—by strangulation, by smothering with a pillow, or in any other way not calculated to awaken suspicion: That this association was guided by a much higher object than the merely charitable one which their adopted name of Despenadores would indicate; for, instead of merely intending to abbreviate the death agony of the sufferer, their object was to prevent all possibility of his escaping death by an unlooked-for recovery, as would sometimes happen: That the Despenadores knew that, after having received penary absolution and the other final rites of the Church, the sick were in a state of beatitude, and certain of admission to heaven; while, should they

be restored to health, they would be again exposed to all the snares and temptations of this wicked world, which, according to the weakness of nature, would lead them to sin anew and unavoidably imperil their souls should they afterwards be cut off by accidental sudden decease: That the Brotherhood, therefore, sought the eternal welfare of the absolved, and insured them a certain entrance into Paradise.

Avowing that he had personally taken part in these acts on more than one occasion, the patient was sternly asked by the priest why they had never been referred to in his frequent confessions to him? He answered, that it was not incumbent on him or on any of his companions to name them, for, so far from being sins, they were meritorious actions, inasmuch as they rendered certain the salvation of souls that might otherwise perish; but apparently, he trusted so fully in his own strength and virtue, that he was disinclined to have this positive security accorded to himself.

The poor priest was shocked and puzzled by the revelation, for he could not easily decide whether he ought or ought not to regard it as made under the seal of confession, and consequently of inviolable secrecy; but, after some consideration, he judged it his duty to lay the whole matter privately before his diocesan, the Archbishop of Toledo. That prelate being one of the grand inquisitors, found sufficient reason in it for having the three individuals whom the clergyman pointed out as Despenadores, lodged in the cells of the Holy Office. On being examined, they exhibited neither fear nor compunction at owning themselves members of that secret but, as they contended, most praiseworthy association; or, in naming such others of the fraternity as they knew.

How to act towards the fanatics implicated in this most horrible league, who were within a short time all arrested, became a matter of perplexity as well to the Inquisition as to the Council of Castille (which, as civil crime had been committed in the formation of a secret society, had also to take part in it), for it was desirable to avoid, as far as possible, giving publicity to the facts, lest an indignant spirit of revenge should be roused among survivors who conceived that their deceased relatives had been murdered. The question of culpability was, therefore, in many instances put hypothetically for consideration of the most eminent jurists in Spain, as well of common as of canon law, and the majority of their conclusions was, that crime had been committed, not with a wilfully guilty intent, but from a deplorably misguided and fanatical belief. The punishment was consequently limited to such different terms of confinement as were considered necessary to indoctrinate the culprits in a proper manner, and when they were released it was under the assurance that the utmost severity of the law would be put in force against them in the event of relapse. The higher ecclesiastical and civil authorities were commanded to keep a most vigilant watch,

and from that time the association was virtually extinguished, whatever became of the individual feelings of its members.

How many victims may have been sacrificed to this spirit of inhuman and revolting fanaticism, no human being can ever know, and the day of judgment alone can reveal.

### COMMITTED TO NEWGATE-STREET.

It may have been a prophetic vision of the future, it may have been only the phantom of a disordered digestion, but I saw it as plainly as anything was ever seen by human eyes.

I saw the architectural masterpiece of Wren, the national Cathedral of St. Paul's, as black and as majestic as ever, up in the clouds. I say in the clouds, for the solemn glory had departed from its base. It was no longer a mysterious temple standing in a sacred circle, undefiled by contact with the coarse trades carried on within the broad shadow of its dome. The greasy, suety labourers of Newgate-market, and the dead meat—the daily staple food supply of metropolitan millions—had at last oozed out of their narrow receptacles in this direction. The thin, lean channel of Paternoster-row—the ground that is traditionally haunted by the bony authors of the past—had been too weak and feeble, to stem that sturdy torrent, which refused to be confined any longer by any barriers, until it found a resting-place round the statue of Queen Anne in the open cathedral yard. The heavy quarters of Aberdeen beef, the pink and yellow quarters of Edinburgh mutton, the bullocks' hearts, the ox-tails, the baskets of small joints, the carcases sewn up in dark canvas bags, the smooth-skinned pigs, were all piled up on the very steps of the temple, in defiance of everything, except the one necessity for finding room. The blue-shirted guardians of these treasures, the salesmen's men and the market porters, looked hot, determined, sulky, and riotous, like persons who had made up their minds to be trifled with no more. The former ran their red fingers through their greasy hair, flourished their long greasy knives, and seemed to speak of the great space underneath the cathedral dome, as if they were about to turn it, by force, into a market for dead meat. The Dean and Chapter were fortunately not awake to hear these seditious threats. The Common Council had debated for years, the City architect had reported for years, the City solicitor had drawn and reported for years, and, in the mean time, the metropolitan population had grown, had doubled, and the food supply had doubled likewise. Thousands of market-carts formed an endless chain along Newgate-street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate-hill, and the sacred churchyard. Thousands of tons of meat poured relentlessly from loaded waggons in Warwick-lane, White Hart-street, the market proper, and Newgate-street, squeezing through the narrow courts and alleys to the cathedral columns. Thousands of butchers hustled and bargained with hundreds of sales-

men, while hundreds of porters trotted by with mighty limbs of meat upon their backs, or with half a dozen knotted sheep quarters disposed about their bodies. In such a storm the voice of authority was hushed, the truncheon of authority was placed upon the shelf, and rum and milk were liberally combined to console the abdicated beadle and the abdicated policeman.

I awoke, as all dreamers do. I discovered that my watch had reached the hour of three A.M., while I recollected that I had appointed the hour of four A.M. to inspect, in reality, the market I had been visiting in my sleep. I am not in the habit of getting up at three; I am not in the habit of visiting Newgate-market. The sense of some strange, unusual duty had produced a short and restless night, in which the coming events had cast their exaggerated shadows before.

Not so very exaggerated, either, as I found, when the market delirium was at its height. At four o'clock in the morning there was comparative tranquillity, and partial darkness. It was Saturday, and a December morning. The hundred and fifty salesmen, with their six or seven hundred men, had not all arrived to open their shallow shops in the narrow Newgate-street lanes, and to welcome the arrival of two thousand purchasers. But the six hundred tons of dead meat had already begun to arrive from the different railways in heavy vans, and signs of these deliveries might have been seen as early as one o'clock in the morning. Where the shops were not open, the heavy baskets of mutton were thrown down on the pavement before the dark doorways, as the first rule for the carters to observe is to get rid of their load and to get out of the way. By five A.M. the whole of the courts, alleys, shops, spaces, cupboards, and watchbox-looking counting-houses were lighted up; the arrivals of meat became more frequent, and the struggle to deliver more desperate; the thousand and one carts of the different metropolitan butchers took their places in a slanting position along the kerb of Newgate-street, round the black prison, in Paternoster-row, and Ave Maria-lane, up Ludgate-hill, and round the churchyard; and the business of the market might be considered as fairly opened, as there is any prospect of its ever being in this world, while it remains where it is.

This business is tolerably simple in principle, and consists chiefly of selling consignments of dead meat, upon commission. There are a few carcase butchers—men who kill their own meat, and sell it—but not more than a dozen; there are eight or ten licensed slaughter-house keepers, with slaughter-houses not underground, as in the olden time; and there are a few small salesmen, who join to a small commission trade, the purchasing and retailing of meat on their own account. These are the exceptions in Newgate-market, to whom may be added the poultry-dealers, who carry on their occupation in a small feathered space, not unlike a "Lady-chapel" in a cathedral. The meat is sold by the stone of eight pounds; a peculiar arbitrary weight, in use only in dead and live meat markets. The salesman is paid by a fixed com-



mission on each sheep, pig, or bullock disposed of, and not by a per-centage upon the price obtained.

The dead meat consigned to Newgate-market for sale, consists entirely of the hind, or best parts of the animals; the fore parts being disposed of in the country—where the killing takes place—or in London, to provision merchants—by a separate operation—who use it for salting and making preserves. The bulk of the mutton comes from Edinburgh, in baskets containing ten hind parts of sheep apiece; the bulk of the beef is sent up from Aberdeen in huge quarters, protected by coarse canvas bags. As a curious instance of the unequal effect of railway competition, it may be mentioned that the charge for carriage per ton is greater from Bedford than from this remote northern city of Aberdeen. The difference in the quantities of consignments may have something to do with it, but there stands the bare fact.

When the meat has been tugged and forced out of its railway waggon, in the small, crowded, noisy market-place, or the narrow, crowded, noisy street, it is seized by porters and salesmen's men, and conveyed to its proper destination. The quarters of beef, looking like mattresses in their canvas coverings, are hoisted upon greasy backs, while the baskets of sheep are planted on small porters' barrows, and wheeled desperately in amongst the higgling, busy crowd. A ceaseless procession of this character is doomed to struggle for hours through the narrow groves of fat meat, always meeting another similar procession, whose destiny it is to struggle in the same manner, on the same precious ground, but in an exactly opposite direction. Proprietors of shops are pushed, nose foremost, against their meat; hats are knocked off by the hard, sharp feet of pigs; the dissection of beef flanks is discontinued for a time, and the long knife is dropped dexterously into a gaping pocket or pouch, that an unlucky stab may not be given in the wrong place; the dandy white coats of butcher-swells (for there are taste and aristocracy even here) are larded well by huge suety bullock-quarters from which there is no escape; the back-porter shouts to you to take care of your head, and the barrow-porter requests you to mind your back; the badgered carter exclaims "Below!" immediately after he has tilted over half a ton of raw provisions within an inch of your feet; horses and carts are backed helplessly into blind alleys and squares, from which there seems no possible prospect of escape, and the one thing agreeable in all this cramped and confined labour is the general good-humour and patience of the men. When the meat has struggled up to the shop of its appointed salesman, the baskets are rapidly opened, the canvas coverings are rapidly cut off, and a little greasy ticket is searched for amongst the straw, or inside the bag, which is the sole record of the name of the sender and the weight of the meat. Sometimes, these tickets, when the consigners are very careful, are found

skewered into the body of each animal; sometimes, they are lost altogether, or, when found, are illegible from grease and bad writing; sometimes, the basket, when opened, is full of small joints of mutton and veal, each one of which belongs to a separate proprietor. These records are transferred to the small watchbox counting-houses, while the meat is quickly hung up on large hooks, in and outside the shops, for the immediate inspection of the numerous passing buyers. Every inch of space is made available in these shops; they are scooped out, so to speak; the encroachment of a water-pipe is grudged; and staircases, in some instances, are swept away, to have their places supplied by upright ladders nailed against the wall. The meat is hardly hoisted to the hooks, and the men have hardly had time to display their critical admiration of a quarter which possesses many points of beauty and excellence, when an early, decisive, or important buyer marches round the shop with a handful of skewers, pinches the sheep, lifts up the beef to examine the quality at the end, and finally, by sticking a skewer in each animal, marks a score of favoured quarters as his own. The walls are quickly stripped again, the meat is weighed and charged to the buyer, and a struggle, similar to that which succeeded in landing it in the salesman's shop, has to be immediately gone through to land it in the butchers' market carts. These carts may be in the Old Bailey, in Newgate-street, or Paternoster-row, according to their luck in securing a place, and thither the procession of meat porters has to wind and fight. Legs of pork are bumped against huge pieces of veal; bullocks' hearts and ox-tails are swung jauntily into butcher-boys' hands, while quarters of beef press onward, and send the weaker sheep to the wall, by reason of their superior momentum and weight. As they struggle out of the market, they meet another incoming procession of later deliveries, and the two solid streams pass each other as best they can. This kind of scene goes on every morning, for several hours, from four o'clock, perhaps, until ten A.M.: the most trying mornings being Saturday and Monday. Contractors, eating-house keepers, poulterers, and boys who sell meat-hooks, hatchets, knives, &c., mix with the crowd of butchers and salesmen; other boys worm their way about, with early copies of the morning papers; and little girls endeavour to convey to hungry shopmen large mugs of hot coffee and thick slices of bread and cold pork. Old public-houses which skulk in out-of-the-way corners, light up the lemons and rum phials in their dingy windows, and proceed to brew the favourite market beverage, rum and milk. Old coffee-houses, with signs appropriate to their position, which you saw, as plainly as possible, an hour before, are now hidden, up to their second floors, with hanging quarters of beef and mutton, and you grope for a door under a portico of headless sheep. Dwelling-houses look quietly down upon this whirlpool of raw food, and the dull, yellow-



white blinds of their windows can be seen through the morning mist, and above the flare of the market gas. They must be wonderful people who can sleep in such bed-chambers.

It is not, perhaps, easy to overrate the social importance of this dead meat market in Newgate-street. After allowing for the metropolitan live cattle market at Holloway, we may safely say—although the statistics are extremely loose—that the duty of providing one-half of the daily staple food of three millions of people is thrown upon the meat salesmen in these Newgate-street courts and alleys. We may not only assert that our present dead meat market is painfully wanting in space, but that it contributes, in some degree, by the difficulties it throws in the way of the butcher's trade, to raise the price of animal food all over London. The fact would be ridiculous, but for its having a serious aspect, that six hundredtons of meat, on any given Saturday morning, should be squeezed, pushed, and thrown, by some three thousand people, into a web of narrow alleys, like the maze at Hampton Court, to be torn and dragged out of the same maze by the same three thousand people immediately afterwards. To look at one of these alleys, when business is at its height, you might suppose that the houses had been slightly split asunder by solid wedges of meat.

The market proper, which belongs to the corporation, is an open, uncovered space, about twenty-five yards long by twenty yards broad. It can be reached by a few foot passages, but only by one carriage-way, about three yards wide, called White Hart-street, that will admit one cart at a time out of Warwick-lane. Almost every van that comes down this narrow roadway has to be conducted by the market beadle to its place, and planted with much ingenuity, so that it may be able to withdraw when its unloading work is done. Nearly every Stoke Pogis in the country has a better market-place; while Liverpool can show a range of buildings for selling every article of human food, much superior to what our chief metropolitan receptacles for fish, flesh, vegetables, and fowls would make, if they were all brought together. The different webs of this maze, the narrow alleys, the shops that have burst out between Newgate-street—taverns, drapers, and Berlin wool warehouses—the meat receptacles in Warwick-lane and Ivy-lane, are all private property, rented by meat salesmen, whose business could not be conducted any longer in the sheds of the market proper.

The old College of Physicians in Warwick-lane, built in 1670, from a design by Sir Christopher Wren, has been partially swallowed up by the butchers, in their irresistible demand for room. Looking at the octangular porch of entrance, under the "pill"-surmounted dome (according to the author of the Dispensary), and along the passages, which look like naves and transepts, to find them lighted up,

hung with all kinds of meat, and crowded with meat buyers and meat sellers, it requires no very great stretch of faith or imagination to believe that St. Paul's Cathedral may one day fall a victim in like manner to market necessities, as it appeared in my dream. There was a time when no eminent physician could have thought, for a moment, that his cherished college would ever be so desecrated; and so, no doubt, at the present hour, think the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, of their sacred temple. It is not wise to be over-confident in your security. Those who have any lingering regard for the old market-place of literature—Paternoster-row—and those who respect the sanctity of the national cathedral, either from an architectural, theological, or ecclesiastical point of view, will do well in endeavouring to turn the ever-swelling tide of dead meat in an opposite direction, and in supporting the projectors who wish to transform Smithfield into a great central market for flesh, fish, and fowl. The maddening traffic of the City streets, shows another necessity for some such improvement; while the contemplated centralisation of the metropolitan railways, ought to afford increased facilities for the more rapid and decent collection and distribution of food.

What the proposed and accepted design for covering in Smithfield may be, I suppose we shall all learn in good (corporation) time. To those who have looked forward to the costly Utopia of a City park, it may prove, in any shape, disgusting in the extreme; but lawns and fountains, however beautiful, must not stand in the way of hungry millions demanding to be fed. A market-place need not be an unpicturesque object, as our neighbours, the French people, taught us long ago. The meat salesmen will, doubtless, be in favour of warehouses over their market, with a view of keeping down their rents: while the proprietors of property in the neighbourhood, and certain sanitary authorities, will advocate a light, airy structure, well ventilated at top. Whatever it is to be, in the name of the present market maze, let it be erected quickly, cheaply, and well! Let us feel, when we go to bed, that our dinners are no longer being sent to crowded Newgate-street to take their bitter trial; and that our national cathedral is preserved from dead meat desecration for at least two centuries to come!

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1860.

[PRICE 2d.

## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

THE NARRATIVE OF MARIAN HALCOMBE.

TAKEN FROM HER DIARY.

\* \* \* \* \*

Limmeridge House, November 7th.

THIS morning, Mr. Gilmore left us.

His interview with Laura had evidently grieved and surprised him more than he liked to confess. I felt afraid, from his look and manner when we parted, that she might have inadvertently betrayed to him the real secret of her depression and of my anxiety. This doubt grew on me so, after he had gone, that I declined riding out with Sir Percival, and went up to Laura's room instead.

I have been sadly distrustful of myself, in this difficult and lamentable matter, ever since I found out my own ignorance of the strength of Laura's unhappy attachment. I ought to have known that the delicacy and forbearance and sense of honour which drew me to poor Hartright, and made me so sincerely admire and respect him, were just the qualities to appeal most irresistibly to Laura's natural sensitiveness and natural generosity of nature. And yet, until she opened her heart to me of her own accord, I had no suspicion that this new feeling had taken root so deeply. I once thought time and care might remove it. I now fear that it will remain with her and alter her for life. The discovery that I have committed such an error in judgment as this, makes me hesitate about everything else. I hesitate about Sir Percival, in the face of the plainest proofs. I hesitate even in speaking to Laura. On this very morning, I doubted, with my hand on the door, whether I should ask her the questions I had come to put, or not.

When I went into her room, I found her walking up and down in great impatience. She looked flushed and excited; and she came forward at once, and spoke to me before I could open my lips.

"I wanted you," she said. "Come and sit down on the sofa with me. Marian! I can bear this no longer—I must and will end it."

There was too much colour in her cheeks, too

much energy in her manner, too much firmness in her voice. The little book of Hartright's drawings—the fatal book that she will dream over whenever she is alone—was in one of her hands. I began by gently and firmly taking it from her, and putting it out of sight on a side-table.

"Tell me quietly, my darling, what you wish to do," I said. "Has Mr. Gilmore been advising you?"

She shook her head. "No, not in what I am thinking of now. He was very kind and good to me, Marian,—and I am ashamed to say I distressed him by crying. I am miserably helpless; I can't control myself. For my own sake and for all our sakes, I must have courage enough to end it."

"Do you mean courage enough to claim your release?" I asked.

"No," she said, simply. "Courage, dear, to tell the truth."

She put her arms round my neck, and rested her head quietly on my bosom. On the opposite wall hung the miniature portrait of her father. I bent over her, and saw that she was looking at it while her head lay on my breast.

"I can never claim my release from my engagement," she went on. "Whatever way it ends, it must end wretchedly for me. All I can do, Marian, is not to add the remembrance that I have broken my promise and forgotten my father's dying words, to make that wretchedness worse."

"What is it you propose, then?" I asked.

"To tell Sir Percival Glyde the truth, with my own lips," she answered, "and to let him release me, if he will, not because I ask him, but because he knows all."

"What do you mean, Laura, by 'all'?" Sir Percival will know enough (he has told me so himself) if he knows that the engagement is opposed to your own wishes."

"Can I tell him that, when the engagement was made for me by my father, with my own consent? I should have kept my promise; not happily, I am afraid; but still contentedly"—she stopped, turned her face to me, and laid her cheek close against mine—"I should have kept my engagement, Marian, if another love had not grown up in my heart, which was not there when I first promised to be Sir Percival's wife."

"Laura! you will never lower yourself by making a confession to him?"

† The passages omitted, here and elsewhere, in Miss Halcombe's Diary, are only those which bear no reference to Miss Fairlie or to any of the persons with whom she is associated in these pages.

"I shall lower myself indeed, if I gain my release by hiding from him what he has a right to know."

"He has not the shadow of a right to know it!"

"Wrong, Marian, wrong! I ought to deceive no one—least of all, the man to whom my father gave me and to whom I gave myself." She put her lips to mine, and kissed me. "My own love," she said, softly, "you are so much too fond of me and so much too proud of me, that you forget in my case, what you would remember in your own. Better that Sir Percival should doubt my motives and misjudge my conduct, if he will, than that I should be first false to him in thought, and then mean enough to serve my own interests by hiding the falsehood."

I held her away from me in astonishment. For the first time in our lives, we had changed places; the resolution was all on her side, the hesitation all on mine. I looked into the pale, quiet, resigned young face; I saw the pure, innocent heart, in the loving eyes that looked back at me—and the poor, worldly cautions and objections that rose to my lips, dwindled and died away in their own emptiness. I hung my head in silence. In her place, the despicably small pride which makes so many women deceitful, would have been my pride, and would have made me deceitful, too.

"Don't be angry with me, Marian," she said, mistaking my silence.

I only answered by drawing her close to me again. I was afraid of crying if I spoke. My tears do not flow so easily as they ought—they come, almost like men's tears, with sobs that seem to tear me in pieces, and that frighten every one about me.

"I have thought of this, love, for many days," she went on, twining and twisting my hair, with that childish restlessness in her fingers, which poor Mrs. Vesey still tries so patiently and so vainly to cure her of—"I have thought of it very seriously, and I can be sure of my courage, when my own conscience tells me I am right. Let me speak to him to-morrow—in your presence, Marian. I will say nothing that is wrong, nothing that you or I need be ashamed of—but, oh, it will ease my heart so to end this miserable concealment! Only let me know and feel that I have no deception to answer for on my side; and then, when he has heard what I have to say, let him act towards me as he will."

She sighed, and put her head back in its old position on my bosom. Sad misgivings about what the end would be, weighed on my mind; but, still distrusting myself, I told her that I would do as she wished. She thanked me, and we passed gradually into talking of other things.

At dinner she joined us again, and was more easy and more herself with Sir Percival, than I have seen her yet. In the evening she went to the piano, choosing new music of the dexterous, tuneless, florid kind. The lovely old melodies of Mozart, which poor Hartright was so fond of, she has never played since he left. The book is no longer in the music-stand. She took the

volume away herself, so that nobody might find it out and ask her to play from it.

I had no opportunity of discovering whether her purpose of the morning had changed or not, until she wished Sir Percival good night—and then her own words informed me that it was unaltered. She said, very quietly, that she wished to speak to him, after breakfast, and that he would find her in her sitting-room with me. He changed colour at those words, and I felt his hand trembling a little when it came to my turn to take it. The event of the next morning would decide his future life; and he evidently knew it.

I went in, as usual, through the door between our two bedrooms, to bid Laura good night before she went to sleep. In stooping over her to kiss her, I saw the little book of Hartright's drawings half hidden under her pillow, just in the place where she used to hide her favourite toys when she was a child. I could not find it in my heart to say anything; but I pointed to the book and shook my head. She reached both hands up to my cheeks, and drew my face down to hers till our lips met.

"Leave it there, to-night," she whispered; "to-morrow may be cruel, and may make me say good-by to it for ever."

8th.—The first event of the morning was not of a kind to raise my spirits; a letter arrived for me, from poor Walter Hartright. It is the answer to mine, describing the manner in which Sir Percival cleared himself of the suspicions raised by Anne Catherick's letter. He writes shortly and bitterly about Sir Percival's explanations; only saying that he has no right to offer an opinion on the conduct of those who are above him. This is sad; but his occasional references to himself grieve me still more. He says that the effort to return to his old habits and pursuits, grows harder instead of easier to him, every day; and he implores me, if I have any interest, to exert it to get him employment that will necessitate his absence from England, and take him among new scenes and new people. I have been made all the readier to comply with this request, by a passage at the end of his letter, which has almost alarmed me.

After mentioning that he has neither seen nor heard anything of Anne Catherick, he suddenly breaks off, and hints in the most abrupt, mysterious manner, that he has been perpetually watched and followed by strange men, ever since he returned to London. He acknowledges that he cannot prove this extraordinary suspicion by fixing on any particular persons; but he declares that the suspicion itself is present to him night and day. This has frightened me, because it looks as if his one fixed idea about Laura was becoming too much for his mind. I will write immediately to some of my mother's influential old friends in London, and press his claims on their notice. Change of scene and change of occupation may really be the salvation of him at this crisis in his life.

Greatly to my relief, Sir Percival sent an

apology for not joining us at breakfast. He had taken an early cup of coffee in his own room, and he was still engaged there in writing letters. At eleven o'clock, if that hour was convenient, he would do himself the honour of waiting on Miss Fairlie and Miss Halcombe.

My eyes were on Laura's face while the message was being delivered. I had found her unaccountably quiet and composed on going into her room in the morning; and so she remained all through breakfast. Even when we were sitting together on the sofa in her room, waiting for Sir Percival, she still preserved her self-control.

"Don't be afraid of me, Marian," was all she said: "I may forget myself with an old friend like Mr. Gilmore, or with a dear sister like you; but I will not forget myself with Sir Percival Glyde."

I looked at her, and listened to her in silent surprise. Through all the years of our close intimacy, this passive force in her character had been hidden from me—hidden even from herself, till love found it, and suffering called it forth.

As the clock on the mantelpiece struck eleven, Sir Percival knocked at the door, and came in. There was suppressed anxiety and agitation in every line of his face. The dry, sharp cough, which teases him at most times, seemed to be troubling him more incessantly than ever. He sat down opposite to us at the table; and Laura remained by me. I looked attentively at them both, and he was the palest of the two.

He said a few unimportant words, with a visible effort to preserve his customary ease of manner. But his voice was not to be steadied, and the restless uneasiness in his eyes was not to be concealed. He must have felt this himself; for he stopped in the middle of a sentence, and gave up even the attempt to hide his embarrassment any longer.

There was just one moment of dead silence before Laura addressed him.

"I wish to speak to you, Sir Percival," she said, "on a subject that is very important to us both. My sister is here, because her presence helps me, and gives me confidence. She has not suggested one word of what I am going to say: I speak from my own thoughts, not from hers. I am sure you will be kind enough to understand that, before I go any farther?"

Sir Percival bowed. She had proceeded thus far, with perfect outward tranquillity, and perfect propriety of manner. She looked at him, and he looked at her. They seemed, at the outset at least, resolved to understand one another plainly.

"I have heard from Marian," she went on, "that I have only to claim my release from our engagement, to obtain that release from you. It was forbearing and generous on your part, Sir Percival, to send me such a message. It is only doing you justice to say that I am grateful for the offer; and I hope and believe that it is only doing myself justice to tell you that I decline to accept it."

His attentive face brightened and relaxed; he

seemed to breathe more freely. But I saw one of his feet, softly, quietly, incessantly beating on the carpet under the table; and I felt that he was secretly as anxious as ever.

"I have not forgotten," she said, "that you asked my father's permission before you honoured me with a proposal of marriage. Perhaps, you have not forgotten, either, what I said when I consented to our engagement? I ventured to tell you that my father's influence and advice had mainly decided me to give you my promise. I was guided by my father, because I had always found him the truest of all advisers, the best and fondest of all protectors and friends. I have lost him now; I have only his memory to love; but my faith in that dear dead friend has never been shaken. I believe, at this moment, as truly as I ever believed, that he knew what was best, and that his hopes and wishes ought to be my hopes and wishes too."

Her voice trembled, for the first time. Her restless fingers stole their way into my lap, and held fast by one of my hands. There was another moment of silence; and then Sir Percival spoke.

"May I ask," he said, "if I have ever proved myself unworthy of the trust, which it has been hitherto my greatest honour and greatest happiness to possess?"

"I have found nothing in your conduct to blame," she answered. "You have always treated me with the same delicacy and the same forbearance. You have deserved my trust; and, what is of far more importance in my estimation, you have deserved my father's trust, out of which mine grew. You have given me no excuse, even if I had wanted to find one, for asking to be released from my pledge. What I have said so far, has been spoken with the wish to acknowledge my whole obligation to you. My regard for that obligation, my regard for my father's memory, and my regard for my own promise, all forbid me to set the example, on my side, of withdrawing from our present position. The breaking of our engagement must be entirely your wish and your act, Sir Percival—not mine."

The uneasy beating of his foot suddenly stopped; and he leaned forward eagerly across the table.

"My act?" he said. "What reason can there be, on my side, for withdrawing?"

I heard her breath quickening; I felt her hand growing cold. In spite of what she had said to me, when we were alone, I began to be afraid of her. I was wrong.

"A reason that it is very hard to tell you," she answered. "There is a change in me, Sir Percival—a change which is serious enough to justify you, to yourself and to me, in breaking off our engagement."

His face turned so pale again, that even his lips lost their colour. He raised the arm which lay on the table; turned a little away in his chair; and supported his head on his hand, so that his profile only was presented to us.

"What change?" he asked.

She sighed heavily, and leaned towards me a little, so as to rest her shoulder against mine. I felt her trembling, and tried to spare her by speaking myself. She stopped me by a warning pressure of her hand, and then addressed Sir Percival once more; but, this time, without looking at him.

"I have heard," she said, "and I believe it, that the fondest and truest of all affections is the affection which a woman ought to bear to her husband. When our engagement began, that affection was mine to give, if I could, and yours to win, if you could. Will you pardon me, and spare me, Sir Percival, if I acknowledge that it is not so any longer?"

A few tears gathered in her eyes, and dropped over her cheeks slowly, as she paused and waited for his answer. He did not utter a word. At the beginning of her reply, he had moved the hand on which his head rested, so that it hid his face. I saw nothing but the upper part of his figure at the table. Not a muscle of him moved. The fingers of the hand which supported his head were dented deep in his hair; but there was no significant trembling in them. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, to tell the secret of his thoughts at that moment—the moment which was the crisis of his life and the crisis of hers.

I was determined to make him declare himself, for Laura's sake.

"Sir Percival!" I interposed, sharply; "have you nothing to say, when my sister has said so much? More, in my opinion," I added, my unlucky temper getting the better of me, "than any man alive, in your position, has a right to hear from her."

That last rash sentence opened a way for him by which to escape me if he chose; and he instantly took advantage of it.

"Pardon me, Miss Halcombe," he said, still keeping his hand over his face—"pardon me, if I remind you that I have claimed no such right."

The few plain words which would have brought him back to the point from which he had wandered, were just on my lips, when Laura checked me by speaking again.

"I hope I have not made my painful acknowledgment in vain," she continued. "I hope it has secured me your entire confidence in what I have still to say?"

"Pray be assured of it." He made that brief reply, warmly; dropping his hand on the table, while he spoke, and turning towards us again. Whatever outward change had passed over him, was gone now. His face was eager and expectant—it expressed nothing but the most intense anxiety to hear her next words.

"I wish you to understand that I have not spoken from any selfish motive," she said. "If you leave me, Sir Percival, after what you have just heard, you do not leave me to marry another man—you only allow me to remain a single woman for the rest of my life. My fault towards you has begun and ended in my own thoughts. It can never go any farther. No

word has passed——" She hesitated, in doubt about the expression she should use next; hesitated, in a momentary confusion which it was very sad and very painful to see. "No word has passed," she patiently and resolutely resumed, "between myself and the person to whom I am now referring for the first and last time in your presence, of my feelings towards him, or of his feelings towards me—no word ever can pass—neither he nor I are likely, in this world, to meet again. I earnestly beg you to spare me from saying any more, and to believe me, on my word, in what I have just told you. It is the truth, Sir Percival—the truth which I think my promised husband has a claim to hear, at any sacrifice of my own feelings. I trust to his generosity to pardon me, and to his honour to keep my secret."

"Both those trusts are sacred to me," he said, "and both shall be sacredly kept."

After answering in those terms, he paused, and looked at her, as if he was waiting to hear more.

"I have said all I wished to say," she added, quietly—"I have said more than enough to justify you in withdrawing from your engagement."

"You have said more than enough," he answered, "to make it the dearest object of my life to *keep* the engagement." With those words he rose from his chair, and advanced a few steps towards the place where she was sitting.

She started violently, and a faint cry of surprise escaped her. Every word she had spoken had innocently betrayed her purity and truth to a man who thoroughly understood the priceless value of a pure and true woman. Her own noble conduct had been the hidden enemy, throughout, of all the hopes she had trusted to it. I had dreaded this from the first. I would have prevented it, if she had allowed me the smallest chance of doing so. I even waited and watched, now, when the harm was done, for a word from Sir Percival that would give me the opportunity of putting him in the wrong.

"You have left it to *me*, Miss Fairlie, to resign you," he continued. "I am not heartless enough to resign a woman who has just shown herself to be the noblest of her sex."

He spoke with such warmth and feeling, with such passionate enthusiasm and yet with such perfect delicacy, that she raised her head, flushed up a little, and looked at him with sudden animation and spirit.

"No!" she said, firmly. "The most wretched of her sex, if she must give herself in marriage when she cannot give her love."

"May she not give it in the future," he asked, "if the one object of her husband's life is to deserve it?"

"Never!" she answered. "If you still persist in maintaining our engagement, I may be your true and faithful wife, Sir Percival—your loving wife, if I know my own heart, never!"

She looked so irresistibly beautiful as she said those brave words that no man alive could

have steeled his heart against her. I tried hard to feel that Sir Percival was to blame, and to say so; but my womanhood would pity him, in spite of myself.

"I gratefully accept your faith and truth," he said. "The least that *you* can offer is more to me than the utmost that I could hope for from any other woman in the world."

Her left hand still held mine; but her right hand hung listlessly at her side. He raised it gently to his lips—touched it with them, rather than kissed it—bowed to me—and then, with perfect delicacy and discretion, silently quitted the room.

She neither moved, nor said a word, when he was gone—she sat by me, cold and still, with her eyes fixed on the ground. I saw it was hopeless and useless to speak; and I only put my arm round her, and held her to me in silence. We remained together so, for what seemed a long and weary time—so long and so weary, that I grew uneasy and spoke to her softly, in the hope of producing a change.

The sound of my voice seemed to startle her into consciousness. She suddenly drew herself away from me, and rose to her feet.

"I must submit, Marian, as well as I can," she said. "My new life has its hard duties; and one of them begins to-day."

As she spoke, she went to a side-table near the window, on which her sketching materials were placed; gathered them together carefully; and put them in a drawer of her cabinet. She locked the drawer, and brought the key to me.

"I must part from everything that reminds me of him," she said. "Keep the key wherever you please—I shall never want it again."

Before I could say a word, she had turned away to her bookcase, and had taken from it the album that contained Walter Hartright's drawings. She hesitated for a moment, holding the little volume fondly in her hands—then lifted it to her lips and kissed it.

"Oh, Laura! Laura!" I said, not angrily, not reprovingly—with nothing but sorrow in my voice, and nothing but sorrow in my heart.

"It is the last time, Marian," she pleaded. "I am bidding it good-by for ever."

She laid the book on the table, and drew out the comb that fastened her hair. It fell, in its matchless beauty, over her back and shoulders, and dropped round her, far below her waist. She separated one long, thin lock from the rest, cut it off, and pinned it carefully, in the form of a circle, on the first blank page of the album. The moment it was fastened, she closed the volume hurriedly, and placed it in my hands.

"You write to him, and he writes to you," she said. "While I am alive, if he asks after me, always tell him I am well, and never say I am unhappy. Don't distress him, Marian—for *my* sake, don't distress him. If I die first, promise you will give him this little book of his drawings, with my hair in it. There can be no harm, when I am gone, in telling him that I put it there with my own hands. And say—oh,

Marian, say for me, then, what I can never say for myself—say I loved him!"

She flung her arms round my neck, and whispered the last words in my ear with a passionate delight in uttering them which it almost broke my heart to hear. All the long restraint she had imposed on herself, gave way in that first last outburst of tenderness. She broke from me with hysterical vehemence, and threw herself on the sofa, in a paroxysm of sobs and tears that shook her from head to foot.

I tried vainly to soothe her and reason with her: she was past being soothed, and past being reasoned with. It was the sad, sudden end, for us two, of this memorable day. When the fit had worn itself out, she was too exhausted to speak. She slumbered towards the afternoon; and I put away the book of drawings so that she might not see it when she woke. My face was calm, whatever my heart might be, when she opened her eyes again and looked at me. We said no more to each other about the distressing interview of the morning. Sir Percival's name was not mentioned, Walter Hartright was not alluded to again by either of us for the remainder of the day.

9th.—Finding that she was composed and like herself, this morning, I returned to the painful subject of yesterday, for the sole purpose of imploring her to let me speak to Sir Percival and Mr. Fairlie, more plainly and strongly than she could speak to either of them herself, about this lamentable marriage. She interposed, gently but firmly, in the middle of my remonstrances.

"I left yesterday to decide," she said; "and yesterday *has* decided. It is too late to go back."

Sir Percival spoke to me this afternoon, feelingly and unreservedly, about what had passed in Laura's room. He assured me that the unparalleled trust she had placed in him had awakened such an answering conviction of her innocence and integrity in his mind, that he was guiltless of having felt even a moment's unworthy jealousy, either at the time when he was in her presence, or afterwards when he had withdrawn from it. Deeply as he lamented the unfortunate attachment which had hindered the progress he might otherwise have made in her esteem and regard, he firmly believed that it had remained unacknowledged in the past, and that it would remain, under all changes of circumstance which it was possible to contemplate, unacknowledged in the future. This was his absolute conviction; and the strongest proof he could give of it was the assurance, which he now offered, that he felt no curiosity to know whether the attachment was of recent date or not, or who had been the object of it. His implicit confidence in Miss Fairlie made him satisfied with what she had thought fit to say to him, and he was honestly innocent of the slightest feeling of anxiety to hear more.

He waited, after saying those words, and looked at me. I was so conscious of my unreasonable prejudice against him—so conscious of an un-



worthy suspicion, that he might be speculating on my impulsively answering the very questions which he had just described himself as resolved not to ask—that I evaded all reference to this part of the subject with something like a feeling of confusion on my own part. At the same time, I was resolved not to lose even the smallest opportunity of trying to plead Laura's cause; and I told him boldly that I regretted his generosity had not carried him one step farther, and induced him to withdraw from the engagement altogether.

Here, again, he disarmed me by not attempting to defend himself. He would merely beg me to remember the difference there was between his allowing Miss Fairlie to give him up, which was a matter of submission only, and his forcing himself to give up Miss Fairlie, which was, in other words, asking him to be the suicide of his own hopes. Her conduct of the day before had so strengthened the unchangeable love and admiration of two long years, that all active contention against those feelings, on his part, was henceforth entirely out of his power. I must think him weak, selfish, unfeeling towards the very woman whom he idolised, and he must bow to my opinion as resignedly as he could; only putting it to me, at the same time, whether her future as a single woman, pining under an unhappily placed attachment which she could never acknowledge, could be said to promise her a much brighter prospect than her future as the wife of a man who worshipped the very ground she walked on? In the last case there was hope from time, however slight it might be—in the first case, on her own showing, there was no hope at all.

I answered him—more because my tongue is a woman's, and must answer, than because I had anything convincing to say. It was only too plain that the course Laura had adopted the day before, had offered him the advantage if he chose to take it—and that he *had* chosen to take it. I felt this at the time, and I feel it just as strongly now, while I write these lines, in my own room. The one hope left, is that his motives really spring, as he says they do, from the irresistible strength of his attachment to Laura.

Before I close my diary for to-night, I must record that I wrote to-day, in poor Hartright's interests, to two of my mother's old friends in London—both men of influence and position. If they can do anything for him, I am quite sure they will. Except Laura, I never was more anxious about any one than I am now about Walter. All that has happened since he left us has only increased my strong regard and sympathy for him. I hope I am doing right in trying to help him to employment abroad—I hope, most earnestly and anxiously, that it will end well.

10th.—Sir Percival had an interview with Mr. Fairlie; and I was sent for to join them.

I found Mr. Fairlie greatly relieved at the prospect of the "family worry" (as he was

pleased to describe his niece's marriage) being settled at last. So far, I did not feel called on to say anything to him about my own opinion; but when he proceeded, in his most aggravatingly languid manner, to suggest that the time for the marriage had better be settled next, in accordance with Sir Percival's wishes, I enjoyed the satisfaction of assailing Mr. Fairlie's nerves with as strong a protest against hurrying Laura's decision as I could put into words. Sir Percival immediately assured me that he felt the force of my objection, and begged me to believe that the proposal had not been made in consequence of any interference on his part. Mr. Fairlie leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, said we both of us did honour to human nature, and then repeated his suggestion, as coolly as if neither Sir Percival nor I had said a word in opposition to it. It ended in my flatly declining to mention the subject to Laura, unless she first approached it of her own accord. I left the room at once after making that declaration. Sir Percival looked seriously embarrassed and distressed. Mr. Fairlie stretched out his lazy legs on his velvet footstool; and said: "Dear Marian! how I envy you your robust nervous system! Don't bang the door!"

On going to Laura's room, I found that she had asked for me, and that Mrs. Vesey had informed her that I was with Mr. Fairlie. She inquired at once what I had been wanted for; and I told her all that had passed, without attempting to conceal the vexation and annoyance that I really felt. Her answer surprised and distressed me inexpressibly; it was the very last reply that I should have expected her to make.

"My uncle is right," she said. "I have caused trouble and anxiety enough to you, and to all about me. Let me cause no more, Marian—let Sir Percival decide."

I remonstrated warmly; but nothing that I could say moved her.

"I am held to my engagement," she replied; "I have broken with my old life. The evil day will not come the less surely because I put it off. No, Marian! once again, my uncle is right. I have caused trouble enough and anxiety enough; and I will cause no more."

She used to be pliability itself; but she was now inflexibly passive in her resignation—I might almost say in her despair. Dearly as I love her, I should have been less pained if she had been violently agitated; it was so shockingly unlike her natural character to see her as cold and insensible as I saw her now.

11th.—Sir Percival put some questions to me, at breakfast, about Laura, which left me no choice but to tell him what she had said.

While we were talking, she herself came down and joined us. She was just as unnaturally composed in Sir Percival's presence as she had been in mine. When breakfast was over, he had an opportunity of saying a few words to her privately, in a recess of one of the windows. They were not more than two or three minutes together; and, on their separating, she left the room

with Mrs. Vesey, while Sir Percival came to me. He said he had entreated her to favour him by maintaining her privilege of fixing the time for the marriage at her own will and pleasure. In reply, she had merely expressed her acknowledgments, and had desired him to mention what his wishes were to Miss Halcombe.

I have no patience to write more. In this instance, as in every other, Sir Percival has carried his point, with the utmost possible credit to himself, in spite of everything that I can say or do. His wishes are now, what they were, of course, when he first came here; and Laura having resigned herself to the one inevitable sacrifice of the marriage, remains as coldly hopeless and enduring as ever. In parting with the little occupations and reflexes that reminded her of Hartright, she seems to have parted with all her tenderness and all her impressibility. It is only three o'clock in the afternoon while I write these lines, and Sir Percival has left us already, in the happy hurry of a bridegroom, to prepare for the bride's reception at his house in Hampshire. Unless some extraordinary event happens to prevent it, they will be married exactly at the time when he wished to be married—before the end of the year. My very fingers burn as I write it!

12th.—A sleepless night, through uneasiness about Laura. Towards the morning, I came to a resolution to try what change of scene would do to rouse her. She cannot surely remain in her present torpor of insensibility, if I take her away from Limmeridge and surround her with the pleasant faces of old friends? After some consideration, I decided on writing to the Arnolds, in Yorkshire. They are simple, kind-hearted, hospitable people; and she has known them from her childhood. When I had put the letter in the post-bag, I told her what I had done. It would have been a relief to me if she had shown the spirit to resist and object. But no—she only said, "I will go anywhere with *you*, Marian. I dare say you are right—I dare say the change will do me good."

13th.—I wrote to Mr. Gilmore, informing him that there was really a prospect of this miserable marriage taking place, and also mentioning my idea of trying what change of scene would do for Laura. I had no heart to go into particulars. Time enough for them, when we get nearer to the end of the year.

14th.—Three letters for me. The first, from the Arnolds, full of delight at the prospect of seeing Laura and me. The second, from one of the gentlemen to whom I wrote on Walter Hartright's behalf, informing me that he has been fortunate enough to find an opportunity of complying with my request. The third, from Walter himself; thanking me, poor fellow, in the warmest terms, for giving him an opportunity of leaving his home, his country, and his friends. A private expedition to make excavations among the ruined cities of Central America is, it seems, about to sail from Liverpool. The draughtsman

who had been already appointed to accompany it, has lost heart, and withdrawn at the eleventh hour; and Walter is to fill his place. He is to be engaged for six months certain, from the time of the landing in Honduras, and for a year afterwards, if the excavations are successful, and if the funds hold out. His letter ends with a promise to write me a farewell line, when they are all on board ship, and when the pilot leaves them. I can only hope and pray earnestly that he and I are both acting in this matter for the best. It seems such a serious step for him to take, that the mere contemplation of it startles me. And yet, in his unhappy position, how can I expect him, or wish him, to remain at home?

15th.—The carriage is at the door. Laura and I set out on our visit to the Arnolds to-day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Polesdean Lodge, Yorkshire.

23rd.—A week in these new scenes, and among these kind-hearted people, has done her some good, though not so much as I had hoped. I have resolved to prolong our stay for another week at least. It is useless to go back to Limmeridge, till there is an absolute necessity for our return.

24th.—Sad news by this morning's post. The expedition to Central America sailed on the twenty-first. We have parted with a true man; we have lost a faithful friend. Walter Hartright has left England.

25th.—Sad news yesterday: ominous news to-day. Sir Percival Glyde has written to Mr. Fairlie; and Mr. Fairlie has written to Laura and me, to recal us to Limmeridge immediately.

What can this mean? Has the day for the marriage been fixed in our absence?

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### THE SCHOOLMASTER ALL ABROAD.

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WE have Government Schoolmasters, appointed by Order in Council, "to ascertain that the candidate (for government employment) possesses the requisite knowledge and ability for the proper discharge of his official duties." Happy people that we are! The right man is to be, at last, in the right place, everywhere. Every tide-waiter shall be the model of all that a tide-waiter ought to be. No porters shall sit in those snug chairs—which look like sections of dilapidated diving-bells—in the halls of government offices, who cannot stroke their calves complacently, and defy the jealous people without to point to finer models. Temporary clerks shall, for some eighty pounds a year (to begin with), show themselves on a par with Wheateley, Professor de Morgan, and Dr. Faraday. Cooley shall look up to them as geographers, and their dashing treatment of figures shall pale the fame of Cocker himself.

Three great national schoolmasters have been appointed to sweep the old dirt from the vast

and irregular stables, full of the sorry steeds that drag the state coach along, demanding very heavy mileage from John Bull. Henceforth the stables are to be as sweet as any lady's boudoir. The right men are coming to take their right places. Those good old days when members sold votes for sinecures; when the ignorant younger son of my lord always had a lucrative place ready for him; and when spelling was a vulgar accomplishment, are to disappear utterly.

Our Government Schoolmasters are wielders of vigorous lessons. Seeing the vice with which they have to deal, and which they have to root out, they come to the determination that ignorance shall no longer be a characteristic of a civil servant. Ignorance shall be stamped out of the Civil Service—except in a few cozy little departments, from which it would be sheer cruelty to drive retired colonels and cashless cadets, “of the real tap.” Our Schoolmasters are, moreover, of the rotten Civil Service themselves, and it would be asking them to exhibit more than human virtue to exact from them strong measures against the cozziness of governmental pigeon-holes, as select, and warm, and pleasant as the Exchequer-office. Why should Exchequer clerks be pestered with the study of history, geography, or languages? These gentlemen are on a higher level than the great mass of clerks, and, therefore, may reasonably know less. The Audit-office is under protection from knowledge, as powerful as that enjoyed by the Exchequer.

Our Government Schoolmasters have had work enough with great branches of the service. A few feathered nests for “honourables,” then, may be left, with only the shadow of an examination. Foreign Service Messengers, for instance, are usually half-pay colonels, or cousins of a great house. Would it, we are asked, be reasonable to demand that they should know more, than the first four rules of arithmetic, and, conversationally, one continental language? It is true, these dignified letter-carriers get five hundred and twenty-five pounds per annum from the date of their appointment: whereas your War-office clerk, who has made the shade of the Admirable Crichton tremble, begins his humble career with less than one hundred pounds for a salary; but then, we repeat, feathered nests must be left, as our Government Schoolmasters inform us. The clever thing is to look severely at the lower forms while you court the favour of the upper; and our Government Schoolmasters have gone to work with the lower forms without sparing the rod.

Having limited the qualifications for Inspectorships of Schools, to one of physical strength (these inspectorships being looked upon in the nature of plums belonging to the high powers that direct the Queen's government), our Schoolmasters have made up for a little convenient leniency, by raising a high wall of hard questions between poor young Tweezle of Peckham-rye—who has been undermining his constitution that he might have the honour of knowing enough geology to copy letters, and sufficient mathe-

matics to make a tolerable summary of a dull document—and the modest stool he covets in Pall-mall or in Downing-street.

Poor young ambitious Tweezle must repair to Dean's-yard, Westminster, and there answer for his command of writing, spelling, arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions, English composition, précis, geography, history, and Latin, “or one foreign language.”

He is told to sit at a table; and within two hours to write “a short notice of the life and writings of the author of any well-known and standard work.” Or, if his genius be not of a biographical turn, he may suppose that a friend in Australia has asked him to describe, either the Crystal Palace or the Manchester Exhibition, and may proceed, on this supposition, to compose his essay. Or again, if he cannot tackle the Crystal Palace, he is at liberty to write an account of the present state of commerce in Great Britain.

Composition triumphantly passed, by the elaboration of an essay after the manner of Macaulay, or a descriptive masterpiece after Ruskin, ambitious Tweezle passes to précis of correspondence. Let him knock off a lucid abstract of Sir Richard Mayne's evidence before the Select Committee on Transportation. Tweezle still walks from triumph to triumph; and yet the abstract and the essay have not won his clerkship for him. Geography next stares him in the face. In two hours and a half, he must spin from point to point, from city to city, from river to river, over the habitable globe. He must describe the position—and here and there “any circumstances of interest which attach to them”—of the Hartz mountains, the Khyber Pass, Candahar, and the Oregon territory. He must state the names of the places which export the greatest quantities of palm oil, indigo, mahogany, and other articles, to England; he must draw a contrast between the physical geography of Africa and Europe—or write a minute description of France or Egypt—or again, discourse wisely on the contrasting characteristics of the European and Asiatic races. Two hours and a half are handsomely allowed to Tweezle for these extensive exhibitions of his learning.

His powers as an historian are next called into play. Let him sketch briefly, the history of the Peloponnesian war; glancing at the chief actors in it, and its results. Then, he shall review the rise and fall of Venice or Spain; the lives of three popes; the causes of the Great Rebellion in England; the characters of, say, Vespasian, Mary Queen of Scots, and Alcibiades; finally, the best and worst sovereigns of the House of Plantagenet.

Then for the necessary foreign language. If young Tweezle select Latin, he may throw off a translation from Sallust, Cæsar, or Virgil. An Inspector of Schools, with little of his time employed, requires only a good digestion and a muscular energy to entitle him to a salary of two hundred pounds a year; but poor Tweezle, whose daring eye has fallen upon a clerkship in the War-office in Pall-mall at

eighty pounds a year, must be a learned man. Why did he not aspire to the Foreign-office, or the Colonial Land and Emigration-office, where writing, précis, and French are the only necessary qualifications—where even a knowledge of geography is not required? In the former office, even arithmetic is put aside.

Our Government Schoolmasters, by the help of heads of departments who select the subjects on which their clerks are to be examined, have, then, done their work completely for the War-office. But, what is the examination of a mere clerk for the War-office when compared with the final tests applied to Colonial-office clerks? Their way is blocked with awful barriers. Do they beg to be admitted, our Government Schoolmasters demand—a sketch of the history of the Greek drama; a statement of the respective merits and defects of Plato and Aristotle; the distinctive opinions of the Old, Middle, and New Academies; and, say, a “short review, or criticism, of any one Latin poet.” The wretched candidate is then set to tasks, to test his knowledge of French literature. Let him trace the influence of “The English School” on modern French literature, and inform our Schoolmasters “what are the distinguishing characteristics of the classical and romantic schools.” Unhappy the wretch who goes to Dean’s-yard with only the education which will enable him to do his duties in the Colonial-office. He must be a chemist and geologist, as well as a Roman historian and a French literary critic. Let him define the terms anticlinal, synclinal, unconformable, strike and dip. Would he serve his Queen as a Colonial clerk, let him tell his Sovereign Lady through our Schoolmasters, where are the points of division placed by geologists to separate the hypozoic, the palæozoic, the mesozoic, and the caenozoic strata; and let him exemplify the principles on which these divisions have been founded! Other geological puzzles are in store for him when he has solved the above trifles. But, will solution of these give him access to the high grades of the Colonial-office? By no means. Our Government Schoolmasters have not done with him yet. He must have something of a Faraday in him. Let him declare how much per cent. of oxygen, of sulphur, and of aluminium is contained in the anhydrous normal (or neutral) sulphate of alumina! He may yet be tripped up. The above per-centages set forth accurately, will he have the goodness to tell the awful Solons of Dean’s-yard, what is meant by the “empiric,” as distinguished from the “rational,” formula of a substance, and will he please to illustrate each by means of acetic acid!

It may strike the reader that we are taking an unwarrantable liberty with his credulity; but we have the honour to assure him that the above preparatory school questions are taken from Mr. Parkinson’s Government Examination Revelations; that the questions which puzzled little Tweezle of Peckham are no fanciful questions of our own; and that there are questions in Mr. Parkinson’s book even more puzzling

and preposterous than any we have set forth. And yet the Foreign-office clerk is not required to know whether Lisbon belongs to Portugal or to the Chinese! And yet the clerks in the Judge Advocate-General’s-office, are not required by the Government Schoolmasters to have so good an education as that exacted from the messengers and office-keepers of other offices! The public’s consolation is, that if geography be not necessary to the Foreign-office clerk, whose business lies among papers relating to every part of the civilised globe, it is, according to our Government Schoolmasters, indispensable to the proper discharge of the Inland Revenue clerk’s duties—those duties being the computation of legacy duty. And at the very same time, book-keeping is not necessary, we learn, either in the Board of Trade or the Public Works Loan-office!

Poor little Tweezle of Peckham was plucked when he tried to scale the giddy height of the War-office, because he could not remember who was secretary to Henry the Second; the Hon. Leonidas Gules passed into the Board of Trade triumphantly, after an examination in Latin and Greek.

“What’s the Latin for the cocked-hats which the Roman gentlemen wore with their togas?” asked Captain Marryat’s flogging schoolmaster, long ago, in the true Civil Service Examination spirit. And our Government Schoolmasters have imitated the flogging pedant with remarkable success.

#### VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY. IN NINE CHAPTERS.

##### CHAPTER III. THE BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

THUS Vittoria’s three suitors had each their partisans in the family councils. The father was strong in favour of Francesco Peretti, the nephew of his uncle; the mother was desperately bent on having “the sweet prince;” and the brother of saintly morals was of opinion that most might be made out of the noble and reverend Farnese.

And what about the lovely maid herself? Did she remain aloof and faucy-free while her elders were debating her destiny? Did she take either side in the momentous question? Did she tell one lover to “ask mamma,” and the other to “speak to papa?” Or, are we to suppose that she was looked upon by her parents as an article to be disposed of, and as having no voice in the matter? If we could discover any hint that could indicate a preference on the young lady’s part at this stage of the matter, it would held to throw a light upon some subsequent parts of the story. But no word of the sort is to be found.

In this position of matters Count Claudio, finding it hopeless to bring his wife over to his opinion, and thinking that delay might prove the most dangerous of all courses, determined to exert his authority as head of the family, and Vittoria was duly married to Francesco Peretti, to the great disgust of the exemplary old Cardinal Farnese, and to the rage and fury of the

Duke of Bracciano—one of Orsini's titles, by which he is often called. To the last her mother protested, as one of the chroniclers writes, that, "for her part, she would not have preferred a future uncertain greatness for her daughter to princely grandeur present in the person of the prince, who was brother-in-law of another cardinal and prince, Ferdinando dei Medici."

Meanwhile, Vittoria was received into the Peretti family in a manner, writes the historian, which ought to have contented and made the happiness of any woman. The old Cardinal di Montalto showed her every mark of affection. Though by no means rich, he did his utmost to satisfy all her tastes and caprices. The old monk, in the words of the chronicler, "even anticipated her womanish desires for ornaments, servants, pomp, dresses, jewels, and a coach," that then rare and much-coveted apex of fashionable luxury and ostentation. Her husband, we are assured, loved her "almost madly, and quite beyond what husbands are wont to feel for their wives." Donna Camilla, Francesco Peretti's mother, and the cardinal's favourite sister, treated her with the greatest affection, and the old cardinal himself "seemed to study nothing else than to spy out her wishes, and satisfy them even before they were expressed, although they were often of a very costly nature."

Her family, too, began almost immediately to reap important advantages from the new connexion. Of her four brothers, two had favoured the wishes of his most noble and most reverend eminence the Cardinal Farnese; and the other two were of their mother's faction, warm supporters of Prince Orsini's wooing. But the winning candidate does not appear to have allowed any unkind feeling to have diminished the cordiality of his affection for his new brothers-in-law.

First, her eldest brother, Ottavio, the "young man of saintly morals," who had striven to make his sister the mistress of the sexagenarian priest, had to be provided for. He, as might perhaps have been guessed, had embraced the ecclesiastical career; and the pious and exemplary cardinal, his new uncle-in-law, lost no time in writing to the Duke of Urbino, who was their common sovereign (both Gubbio and Fermo, the Cardinal di Montalto's birthplace, being in the territory of the Dukes of Urbino), to beg him to propose Ottavio Accoramboni to the Pope for a bishopric. He was accordingly made Bishop of Fossombroni almost immediately. Of course it was easier to make a churchman's fortune than to find advancement for a layman; almost all careers of the latter category requiring, more or less, some measure of capacity for being useful on the part of those who seek promotion in them. However, when the lovely Vittoria began to sigh about poor dear Giulio, her second brother, and to fret over his want of a position, the good uncle-in-law again put his shoulder to the wheel. He could not make Giulio a bishop, but he succeeded in inducing his eminence Cardinal Sforza to take him as his "gentleman of the chamber." It would seem that brother

Giulio must have been of the Orsini faction in the matter of the wooing. But the benefits showered on the family by the unvindictive Peretti fell impartially on the supporters of either rival. The third brother, Flaminio, was a Farnese-ite. And that worthy old churchman, despite the natural disgust which he must have felt at the insulting rejection of his flattering offers to the Accoramboni family, seems to have charged himself with the fortunes of his zealous and faithful, though unsuccessful, supporter. The fourth brother still remained to be provided for; and Vittoria did not disguise from herself that the peculiar circumstances of his case in some degree increased the difficulty of placing him in an independent and honourable position. The truth was, that Marcello Accoramboni had been "a little wild." He had, indeed, given himself to the culture of that noxious plant the *avena selvatica*, or wild oat, on such an extensive scale, as to have attracted the notice of the police authorities, who had strongly recommended him to sow none of his favourite plant within the walls of Rome, and, indeed, as the surest mode of securing this result, had requested him not to favour that city with his presence until specially invited. In short, Marcello Accoramboni was a bandit; and Vittoria did not venture to speak to the Cardinal di Montalto about him. The inexhaustible kindness, however, of her uncle-in-law extended itself even to this black sheep of the Accoramboni flock. Guessing all that his favourite nephew's beautiful bride would have asked if she had dared, the indulgent old cardinal protected the scapegrace from the police, connived at his visits to Rome, and suffered him, when there, to find an inviolable asylum in his own sacred palace! "And it may fairly be said," remarks the cardinal's biographer, "that by saving this man's life, he was nurturing a snake in his bosom." From which strong language it would seem that Marcello Accoramboni's differences with the law had been of a serious nature. And further, from the protection against the law accorded to such an offender by one in the position of the highly respected Cardinal di Montalto, who was designated by public opinion for the next successor to the chair of St. Peter, and who was sedulously nursing a reputation for goodness and respectability of all sorts, we may draw some noteworthy conclusions as to the general respect in which the law was then held in Rome, and the feeling of the society generally with regard to those who lived under its ban.

This fourth brother, Marcello the bandit, it must be observed, had been a violent supporter of Orsini's pretensions to his sister's hand.

And now it would seem, that if ever a young wife had reason to be contented with her lot, Vittoria should have been so. All Rome thought so, and expressed their opinions volubly enough, especially all those Roman dames and damsels who "owed it to themselves to declare that they, for their parts, had never seen anything so very wonderful about the girl, and had always



said so." And this debt to themselves they paid over and over again. For the favourite nephew of a cardinal, whom all the world fully expected to be the next pope, is a very important man in the Eternal City; and not even Roman prudence could prevent ladies' tongues from saying of him, and especially of his wife, what they owed to themselves to say.

Gregory the Thirteenth, meanwhile, was becoming visibly more and more infirm. And Vittoria's ultimate greatness seemed to be prosperously and rapidly ripening. If only, indeed, the Cardinal di Montalto should survive the reigning Pope. For the mild and gentle old man was to all appearance little less infirm than the man he was to succeed. As usual he was seen, though sadly bent by age and much troubled at times by his cough, assiduous at all his religious duties. In the consistorial meetings of the Sacred College, though constant in his attendance, and ever one of the first cardinals in his place, he took but little part in debate, having apparently no strong political opinions, and being anxious only about the punctual discharge of his own especial duties and devout practices. At mass and other public devotions he was seen constantly. And these devout exercises, it was evident, so called for the exertion of all the little strength and life he had in him, that if ever worldly schemes and ambitions had held any place in his chastened heart, they had long ago burned themselves out. As for the talk and schemes about raising him to the papacy, he would never take any part in them; and would reply to any mention of the subject only by a sad smile, and a gentle shake of the venerable old bent head, generally interrupted by a return of that distressing and ominous churchyard cough. What a pope for a nephew?

#### CHAPTER IV. THE WAY OF THE WORLD IN ROME.

ONE night, after the family of Francesco Peretti had retired, the household was disturbed by an impetuous knocking at the great door of the palace. And in a minute or two afterwards Catarina, the lady Vittoria's maid, came in great haste into the chamber of her master and mistress, and put a letter into the hands of the former. She supposed, she said, that it must be something of great importance, for it had been brought to the door in hot haste by Mancino, who had charged her to deliver it without a moment's delay to her master, as any loss of time would be of disastrous consequence.

Now, the man who was known by this nickname of "Mancino"—the left-handed, in English—was one Dominico di Acquaviva, a bandit, whom Peretti and his uncle the cardinal protected by affording him sometimes an asylum, when hard pressed by the police. He was a Fermo man—a fellow-countryman of the Perettis—a circumstance quite sufficient, according to the ideas and feelings of that day, to account for their protecting him against the law.

Francesco's first impulse was to tell the man to come up, that he might ask him further about his mission. But he was told that the

Mancino had gone off hurriedly as soon as ever he had given the letter. Francesco found that it was from his not too respectable brother-in-law, Marcello Accoramboni. It urged him to come to him forthwith to a certain spot on the Monte Cavallo, where he was waiting for him; adding further, that his presence was needed on an affair of the utmost importance, and of the most secret nature, in which any delay would be fatal. Peretti does not seem to have hesitated a minute about doing as he was requested. He dressed himself in all haste, girded on a sword, and ordered one single servant to be ready to attend him with a torch. But, as he was about to leave the house, his mother Cammilla threw herself in his way, and implored him not to go forth at that hour of the night. Vittoria also joined her mother-in-law, and added her supplications to her young husband not to put himself into danger. Cammilla, poor mother, clung to his knees in the extremity of her anxiety to prevent her son from accepting the strange invitation. The presence of Vittoria prevented her from saying all that she might otherwise have urged, as to the character and habits of this bandit brother-in-law; but she observed that such a step on his part was something wholly unprecedented, that he had never before had any such business in conjunction with her son, as could give rise to such a demand for so untimely an interview; and finally, she declared that she had a presentiment of evil such as on former occasions had never deceived her—forgetting, poor soul, that the infallibility of her presentiment, if trusted, must make her supplication necessarily of no avail. In support of the reasonableness of her fears, she entreated him to remember, says the chronicler, "the extreme indulgence of the times;" by which she meant the utter relaxation of all law and order, which made it unsafe for any man to traverse the streets of Rome after nightfall.

Francesco, however, was not to be deterred from doing as he proposed. No danger, he said, should prevent him from treating the brother of his adored Vittoria as his own, so he broke away from the weeping women, and went forth into the streets with one man bearing a torch before him. But the unhappy mother, clinging yet to the possibility of frustrating her infallible presentiment, as a last effort rushed after him, and catching him by his cloak flying in the night-wind, hurriedly poured into his ear all the grounds for misgiving, that the poor woman could not bring herself to speak out before her daughter-in-law. Was not this union of two such men as Marcello Accoramboni and the Mancino ominous of evil, both bandits, and both men stained with blood, as they were? For what good or lawful purpose could two such men want him in the streets of Rome at that hour of the night? Why had the Mancino, the bringer of this fatal letter, gone off in such a hurry, avoiding all questioning? If Marcello had been in need of defence from immediate danger, would he have sent away from him a man carrying arms, and accustomed to the use



of them, like the Mancino? But all these arguments, urged with the hot eloquence of affection and alarm, were fruitless. Ashamed, perhaps, of going back to his wife and telling her that he had thought better of facing those dangers she had told him of, and had decided on leaving her brother to his fate, he resisted all poor Cammilla's entreaties, and hurried on his way.

He had reached the Monte Cavallo, and was near the top of the ascent, when three shots from an arquebuse were heard, and Peretti fell mortally wounded. In the next instant, four bravoes rushed up to the body and made sure of their work by repeated stabs with their daggers. The servant with the torch fled, and carried to the wife and mother the news of the fulfilment of that presentiment which the latter had been expressing to him only a few minutes before.

Of course the rest of the night passed in the murdered man's house in distracted lamentation. Vittoria vied with her mother-in-law in the violence and bitterness of her grief. But with early morning arrived the Cardinal di Montalto. The loss of his nephew was probably more severe than that sustained by either the widow or the childless mother. Those who do not know what the pride of family, and the desire of establishing a name and a race is in an Italian breast, will hardly understand how this should be so. They cannot tell what a nephew is to an ambitious churchman. Yet the old man entered the house with his accustomed grave calmness. He bade the women restrain the violence of their feelings, and cease to deplore the irrevocable. He caused the mangled body to be brought in from the public way where the murderers had left it, and prepared for its decent and seemly burial. "Such was the influence of his authority," writes the previously quoted chronicler, "that during the whole preparations and celebration of the funeral, nothing was heard from those women, or seen in their manner, other than what is seen in the case of ordinary deaths in well-regulated and wisely disciplined families."

It chanced that a Consistory of Cardinals had been appointed for the very next day after Francesco Peretti's murder. All Rome was of course talking of the deed; not simply of the fact that a man had been murdered on the Monte Cavallo during the past night—that was far too common an occurrence to excite much notice—but that the favourite nephew of the man, who it was universally expected would be pope, had been murdered; and that, as everybody at once suspected and cautiously whispered, by one of the most powerful nobles in Rome. For there seems to have been but little doubt in the public mind from the first, that Prince Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, was the author of his rival's death.

A curious feature, recurring again and again in every page of mediæval and modern Roman history, and strongly marked to the present day in the social aspects of the Eternal City, is a continual watchfulness, and cunning subtle deduction from it, and the corresponding

equally vigilant care to elude it. The minute circumstances and acts which are meditated and commented on, and the diplomatic caution with which those whose position draws men's eyes on them act in every detail of life, surprise the observer who belongs to a state of society constituted on different principles. He generally explains the phenomenon by attributing it to the simple frivolity of a people who have no larger interests to employ their thoughts. But the true explanation lies deeper among the fundamental principles of the Roman social system. The small matters thus spied out on the one hand, and hidden on the other, are of real importance in a society governed by privilege instead of by law. In proportion as law is weak and privilege powerful, individual will, character, and caprice become important. The cardinal has a nephew, and the nephew has a secretary, and the secretary has a fair friend, and the fair friend has a favourite maid, and the favourite maid has a lover, and the lover has a cousin, and the cousin may sell apples at the street corner perhaps. The apple-seller has in the all-destructive and demoralising hierarchy of privilege a certain amount of power as against some other poor devil less "protected" than himself. In every despotism the despot will be keenly watched by those subjected to his power. Cunning watchfulness is the natural arm of the unprotected weak against the unrestrained strong. But in Rome an altogether special perfection of cunning, hypocrisy, and guile is generated by the peculiarity of the circumstances that lead the great objects of spying watchfulness to be constantly on their guard against it, and to elude and delude it by unsleeping caution and secrecy. The lay despot of any other social system is studied and watched, but has rarely any such object before him as to make him care much to avoid the scrutiny. Every cardinal is living with a view to the papacy, if not absolutely in his own person, in that of the leading man of his party, whose success is all important to him. Hence every attempt to spy out the secret of a real emotion, to obtain a glimpse of the true desire or intention, to peer through some crevice in the screen of dissimulation and caution, is met by these cynosures of Roman eyes by a trained and practised secretiveness, which has thus, under the specious name of prudence, become one of the most admired and cultivated of accomplishments.

All Rome was thus on the watch, therefore, for some slip of bad play on the part of the Cardinal di Montalto, which might afford a momentary view of the cards he held, and a shrewd guess at his game.

Certainly the chance was a rare one. Everybody knew how wrapped up the old man was in the nephew who had been thus taken from him. It was impossible to doubt the severity of the blow. It was almost equally impossible to doubt that the cardinal must have pretty well known what hand had struck it. The world of Rome felt little or no doubt that the

formidable Duke of Bracciano was the murderer, if not by his own hand, by that of his hired assassins. Here, then, was a rare opportunity of observing the character and tendencies of the man who was expected to be shortly pope. Would grief and natural indignation be allowed to have their natural course? Would the future pope throw down the gauntlet to the most powerful and audacious subject in Rome?

### THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

ALLOW me to introduce myself—first, negatively.

No landlord is my friend and brother, no chambermaid loves me, no waiter worships me, no boots admires and envies me. No round of beef or tongue or ham is expressly cooked for me, no pigeon-pie is especially made for me, no hotel-advertisement is personally addressed to me, no hotel-room tapestried with great-coats and railway-wrappers is set apart for me, no house of public entertainment in the United Kingdom greatly cares for my opinion of its brandy or its sherry. When I go upon my journeys, I am not usually rated at a low figure in the bill; when I come home from my journeys, I never get any commission. I know nothing about prices, and should have no idea, if I were put to it, how to wheedle a man into ordering something he doesn't want. As a town traveller, I am never to be seen driving a vehicle externally like a young and volatile pianoforte van, and internally like an oven in which a number of flat boxes are baking in layers. As a country traveller, I am rarely to be found in a gig, and am never to be encountered by a pleasure train, waiting on the platform of a branch station, quite a Druid in the midst of a light Stonehenge of samples.

And yet—proceeding now, to introduce myself positively—I am both a town traveller and a country traveller, and am always on the road. Figuratively speaking, I travel for the great house of Human Interest Brothers, and have rather a large connexion in the fancy goods way. Literally speaking, I am always wandering here and there from my rooms in Covent-garden, London—now about the city streets: now, about the country bye-roads—seeing many little things, and some great things, which, because they interest me, I think may interest others.

These are my brief credentials as the Uncommercial Traveller. Business is business, and I start.

NEVER had I seen a year going out, or going on, under quieter circumstances. Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine had but another day to live, and truly its end was Peace on that sea-shore that morning.

So settled and orderly was everything seaward, in the bright light of the sun and under the transparent shadows of the clouds, that it was hard to imagine the bay otherwise, for years past or to come, than it was that very day. The

Tug-steamer lying a little off the shore, the Lighter lying still nearer to the shore, the boat alongside the Lighter, the regularly turning windlass aboard the Lighter, the methodical figures at work, all slowly and regularly heaving up and down with the breathing of the sea, all seemed as much a part of the nature of the place as the tide itself. The tide was on the flow, and had been for some two hours and a half; there was a slight obstruction in the sea within a few yards of my feet: as if the stump of a tree, with earth enough about it to keep it from lying horizontally on the water, had slipped a little from the land—and as I stood upon the beach and observed it dimpling the light swell that was coming in, I cast a stone over it.

So orderly, so quiet, so regular—the rising and falling of the Tug-steamer, the Lighter, and the boat—the turning of the windlass—the coming in of the tide—that I myself seemed, to my own thinking, anything but new to the spot. Yet, I had never seen it in my life, a minute before, and had traversed two hundred miles to get at it. That very morning I had come bowling down, and struggling up, hill-country roads; looking back at snowy summits; meeting courteous peasants, well to do, driving fat pigs and cattle to market; noting the neat and thrifty dwellings, with their unusual quantity of clean white linen, drying on the bushes; having windy weather, suggested by every cotter's little rick, with its thatch straw-ridged and extra straw-ridged into overlapping compartments, like the back of a rhinoceros. Had I not given a lift of fourteen miles to the Coast-Guardsman (kit and all), who was coming to his spell of duty there, and had we not just now parted company? So it was; but the journey seemed to glide down into the placid sea, with other chafe and trouble, and for the moment nothing was so calmly and monotonously real under the sunlight as the gentle rising and falling of the water with its freight, the regular turning of the windlass aboard the Lighter, and the slight obstruction so very near my feet.

O reader, haply turning this page by the fire-side at Home and hearing the night wind rumble in the chimney, that slight obstruction was the uppermost fragment of the Wreck of the Royal Charter, Australian trader and passenger ship, Homeward bound, that struck here on the terrible morning of the twenty-sixth of last October, broke into three parts, went down with her treasure of at least five hundred human lives, and has never stirred since!

From which point, or from which, she drove ashore, stern foremost; on which side, or on which, she passed the little Island in the bay, for ages henceforth to be aground certain yards outside her; these are rendered bootless questions by the darkness of that night and the darkness of death. Here she went down.

Even as I stood on the beach, with the words "Here she went down!" in my ears, a diver in his grotesque dress, dipped heavily over the side of the boat alongside the Lighter, and dropped

to the bottom. On the shore by the water's edge, was a rough tent, made of fragments of wreck, where other divers and workmen sheltered themselves, and where they had kept Christmas-day with rum and roast beef, to the destruction of their frail chimney. Cast up among the stones and boulders of the beach, were great spars of the lost vessel, and masses of iron twisted by the fury of the sea into the strangest forms. The timber was already bleached and the iron rusted, and even these objects did no violence to the prevailing air the whole scene wore, of having been exactly the same for years and years.

Yet, only two short months had gone, since a man, living on the nearest hill-top overlooking the sea, being blown out of bed at about day-break by the wind that had begun to strip his roof off, and getting upon a ladder with his nearest neighbour to construct some temporary device for keeping his house over his head, saw, from the ladder's elevation as he looked down by chance towards the shore, some dark troubled object close in with the land. And he and the other, descending to the beach, and finding the sea mercilessly beating over a great broken ship, had clambered up the stony ways like staircases without stairs, on which the wild village hangs in little clusters, as fruit hangs on boughs, and had given the alarm. And so, over the hill-slopes, and past the waterfall, and down the gullies where the land drains off into the ocean, the scattered quarrymen and fishermen inhabiting that part of Wales had come running to the dismal sight—their clergyman among them. And as they stood in the leaden morning, stricken with pity, leaning hard against the wind, their breath and vision often failing as the sleet and spray rushed at them from the ever forming and dissolving mountains of sea, and as the wool which was a part of the vessel's cargo blew in with the salt foam and remained upon the land when the foam melted, they saw the ship's life-boat put off from one of the heaps of wreck; and first, there were three men in her, and in a moment she capsized, and there were but two; and again, she was struck by a vast mass of water, and there was but one; and again, she was thrown bottom upward, and that one, with his arm struck through the broken planks and waving as if for the help that could never reach him, went down into the deep.

It was the clergyman himself from whom I heard this, while I stood on the shore, looking in his kind wholesome face as it turned to the spot where the boat had been. The divers were down then, and busy. They were "lifting" to-day, the gold found yesterday—some five-and-twenty thousand pounds. Of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds worth of gold, three hundred thousand pounds worth, in round numbers, was at that time recovered. The great bulk of the remainder was surely and steadily coming up. Some loss of sovereigns there would be, of course; indeed, at first sovereigns had drifted in with the sand, and been scattered far and wide over the beach, like sea-shells; but most

other golden treasure would be found. As it was brought up, it went aboard the Tug steamer, where good account was taken of it. So tremendous had the force of the sea been when it broke the ship, that it had beaten one great ingot of gold, deep into a strong and heavy piece of her solid iron-work: in which, also, several loose sovereigns that the ingot had swept in before it, had been found, as firmly embedded as though the iron had been liquid when they were forced there. It had been remarked of such bodies come ashore, too, as had been seen by scientific men, that they had been stunned to death, and not suffocated. Observation, both of the internal change that had been wrought in them, and of their external expression, showed death to have been thus merciful and easy. The report was brought, while I was holding such discourse on the beach, that no more bodies had come ashore since last night. It began to be very doubtful whether many more would be thrown up, until the north-east winds of the early spring set in. Moreover, a great number of the passengers, and particularly the second-class women-passengers, were known to have been in the middle of the ship when she parted, and thus the collapsing wreck would have fallen upon them after yawning open, and would keep them down. A diver made known, even then, that he had come upon the body of a man, and had sought to release it from a great superincumbent weight; but that, finding he could not do so without mutilating the remains, he had left it where it was.

It was the kind and wholesome face I have made mention of as being then beside me, that I had purposed to myself to see, when I left home for Wales. I had heard of that clergyman, as having buried many scores of the shipwrecked people; of his having opened his house and heart to their agonised friends; of his having used a most sweet and patient diligence for weeks and weeks, in the performance of the forlornest offices that Man<sup>can</sup> render to his kind; of his having most tenderly and thoroughly devoted himself to the dead, and to those who were sorrowing for the dead. I had said to myself, "In the Christmas season of the year, I should like to see that man!" And he had swung the gate of his little garden in coming out to meet me, not half an hour ago.

So cheerful of spirit, and guiltless of affectation, as true practical Christianity ever is! I read more of the New Testament in the fresh frank face going up the village beside me, in five minutes, than I have read in anathematising discourses (albeit put to press with enormous flourishing of trumpets), in all my life. I heard more of the Sacred Book in the cordial voice that had nothing to say about its owner, than in all the would-be celestial pairs of bellows that have ever blown conceit at me.

We climbed towards the little church, at a cheery pace, among the loose stones, the deep mud, the wet coarse grass, the outlying water, and other obstructions from which frost and snow had lately thawed. It was a mistake (my

friend was glad to tell me, on the way) to suppose that the peasantry had shown any superstitious avoidance of the drowned; on the whole, they had done very well, and had assisted readily. Ten shillings had been paid for the bringing of each body up to the church, but the way was steep, and a horse and a cart (in which it was wrapped in a sheet) were necessary, and three or four men, and, all things considered, it was not a great price. The people were none the richer for the wreck, for it was the season of the herring-shoal—and who could cast nets for fish, and find dead men and women in the draught?

He had the church keys in his hand, and opened the churchyard gate, and opened the church door; and we went in.

It is a little church of great antiquity; there is reason to believe that some church has occupied the spot, these thousand years or more. The pulpit was gone, and other things usually belonging to the church were gone, owing to its living congregation having deserted it for the neighbouring schoolroom, and yielded it up to the dead. The very Commandments had been shouldered out of their places, in the bringing in of the dead; the black wooden tables on which they were painted, were askew, and on the stone pavement below them, and on the stone pavement all over the church, were the marks and stains where the drowned had been laid down. The eye, with little or no aid from the imagination, could yet see how the bodies had been turned, and where the head had been and where the feet. Some faded traces of the wreck of the Australian ship may be discernible on the stone pavement of this little church, hundreds of years hence, when the digging for gold in Australia shall have long and long ceased out of the land.

Forty-four shipwrecked men and women lay here at one time, awaiting burial. Here, with weeping and wailing in every room of his house, my companion worked alone for hours, solemnly surrounded by eyes that could not see him, and by lips that could not speak to him, patiently examining the tattered clothing, cutting off buttons, hair, marks from linen, anything that might lead to subsequent identification, studying faces, looking for a scar, a bent finger, a crooked toe, comparing letters sent to him with the ruin about him. "My dearest brother had bright grey eyes and a pleasant smile," one sister wrote. O poor sister! well for you to be far from here, and keep that as your last remembrance of him!

The ladies of the clergyman's family, his wife and two sisters-in-law, came in among the bodies often. It grew to be the business of their lives to do so. Any new arrival of a bereaved woman would stimulate their pity to compare the description brought, with the dread realities. Sometimes, they would go back, able to say, "I have found him," or, "I think she lies there." Perhaps, the mourner, unable to bear the sight of all that lay in the church, would be led in blindfold. Conducted to the spot with many com-

passionate words, and encouraged to look, she would say, with a piercing cry, "This is my boy!" and drop insensible on the insensible figure.

He soon observed that in some cases of women, the identification of person, though complete, was quite at variance with the marks upon the linen; this led him to notice that even the marks upon the linen were sometimes inconsistent with one another; and thus he came to understand that they had dressed in great haste and agitation, and that their clothes had become mixed together. The identification of men by their dress, was rendered extremely difficult, in consequence of a large proportion of them being dressed alike—in clothes of one kind, that is to say supplied by slopsellers and outfitters, and not made by single garments but by hundreds. Many of the men were bringing over parrots, and had receipts upon them for the price of the birds; others had bills of exchange in their pockets, or in belts. Some of these documents, carefully unwrinkled and dried, were little less fresh in appearance that day, than the present page will be under ordinary circumstances, after having been opened three or four times.

In that lonely place, it had not been easy to obtain even such common commodities in towns, as ordinary disinfectants. Pitch had been burnt in the church, as the readiest thing at hand, and the frying-pan in which it had bubbled over a brazier of coals was still there, with its ashes. Hard by the Communion-Table, were some boots that had been taken off the drowned and preserved—a gold-digger's boot, cut down the leg for its removal—a trodden down man's ankle-boot with a buff cloth top—and others—soaked and sandy, weedy and salt.

From the church, we passed out into the churchyard. Here, there lay, at that time, one hundred and forty-five bodies, that had come ashore from the wreck. He had buried them, when not identified, in graves containing four each. He had numbered each body in a register describing it, and had placed a corresponding number on each coffin, and over each grave. Identified bodies he had buried singly, in private graves, in another part of the churchyard. Several bodies had been exhumed from the graves of four, as relatives had come from a distance and seen his register; and, when recognised, these had been reburied in private graves, so that the mourners might erect separate headstones over the remains. In all such cases he had performed the funeral service a second time, and the ladies of his house had attended. There had been no offence in the poor ashes when they were brought again to the light of day; the beneficent Earth had already absorbed it. The drowned were buried in their clothes. To supply the great sudden demand for coffins, he had got all the neighbouring people handy at tools, to work the livelong day, and Sunday likewise. The coffins were neatly formed;—I had seen two, waiting for occupants, under the lee of the ruined walls of a stone hut on the beach, within call of the tent where the Christmas Feast was held.

Similarly, one of the graves for four was lying open and ready, here, in the churchyard. So much of the scanty space was already devoted to the wrecked people, that the villagers had begun to express uneasy doubts whether they themselves could lie in their own ground, with their forefathers and descendants, by-and-by. The churchyard being but a step from the clergyman's dwelling-house, we crossed to the latter; the white surplice was hanging up near the door, ready to be put on at any time, for a funeral service.

The cheerful earnestness of this good Christian minister was as consolatory, as the circumstances out of which it shone were sad. I never have seen anything more delightfully genuine than the calm dismissal by himself and his household of all they had undergone, as a simple duty that was quietly done and ended. In speaking of it, they spoke of it with great compassion for the bereaved; but laid no stress upon their own hard share in those weary weeks, except as it had attached many people to them as friends, and elicited many touching expressions of gratitude. This clergyman's brother—himself the clergyman of two adjoining parishes, who had buried thirty-four of the bodies in his own churchyard, and who had done to them all that his brother had done as to the larger number—must be understood as included in the family. He was there, with his neatly arranged papers, and made no more account of his trouble than anybody else did. Down to yesterday's post outward, my clergyman alone had written one thousand and seventy-five letters to relatives and friends of the lost people. In the absence of all self-assertion, it was only through my now and then delicately putting a question as the occasion arose, that I became informed of these things. It was only when I had remarked again and again, in the church, on the awful nature of the scene of death he had been required so closely to familiarise himself with for the soothing of the living, that he had casually said, without the least abatement of his cheerfulness, "indeed, it had rendered him unable for a time to eat or drink more than a little coffee now and then, and a piece of bread."

In this noble modesty, in this beautiful simplicity, in this serene avoidance of the least attempt to "improve" an occasion which might be supposed to have sunk of its own weight into my heart, I seemed to have happily come, in a few steps, from the churchyard with its open grave, which was the type of Death, to the Christian dwelling side by side with it, which was the type of Resurrection. I never shall think of the former, without the latter. The two will always rest side by side in my memory. If I had lost any one dear to me in this unfortunate ship, if I made a voyage from Australia to look at the grave in the churchyard, I should go away, thankful to God that that house was so close to it, and that its shadow by day and its domestic lights by night fell upon the earth in which its Master had so tenderly laid my dear one's head.

The references that naturally arose out of our conversation, to the descriptions sent down of shipwrecked persons, and to the gratitude of relations and friends, made me very anxious to see some of those letters. I was presently seated before a shipwreck of papers, all bordered with black, and from them I made the following few extracts.

A mother writes :

REVEREND SIR. Amongst the many who perished on your shore was numbered my beloved son. I was only just recovering from a severe illness, and this fearful affliction has caused a relapse, so that I am unable at present to go to identify the remains of the loved and lost. My darling son would have been sixteen on Christmas-day next. He was a most amiable and obedient child, early taught the way of salvation. We fondly hoped that as a British seaman he might be an ornament to his profession, but, "it is well;" I feel assured my dear boy is now with the redeemed. Oh, he did not wish to go this last voyage! On the fifteenth of October, I received a letter from him from Melbourne, date August twelfth; he wrote in high spirits, and in conclusion he says: "Pray for a fair breeze, dear mamma, and I'll not forget to whistle for it; and, God permitting, I shall see you and all my little pets again. Good-by, dear mother—good-by, dearest parents. Good-by, dear brother." Oh, it was indeed an eternal farewell. I do not apologise for thus writing you, for oh, my heart is very sorrowful.

A husband writes :

MY DEAR KIND SIR. Will you kindly inform me whether there are any initials upon the ring and guard you have in possession, found, as the Standard says, last Tuesday? Believe me, my dear sir, when I say that I cannot express my deep gratitude in words sufficiently for your kindness to me on that fearful and appalling day. Will you tell me what I can do for you, and will you write me a consoling letter to prevent my mind from going astray?

A widow writes :

Left in such a state as I am, my friends and I thought it best that my dear husband should be buried where he lies, and, much as I should have liked to have had it otherwise, I must submit. I feel, from all I have heard of you, that you will see it done decently and in order. Little does it signify to us, when the soul has departed, where this poor body lies, but we who are left behind would do all we can to show how we loved them. This is denied me, but it is God's hand that afflicts us, and I try to submit. Some day I may be able to visit the spot, and see where he lies, and erect a simple stone to his memory. Oh! it will be long, long before I forget that dreadful night. Is there such a thing in the vicinity, or any shop in Bangor, to which I could send for a small picture of Moelfra or Llanallgo Church, a spot now sacred to me?

Another widow writes :

I have received your letter this morning, and do thank you most kindly for the interest you have taken about my dear husband, as well for the sentiments yours contains, evincing the spirit of a Christian who can sympathise for those who, like myself, are broken down with grief.

May God bless and sustain you, and all in connexion with you, in this great trial. Time may roll on and bear all its sons away, but your name as a disinterested person will stand in history, and,

as successive years pass, many a widow will think of your noble conduct, and the tears of gratitude flow down many a cheek, the tribute of a thankful heart, when other things are forgotten for ever.

A father writes :

I am at a loss to find words to sufficiently express my gratitude to you for your kindness to my son Richard upon the melancholy occasion of his visit to his dear brother's body, and also for your ready attention in pronouncing our beautiful burial service over my poor unfortunate son's remains. God grant that your prayers over him may reach the Mercy Seat, and that his soul may be received (through Christ's intercession) into heaven !

His dear mother begs me to convey to you her heartfelt thanks.

Those who were received at the clergyman's house, write thus, after leaving it :

DEAR AND NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN FRIENDS. I arrived here yesterday morning without accident, and am about to proceed to my home by railway.

I am overpowered when I think of you and your hospitable home. No words could speak language suited to my heart. I refrain. God reward you with the same measure you have meted with !

I enumerate no names, but embrace you all.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS. This is the first day that I have been able to leave my bedroom since I returned, which will explain the reason of my not writing sooner.

If I could only have had my last melancholy hope realised in recovering the body of my beloved and lamented son, I should have returned home somewhat comforted, and I think I could then have been comparatively resigned.

I fear now there is but little prospect, and I mourn as one without hope.

The only consolation to my distressed mind is in my having been so feelingly allowed by you to leave the matter in your hands, by whom I well know that everything will be done that can be, according to arrangements made before I left the scene of the awful catastrophe, both as to the identification of my dear son, and also his interment.

I feel most anxious to hear whether anything fresh has transpired since I left you; will you add another to the many deep obligations I am under to you by writing to me? And, should the body of my dear and unfortunate son be identified, let me hear from you immediately, and I will come again.

Words cannot express the gratitude I feel I owe to you all for your benevolent aid, your kindness, and your sympathy.

MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIENDS. I arrived in safety at my house yesterday, and a night's rest has restored and tranquillised me. I must again repeat, that language has no words by which I can express my sense of obligation to you. You are enshrined in my heart of hearts.

I have seen him! and can now realise my misfortune more than I have hitherto been able to do. Oh, the bitterness of the cup I drink! But I bow submissive. God *must* have done right. I do not want to feel less, but to acquiesce more simply.

There were some Jewish passengers on board the Royal Charter, and the gratitude of the Jewish people is feelingly expressed in the following letter, bearing date from "the Office of the Chief Rabbi:"

REVEREND SIR. I cannot refrain from expressing

to you my heartfelt thanks on behalf of those of my flock whose relatives have unfortunately been among those who perished at the late wreck of the Royal Charter. You have, indeed, like Boaz, "not left off your kindness to the living and the dead."

You have not alone acted kindly towards the living by receiving them hospitably at your house, and energetically assisting them in their mournful duty, but also towards the dead, by exerting yourself to have our co-religionists buried in our ground, and according to our rites. May our heavenly Father reward you for your acts of humanity and true philanthropy!

The "Old Hebrew congregation of Liverpool" thus express themselves through their secretary :

REVEREND SIR. The wardens of this congregation have learned with great pleasure that, in addition to those indefatigable exertions, at the scene of the late disaster to the Royal Charter, which have received universal recognition, you have very benevolently employed your valuable efforts to assist such members of our faith as have sought the bodies of lost friends to give them burial in our consecrated grounds, with the observances and rites prescribed by the ordinances of our religion.

The wardens desire me to take the earliest available opportunity to offer to you, on behalf of our community, the expression of their warm acknowledgments and grateful thanks, and their sincere wishes for your continued welfare and prosperity.

A Jewish gentleman writes :

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR. I take the opportunity of thanking you right earnestly for the promptness you displayed in answering my note with full particulars concerning my much-lamented brother, and I also herein beg to express my sincere regard for the willingness you displayed and for the facility you afforded for getting the remains of my poor brother exhumed. It has been to us a most sorrowful and painful event, but when we meet with such friends as yourself, it in a measure, somehow or other, abates that mental anguish, and makes the suffering so much easier to be borne. Considering the circumstances connected with my poor brother's fate, it does, indeed, appear a hard one. He had been away in all seven years; he returned four years ago to see his family. He was then engaged to a very amiable young lady. He had been very successful abroad, and was now returning to fulfil his sacred vow; he brought all his property with him in gold uninsured. We heard from him when the ship stopped at Queenstown, when he was in the highest of hope, and in a few short hours afterwards all was washed away.

Mournful in the deepest degree, but too sacred for quotation here, were the numerous references to those miniatures of women worn round the necks of rough men (and found there after death), those locks of hair, those scraps of letters, those many many slight memorials of hidden tenderness. One man cast up by the sea bore about him, printed on a perforated lace card, the following singular (and unavailing) charm :

A BLESSING.

May the blessing of God await thee. May the sun of glory shine around thy bed; and may the gates of plenty, honour, and happiness be ever open to thee. May no sorrow distress thy days; may no grief disturb thy nights. May the pillow of peace



kiss thy cheek, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes around thy last sleep of human existence, may the Angel of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten on its extinction.

A sailor had these devices on his right arm. "Our Saviour on the Cross, the forehead of the crucifix and the vesture stained red; on the lower part of the arm, a man and woman; on one side of the Cross, the appearance of a half moon, with a face; on the other side, the sun; on the top of the Cross, the letters I.H.S.; on the left arm, a man and woman dancing, with an effort to delineate the female's dress; under which, initials." Another seaman "had, on the lower part of the right arm, the device of a sailor and a female; the man holding the Union Jack with a streamer, the folds of which waved over her head, and the end of it was held in her hand. On the upper part of the arm, a device of Our Lord on the Cross, with stars surrounding the head of the Cross, and one large star on the side in Indian ink. On the left arm, a flag, a true lovers' knot, a face, and initials." This tattooing was found still plain, below the discoloured outer surface of a mutilated arm, when such surface was carefully scraped away with a knife. It is not improbable that the perpetuation of this marking custom among seamen, may be referred back to their desire to be identified, if drowned and flung ashore.

It was some time before I could sever myself from the many interesting papers on the table, and then I broke bread and drank wine with the kind family before I left them. As I had brought the Coast-guard down, so I took the Postman back, with his leathern wallet, walking-stick, bugle, and terrier dog. Many a heart-broken letter had he brought to the Rectory House within two months; many a benignantly painstaking answer had he carried back.

As I rode along, I thought of the many people, inhabitants of this mother country, who would make pilgrimages to the little churchyard in the years to come; I thought of the many people in Australia, who would have an interest in such a shipwreck, and would find their way here when they visit the Old World; I thought of the writers of all the wreck of letters I had left upon the table; and I resolved to place this little record where it stands. Convocations, Conferences, Diocesan Epistles, and the like, will do a great deal for Religion, I dare say, and Heaven send they may! but I doubt if they will ever do their Master's service half so well, in all the time they last, as the Heavens have seen it done in this bleak spot upon the rugged coast of Wales.

Had I lost the friend of my life, in the wreck of the Royal Charter; had I lost my betrothed, the more than friend of my life; had I lost my maiden daughter, had I lost my hopeful boy, had I lost my little child; I would kiss the hands that worked so busily and gently in the church, and say, "None better could have touched the

form, though it had lain at home." I could be sure of it, I could be thankful for it; I could be content to leave the grave near the house the good family pass in and out of every day, undisturbed, in the little churchyard where so many are so strangely brought together.

Without the name of the clergyman to whom—I hope, not without carrying comfort to some heart at some time—I have referred, my reference would be as nothing. He is the Reverend Stephen Roose Hughes, of Llanallgo, near Moelfra, Anglesey. His brother is the Reverend Hugh Robert Hughes, of Penrhos Alligwy.

## MY BOYS.

I AM in the awful position of being the father of a large family of boys. If I were asked of how many, I should not be able to answer. I only know that they are all home for the holidays at once, at this present writing, that they are visited by "fellows" of their own age, and that with feelings of the strongest affection for my own offspring and of general philanthropy for the "fellows" before spoken of, I yet find myself occasionally referring to the almanack to see how many days longer it will be before "the boys" go back again to school.

"And why," asks some celibate, who reads these words—"why wish the holidays at an end?" My answer is simple; my boys are good boys enough, they are respectful and obedient, but I don't know what to do with them, and they, for their part, have not the remotest notion what to do with *themselves*. There is something in this one respect radically wrong about the boys of this generation. They want purpose. They don't play at anything. The younger ones even, have not imagination enough to carry out a self-delusion through half a day together, as I used to do. I have all my life been fond of horses; but I can solemnly declare that I have, in early youth, enjoyed a ride upon a harnessed chair, elaborately prepared with stirrups and bridle of my own construction, and with spurs which derived their existence from the same source, with my cloak rolled up in front of me—it was unfurled and put on, though, when that fearful storm came on which overtook me on the heath—with stoppages to bait and easily achieved payments of ostlers, consisting in the insertion of a finger and thumb into an imaginary waistcoat-pocket and the depositing of a shilling, bright from Imagination's mint, on that particular portion of that particular piece of furniture which did duty for the official's hand—rides such as these, I say, diversified by that fearful night encounter with highwaymen, and rescue of the distressed lady in the wood, I have enjoyed a million times more than the excursions of after life, when I have sat upon a real saddle, have had my feet in real stirrups, and have had a real quadruped between them. Playing at horses has declined, perhaps, with the decay of stage-coaches.

Why don't my boys—the bigger ones—scoop out ships, as I used, and go thoroughly into the

question of rigs? Why don't they make little blocks, as I used, out of firewood—the honourable penknife sears are on my fingers yet. If they want a cutter or a schooner now, they must go and buy it at a shop, and get an uninteresting toy of a thing, which they have no vital interest in as a work of their own construction, and which they pay an enormous sum of money for, into the bargain. And this brings me, by-the-by, to another characteristic of my boys. Money—they are always wanting money, and in such vast amounts. I don't think they would take a sixpence. I once had a sixpence as a child, and was kept awake two nights following, thinking how I should invest it; my boys, I solemnly believe, would not fall heavily to the ground in a vertigo of surprise and awe if I were to give them a golden sovereign apiece.

Why don't my boys get "characters" and go mad with joy in colouring and tinselling them? The planting of golden greaves upon the legs of Mr. Osbaldiston as Hotspur, is a pleasure of a kind unknown to this generation, and the want of which is no light or trifling loss. Why don't they make theatres and enact dramas, and push the military on in strips, and work the curtain with a tackle of their own inventing, and stage-management, and prompt, and speak the dialogue all at once, as boys ought?

Why, last summer, when my old friend Hearty was staying with me in the country, at the time of the Midsummer holidays, we set to work one day to make a kite for the boys! Bless my life and soul, but Hearty and I were eager and excited men that day, and were to be found rushing about the house, and even all over the village, in search of laths, paper, paste, string, and all the other necessary ingredients of a kite. You would have thought that Hearty, who is a distinguished lawyer, had been making kites all his life, and that he had never heard in the whole course of his career of such a thing as a "rule-nisi," or the proving of domicile; the only thing in which his professional qualities came out at all, being in a brisk and somewhat fierce argument with me on the relative merits of the diamond-shaped kite, and the kite with a curved top: about which we almost quarrelled. Here was this eminent (and elderly) man entangling himself in furlongs of string, sticking himself to sheets of newspaper with accidental paste, cutting his fingers in notching his laths, and generally in such a state of eagerness about the kite as it would have refreshed any person of well-regulated mind to observe!

And what were my boys about, all this time? Were they eager? Were they excited? Hang it, were they even interested? Not a bit. They deserted us. They actually deserted us. They went and yawned about the stable. They read the advertisements in Bradshaw's Guide. After the first few minutes they ceased to take any share in the undertaking which had been got up solely with a view to their amusement.

Then, when the kite was at last completed, when it proved lop-sided, and had to be weighted with cunningly devised wings; when, this being

set right, it manifested a suicidal desire to "pitch," coming headforemost to the earth with a mighty crash just at the hopeful moment of its flight; when this tendency was remedied by the tying of a rich India silk handkerchief of Hearty's to the end of the tail; and when the kite (there was a high wind), now without a fault, sprang into the sky, without warning, and snapping the string flew straight over the top of the house and lodged in the tallest tree in the shrubbery at the back, who was it at these times that manifested emotion? Who was it that was alternately hopeful and despairing, triumphant and cast down? Who was it that devised and executed the different remedies for the different disasters as soon as they occurred? Was it any of my boys? Was it one of the "fellows" who were staying with them? No, it was Hearty and I who did all these things, and finally, when the kite had to be recovered from unheard of altitudes in the shrubbery, it was Hearty who mounted the tree, and it was I (the father of the family) who gave him a leg up.

And now, having shown what my boys will *not* do, suppose we inquire for a moment what they *will* do. Will they sit about upon easy-chairs? Oh yes. Will they haunt landing-places, and halls, and passages, and reply, when asked if they are going out, that they don't know? Oh yes. Will they disport themselves vaguely upon staircases? Oh yes. Will they charge up and down the same, will they bluntly bump against my study door (I am a studious man), and bulge with crashes against the wooden banisters? Oh yes. Will they do this when the weather is fine and they might be out of doors, but prefer remaining in; and will they in the same state of the temperature read (evidently without knowing or caring what) throughout a whole day, and look swollen, pale, sleepy, and stupefied thereafter? Yes, good sir, they will do all these things, and many more.

They will go to the play with Hearty and myself, and while we are convulsed with mirth at Mr. Buckstone's acting, they will not move a muscle. Say, that the performance of the consummate artist just named, may be over their heads; well, sir, we take them to see a Pantomime. Are they astounded at the transformation scene? Are the extraordinary resources of Mr. Sketcherby, which seem to know no limit, a subject of astonishment to them? Is the Harlequin a marvel of agility, the Columbine a vision of loveliness, are the Clown and Pantaloon embodiments of the humorous—to my boys? Oh dear no! They slept peacefully on the night preceding this visit to the play, they were able to eat their dinners, and to discuss other subjects than pantomimic subjects on the day of the treat (?) itself, whilst, on their return home, the performance was severely reviewed by these youngsters as they sat at supper, and was treated—not only critically but contemptuously. When I think of my own boyhood, and remember my introduction to theatrical amusements, when I remember a fevered infant who was unable to sleep, and who refused nourishment from the

moment that the play-going project was first discussed; when I remember these things, I lay my hand upon my breast, and bless my stars that I was born before the present cent—Suppose we change the subject.

Another thing that my boys will do, deserves attention. They will answer advertisements which appear in the newspapers, and by which they are informed that for eighteenpence (in stamps) they can have forwarded to them, by post, Herr Schvindler's celebrated wedding-ring trick, and they will summon their friends to witness the performance of the same. It is then that the following phenomena are observed. My boy Thomas shows me a small brass curtain ring, and asks me if it is all right? I mercifully assent at once, upon which, emboldened by my leniency, he begs the loan of my silk pocket-handkerchief. On my falling into his views in this respect also, he ties up the curtain ring in the end of the pocket-handkerchief. He then asks an assistant to procure him a cap. This cap (the spectators are all breathless with excitement) he holds with his teeth over his hands, and very slowly, and with much effort, unties the handkerchief again, drops the cap, and with much triumph shows us the ring in one hand, and the handkerchief in the other. This is all. This is the wedding-ring trick as performed by my son. He ties up a brass ring in a pocket-handkerchief before the world, and unties it again behind a cap. (The discomfiture of the boy was so tremendous at our disappointment, that Hearty gave him one and sixpence on the spot, with a friendly caution to be wiser next time.)

Now, I want some system devised which shall occupy my boys' holiday-time with wholesomer and better pastime than answering Herr Schvindler's advertisements. I want some scheme to be hit upon, which shall keep them alive and spry at their amusements, and give them a keen relish for the pleasures which I am willing to afford them. I ask again, then, what is to be done with my boys during the holidays? They get on well enough at school; I have the most satisfactory accounts of them from their masters; They know a 'great many things which I don't know. But there is one thing they do not know, and that is what to do with themselves in the holidays. The question is, whether we, the united parents of Great Britain, might not concoct some arrangement which should get them out of this difficulty, and off our staircases, at one and the same moment?

Suppose—I am speaking now, only to those parents and guardians who live in London, and whose boys come home for the holidays to the metropolis—suppose we were to organise some establishment supported by subscriptions, which would provide these youngsters with some regular and definite holiday occupation. I am not speaking of lessons. I am not such a blood-thirsty wretch as to suggest so cruel a proceeding as the infliction of holiday tasks. No; what I want, is some sort of institution to which boys should go, during the holidays, for a certain num-

ber of hours every day, and where they should spend a certain amount of time in bodily exercise and sports, but be obliged to carry out what they begin fully, and never be allowed to indulge in listlessness or inaction.

The boy's mind is sent to school during the greater part of the year; let his body be sent to school during the holidays. Let us have in every district of London, large buildings or enclosures, set apart for the use of boys who are home for the holidays. Let the workshop, the playground, the gymnasium, and the dining-hall, be found within its walls. Let active superintendents be present: not to bother the boys, but to keep them going—to keep them engaged in every kind of exercise, sport, and pastime, likely to tend to their bodily development, and to lead them on to small undertakings in the carpentering or mechanical line for which they may seem to manifest any inclination. How good it would be for these boys, to have such works in progress, and to have to *return to them day after day till they were completed*. For, everything once begun should perforce be finished, and not so much as a wooden sword left without its hilt. Then, again, is not this an age of great military fervour, and are not civilians of all kinds for ever thinking of their drills and their rifle-practice? The rifle-dress is seen in our streets; the glare of the bayonet-tip is to be observed peeping from under the Inverness cape of the Volunteer as he returns from drill; the Six-foot Volunteer Guards are rearing their lofty and intellectual heads in the air; and even the insults of the insurance offices, whose secretaries advertise that no additional premium will be required from members of Rifle Corps, as it is not thought that the risk of a gentleman's life is materially increased by his joining one of these warlike combinations—even such insults as these, are insufficient to check the bellicose spirit of the age. Nay, why should I attempt to conceal the fact that I, who write these pages, am myself a member of a Rifle Club; that I spend two hours a day (in company with several other gentlemen) in standing on one leg, and swinging the other backward and forward without letting it touch the ground; in making quarter turns to the right, and half turns to the left; in learning to clasp my hands in the exact manner considered right for standing at ease; and, in a word, in generally preparing myself, as well as a man can, for firing from behind ambushes, from immense distances, and for engaging in a perfectly irregular style of warfare.

Now, why should my boys be left out of all this? What a good thing it would be for *them* to be drilled during the holidays. What a capital and profitable occupation for their spare time. If we are all expected to be soldiers when we grow up, surely we cannot begin too soon.

But, this establishment, which I am so desirous of organising, might comprise other branches of instruction. Why not have a class for riding, a class for public speaking (limited), a class for carving, and a French conversation, or moral-

cowardice-eradication class? These two last branches of this very important institution would be quite invaluable. What is a man who cannot carve, but a burden to himself, a delusion to the hostess at whose right hand he sits, and a disfigurement of the foot of his own table?

How can he entertain his guests with conversation? How can he enliven the lady next him with light badinage, when the separating process needed for a quarter of lamb, is passing heavily on his mind, and vague speculations as to the exact nature of the anatomy of the wild duck are looming upon him in the distance? Now, this carving class would render such distressing situations impossible. Of course it would be necessary to the carrying out of this part of my project, that the boys should dine on the premises. I have not a word to say to the contrary. The trouble of getting up that early meal is very great, and the unhallowed smells of noontide cookery in the house, and the large dishes set down outside my study door, are a great annoyance to me, as I not unfrequently step into the gravy as I come out, and invariably lose my appetite for the late dinner, from being tempted to take a "cut off the joint" in the middle of the day. By all means let them dine at the "Institute," and as Bacon relates that they who would learn to dance well are used to *practise* in thick shoes, but to *perform* in thin ones, so let blunt knives be provided for our young friends in the case under consideration, and let tough joints and birds advanced in years be advertised for in the different public prints.

And if a man is in a pickle who cannot carve (as he certainly is), what shall we say of him who is unable to discourse in the French language? I see him when a French joke is related in society, sitting by in hopeless ignorance, or hypocritically pretending to enjoy it with an excess of laughter which is perhaps given way to before the crisis comes, lest he should be too late, and which at all events takes nobody in but himself. Or, take him into a room where, a foreigner being present, the conversation is carried on in French, and let us see how he looks. Put him, again, on the other side of the Channel; see him cheated, deceived, despised, and unable to defend his rights by a word; and say whether the spluttering, gesticulating, and generally trampled upon wretch, with *Télémaque* at his fingers' ends, but not a word of the language in which that exciting romance is written, at the end of his tongue; say whether he is not an object of pity for all nations, and a standing illustration of the importance of that French conversation class whose merits I am advocating. It must not be forgotten, too, that the eradication of moral-cowardice—the most disastrous of stumbling-blocks to boy or man, and one peculiarly active towards the ruin of the inhabitants of this island—would also be materially assisted by this French conversation class; and surely that, alone, would be no small object gained.

I am far—very far—from wishing that this

Holiday Occupation Institute should be a work-a-day affair. There should, on the contrary, be every facility for play, but none for idleness. There should be every inducement to amateur carpentering, boat-scooping, ship-building, and card-board carriage manufacturing, that could stimulate the adolescents who should frequent the place to amuse themselves—only they should always have a purpose, always be doing something, and, even if only playing a game at rounders, should be made to finish it.

#### LUNACY IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

I HAD obtained the Sultan's permission to visit the Government Madhouse—the *Demir-Khan*—as the Turks call it. I dreaded, and yet I was anxious for the sight.

I was to accompany a Doctor Legoff, a Georgian born at Teflis, and attached to the Russian Embassy, who was endeavouring to rouse the Sick Man and his ministers to the necessity of introducing the European system of treating the insane, into the asylums in Constantinople, of which this was the chief. We took two hacks at the door of the Foreign-office and, followed by our two running footmen, were soon threading the torrent-bed streets of the filthy Jews' Quarter, on our way to the *Demir-Khan*, where a mad world had shut up some of the more flagrant and eccentric of its inhabitants. As we rode along, on those terrible Turkish saddles that propel you forward on the pommel (the huge iron scrapers or shoes being hung so far behind the perpendicular line), the doctor, who is a trifle pedantic, and belabours you with a good deal of dog Latin, useful to conceal ignorance and astonish the vulgar, told me that the *Demir-Khan*, like the Greek and other lunatic asylums of the city, was far behind the times. Mere cases of drunken delirium, or temporary aberration, were thrust in there, without any hope of release. All classes of patients were herded together, cruel restraints were still occasionally used, the keepers were cruel and treated the patients as criminals. The asylum was not clean, ablutions were rare, and there was no amusement to relieve and occupy the mind, or to avert paroxysms. Indeed, so far was recreation from being considered, that the only room which commanded a fine view of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, although the Turks are universally and innately fond of scenery, even to a passion, was barred from the patients and left unused. True, the heavy "catenæ or fetters" (belt and collar) of ten years since were abandoned, but there was still rumour of underground cells, and of many remains of old barbarism and cruelty. He, Dr. Legoff, therefore, was desirous of drawing up a report of this asylum and of the condition of its patients, that he might state the ameliorations desirable to be effected. I jolted on and said nothing. I knew very well, that the indolent Sultan, wearied by the perpetual reforms suggested by Europeans, has a way, after endless

audiences and petitions, of staving them off by requesting the delighted men to visit such and such an establishment, and draw up a long report, which is handed over to the vizier for consideration. This consideration takes so long, however, that the affair never goes any further.

We have done jogging along, and are there. It is a large building—once, perhaps, a pasha's house—close to the great mosque of Sulieman, which far exceeds St. Sophia both in internal and external beauty. Our boy-grooms stop a man with his long pipe stuck down his back for safety, the red bowl rising slanting from between his shoulders, and ask him where the entrance door is? The man angrily growls something about "Satan and infidels," and asks if they take him for a patient that has escaped? A second fellow, passing with a stand of roasted Indian corn, yellow and mealy, shows us the gate we desire, and we beat for admittance, looking through the bars into a garden and a long passage ending in an archway and court beyond.

There is much parley at the door, which drives Doctor Legoff to violent Ciceronianisms in dog Latin, and to energetic protests drawn from a combination of Delectus, Latin Grammar, and the drawer-labels of chemists' shops. He swears that the Turkish porter, an old man who tumbles out of a lodge paved with a feather-bed, must have had more than aqua pura that morning; he declares that it is stark dementia to exclude a Government commissioner; that the porter is a fatuous old senex, februous with opium, with paralysis supervening; that he (Dr. Legoff) will get in even if there is blood-letting, for he must and will see Doctor Tricoupi, the physician of the establishment.

Leaving his brass waiter full of rice and fowl, and his pipe, and thimbleful of black coffee, the old porter at last puts on his red slippers and toddles off, fussy Polonius and pantaloon that he is, to tell his master of the strangers, as he might have done ten minutes ago.

We pass down the paved passage, and through a portico where some quiet patients are sitting, and where servants of the madhouse are drawing skinfuls of water from the fountain, and are shown into a little bare room, in the corner of a yard, where the doctor receives us. Tricoupi is not a bit like one of our own oiled, and scented, and bland, and dulcet, flattering, fashionable doctors; on the contrary, he is a short, small, quiet, sharp-nosed Italian, kindly and rather cautious in manner. A black boy presents us, on bended knee, and with a conventional sweep and flourish, first, a chibouk, and then a little cup of burning hot black coffee, à la Turque. To the saffron threads hanging over the great red saucer-bowls of the chibouks that rest on the floor, another boy, running in like an elf, squeezing a glowing lump of charcoal between a small pair of silver tongs, brings flames and fires.

I am sure, from Tricoupi's restless manner, and the hurried way in which he shows us specimens of mad artisans' handicraft, that he knows our visit bodes him no good, and that we are, in fact,

come to report on the imperfections of the system which he personifies. I dare say, if he dared, he would poison us in the coffee, or throw us to some raging, shaven Orson of a Turkish madman. So he casts down his eyes and fences with Legoff, who tries to look friendly and innocent, and unobservant and admiring. He parries all our questions, and never even mentions a certain entry-book of cases. But one thing he dare not smother up or refuse, and that is, the madmen themselves. Legoff has power to go anywhere in the Demir-Khan, and asking astute Tricoupi's leave is a mere ceremony.

We entered the large court-yard of the Demir-Khan, in the centre of which stood a plane-tree and a covered fountain. Round this quadrangle ran a dirty paved cloister, upon which opened the doors of small cells on one side, and on the other the doors of general dormitories and the bath-rooms. From these little huts, listlessly—from the bars of the windows, fiercely—from idle groups squatting with their backs to the wall, torpidly—everywhere madmen's faces met ours. "Doing nothing," said Legoff, with a sigh; "no amusement; no occupation; nothing to remove the strain, and wear off the one dominant idea that has subjected all the rest."

Tricoupi took the bright view of things, and patted a ferocious-looking Hercules of a Turk we were passing, on the back. "You see," he said, "the religion of my poor invalids makes them patient. Paroxysms are much less rare than with you in Europe. 'Chismet' (it is decreed), they say; and resign themselves to fetters and the shower-bath."

Suddenly, Tricoupi, waving aside the pale absorbed-looking men who paced up and down the cloister, regardless of our presence, or listening eagerly but vacantly to Legoff's general groans at the Turkish system of managing the insane, flung open the door of a small cell. We looked in, and saw, sitting on a small, poor pallet, in a little whitewashed cabin of a room, a tall, stiff-necked, gentlemanly man, of some forty years old. His head and neck were bandaged, and the white cloth gave great lustre to his dark black moustache and thick curling beard, and even to his serious deep-sunk eyes, that were fixed on us pitifully yet irrationally. Tricoupi asked after his health, and he returned some restless, complaining, irrelevant answer.

"That," said Tricoupi, turning to us, and lecturing upon the man as if he were a waxwork figure, "is a Persian gentleman, whose mind became afflicted from some decay of his circumstances. Last week, being forbidden tobacco by his doctor, he cut his throat in bed, leaving on the table a letter stating that he had done the deed himself, fearing his servant might be accused of the crime." As he spoke, the Persian gentleman bent his neck to us stiffly, as if guessing the purport of our conversation.

On our way to the next cell, Tricoupi stopped a moment before a row of men squatting along the foot of the wall, to point out to us a young Nubian black, with a thin, sad face—the face of a mad Puritan: so rapt and introspective were



his eyes, so regardless and forgetful of earth. He was of an olive black, his lips were dark, his eyes were ashy, and he wore a blanket, which left half his bony chest bare. This was a young howling Dervish; perhaps some pasha's eunuch turned fanatic, who, having abandoned himself headlong to austerities, and to the hideous demoniacal rites of his fraternity (in which foolish travellers find only matter for ridicule), had suddenly been seized by the notion that he had won by his howls and mortifications the dignity of sainthood, and therefore refusing to speak, he surrendered himself to divine influences. Why he should be imprisoned for this conceit I could not see, and I looked with pity at the immovable, imperturbable black enthusiast.

"You have now seen our religious madness," said Tricoupi. "You shall next see our pride sunk into insanity. This is a common form of Turkish madness."

The cell was unbolted by a brutal-looking turnkey, who wore a dirty soldier's dress, and at his approach I observed the madmen crouched and trembled. We saw, leaning against the window, seated cross-legged on a rude divan covered with some coarse shawling, a venerable and sagacious-looking old man, with preternaturally bright eyes, and a crisp silvery beard cascading over his dull purple robe. He might have been Haroun-al-Raschid grown old, or Ali Pasha, the Pasha of Albania, with his head glued on again, he bore himself so grandly. He was acting the Sultan: that was his insanity. He looked at us as we entered, with infinite contempt; he knew we looked upon him as a mere claimant and pretender to power, but he despised us. Tricoupi humoured him by making a salaam, and requested him to write us a firman. He gave it us, but with the air of a man who, though confident of greatness, is the object of ridiculous suspicion. We bowed ourselves out very carefully, and with a half spite the malignant turnkey bolted the doors, for the Sultan was at times violent and highly dangerous if treated with any want of respect. Poor old man, happy in his delusion!

We had just visited one of the dormitories, when a little peasant child, a cretin, wearing only a coarse tunic of sackcloth, ran to greet us. As he leaped up and down with bare feet upon the stones, kissing our hands, and putting the hems of our coats to his lips—the brutal turnkey, laughing all the time at the drollery of the thing, and at the pleasantries of nature in giving us such children—Legoff was phrenologically feeling the idiot's head, and pointing with a lecturer's horror to the hollow cup of forehead, and at the enormous boss of a cerebellum. We gave the poor child a piastre, and he instantly flew off like a deer to buy bread, crowing and laughing.

"Not half fed," said Legoff.

A moment afterwards, we saw him racing back to a cell at the opposite corner of the square to share the bread with his guardian: a tall, haggard Turk, who had remained two years without speaking, believing himself bewitched. We saw

the child crouching at his feet in the doorway, smiling as the attentive friend first chewed the baked rings of bread strewn with grains of sesame, and then crammed them into his pupil's mouth, just as if he were feeding a young owl.

It was while we were still watching this operation—Legoff scornfully, Tricoupi with assumed bonhomie—that a madman came up and accosted us. His face, like the rest, wore the agonised, purgatorial stare of changeless insanity that some mad faces always wear.

"This," said Tricoupi, "is a most curious instance of the decay of some regulating mental principle. Body of Bacchus! He imagines his name changes every minute to that of some dead sultan. I will try him."

Tricoupi put the question. The man jogged his turban, and put his head on one side, as if trying to listen, or to remember. In a moment he answered, boldly, "Bajazet." We repeated the question slowly; he looked as if he were watching a turning roulette wheel, and replied, "Amurath;" a third time, and he said, "Mahmoud." It was a trifling madness for a world of eccentric people to shut you up for. Why not for picture-buying, or coin-collecting, or walking-stick mania, or for having a fancy for old china?

We had scarcely got quit of this madman, when a thoughtful-looking man, with much of the air of a gentleman, came up to us, and with the air of one who has long been embarrassed with a topic, but at last begins to see daylight in the distance, said in good Turkish to Dr. Tricoupi, who patted him on the back, to keep up his paternal character before the commissioner:

"I have decided on two millions."

I asked what the madman meant by his having decided on two millions?

The doctor, leaving his mad friend adding up the two millions on his brown fingers, told me that the man was a Turkish doctor who, in a frenzy, had murdered at once his father, mother, and two children. The two millions was the indemnity he had agreed upon, after much reflection, as the compensation the Porte was to pay him for his professional losses during detention. The murders he had quite forgotten, and his crazed mind was now absorbed in complicated compound addition.

"There," said Tricoupi, pointing with an affectionate smile to a very ugly old Turk, who was drivelling in the last stage of idiocy in a corner of the cloister, a little alarmed at the turnkey, but otherwise not more wise than an old baboon, "that is the effect of excessive opium. And here"—turning to a lively, healthy-looking young Turk at his elbow—"is an instance of a cessation from the excessive use of the same drug; Achmet will soon get his release."

"Allah be praised!" said the young Turk, his eyes moistening with a sudden gush of grateful tears.

We next inspected the bath-rooms, where, upon violent patients and on new comers, small Niagaras are crushed down from great



heights; then we moved on with government-commission formality to the miserable dining-rooms, imperfectly glazed, and with the beautiful prospect boarded out, much to Dr. Legoff's righteous indignation. Then we went to the sick-ward, where we found two men washing their faces, and whispering with hideous witch glee in a conspiracy mutter; now and then, as they turned and looked at us, breaking out into "fatuous laughter," as Legoff, always longing to pick a hole in the establishment, called it. From these poor wretches we were drawn by the querulous tears and prayers of a poor old man, who rose from his bed to entreat us for aid, for he was torn with pain, and as he spoke, he writhed and struggled as with an enemy. Coldly, and as a matter of course, the commission, deaf and dumb, passed by on the other side.

"Old man dying of sheer inanition and want of vital power," said Legoff.

"He is a troublesome, bad fellow," said the turnkey. "He eats his food as well as any of them, gentlemen."

Turnkeys are generally offended by any sympathy evinced for those under their care.

As we passed out by the yellow-washed fountain into the outer portico, we found the turnkeys watching a quiet calm Turk, who, under a network trellis of vines in the outer portico of the madhouse, sat patiently at his task of illuminating a sheet of white paper in the Persian manner. He hardly looked up as he saw us, but, with a self-satisfied smile went on with his curving flowers, and azure flourishes, and crimson tendrils, which made the cretin boy clap his hands and stamp his naked feet with delight, and even the bewitched man to smile gravely: though as for the negro saint, nothing could allure him from his fakir attitude and meditative torpor.

"That poor fellow," said Tricoupi, as we walked back to the doctor's smoking-room, "is a house-painter. At home he tears everything to pieces, and threatens to murder his wife and children; but directly he is brought here he becomes soothed and tranquil, and sits down to his illumination. I have much of his work here (taking down a roll of drawings); and it is remarkable that all these were executed by him without sketch or measurement. He begins at the left-hand side of the paper, and covers it all over with a perfect, harmonious, well-balanced pattern."

As we rode musingly home, we talked, now of the mad painter, now of the mad Turkish doctor: Dr. Legoff impressing upon me the necessity of instant reform in the Demir-Khan, and especially of ousting that false, self-reliant, ignorant man, Dr. Tricoupi (whom I rather liked, but dare not tell Legoff so). My violent medical friend then began talking of the state of the government madhouse we had just seen when he visited

it first, twenty-six years ago. It was bad enough now, with its unglazed windows, dirty pigeon-infested roofs, unclassified maniacs, brutal turnkeys; it was without padded rooms, amusements, or annual inspection. Men were still picked up raving in the street, and thrown in there, and left to come out when they could persuade cruel people, interested in their detention, that they were sane. "In the very first room," he said, "that he visited in 1833, there were four men chained by massive iron collars to rings in the four corners. They were crouched on the sunken stone floor, benumbed with cold, nothing on but a scanty blanket; their eyes were staring and fierce, their mouths sullen and savage. The first he spoke to, said he should be quite well if outside the walls; that, two years before, he had been brought in when drunk, and that he was no more crazy than the keeper. The second told him he was a captain in the Turkish army, and had been brought there when delirious with fever. He did not know why he was still imprisoned, but there was no appeal to be made. In the next cell was a half-naked Turk, an idiot, dying of dysentery. There he sat, careless of death, shivering with cold, yet chattering like an ape to himself, and breaking out every now and then into shrieks of laughter. Close by him, sat a young man with the face of an apostle—as Mr. Willis, the American writer, who saw him, truly observed. He had tied up his chain to the grating, to relieve himself of the weight. The cells were all cold, wet, filthy, and miserable. The inmates were fed, like beasts, at certain hours, and the doors of their cells kept open, that visitors might indulge their curiosity. The keeper, with stolid indifference, showed (he remembered) one poor wretch, a dervish, who had been chained in the same corner for twenty years. He never slept for more than a few minutes, and repeated prayers incessantly; his hair was tangled like a wild beast's mane, his nails had grown to claws. Near him was a well-dressed, rational-looking, renegade Greek, who told Willis he had lost his reason, and was glad that he was carefully confined. The boys who came with the visitors tormented him cruelly by looking through the grating of the cell and pulling his chain."

The next madhouse I visited in Constantinople, was the Greek one:—a far better one, as I shall show in my next.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

Limmeridge House.

NOVEMBER 27. My forebodings are realised. The marriage is fixed for the twenty-third of December.

The day after we left for Polesdean Lodge, Sir Percival wrote, it seems, to Mr. Fairlie, to say that the necessary repairs and alterations in his house in Hampshire would occupy a much longer time in completion than he had originally anticipated. The proper estimates were to be submitted to him as soon as possible; and it would greatly facilitate his entering into definite arrangements with the workpeople, if he could be informed of the exact period at which the wedding ceremony might be expected to take place. He could then make all his calculations in reference to time, besides writing the necessary apologies to friends who had been engaged to visit him that winter, and who could not, of course, be received when the house was in the hands of the workmen.

To this letter Mr. Fairlie had replied by requesting Sir Percival himself to suggest a day for the marriage, subject to Miss Fairlie's approval, which her guardian willingly undertook to do his best to obtain. Sir Percival wrote back by the next post, and proposed (in accordance with his own views and wishes, from the first) the latter part of December—perhaps the twenty-third, or twenty-fourth, or any other day that the lady and her guardian might prefer. The lady not being at hand to speak for herself, her guardian had decided, in her absence, on the earliest day mentioned—the twenty-third of December—and had written to recall us to Limmeridge in consequence.

After explaining these particulars to me in private interview, yesterday, Mr. Fairlie gestured, in his most amiable manner, should open the necessary negotiations. Feeling that resistance was useless I could first obtain Laura's assent; and I made it, I consented to speak to declared, at the same time, that I no consideration undertake to guarantee to Sir Percival's wishes. Mr. Fairlie complimented me on my "excellence" much as he would have complimented me had been out walking, on my "ex-

tention," and seemed perfectly satisfied, so far, with having simply shifted one more family responsibility from his own shoulders to mine.

This morning, I spoke to Laura as I had promised. The composure—I may almost say, the insensibility—which she has so strangely and so resolutely maintained ever since Sir Percival left us, was not proof against the shock of the news I had to tell her. She turned pale, and trembled violently.

"Not so soon!" she pleaded. "Oh, Marian, not so soon!"

The slightest hint she could give was enough for me. I rose to leave the room, and fight her battle for her at once with Mr. Fairlie.

Just as my hand was on the door, she caught fast hold of my dress, and stopped me.

"Let me go!" I said. "My tongue burns to tell your uncle that he and Sir Percival are not to have it all their own way."

She sighed bitterly, and still held my dress.

"No!" she said, faintly. "Too late, Marian—too late!"

"Not a minute too late," I retorted. "The question of time is *our* question—and trust me Laura, to take a woman's full advantage of it."

I unclasped her hand from my gown while I spoke; but she slipped both her arms round my waist at the same moment, and held me more effectually than ever.

"It will only involve us in more trouble and more confusion," she said. "It will set you and my uncle at variance, and bring Sir Percival here again with fresh causes of complaint—"

"So much the better!" I cried out, passionately. "Who cares for you? Are you to ease?"

"Oh, Marian!" she said. "*You* crying! Think what you would say to me, if the places were changed, and if those tears were mine. All your love and courage and devotion will not alter what *must* happen, sooner of later. Let my uncle have his way. Let us have no more troubles and heart-burnings that any sacrifice of mine can prevent. Say you will live with me, Marian, when I am married—and say no more."

But I did say more. I forced back the contemptible tears that were no relief to me, and that only distressed *her*; and reasoned and pleaded as calmly as I could. It was of no avail. She made me twice repeat the promise to live with her when she was married, and then suddenly asked a question which turned my sorrow and my sympathy for her into a new direction.

"While we were at Polesden," she said, "you had a letter, Marian——"

Her altered tone; the abrupt manner in which she looked away from me, and hid her face on my shoulder; the hesitation which silenced her before she had completed her question, all told me, but too plainly, to whom the half-expressed inquiry pointed.

"I thought, Laura, that you and I were never to refer to him again," I said gently,

"You had a letter from him?" she persisted.

"Yes," I replied, "if you must know it."

"Do you mean to write to him again?"

I hesitated. I had been afraid to tell her of his absence from England, or of the manner in which my exertions to serve his new hopes and projects had connected me with his departure. What answer could I make? He was gone where no letters could reach him for months, perhaps for years, to come.

"Suppose I do mean to write to him again," I said at last. "What, then, Laura?"

Her cheek grew burning hot against my neck; and her arms trembled and tightened round me.

"Don't tell him about the *twenty-third*," she whispered. "Promise, Marian—pray promise you will not even mention my name to him when you write next."

I gave the promise. No words can say how sorrowfully I gave it. She instantly took her arm from my waist, walked away to the window, and stood looking out with her back to me.

more, but without  
me to catch

into Mr. Fairlie's room—called to him as harshly as possible, "Laura consents to the *twenty-third*"—and dashed out again without waiting for a word of answer. I banged the door after me; and I hope I shattered Mr. Fairlie's nervous system for the rest of the day.

28th. This morning, I read poor Hartright's farewell letter over again; a doubt having crossed my mind, since yesterday, whether I am acting wisely in concealing the fact of his departure from Laura.

On reflection, I still think I am right. The allusions in his letter to the preparations made for the expedition to Central America, all show that the leaders of it know it to be dangerous. If the discovery of this makes *me* uneasy, what would it make *her*? It is bad enough to feel that his departure has deprived us of the friend of all others to whose devotion we could trust, in the hour of need, if ever that hour comes and finds us helpless. But it is far worse to know that he has gone from us to face the perils of a bad climate, a wild country, and a disturbed population. Surely it would be a cruel candour to tell Laura this, without a pressing and a positive necessity for it?

I almost doubt whether I ought not to go a step farther, and burn the letter at once, for fear of its one day falling into wrong hands. It not only refers to Laura in terms which ought to remain a secret for ever between the writer and me; but it reiterates his suspicion—so obstinate, so unaccountable, and so alarming—that he has been secretly watched since he left Limeridge. He declares that he saw the faces of the two strange men, who followed him about the streets of London, watching him among the crowd which gathered at Liverpool to see the expedition embark; and he positively asserts that he heard the name of Anne Catherick pronounced behind him, as he got into the boat. His own words are, "These events have a meaning, these events must lead to a result. The mystery of Anne Catherick is *not* cleared up yet. She may never cross my path again; but if ever she crosses yours, make better use of the opportunity, Miss Halcombe, than I made of it. I speak on strong conviction; I entreat you to remember what I say." These are his own expressions. There is no danger of my forgetting them—my memory is only too ready to dwell on any words of Hartright's that refer to Anne Catherick. But there is danger in my keeping the letter. The merest accident might e it at the mercy of strangers. I may fall e may die—better to burn it at once, and ne anxiety the less.

burnt! The ashes of his farewell letter t he may ever write to me—lie in a few ments on the hearth. Is this the sad that sad story? Oh, not the end—ly, not the end already!

ve preparations for the marriage The dressmaker has come to res. Laura is perfectly impassive, s about the question of all others

in which a woman's personal interests are most closely bound up. She has left it all to the dressmaker and to me. If poor Hartright had been the baronet, and the husband of her father's choice, how differently she would have behaved! How anxious and capricious she would have been; and what a hard task the best of dress-makers would have found it to please her!

30th. We hear every day from Sir Percival. The last news is, that the alterations in his house will occupy from four to six months, before they can be properly completed. If painters, paper-hangers, and upholsterers could make happiness as well as splendour, I should be interested about their proceedings in Laura's future home. As it is, the only part of Sir Percival's last letter which does not leave me as it found me, perfectly indifferent to all his plans and projects, is the part which refers to the wedding tour. He proposes, as Laura is delicate, and as the winter threatens to be unusually severe, to take her to Rome, and to remain in Italy until the early part of next summer. If this plan should not be approved, he is equally ready, although he has no establishment of his own in town, to spend the season in London, in the most suitable furnished house that can be obtained for the purpose.

Putting myself and my own feelings entirely out of the question (which it is my duty to do, and which I have done), I, for one, have no doubt of the propriety of adopting the first of these proposals. In either case, a separation between Laura and me is inevitable. It will be a longer separation, in the event of their going abroad, than it would be in the event of their remaining in London—but we must set against this disadvantage, the benefit to Laura on the other side, of passing the winter in a mild climate; and, more than that, the immense assistance in raising her spirits, and reconciling her to her new existence, which the mere wonder and excitement of travelling for the first time in her life in the most interesting country in the world, must surely afford. She is not of a disposition to find resources in the conventional gaieties and excitements of London. They would only make the first oppression of this lamentable marriage fall the heavier on her. I dread the beginning of her new life more than words can tell; but I see some hope for her if she travels—none if she remains at home.

It is strange to look back at this latest entry in my journal, and to find that I am writing of the marriage and the parting with Laura, as people write of a settled thing. It seems so cold and so unfeeling to be looking at the future already in this cruelly composed way. But what other way is possible, now that the time is drawing so near? Before another month is over our heads, she will be *his* Laura instead of mine! *His* Laura! I am as little able to realise the idea which those two words convey—my mind feels almost as dulled and stunned by it, as if writing of her marriage were like writing of her death.

December 1st. A sad, sad day; a day that I

have no heart to describe at any length. After weakly putting it off, last night, I was obliged to speak to her this morning of Sir Percival's proposal about the wedding tour.

In the full conviction, that I should be with her, wherever she went, the poor child—for a child she is still in many things—was almost happy at the prospect of seeing the wonders of Florence and Rome and Naples. It nearly broke my heart to dispel her delusion, and to bring her face to face with the hard truth. I was obliged to tell her that no man tolerates a rival—not even a woman-rival—in his wife's affections, when he first marries, whatever he may do afterwards. I was obliged to warn her, that my chance of living with her permanently under her own roof, depended entirely on my not arousing Sir Percival's jealousy and distrust by standing between them at the beginning of their marriage, in the position of the chosen depository of his wife's closest secrets. Drop by drop, I poured the profaning bitterness of this world's wisdom into that pure heart and that innocent mind, while every higher and better feeling within me recoiled from my miserable task. It is over now. She has learnt her hard, her inevitable lesson. The simple illusions of her girlhood are gone; and my hand has stripped them off. Better mine than his—that is all my consolation—better mine than his.

So the first proposal is the proposal accepted. They are to go to Italy; and I am to arrange, with Sir Percival's permission, for meeting them and staying with them, when they return to England. In other words, I am to ask a personal favour, for the first time in my life, and to ask it of the man of all others to whom I least desire to owe a serious obligation of any kind. Well! I think I could do even more than that, for Laura's sake.

2nd. On looking back, I find myself always referring to Sir Percival in disparaging terms. In the turn affairs have now taken, I must and will root out my prejudice against him. I cannot think how it first got into my mind. It certainly never existed in former times.

Is it Laura's reluctance to become his wife that has set me against him? Have Hartright's perfectly intelligible prejudices infected me without my suspecting their influence? Does that letter of Anne Catherick's still leave a lurking distrust in my mind, in spite of Sir Percival's explanation, and of the proof in my possession of the truth of it? I cannot account for the state of my own feelings: the one thing I am certain of is, that it is my duty—doubly my duty, now—not to wrong Sir Percival by unjustly distrusting him. If it has got to be a habit with me always to write of him in the same unfavourable manner, I must and will break myself of this unworthy tendency, even though the effort should force me to close the pages of my journal till the marriage is over! I am seriously dissatisfied with myself—I will write no more to-day.

\* \* \* \* \*

December 16th. A whole fortnight has passed; and I have not once opened these pages. I have been long enough away from my journal, to come back to it, with a healthier and better mind, I hope, so far as Sir Percival is concerned.

There is not much to record of the past two weeks. The dresses are almost all finished; and the new travelling-trunks have been sent here from London. Poor dear Laura hardly leaves me for a moment, all day; and, last night, when neither of us could sleep, she came and crept into my bed to talk to me there. "I shall lose you so soon, Marian," she said; "I must make the most of you while I can."

They are to be married at Limmeridge Church; and, thank Heaven, not one of the neighbours is to be invited to the ceremony. The only visitor will be our old friend, Mr. Arnold, who is to come from Polesdean, to give Laura away; her uncle being far too delicate to trust himself outside the door in such inclement weather as we now have. If I were not determined, from this day forth, to see nothing but the bright side of our prospects, the melancholy absence of any male relative of Laura's, at the most important moment of her life, would make me very gloomy and very distrustful of the future. But I have done with gloom and distrust—that is to say, I have done with writing about either the one or the other in this journal.

Sir Percival is to arrive to-morrow. He offered, in case we wished to treat him on terms of rigid etiquette, to write and ask our clergyman to grant him the hospitality of the rectory, during the short period of his sojourn at Limmeridge before the marriage. Under the circumstances, neither Mr. Fairlie nor I thought it at all necessary for us to trouble ourselves about attending to trifling forms and ceremonies. In our wild moorland country, and in this great lonely house, we may well claim to be beyond the reach of the trivial conventionalities which hamper people in other places. I wrote to Sir Percival to thank him for his polite offer, and to beg that he would occupy his old rooms, just as usual, at Limmeridge House.

17th. He arrived to-day, looking, as I thought, a little worn and anxious, but still talking and laughing like a man in the best possible spirits. He brought with him some really beautiful presents, in jewellery, which Laura received with her best grace, and, outwardly at least, with perfect self-possession. The only sign I can detect of the struggle it must cost her to preserve appearances at this trying time, expresses itself in a sudden unwillingness, on her part, ever to be left alone. Instead of retreating to her own room, as usual, she seems to dread going there. When I went up-stairs to-day, after lunch, to put on my bonnet for a walk, she volunteered to join me; and, again, before dinner, she threw the door open between our two rooms, so that we might talk to each other while we were dressing. "Keep me always doing something," she said; "keep me always in company with somebody. Don't let

me think—that is all I ask now, Marian—don't let me think."

This sad change in her, only increases her attractions for Sir Percival. He interprets it, I can see, to his own advantage. There is a feverish flush in her cheeks, a feverish brightness in her eyes, which he welcomes as the return of her beauty and the recovery of her spirits. She talked to-day at dinner with a gaiety and carelessness so false, so shockingly out of her character, that I secretly longed to silence her and take her away. Sir Percival's delight and surprise appeared to be beyond all expression. The anxiety which I had noticed on his face when he arrived, totally disappeared from it; and he looked, even to my eyes, a good ten years younger than he really is.

There can be no doubt—though some strange perversity prevents me from seeing it myself—there can be no doubt that Laura's future husband is a very handsome man. Regular features form a personal advantage to begin with—and he has them. Bright brown eyes, either in man or woman, are a great attraction—and he has them. Even baldness when it is only baldness over the forehead (as in his case), is rather becoming, than not, in a man, for it heightens the head and adds to the intelligence of the face. Grace and ease of movement; perfect good breeding; ready, pliant, conversational powers—all these are unquestionable merits, and all these he certainly possesses. Surely, Mr. Gilmore, ignorant as he is of Laura's secret, was not to blame for feeling surprised that she should repent of her marriage engagement? Any one else in his place, would have shared our good old friend's opinion. If I were asked, at this moment, to say plainly what defects I have discovered in Sir Percival, I could only point out two. One, his incessant restlessness and excitability—which may be caused, naturally enough, by unusual energy of character. The other, his short, sharp, contemptuous manner of speaking to the servants—which may be only a bad habit, after all. No: I cannot dispute it, and I will not dispute it—Sir Percival is a very handsome and a very agreeable man. There! I have written it down, at last, and I am glad it's over.

18th. Feeling weary and depressed, this morning, I left Laura with Mrs. Vesey, and went out alone for one of my brisk mid-day walks, which I have discontinued too much of late. I took the dry airy road, over the moor, that leads to Todd's Corner. After having been out half an hour, I was excessively surprised to see Sir Percival approaching me from the direction of the farm. He was walking rapidly, swinging his stick; his head erect as usual, and his shooting jacket flying open in the wind. When we met, he did not wait for me to ask any questions—he told me, at once, that he had been to the farm to inquire if Mr. and Mrs. Todd had received any tidings, since his last visit to Limmeridge, of Anne Catherick.

"You found, of course, that they had heard nothing?" I said.

"Nothing whatever," he replied. "I begin to be seriously afraid that we have lost her. Do you happen to know," he continued, looking me in the face very attentively, "if the artist—Mr. Hartright—is in a position to give us any further information?"

"He has neither heard of her, nor seen her, since he left Cumberland," I answered.

"Very sad," said Sir Percival, speaking like a man who was disappointed, and yet, oddly enough, looking, at the same time, like a man who was relieved. "It is impossible to say what misfortunes may not have happened to the miserable creature. I am inexpressibly annoyed at the failure of all my efforts to restore her to the care and protection which she so urgently needs."

This time he really looked annoyed. I said a few sympathising words; and we then talked of other subjects, on our way back to the house. Surely, my chance meeting with him on the moor has disclosed another favourable trait in his character? Surely, it was singularly considerate and unselfish of him to think of Anne Catherick on the eve of his marriage, and to go all the way to Todd's Corner to make inquiries about her, when he might have passed the time so much more agreeably in Laura's society? Considering that he can only have acted from motives of pure charity, his conduct, under the circumstances, shows unusual good feeling, and deserves extraordinary praise. Well! I give him extraordinary praise—and there's an end of it.

19th. More discoveries in the inexhaustible mine of Sir Percival's virtues.

To-day, I approached the subject of my proposed sojourn under his wife's roof, when he brings her back to England. I had hardly dropped my first hint in this direction, before he caught me warmly by the hand, and said I had made the very offer to him, which he had been, on his side most anxious to make to me. I was the companion of all others whom he most sincerely longed to secure for his wife; and he begged me to believe that I had conferred a lasting favour on him by making the proposal to live with Laura after her marriage, exactly as I had always lived with her before it.

When I had thanked him, in her name and in mine, for his considerate kindness to both of us, we passed next to the subject of his wedding tour, and began to talk of the English society in Rome to which Laura was to be introduced. He ran over the names of several friends whom he expected to meet abroad this winter. They were all English, as well as I can remember, with one exception. The one exception was Count Fosco.

The mention of the Count's name, and the discovery that he and his wife are likely to meet the bride and bridegroom on the continent, puts Laura's marriage, for the first time, in a distinctly favourable light. It is likely to be the means of healing a family feud. Hitherto, Madame Fosco has chosen to forget her obliga-

tions as Laura's aunt, out of sheer spite against the late Mr. Fairlie for his conduct in the affair of the legacy. Now, however, she can persist in this course of conduct no longer. Sir Percival and Count Fosco are old and fast friends, and their wives will have no choice but to meet on civil terms. Madame Fosco, in her maiden days, was one of the most impertinent women I ever met with—capricious, exacting, and vain to the last degree of absurdity. If her husband has succeeded in bringing her to her senses, he deserves the gratitude of every member of the family—and he may have mine to begin with.

I am becoming anxious to know the Count. He is the most intimate friend of Laura's husband; and, in that capacity, he excites my strongest interest. Neither Laura nor I have ever seen him. All I know of him is that his accidental presence, years ago, on the steps of the Trinità del Monte at Rome, assisted Sir Percival's escape from robbery and assassination, at the critical moment when he was wounded in the hand, and might, the next instant, have been wounded in the heart. I remember also that, at the time of the late Mr. Fairlie's absurd objections to his sister's marriage, the Count wrote him a very temperate and sensible letter on the subject, which, I am ashamed to say, remained unanswered. This is all I know of Sir Percival's friend. I wonder if he will ever come to England? I wonder if I shall like him?

My pen is running away into mere speculation. Let me return to sober matter of fact. It is certain that Sir Percival's reception of my venturesome proposal to live with his wife, was more than kind, it was almost affectionate. I am sure Laura's husband will have no reason to complain of me, if I can only go on as I have begun. I have already declared him to be handsome, agreeable, full of good feeling towards the unfortunate, and full of affectionate kindness towards me. Really, I hardly know myself again, in my new character of Sir Percival's warmest friend.

20th. I hate Sir Percival! I flatly deny his good looks. I consider him to be eminently disagreeable, and totally wanting in kindness and good feeling. Last night, the cards for the married couple were sent home. Laura opened the packet, and saw her future name in print, for the first time. Sir Percival looked over her shoulder familiarly at the new card which had already transformed Miss Fairlie into Lady Glyde—smiled with the most odious self-complacency—and whispered something in her ear. I don't know what it was—Laura has refused to tell me—but I saw her face turn to such a deadly whiteness that I thought she would have fainted. He took no notice of the change: he seemed to be barbarously unconscious that he had said anything to pain her. All my old feelings of hostility towards him revived on the instant; and all the hours that have passed, since, have done nothing to dissipate them. I am more unreasonable and more unjust than



ever. In three words—how glibly my pen writes them!—in three words, I hate him.

21st. Have the anxieties of this anxious time shaken me a little, at last? I have been writing, for the last few days, in a tone of levity which, Heaven knows, is far enough from my heart, and which it has rather shocked me to discover on looking back at the entries in my journal.

Perhaps I may have caught the feverish excitement of Laura's spirits, for the last week. If so, the fit has already passed away from me, and has left me in a very strange state of mind. A persistent idea has been forcing itself on my attention, ever since last night, that something will yet happen to prevent the marriage. What has produced this singular fancy? Is it the indirect result of my apprehensions for Laura's future? Or has it been unconsciously suggested to me by the increasing restlessness and agitation which I have certainly observed in Sir Percival's manner, as the wedding-day draws nearer and nearer? Impossible to say. I know that I have the idea—surely the wildest idea, under the circumstances, that ever entered a woman's head?—but try as I may, I cannot trace it back to its source.

22nd. Such a day of confusion and wretchedness as I hope never to see again.

Kind Mrs. Vesey, whom we have all too much overlooked and forgotten of late, innocently caused us a sad morning to begin with. She has been, for months past, secretly making a warm Shetland shawl for her dear pupil—a most beautiful and surprising piece of work to be done by a woman at her age and with her habits. The gift was presented this morning; and poor warm-hearted Laura completely broke down when the shawl was put proudly on her shoulders by the loving old friend and guardian of her motherless childhood. I was hardly allowed time to quiet them both, or even to dry my own eyes, when I was sent for by Mr. Fairlie, to be favoured by a long recital of his arrangements for the preservation of his own tranquillity on the wedding-day.

"Dear Laura" was to receive his present—a shabby ring, with her affectionate uncle's hair for an ornament, instead of a precious stone, and with a heartless French inscription, inside, about congenial sentiments and eternal friendship—"dear Laura" was to receive this tender tribute from my hands immediately, so that she might have plenty of time to recover from the agitation produced by the gift, before she appeared in Mr. Fairlie's presence. "Dear Laura" was to pay him a little visit that evening, and to be kind enough not to make a scene. "Dear Laura" was to pay him another little visit in her wedding dress, the next morning, and to be kind enough, again, not to make a scene. "Dear Laura" was to look in once more, for the third time, before going away, but without harrowing his feelings by saying *when* she was going away, and without tears—"in the

name of pity, in the name of everything, dear Marian, that is most affectionate and most domestic and most delightfully and charmingly self-composed, *without tears!*" I was so exasperated by this miserable selfish trifling, at such a time, that I should certainly have shocked Mr. Fairlie by some of the hardest and rudest truths he has ever heard in his life, if the arrival of Mr. Arnold from Polesdean had not called me away to new duties down stairs.

The rest of the day is indescribable. I believe no one in the house really knew how it passed. The confusion of small events, all huddled together one on the other, bewildered every one. There were dresses sent home, that had been forgotten; there were trunks to be packed and unpacked and packed again; there were presents from friends far and near, friends high and low. We were all needlessly hurried; all nervously expectant of the morrow. Sir Percival, especially, was too restless, now, to remain five minutes together in the same place. That short, sharp cough of his troubled him more than ever. He was in and out of the house all day long; and he seemed to grow so inquisitive, on a sudden, that he questioned the very strangers who came on small errands to the house. Add to all this, the one perpetual thought, in Laura's mind and mine, that we were to part the next day, and the haunting dread, unexpressed by either of us, and yet ever present to both, that this deplorable marriage might prove to be the one fatal error of her life and the one hopeless sorrow of mine. For the first time in all the years of our close and happy intercourse we almost avoided looking each other in the face; and we refrained, by common consent, from speaking together in private, through the whole evening. I can dwell on it no longer. Whatever future sorrows may be in store for me, I shall always look back on this twenty-second of December as the most comfortable and most miserable day of my life.

I am writing these lines in the solitude of my own room, long after midnight; having just come back from a stolen look at Laura in her pretty little white bed—the bed she has occupied since the days of her girlhood.

There she lay, unconscious that I was looking at her—quiet, more quiet than I had dared to hope, but not sleeping. The glimmer of the night-light showed me that her eyes were only partially closed: the traces of tears glistened between her eyelids. My little keepsake—only a brooch—lay on the table at her bedside, with her prayer-book, and the miniature portrait of her father which she takes with her wherever she goes. I waited a moment, looking at her from behind her pillow, as she lay beneath me, with one arm and hand resting white on the white coverlid, so still, so quietly breathing, that the frill on her night-dress never moved—I waited looking at her, as I have seen her thousands of times, as I shall never see her again—and then stole back to my room. My own love! with all your wealth, and all your beauty, how friendless you are! The one man who would give his

heart's life to serve you, is far away, tossing, this stormy night, on the awful sea. Who else is left to you? No father, no brother—no living creature but the helpless, useless woman who writes these sad lines, and watches by you for the morning, in sorrow that she cannot compose, in doubt that she cannot conquer. Oh, what a trust is to be placed in that man's hands to-morrow! If ever he forgets it; if ever he injures a hair of her head!—

**THE TWENTY-THIRD OF DECEMBER.** *Seven o'clock.* A wild unsettled morning. She has just risen—better and calmer, now that the time has come, than she was yesterday.

*Ten o'clock.* She is dressed. We have kissed each other; we have promised each other not to lose courage. I am away for a moment in my own room. In the whirl and confusion of my thoughts, I can detect that strange fancy of some hindrance happening to stop the marriage, still hanging about my mind. Is it hanging about *his* mind, too? I see him from the window, moving hither and thither uneasily among the carriages at the door.—How can I write such folly! The marriage is a certainty. In less than half an hour we start for the church.

*Eleven o'clock.* It is all over. They are married.

*Three o'clock.* They are gone! I am blind with crying—I can write no more—

\* \* \* \* \*

## EASTERN LUNACY, AND SOMETHING MORE.

THE Greek madhouse of Constantinople lies out far beyond the Seven Towers, and outside the walls. I went to it alone, with a letter of introduction to a Dr. Morano, a native of Salonica. I could get no information at first where the Greek madhouse lay, nor, indeed, did I even know that it was a Greek establishment that I was going to visit. All I knew was, that Dr. Morano presided over the Demir-Khan to which I was bound.

I asked and walked till I was footsore. Every one knew where it was, and showed me a different way. I went every way I was told, and nowhere found the Demir-Khan. I found myself in the old clothes bazaar, in the tent bazaar, in the street of the coppersmiths, among the pipe-makers, in the horse market, in a mosque court railed at by an old Turkish priest, on the Bosphorus in the cushioned cradle of a caique, in the valleys, on the hills, threading an aqueduct arch where fig-trees grew leafily out of the walls, in burial-grounds among cypresses, near barracks—but never at the madhouse.

At last, as I was resting to take some sherbet at a stall, almost worn out—my head feeling as dry and crusty with the heat as a well-baked quarter loaf—I saw in the distance a Turkish doctor whom I had met at a prison hospital, riding along, preceded by his pipe-bearer.

May your shadow never be less, and the hairs of your head never decrease. Demir-Khan? Why, miles away outside the wall, out by the Sea of Marmora, beyond the Seven Towers.

I thank him, hire a horse from one of those numerous rows of hacks that stand ready saddled in every public place of Constantinople, and push off, calling out "Demir-Khan?" inquiringly to every body I meet, be he pasha, or peach-seller, Turk, infidel, heretic, or heathen.

Miles through lonely suburb streets, rough-paved and shadowy, and I at last emerge, in full blaze of the broad sun, through a city gate into the open country beyond the Seven Towers, and strike far to the left, beyond all the long regions of leek gardens and melon beds, and the rows of samboas and cherry-trees that follow the triple line of ruined wall that girds the old city.

Here I get "warm," as children say, in a double sense. I am getting near the Greek Demir-Khan. I pass an Armenian convent overlooking the blue sea, and there alight to let my horse drink at a delicious fountain, sparkling, cold and pure. I trample down the wild gourds and other weeds to reach the edge of the cliff, and there, looking over to the beach beneath, see some Greek fishermen ankle deep in water, joining hand in hand, and dancing their national Romaika: not without shouts and splashing, they being in the spirits that dabbling in sea water without any clothes on seems always to produce.

I arrive at the gate of a huge enclosure, and, going in, pass up through a garden that seems all mulberry-trees and sunflowers. I am informed that the doctor is not at home, but that the superintendent, a little servile man in a brown holland pinafore, will be proud to do the honours.

He claps his hands, in the Arabian Nights manner, and instantly appears "to him" an agile Greek in white voluminous plaited kilt and black embroidered greaves, who bears in one hand a shovelful of hot charcoal upon which lazily smokes some incense, yielding a fat blue fume and a pungent ecclesiastical odour.

He precedes us for sanitary reasons, and leads us about the huge charity: first to the old men's ward, then to the school; from room to room, but not a word about the mad people. I believe, after all, I have got to the wrong place, for now the lean, dried up pedagogos makes the classes of coarse young Greeks go through various manoeuvres to surprise the visitor. One young Anastase is held up to me as the object of special wonder, from his progress in acquiring Greek hymns, and for his power of singing them, which I am afraid he is going to do for my edification; but I am preserved.

I descend at last, and go down among the madmen, who scowl and gibber at me, pray at me, and curse me. The special sight of the place, as the turnkey thinks, is what I am at once taken to see, the smoking incense preceding me in a small pillar of cloud that sets the madmen whispering. It is a Greek sailor, chained down in a chair in a state of paroxysm, hands tied, feet tied, and a girdle round the waist; yet still he

contrives, as we enter, to swerve round to us, and, half raving, half crying, to roar at us, and tell us he is a Greek admiral kept there by the Turks—for "nothing—nothing—nothing!"

On pallets round, or on the stone floor by the grated windows, were other madmen, gibbering dirty together.

As the poor bound, possessed man still kept writhing with his fetters, and tossing his poor distracted head backward and forward, now screaming and cursing, now whining and drivelling and crying, we thought it better to pass on to the women's ward. There, with the exception of the total want of bonnet making, or straw plaiting, or any of those humane and wise employments which women in Bedlam are occupied in, the scene much resembled that of any English lunatic asylum. There were certainly no long, airy corridors, clean as Dutch palaces; no pleasant, lofty windows; no sense of watchful, prudent care—of almost religious regularity and order. But, still, there was every decency preserved, and, for a Turkish or Greek establishment, it was neat and trim. Three of the female attendants were resting, in their own side rooms, on Turkish cushioned divans; the patients seemed tranquil and reasonably content. There was, as there always is in asylums, the woman who comes up smiling, then slyly tries to run a pin into your arm; there was the dramatic, talkative woman, with wrongs; there was the religious maniac, ever at prayer; there was the noisy, vain maniac, who all day ties bows and arranges her dress. The dramatic woman, standing up before me with long dishevelled hair and arms crossed, looked quite the Pythoness as she poured forth, in mellifluous Turkish, an endless stream of statement, which, for the mere babble of its music, I could have listened to for an hour.

As we passed out from the wards into the palisaded paddock, where the insane promenade, a little old woman followed us, whining as piteously as if she were being loaded with stripes. Nothing could appease her. I tried her with all the Turkish words of rank and title I could think of, to soothe her. I offered her money as she squatted down crying under a wall, and she threw it away, whining and fretting like a child put in a corner, at which all the turnkeys (who had a fine vein of humour that would turn a friend's suicide into a joke, and a mother's funeral into a source of sociable amusement) laughed till their red fez caps nearly dropped off, as if so "funny" a thing had not happened in their time. But when, as one of them cautiously unlocked the paled gate, and opened it scantily to let me pass, the old woman suddenly burst through, and scudded, crying and howling, among the huge golden sunflowers in the garden, like an old Eve regaining Paradise, they fairly laughed till their jacket buttons sprang open.

Last scene of all, was the madmen's evening service in the little Greek chapel attached to the asylum. There, the brutal-looking priest bowed, and sang through his nose. There, in stalls, as

in the choir of cathedrals, the maniacs sang also through their noses, and belaved quite as rationally as either priest or people at St. George's-in-the-East. There, among tinselled candlesticks, burning in bright noon—to help God's sun, I suppose—and among millinery flowers and dirty pink ribbons, each of them by turns went up to the screen, and kissed the tinselled barbarous pictures of the saints. My last remembrance of that asylum is a spicy wave of the chafing dish of incense as I leaped on my horse, and shook its bridle, which was strung with Turkish talismans, and of a parting howl from the windows, as I cantered off down the approach, between the great sunflowers with downcast faces.

I do not know how other people felt, on the quiet Sunday morning soon afterwards, in the English chapel at Pera; but I confess I felt like one of the early Christians worshipping by stealth in some hole or corner of Diocletian's Rome, during the heat of that monster's persecution. There was something sneaking in the tolerated way we crept to church, distrustful of turbans, and timidly avoiding the gay Greeks rollicking at the little round marble tables of their cafés on the terrace above the burial-ground. Toleration! And this is what the Crusaders' descendants have come to!

I paid peculiar attention that morning to the purified Church service, grand in its simplicity, because I and Rocket were going, after the sermon, to see the dancing dervishes at their convent chapel close by. The plain white robe barred with crimson scarf, the grave black gown, had to me that morning a new aspect. The prayers that children can understand, and the wisest of men cannot surpass, I was soon to compare with shouted sentences of Mahomet's poor rambling poem stuffed with garbled Scripture stories. I was going to see the sleeping tiger of Mohammedanism, rampant, bloodthirsty, and in the old attitude of dangerous rapacity and fierceness. I was going to see one of the most curious and wild sect of Mohammedan dissenters perform their magic rites. I had read of the shrieks and moanings of American camp meetings, of the groans and fits of Wesley's open air praying mobs, of the Flagellants of the Middle Ages, of the knavish Convulsionnaires of France, of the ravings of the Pythoness at Delphi, of the ecstatic visions of Swedenborg in Pentonville, but here I expected to see something peculiarly strange and un-European, something specially indicative that I was among men of a new race and a new faith. That the dervishes' rites were not ludicrous waltzing extravagances, as the pedant traveller generally describes them, I felt quite sure.

The Christian sermon over, I and Rocket moved straight for the dervishes' convent: about one o'clock being the usual time that their service commenced. After some zig-zagging, and much crawling up burning steep streets, and much hurrying down sloping alleys, being led and directed by Greeks north, south, east, and west,

we at last reached a small iron gate. Opening it, we were in a small enclosure, at the end of which a flight of stone steps led to the dervishes' chapel, the doors of which were open. Opposite the doors, were some outbuildings, where I could see dervishes putting on their dancing robes, and smilingly arranging their brown felt caps. Outside these cottage sheds was a great heap of earth, thrown up as if from an immense plague-pit, which it bethought me (the conspiracy still hanging over us) might have been dug with the best intentions, to receive the bodies of the murdered Christians of Pera, including your humble servant. In plain fact, however, I believe the enormous hole was merely intended for the vulgar purpose of a well.

On a little terrace by the door stood an old grey-bearded Turk, in a faded yellow flowered dressing-gown, and shuffling red slippers, whom, I felt convinced, I had met before somewhere in the Arabian Nights. He dangled in his wrinkled brown hand a string of tickets, which I found to be duplicates for the shoes left in his keeping at the entrance, for no one is allowed to enter a chapel or mosque but with bare feet. Till the time to begin, we sat on a second flight of steps, leading to a large wing of the convent, and bought luncheon of a cake merchant, who was there with his stand, talking to the American consul's cavass, whose silver-mounted pistols and gilt sabre gave him a sham state look, half fierce, half absurd. The cake was yellow and spongy, and beautifully clean and well made, as Turkish street food always is. We "put away," as Rocket called it, some ponderous slices, and by that time a hand clapping at the door, the cavass's signal, announced that we may enter.

We entered a square, flat-roofed room, the floor of which was covered with coarse straw-coloured matting. Little jelly glass oil lamps hung in circles from the ceiling. A low open work railing, with balustrades, shut in the centre enclosure where the dancing was to take place, to about the height of the altar rails in an English church. Round this we squatted, cross-legged—at least those of us who could bear that torture. All round the room ran a gallery, latticed like a dairy window, behind which birdcage trellising women were admitted, and in an open part of which, opposite the niche facing Mecca, sat the reader and the musicians, who, as soon as the sheikh entered, began to "play him in" with a soft breathing of "Lydian flutes," and a wild, monotonous hand-tapping of drums strained over earthen jars.

One by one the brotherhood came in, and, entering the low wicket, took their places in a circle round the balustrade, each first falling down, and touching the floor with his forehead, before the sacred niche, above which was a great painted legended scutcheon, blue and gilt. One wore a girdled folding brown robe; another, a purple one; a third, a black; a fourth, a green; a fifth, a chocolate-coloured; but of all the thirty-four not one shone in crimson, blue, or yellow. A Quaker-like sobriety of colour

seemed the fashion of the sect; each had the brown flower-pot felt cap, and under it a white one; each wore under his coloured wrapper a white jacket, a white inner coat folded across the breast, short, loose white drawers, and a white petticoat reaching nearly to the ankles, with a weighted quilted border—to balance them, I suppose, in their mystical gyrations.

Just as I had gone through the faces of these fanatics, naming each man in my own mind, as a shepherd marks his sheep to connect them with some special mark of recognition—as one, "the Roman Nose;" another, "the Old Boy;" a third, "the Fat Negro;" a fourth, "the Young Soldier," and so on, the sheikh rose from his prostrations on the prayer-carpet, and, standing up in his tea-green robe, scarfed with black, a green turban bandaging round his felt cap, began to intone the Fatha, or initiatory prayer of the Moslems, as the low hissing reed flute and calabash drum grew now more uproarious and rejoicing than ever. The sheikh is a pale, ascetic looking man, with sunken yet penetrating eyes, and is evidently of a mental calibre infinitely higher than the greasy, cheating, sly-looking fanatics who surround him. In a moment his eye had passed round the motley group of soldiers, Syrians, Arabs, Persians, Turks, and Franks who sat with us outside the rails, and I could see his keen glances dissecting us; sifting the mere loungee from the observer, the mocker and sneerer from the votary; classing us all in a moment, and then withdrawing his mind back again into its own dim chapel of passionate, secret, and silent belief. His prayer was solemn and devout, as if it had come from a fourteenth century archbishop, his slow bendings, with pale hand upon his breast, were studies for a Spanish painter of Ribera's time. His voice was low and fervid, and beautifully modulated, a sweet look of resignation and suffering, as on the brow of a martyr passing to the fire, was upon his face. That man had the countenance of a king, but of a king turned monk. You might hunt all the convents of Europe through and not find so much intellect in a fanatic's face as was visible in that sheikh's.

All this time the breathing flute was not for a moment mute, hissing like a desert snake, stirring in the dry cane brake, soaring like a lark that springs to the sun with throbbing wings, so the music rose in whirls, as the incense mounts in curls; one, two, one, two, went the drum, never loud, yet never dumb; one, two, one, two, only throbbing, yet not dumb; one, two, two, one.

Still now and then a dervish adjusting his newly donned robe, or pressing down his felt helmet, joined the squatting circle; first kneeling in prayer, then rising and kissing the sheikh's hand before he took his place. One of these late comers greeted Roman Nose with a sly smile, such as a thimble-rig man greets his "bonnet," the plethoric grazier, with.

Round and round flew the sound of the flutes;

from underground throbbed the drum, never loud, but never dumb; round and round flew the sound, faster, faster, faster, faster, boding woe and dire disaster.

"At last they are going to begin," said Rocket, as the dervishes, brown, purple, black, and green, got in a row facing the niche and the big candles, and then bowing, suddenly fell on their knees, so exactly at the same moment that their horny knees thumped the polished floor as one man's knees; or at least, if there was a difference, it was no more difference than between the first and last note of a rouladed piano scale, fired off by the swiftest and most dexterous of Thalberg's hundred fingers. Thump, thump, went the sixty-eight knees in two rows, while the sheikh, with both hands crossed upon his breast, bent low upon his prayer-rug.

And even yet and all this time, like a solemn cadenced rhyme, breathed the hollow-reeded flute, very hushed, yet never mute, breaking out with wild surprises, whispers soft and wailing rises, and as if from underground, throbbed below the measured sound of the tight strained echoing drum, never loud, yet never dumb.

Deeper grew the mystery, deeper the expectation, as the Koran reader above in the gallery began the appointed chapters of Mahomet's fervid rhapsody, half ejaculation, half hymn, and the brotherhood commenced slowly pacing processionally round the enclosure, past the sheikh, who gave them each his benediction.

But before this, each of the dervishes had peeled off his dressing-gown robe, untwisted his scarf-girdle, and handed both to an old brother who seemed to act as master of the ceremonies, and they appeared lithic and active, though differing in age and degrees of corpulence, from the mere stripling to the heavy twelve-stoner, already perspiring by mere anticipation. Now, crossing their arms on their breasts, placing the right hand on the left shoulder and the left hand on the right shoulder, they began to file past the sheikh, bowing as they passed him, then turning to bow to the next comer, who, in his turn, bowed too.

Now, the master of the ceremonies, having collected on his arm piles of cloaks, the barefooted men prepare for the dance by tucking one flap of their white jackets within the other, and stretching out their arms horizontally, the right hand pointing downwards and the left stretched upwards, as I supposed for balance and counterpoise, after the manner of boys sliding. Then, slowly pivoting round, one after the other, the dervishes began to get into motion, their naked feet performing skilfully a sort of waltzing step, which increased in speed as the music grew faster and faster.

The most astonishing part of the mystical circling dance was, that although the dozen or fourteen men twirled all round the enclosure, they never touched each other—no, not even the fringe of each other's garments.

And all this time the breaching flute, often hushed but never mute, danced in echo circling round, and, as if from underground, came the

murmur of the drum, very low but never dumb.

I do not know if I can convey a notion of the step, though I watched it carefully and was close to the performers. In all cases the left foot was kept quite even to the floor. The dervish dancer grinding round slowly on the pivot of his hard heel, at the same time passed his right foot over the instep of the stationary foot, swaying round his body with its spreading bell of a white skirt, the twisting screw-like folds of which gave it the appearance of the model of a chocolate-frother cut out in white paper; with outstretched hands, and swaying robe, and staring, rapt, or entranced eye, they seemed to me like so many brother magicians engaged in mystical planet worship. Not that the dervishes all wore the same aspect of stolid introspection. No. Roman Nose was going at it as if it was a matter of life or death, or a wager. I set him down as a fussy, simple-minded formalist. Old Boy was hot, but anxious. I supposed him to be a dupe. Stripling was conceited and showing off. Fat-and-Forty was spiteful and fanatical. Negro was calmly pleased and self-satisfied with the religious efficacy of the performance; and among them, stooping sometimes to escape contact with the whirling windmill band, paced the master of the ceremonies, to see that all was done according to ritual and precedent.

All this time the Indian flute, never hushed yet never mute, breathed a cadence to the drum, never loud yet never dumb.

But shall I forget the bystanders, so Oriental and characteristic, who shared stolidly with me, after their manner, my delight at this religious ballet? Was there not the Arab, his haid fastened round his head, with Syrian scarf striped red and brown and yellow, the fierce half-broken-in camel-driver, with his spear never out of his hand? Was there not that tall, handsome, patient Persian, with the black curly wool cap, shaped like the mouthpiece of a clarinet, who stood strongly forth from the white wall background, when everybody at the prayer turned their faces to the niche that pointed to Mecca? Were there not the English groom, who did not know what to make of it; the fat-headed, fierce, belaced cavass; and one or two Turkish soldiers, who dropped in as to a morning concert? Then above, in the women's gallery, there were spectators, I was sure, for I could see the lattices darken or brighten as the door admitting visitors shut or opened, and sometimes I thought I could see laughing bright eyes, raining "influence" on us. Below, too, through the open windows looking out upon a sort of vine-hung garden wall, Greek women looked in at the brotherhood, circling round and round with energy untiring, as the flutes and unseen drum grew more rapturous and soaring in the minor key than ever. But of all the spectators, those who interested me the most were a troop of reckless Turkish children that stood crouching and chattering in a sort of royal box that was raised on a platform higher than the area of the



dancers', and opposite to where I and Rocket squatted. There were two pretty sisters, trying to keep within bounds the caprice and restlessness of a lovely baby boy loosely dressed in a round brown skull-cap tied under the chin, and in a little flimsy suit of blue, pink, and yellow. Beautiful beyond even the ordinary beauty of Turkish children, this Puck raced in and out among the dancers, chattered to himself, clapped his fat little hands in royal approval, stared at the sheikh whose bland resigned melancholy nothing could shake, ran up and down to his seat, and behaved with intense disrespect to the Mahomedan dissenters whose rites he was witnessing. He was eventually borne off, a struggling Ganymede in the arms of young Scheherazade and her sister Dinarzade, treating the round world as if it were his football, and all the men in it as the toy inhabitants of his Noah's Ark.

All this time the deep-breathed flute, never hushed yet never mute, chased through wreaths of giddy cunning, the echoes fleet before it running, winding in and winding out, swift as dancer, lithe as scout, and below all throbbed the drum, ever low, but never dumb.

Yet, as Rocket observed, this strange dance was not altogether unintermittent; for, though the music in the gallery never ceased, occasionally the circle slowly subsided into rest, and retired to their places, throwing on the cloaks handed them by the master of the ceremonies, and wiping the big hot drops that poured down their fired cheeks. Then again the music soared and whirled in its mimic whirlpool, and as if driven by the Eumenides, or inflamed by the fury of some old Arabian incantation, the votaries again pivoted off into the spherical dance, with the same half-shut eyes, floating hands, and rapt, concentrated stare at an ideal vacuity.

Then there was more kneeling, more stripping off gowns, more defiling past the sheikhs, more Mamamouchi bowing to each other. Then a sliding into the dance, and, da capo, the rhapsody and ecstasy of the old Sabæan planet worship. Again the white gowns swerved out into moving pyramids, again the bare feet tumbled over each other, again the T-like hands swayed round rapturously, like those of so many ballet-masters gone stark distraught on the religious road to the great cracked house of madness.

Now the music, by breaths and to-whoos and throbs and groans, died away, and as if they expected it, and were not sorry of the summons, the brothers threw on their gowns, and finally resumed their places. A reader, leaning against a gallery pillar, with his grave face turned to Mecca, and his head thrown back, dwelling on one minor note, and seldom wandering far up or down, droned out his dole of the Koran. A few more prayers, one deep and solemn one in a low voice full of feeling from the sheikh, more gamut thumps of the knees, and the dervishes, resuming their Bluchers (sic) at the door, quitted the chapel.

That day at Misseri's ponderous hotel dinner, as the herd of visitors were running through the

usual travellers' common-places about the dervish dances being "absurd," "ridiculous," "childish," Windybank, the oldest inhabitant of the hotel, a gentleman engaged in raising a small capital of nine millions for the Grand Central Chimborazo Railway, pompously enlightened our feeble capacities by telling us that the dervish dances were of deep significance, and were intended to represent the motions of the spheres, and their cadenced revolutions in measured orbits round the sun, who was represented by the sheikh.

The howling dervishes have their habitation across the Bosphorus, over in Scutari, and there one Friday I went to see them. I could scarcely find the little shed of a chapel again; but I knew it was somewhere high up on the slope of a street leading out of the miles of dark cypress groves that watch the great Turkish cemetery on that Asian side of the Sick Man's empire. We met nothing in the street but a running funeral, and an insolent fat pasha preceded by the usual chiboukdars, carrying his amber-mouthed pipes in long black cases, such as fishing-rods are put in.

At the porch of the cottage like chapel, where a crowd of barelegged Turks idled as English villagers do round a public-house door when a fiddle is going, we took off our shoes: a process that always leads to much grumbling on the part of misguided Franks: and passed up a staircase to a gallery above, where white sheepskins and mats, not unfrequently by dervish fleas, were strewn for us by doorkeepers, not unmindful of backsheesh. Below, outside the balustrade at the mihrab (altar) end of the little chapel, were Turkish peasants and children, very reverent and credulous, as it appeared to me, in their quiet, grave, immovable way. In the chapel there was a trophy of faded banners, maces, daggers, spears, and huge steel halberds, inlaid with brass drums, cymbals, ferocious-looking hooks, and regimental spoons, such as the Janissaries once carried as their palladia; these, I believe, were once borne in foreign wars by raving dervish preachers, who long since had death's silencing hand clapped on their raving mouths. Even now I have heard that these dervishes appear sometimes in the market-places, at special moments of enthusiasm, brandishing these terrible and gigantic weapons, to the infinite danger of all true and untrue believers.

On the sheikh—an old feeble man, with yet a certain power and calibre about him—entering the chapel, after all the dervishes had kissed his hand, the service began with a nasal intonation of the Patha, as a stifling thick smoke from the gilt brass censers began to rise, and prepare to enslave the senses by stifling those watchmen of the mind, so the better to depose and debase the reason. Some religions use incense, as farmers do sulphur for bees—to confuse the senses and so steal the honey of the mind.

There was something maniacal even in the deep ejaculations of "O mediator!" "O beloved!"



"O physician of souls!" "O thou who wert chosen!" "O advocate in the Day of Judgment, when men will exclaim, 'O my soul! O my soul!' and when thou wilt say, 'O my people! O my people!'" Then, as the sheikh prostrated himself on his white lambskin prayer-rug, the readers began chanting their ejaculations:

"Blessings on our prophet, the lord of messengers, and on his family and companions!" "Blessings on Abraham and his companions," &c.

It is not my disposition to see the ludicrous if the ludicrous is not in a thing, but I must confess I had to bite my tongue hard when three old men, too feeble for howling, squatted on the floor—a blind feeble man, a yellow phlegmatic man, and a toothless old man, who, in England, would have been admirals at least—to whine verses of the Koran at the very top of their quavering voices. All this time the incense stilled, curdling blue and thick, while the sheikh in the green and black turban bowed to the niche, or raised his hands in prayer, as the dervishes put on their light-brown thick felt caps, and, taking off their girdles, hung them round their necks.

It was when the flutes began in a whirling, shuffling movement, singularly adapted to fill madhouses with lively tenants, that the real business of the afternoon (half-past three) commenced. The progress of the howling dervishes' chorus chant, and of the motions and gestures accompanying it, are always the same; beginning sanely and rationally enough, and gradually crescendoing to the wildest frenzy and the raving howl of mad wild beasts.

Ranged in a line like a row of soldiers on drill, the brothers first repeat slowly and sanely, in good cadence, keeping time with the flutes, the Mohammedan confession of faith: "La illah—illah la" (six syllables). As they say "la," all the dozen brothers bow forward; at "il," they raise themselves up again; at "lah," they bend backward; at "il," they again bend forward; at "lah," they raise themselves; at "la," they bend again backward.

The second time the syllables are repeated with a change of action; for now the men bend to the right at the first, raise themselves up at the second syllable, and bend to the left at the third. Soon the measure gets quicker, the music more whirling and frenzied, the gestures become abbreviated, or are performed and shouted so quickly that they seem like one and the same movement and one and the same sound, and all this time that nodding, toothless, bleary-eyed old chorus go quavering out the passages from the Borda, or praises of the Prophet, and the great dervish sheikhs, Abdul-Kadir, Gilan, and the founder, Seid Ahmed Rnfai, and then they all clap their horny hands and shout in gasps, "Ya-hu!" (Jehovah), or "Ja meded!" (O help). Faster and louder goes the "la illah, illah la," faster the swaying backward, forward, and right and left, till you hear at last nothing but the first syllable "il," and the last "la," or a paviour's grunt of "Hoo!" roared out as if the madmen were turning into wolves rapidly; the motion growing quite mechanical and in-

sanely epileptic. There is a negro there with puffy ashy lips; a soldier, whose eyes stare very wildly; a greasy boy, who seems to think the whole affair a trick; a gross sailor-like man, well dressed, who came late, and who performs a sort of chassé step, and is undoubtedly a cheat and impostor; and a rickety idiot beggar, who is more demoniacal and frantic than any of the rest, and seems never to tire, though I see a cold marbly sweat beading upon his rough blue chin. Lastly, they keep three-quarter time, till faster or slower grows the orgie. I begin soon to observe that when the motion is backward and forward the scanning of their verse is thus:

La-il-lah—il-lah-lah;

but when to right and left it runs:

La-il-lä—il-lah-läh;

upon which the toothless old chorister, hearing the sheikh stamp as a sign for "taking" the thing quicker, nearly splits my ears with his execratiating sacred song, which makes him writhe and roll his eyes with sheer anxiety and exertion; for, being deaf, our old friend is utterly incapable of knowing how exceedingly high he is pitching his thready old voice.

Every now and then, as I felt my brain slightly going with the monotonous paviour's howl, from some fourteen men nearly frenzied with religious and sympathetic excitement, I rolled myself back on my rug and took a draught of pure unincensed air from the open window that looked out on some eypress-trees, on a Turkish cottage, and on a little garden where a woolly-leaved mulberry grew to feed somebody's silkworms, and where a huge box-tree watched over the grave of some dervish long ceased from howling—quite tired out, I should think.

What a change to look back on that chain of men, tossing their heads in cadence to and fro, jerking forward and backward their mad bodies, and then coming down all together with the roaring "Hoo!" intermingled with shouts of "Allah!" "Allhamdoo lillah!" It would have been something at once ludicrous and dreadful to see the possessed man—the little idiotic beggar, wagging about like a machine—had not a smile of semi-formalist satisfaction sat on his face, such as no automaton could assume. Right, left, backward, forward, regular as a pendulum, his little legs banded as if by perpetual oscillation. Thrust a bit of opium in that man's mouth, thought I, tie a sabre in his idiotic hand, craze him with half an hour of this howling, turn a little stupefying incense under his nose, and he would rush out and slay a dozen Christians, or brain the Sultan himself, if the sheikh bade him. His madness, I noticed, made the others madder; for, when any backslider slackened at all, a howl or roar of this idiot set him on again wilder than ever. In fact, a sort of juryman consultation, nodding right and left, was much in vogue among these candidates for Bedlam.

Mad and frenzied as this howling chorus of maniacs was, not one swooned or fell foaming at

the mouth, or subsided into fits, or otherwise—as often happens—misconducted himself.

There was a time (oh that wonderful twenty years ago!), says Mr. Brunswick Senex the great Eastern traveller, when these holy but singular men used to perform a complete series of juggling tricks—miracles to astonish credulous Frank travellers, or silly female votaries hidden behind the gallery lattices. They would hold red-hot iron in their mouths, carry balls of fire, handle burning hooks, and do other wonders, once popular among mediæval saints, and still so at English country fairs.

The miracles *I* saw were of a dubious kind. The old sheikh touched bad eyes that were brought to him: touched them beyond a doubt, but, for all I know, made them only worse. He pressed palsied hands, too, but, for all I saw, he left them palsied as his own. Then, roused to greater enthusiasm by these bold assertions to sainthood, enthusiastic, perhaps prepaid, parents pushed forward with baby children—mere coloured bundles of drapery—and laid them down side by side, in rows, before the white prayer-rug of the old sheikh. The children threw themselves down willingly, as with prepaid alacrity the fathers and dervish assistants rolled them together just as Punch rolls his row of victims when he is at the crowning acme of his murderous and despotic career. Then the old man in the yellow boots, his arms held on either side by stronger disciples, stepped leisurely on each child, pressing him from head to foot with what he affected to be his whole weight, but which was only his whole weight minus the two large side slices of it held up by his supporters. Then, as a bigger boy, some twelve years old, laid himself low, the old sheikh walked down the row of bodies laid with their faces to the ground, and so miraculously harmless was that old man's weight, that I vow, on my honour as a traveller, I saw a baby boy look up and smile as the yellow boot passed over him. All the children rose as unhurt as if the old man had been only a sparrow that had hopped over them.

I had got to that pitch now, that I think, if that old idiot's head had rolled off and proved to be a brittle pumpkin; if that old sheikh had turned into a rat and run down a hole in the wainscot; or if all the brotherhood had suddenly been transformed into a row of howling jackals that had suddenly torn at us and driven us a whirlwind of beasts and Turks down the steep street, I should have treated the whole transaction quite as a matter of course.

The refrain and its effects on the mind are well known to us, but the effect of monotony and repetition generally, as used by some religious sects and false faiths to obtain spiritual influence over the mind, has not, I think, been duly considered by psychologists. I can only say for myself, that that mechanical swing of the body of some dozen and odd dervishes, that ways of that head, the measured dancing step,

and, to crown all, that cadenced howl at regular intervals, even as clock beats, did anything but steady *my* reason for the time being.

#### ONE TRACE LEFT.

THEY dragged it through the miry street,  
The trunk of a fallen tree;  
And on its bark the drizzling sleet  
Fell damp and chillingly.  
Far from its native spot 'twas borne,  
Far from its leafy wood;  
And sister trees were left to mourn  
The gap where once it stood.  
It brought a memory of the dale  
When summer days were nigh,  
And breezes wafted from the vale,  
The violet's perfumed sigh;  
Of summer nights, that stealing down  
As softly as the dew,  
Left on the hills a misty crown,  
And darkened Heaven's blue.  
But now, instead of woodland hush,  
Or woodland zephyrs sweet,  
It dragged through falling sleet and slush  
Along the miry street.  
I thought, Is there no relic left,  
To tell its bygone pride?  
Have all its boughs been rudely reft?  
Has every leaflet died?  
I looked, and saw that round the tree,  
With tendrils fresh and green,  
The ivy lingered lovingly,  
To tell of what had been.  
This remnant of its beauty yet  
Clung fond and constant there,  
To bid me not in haste forget  
The wreck had once been fair.  
And thus I thought the human heart,  
Degraded though it be,  
Retaineth still some lovely part,  
Like this poor fallen tree.  
Dragged through the world's rough miry ways,  
Despised and scorned by all,  
Mementoes of its brighter days  
Will linger in its fall.  
The beauty that its Maker gave,  
The feelings pure and high,  
Can only perish in the grave,  
And die when *it* shall die!  
'Tis there, in some lone hidden spot,  
Which we pass by in haste:  
Each heart hath *one* forget-me-not,  
Amid its dreary waste.  
However rough, and rude, and dark,  
That human breast may be,  
Some beauty clingeth to its bark,  
Like ivy to the tree.

#### THE BRITISH MERCHANT IN TROUBLE.

It is distressing to find certain British productions falling into contempt. The British lion must be admitted to be left to us, but there is no saying what even he might prove, if divested of his terrible skin. Has he any bones? Does he possess any blood and muscle? Or is he merely stuffed with mouldy hay?

There is the British wine—our own juice of

our own—vegetables,—what cup has ever been filled high with it in delirious delight? what Anacreon has ever ventured to sing its praise? The Samian wine, a liquor almost as medicinal as the Harrogate waters, has been immortalised in glowing verse; but Britannia's vintage is nowhere on the roll of fame. The most patriotic of our convivial countrymen decline to rally round it; and they drink destruction to the perfidious foreigner in the generous fluid which that foreigner makes and sells.

There is, or rather was, the British Bank, the Royal British Bank. Its very name should have been a guarantee for millions sterling. It ought to have existed for ages, and its solid roots should have struck as deeply into the earth as Stonehenge or the peak of Teneriffe. What was the fact? It withered in a night; it fell, a crumbling mass of paper and dust; and those who dug in the ruins found nothing but a few well-thumbed prayer-books, and some worthless mining shares in the bottomless pit.

These humiliations of the British name, it seems, are not sufficient, so the British merchant must strive to add another to the list. He has succeeded to a marvel. He has been accused, before now, of systematically defrauding his creditors, but he was preying upon his debtors, all the while, in a twofold degree. He is double-edged, and cuts in both ways. He has gathered with his right hand and with his left. The traditional cunning of the Hebrew, the reputed mendacity of the Greek, he unites and outdoes. So bold and unscrupulous has he been, and so notorious has he become, that a society has, at last, been founded to improve his morals, and lead him back into the right path. The mission of the ragged school, combined with the functions of the public prosecutor, have been transferred to certain self-appointed guardians of trade, and the result is the formation of a society called the "Association for Suppressing the Practice of Falsely Labelling Goods for Sale." An influential committee has been appointed, consisting of manufacturers and traders from the principal manufacturing districts and the most respectable wholesale houses in London, and certain rules have been adopted to help in converting the British merchant from some of his evil ways. They wish to prevent him from committing open, registered frauds—from selling one hundred yards of thread, for example, and labelling them as two hundred—and yet they find a difficulty in attempting even this. Several commercial associations, upon being applied to for assistance, have declared that the subject "could not be entertained." Numerous influential traders openly avow their determination to discourage the whole scheme, and hundreds of shippers of goods insist that the false labels shall be continued to suit the wishes of foreign importers. The existing law, it appears, if set in motion, is sufficient to reach the offenders; but the association is very anxious to work only with moral forces. They will endeavour to convert the British merchant by dissuasion and remonstrance,

and only in cases of positive necessity will they resort to prosecutions. The mission they have taken upon themselves is so simple, their demands are so moderate, and so little calculated to stir up the muddy depths of trading immorality and selfishness, that their opponents ought to feel how their true interest must lie in at once allowing them to succeed. A little virtue and a little preaching, if taken favourably at the outset, will often prevent the moralist and preacher from administering a stronger dose.

First of all, then, the British merchant is required by this very reasonable and almost timid association, to return to his disconsolate and neglected arithmetical tables; and to throw off, at once, and for ever, those dangerous but profitable heresies with regard to quantities which lead him to label everything with highly fanciful exaggerated weights and numbers. The British merchant has been found guilty of selling pieces of calico, nominally thirty-six yards in length, never measuring more than thirty yards. He is found guilty of selling thirty-six inches of silk lace, and calling it fifty-four inches; of selling grosses of tapes containing only sixty yards, as if they represented the full quantity of one hundred and forty-four yards. He is found guilty, in selling French cotton braid, of so far tampering with certain numbers that are expected to record the widths of the article, that five is turned into seven, seven into nine, and nine into eleven. He is found guilty, in making up fringes upon cards, of putting a width of two inches where it will meet the eye of the buyer, and a width of one inch all through the bulk that is out of sight. He is found guilty of increasing the weight of the hogshead, compared with the sugar which it contains, from twelve per cent. of the gross weight, to seventeen per cent. He is found guilty of pirating designs, of imitating the wrappers of well-known makers, and of forging popular trade marks. He is found guilty of selling ribbons in long lengths, the first three yards of which (being the part usually unrolled) are of a quality infinitely superior to the bulk of the piece. He is found guilty of reducing the weight of candles (sold in bunches) until the buyer is defrauded of two ounces in his pound. He is found guilty of mixing cotton with silk, and adulterating webbing; of mixing cotton with wool, and adulterating cloth. In proportion as this adulteration increases, the labels become more prominent in asserting the purity of the articles; and "All Wool" or "All Silk" are printed in the largest of golden letters, on the purest of cream-coloured cards. He is found guilty of putting false fancy lengths upon costly linens and cambrics, and false fancy quantities upon costly packets of buttons, &c., because these articles are generally made up for sale in such a purposely artistic manner, that it would spoil their appearance to subject them to the measuring test. These frauds are all considered, by those who practise and grow rich on them, as allowable customs of the trade. The British mer-

chants of all grades combine to prey upon the consumer, who is the only sufferer in the end. The poor sempstress, about whom so much wordy philanthropy has been talked by these very gentlemen, is, perhaps, their most melancholy victim. She buys the thread that snaps in her hand, and those delusive reels which contain a very small allowance of cotton to a very large allowance of wood.

For all this, and much more of the same kind, the British merchant is not to be put in a newly created pillory, or confined in a degrading prison. His wealth, his social importance, his external respectability, are to save him from this punishment, and he is only to be gently remonstrated with.

The association for improving his morals will lead him back to the innocent days of his childhood when he stood up with his hands behind him, and had the great truths of Cocker or Walkinghame instilled into his unsophisticated mind. He will be asked to place his hand upon his heart, and say if he has always acted as if sixteen drachms were an ounce; sixteen ounces, one pound; twenty-eight pounds, one quarter; four quarters, one hundred-weight; and twenty hundred-weight, one ton? He will be questioned as to how far he has observed the immutable canons of wool weight; and whether he has always given seven pounds to the clove; two cloves to the stone; two stone to the tod; six and a half tods to the way; two ways to the sack, and twelve sacks to the last? He will be catechised upon his observance of the strict rules of dry measure; wine measure; and ale and beer measure. He will be closely examined upon his adherence to the cloth and yarn measures; and it is here expected that the stubborn sinner will melt, and admit that he has always remembered the quantities obliquely, giving only two and a quarter inches (instead of nine) to the quarter; four nails (instead of sixteen) to the yard; one hundred and twenty threads (instead of two hundred and forty) to the bur, and six burs (instead of twenty-four) to the spindle. At this favourable point in his anticipated conversion he will be asked the usual questions explanatory of the arithmetical tables, and his answers are expected to be something like the following:

Association for reforming the British Merchant.—For what purpose is Troy weight used?

Repentant British Merchant.—What, indeed?

Association, &c.—For what purpose is Avoirdupois weight used?

Repentant B. M. (*with visible emotion*).—Ah, dear-a-deary me!

Association, &c. (*with emphasis*).—For what purpose do you use the yard, the English ell, and the Flemish ell?

Repentant B. M. (*after a flood of tears*).—For the basest of purposes. Spare me, good gentlemen; I cannot—I cannot, indeed!

Association, &c.—What is the use of long measure?

Repentant B. M. (*excitedly*).—There's no such thing. It's short measure. It's always short. (*Sensation*.)

Association, &c. (*severely*).—What is the use of dry measure?—of any measure?

Repentant B. M. (*hysterically*).—Ha, ha! Very true. What a question! Oh dear!

At this stage the "unfortunate man," the "wretched creature"—or whatever, in the language of the ragged schools, the association think proper to term him—is expected to faint (or walk) away, and the examination will be adjourned in confusion and haste.

This practice of falsely labelling goods for sale is not to be handled with kid gloves. No practical man on the committee can believe in the mere force of dissuasion or remonstrance. If the law be declared sufficient to reach offenders, the law assuredly must be put in motion. Supposing that, in one way or another, the labours of the society are crowned with full success, will they have done more than have cured a superficial sore, while the blood of the system is still left in unwholesome impurity? The seven yard reel may be raised to seven yards, and many other quantities in weights and measures may be called by their right names, but clever falsehood in business circles will still command its position and rewards, and scrupulous honesty—on the losing side—be left to go to the wall. Colossal palaces of merchandise with a thousand windows, will still tower over the meaner house-tops, will still be nothing more than the busy hives where capital is stored to yield the greatest possible per-centage, by men who only attend about twelve times a year, to be presented with trading results. These palaces of trade—unscrupulous, profitable trade—will still be divided into a hundred departments, under a hundred separate managers or partners, whose only interest is to return the largest amount of profit on the capital entrusted to them at the beginning of the year. To buy, by any means, in the cheapest market, and to sell, by any means, in the dearest market, is all they have to do, to secure themselves money, independence, and even respect. The fraudulent bankrupt, who contemplates a midnight transformation of his stock-in-trade into a certain sum of portable cash, without the annoyance of being asked any troublesome questions, is never at a loss to find a ready midnight buyer in the person of one of these departmental chiefs. The tottering debtor, who has obtained an extensive credit in one of these departments, has only to hint his difficulties to the energetic manager, to be at once sustained with such glowing "references," that his liabilities will soon be transferred into the account-books of a rival firm. While the second creditor suffers, the first creditor gets paid, and this, in some City circles, is mildly spoken of as "getting out." The banker, who writes upon purity of banking, will gather in bills for discount bearing the most leprous names, providing there is one name, either on the front or the back, that is reputed to be a solvent guarantee. He cares little what rotten, speculative trading may be fostered by the

facilities he affords; he is not in business as the preserver of mercantile morality, and has only to make his profits in the usual average way. He has little more than an affected horror even of forged documents, until they are left unpaid in his cash-box, and then he is loud in his abuse of the edged tools, in playing with which he has cut his hands. He has been taught to conceal so much, from motives of prudence, that he has lost the relish for straightforward truth, and when truth presents itself to him, he regards it only as another imposition of a novel and elaborate kind.

These are only some of the deeper vices of our present commercial system, which the association before mentioned has no ambition to attack. The committee have doubtless formed a modest and accurate estimate of their own strength. Being drawn from the class whose respectable members they are trying to reform, they start with no ignorance of the nature of their work. Our good wishes go with them. If they fail—as they possibly may—the disgrace will fall on the British merchant; while, if victorious, they may pave the way for bolder missionaries, who will endeavour yet further to purify the morals of trade.

#### VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

#### A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY. IN NINE CHAPTERS.

##### CHAPTER V. LEAST SAID, SOONEST MENDED.

NOT a cardinal in all Rome was more scrupulously punctual in his attendance at all consistorial and other meetings than the old and infirm Cardinal di Montalto. He was noted for being almost always the first, or among the first, to enter the hall of meeting. But it was universally thought that on this occasion he would absent himself from the unluckily inopportune assembly. His much-loved nephew, the prop of his old age, the hope of his ambition, who alone could have made the triple crown, in any worldly point of view, worth having to him, was lying a yet unburied mangled corpse in the house of mourning he must leave to attend the conference. He must quit his desolate sister in her sorrow, and leave alone with the dead the weeping women whom his presence and authority alone had restrained from abandoning themselves to all the excesses of hysterical emotion. But it was not so much the painful effort necessary for tearing himself from this sad scene to present himself in his place at the Consistory, that led people to whisper to each other that old Montalto would never be able to be at that day's meeting; it was the thought that surely, under such circumstances, he would not venture to meet the prying eyes of the public, and especially of his peers of the Sacred College. Human infirmity, it was thought, could hardly in such a case attain to that perfect suppression of all emotion, that impassible and inscrutable demeanour of features, voice, and manner, which it was, as a matter of course, considered that policy and prudence in such a case demanded. What was it the old man had

to conceal? Was he not to be supposed to grieve over his nephew's untimely death? He was to conceal *everything* he felt on *any* subject. It was the traditional rule of conduct so universal, received from generation to generation, as to have become instinctive in the Roman nature. *Something* might gleam out from the inner hidden soul of the man in the weak moment of deep affliction; *some* feeling which might be made the basis of carefully reasoned theories as to the inscrutable old man's real thoughts and desires! We are told of profound comparative anatomists, who, from the sight of the small fragment of an antediluvian fossil skeleton, can determine the structure of the entire organisation. And the cunning moral anatomists of Rome ask only a momentary flash of real emotion to construct from it a whole theory of probable human character and intentions. This was the ordeal to which it was thought that the heavily stricken Cardinal di Montalto would not venture to expose himself.

All Rome was wrong. Punctual at the appointed hour, with bent body and tottering step, as usual, but not one iota more so than usual, and with his wonted calmly benignant but wholly impassible expression of features, the old man walked, one of the first to arrive, as ever, into the hall of meeting.

Of course every eye was on him, striving in vain to penetrate below that unruffled surface to the tumultuous movements which they thought must needs be raging beneath it. Then, one after another, their eminences advanced to condole with him on his misfortune. Just as in an exhibition of animal magnetism, the spectators attempt to satisfy themselves of the genuineness of the patient's insensibility by poking, pricking, and pinching him in every sensitive part, so the curious witnesses of this exhibition of stoicism proceeded to test the perfection of it by the closest scrutiny of the performer under the scalpel of their compassion and sympathy. But, to the admiration of all present, no shadow of failing under the ordeal rewarded the vigilance of the observers. With affectionate thanks to each for their kind sympathy, the old man replied to one, that in this world such misfortunes must be looked for, that history was full of such; to another, that excessive grief for the irremediable was but blamable weakness; and reminded a third that David, the man after God's own heart, had arisen and washed his face when his child was finally taken from him.

The most accomplished and practised members of the court, writes an historian, attributed this immobility of his to an affectation of the stoic courage of Brutus and Cato; but the wise judged that "without true Christian virtue it was impossible to feign to such perfection!" So that the capacity for dissimulation, so much admired by Rome, was actually erected by it into "a Christian virtue!"

When Gregory, the octogenarian pope, entered the Consistory, "the first thing he did," says the chronicler, "was to fix his eyes on the Cardinal di Montalto, and burst into tears."

But Peretti remained to all appearance unmoved. And when it came to his turn to approach the Pope for the transaction of business connected with the offices he held, and the Pope, again giving way to tears, consoled with him, and promised him that every effort should be made to discover the murderers, and bring them to condign punishment, the cardinal, humbly thanking his holiness for his sympathy, besought him to make no further inquiry into the matter, lest many who were innocent might be made miserable by another's crime. For his own part, he assured the Pope, that, from the bottom of his heart, he pardoned whosoever had done the deed. And, thus saying, he passed on to speak, with imperturbable calm, of the ordinary business in hand.

It is curious to observe in all this the total ignorance manifested by all parties concerned, and by the historians who narrate the facts, of the most elementary notions of the duties and functions of civil government.

The Pope, we are told, expressed the utmost astonishment, on quitting the Consistory, at the Cardinal di Montalto's admirable self-possession; and, in talking to his nephew, the Cardinal di San Sisto, said, shaking his head, "Truly that man is a great friar!"

But the poor cardinal had to undergo yet another severe ordeal. Roman etiquette required that all the great personages of the city, lay as well as ecclesiastic, should severally visit him to condole with him on his loss. Among the rest Prince Orsini would, of course, have to discharge this ceremonial obligation. Information had been carefully obtained when this trying visit was to be paid, and at the time named for it the receiving-room and ante-chamber of the cardinal were filled to overflowing with prelates and others, who, on one pretence or another, had gone thither, "every one of them," says the historian, "with the deliberate purpose of minutely observing the first meeting of those two faces, judging that the cardinal would scarcely succeed in hiding, at least at the first moment of meeting, some slight alteration of countenance." But the reverend and illustrious concourse of spies were disappointed; for Montalto received the prince with his usual suavity of manner and cheerful countenance, and discoursed with him on indifferent subjects as he had often done before. So that Orsini, on leaving him, "said laughingly to his companions, as he got into his carriage, 'Faith, it is true enough that the old fellow is a very great friar!'"

It is worth observing that these reiterated testimonies to the old cardinal's consummate mastery of the art of dissimulation are triumphantly related by his biographer, a monk of his own order, as bright gems in the coronet of virtues with which he crowns his hero. And he assures us, moreover, that the circumstances of this tragic affair, which in less masterly hands might easily have turned to the considerable injury of his chances of the papacy, were, by his consummate skill, so managed as to materially

strengthen them. "For," said the cardinals to themselves, "evidently this man, either by nature can not, or from policy will not, do injury to any one, however grievously he may be offended."

In the mean time his liberal conduct to Vittoria also won him golden opinions in all quarters. The young widow had to return to her father's house, and might have been sent back as empty-handed as she had come from it. But Montalto made her a present of all the gold and silver plate, the costly dresses and jewels which he and her late husband had purchased for her.

While Rome was still admiring this liberality, and within a very few days after the murder, the attention of the city was excited, and the feelings of the cardinal outraged anew by the news that Vittoria and her mother had left their home, and sought shelter in the palace of Prince Orsini. The gross indecency and audacity of such a step seems irreconcilable with any other supposition, than that they were both guilty accomplices in the murder of Peretti. It was said that they sought in the palace of Orsini, which was inviolable by the police, an asylum from any pursuits which might be directed against them on account of Peretti's death. And the action of the executive authorities in such matters was so little regulated by reason and justice, was so arbitrary and uncertain, at one moment inflicting the most violent punishments without a shadow of real evidence against the accused, and at another permitting the most notorious crimes to remain unnoticed, that the mere circumstance of persons, however innocently connected by chance of time and place with any crime, seeking to put themselves out of the way of the officers of justice was no presumption of their guilt. But the Cardinal di Montalto was abundantly able to have protected Vittoria and her mother in these circumstances if they had needed it. And, again, why had her mother more cause to fear the pursuit of the police than her father? But, in any case, it is impossible not to feel that the roof of the Prince Orsini ought to have been, under the circumstances, the very last in Rome to which Vittoria should have had recourse.

Rome heard without surprise, though not without much disgust, that a marriage was forthwith to take place between Prince Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, and Vittoria Accoramboni. But, in the mean time, the officers of justice, stimulated, it would seem, by the extraordinary character of the circumstances, had, despite the Cardinal di Montalto's desire to the contrary, commenced a more than usually active investigation into the murder. The bargello succeeded in capturing the Mancino. And on his second examination, on the 24th of February, 1582, "without the application of torture," this man confessed that the murder had been plotted by the mother of Vittoria and the maid Caterina, and had been committed by some free lances in the employ of a certain noble, "whose name is for good and sufficient reasons not recorded."



Such are the words of the legal record, as quoted by the historian. Catorina, the maid, had been sent to the safe refuge of Orsini's feudal hold at Bracciano. This woman, according to some of the accounts of the story, was the sister of the bandit Mancino.

Very little mystery, therefore, seems to hang about the main points of the story. The Countess Accoramboni had never given up her ambitious hope of seeing her daughter the wife of one of Rome's greatest nobles, whose first consort had been a sovereign princess. Her boudit son Marcello, who had been equally anxious for the marriage of his sister with the chief of the great Orsini family, had, in conjunction with his mother, determined that the marriage with Peretti, brought about by his father, should not frustrate their hopes and plans; and the noble suitor himself, who had with his own hands disembarassed himself of his first wife, and who had no lack of men at his beck perfectly ready to do any deed of blood he might command them, had, without any difficulty, as we may well suppose, fallen in with their views, as to the best method of attaining the object of his wishes. The murder was, there can be no question, concocted by the Signora Accoramboni, her son Marcello, and Prince Paolo Giordano Orsini. But it is upon the cards—just upon the cards—that Vittoria herself may not have had any guilty knowledge of the plot. It is true, she is recorded to have joined her mother-in-law in imploring her husband not to go out on the fatal expedition which led him to his murderers. True, also, that she composed an elegy on his fate, still extant, in very unexceptionable Petrarchian verse. But the entreaties of a young wife to a young husband not to expose himself to personal danger for the sake of succouring her brother, might very easily, as everybody can understand, be so shaped as to act as so many incitements to him to meet the peril. And as for the Petrarchian elegy, if, as there is reason to suppose, it gave no umbrage to the noble Orsini, we can hardly be justified in attributing to it any great weight as an exposition of her genuine sentiments. On the other hand, there is the damning fact of her all but immediate residence in the house of the man whom all Rome *knew*, it may be said, to be the murderer of her husband. Even supposing that Orsini and her mother succeeded in persuading her that he was innocent of any connexion with the crime, still the suspicion, however erroneous, which attached to him, ought to have made it impossible for her to think of availing herself of such an asylum.

The judicial investigation, as has been said, had succeeded in obtaining evidence against the Accorambonis, mother and son, and against a prince whose name the police records were afraid to mention. But with this information Justice contented herself. No further steps were taken in the matter, at the urgent request of the Cardinal di Montalto. The Mancino was released from prison, and sent away to his own native village, with the intimation that his life

would be forfeited if he left it without express permission from Rome. And thus far all was decorously wiped up; and the disagreeables were confined to the unlucky Peretti, who had lost his life—not altogether without affording by his death a useful social example—for having dared to marry one who was desired by a Roman prince; and to his poor mother and uncle, who had philosophy enough to remark that such things must be expected in this world. But still all was not quite satisfactorily settled. The Duke of Bracciano had publicly announced his intention of forthwith marrying the lovely widow, who had so confidently flown to his protection. For the strong disapprobation of all the great Orsini clan of such a match the powerful head of the house seems to have cared little. But there were other and more powerful personages, as has been already observed, to whom such a marriage was exceedingly distasteful. The Medici conceived that the lustre of their name would be tarnished by the misalliance of one who had once been connected by marriage with their own race. And the two brothers of the ill-starred Isabella, the Duke of Florence and the cardinal, thought it hard that, after having connived at the murder of their sister for the sake of preserving immaculate the fair fame of both the Medici and Orsini name, their partner in the enterprise should now spoil all by this degrading alliance. The Cardinal dei Medici, therefore, and the Spanish ambassador, whose master fully entered into the feelings of his friend and ally, the Duke of Florence, on this subject, went together to Pope Gregory, and besought him to prevent so great a scandal as the intended marriage. The Pope found it impossible to refuse two such applicants, and he accordingly issued his precept to Orsini to contract no such marriage without express license from him, or, after his death, from his successor. Moreover, as papal precepts addressed to an Orsini were not always very sure of meeting with obedience, to make all sure, he shut up Vittoria in the castle of St. Angelo.

The Medici had insisted to the Pope on the "scandal" of the marriage they wished to prevent. And scandalous enough such a marriage would assuredly have been under the circumstances of the case. But it is worth remarking, that the only ground of scandal thought of or mentioned, was the inequality of birth between the parties. And the papal prohibition was based on this ground alone.

As is usual with them, the old historians who have left us the record of the facts of this strange story, are very chary in the matter of dates. But with regard to this imprisonment of Vittoria, they do furnish us with a couple of them. She was sent to Saint Angelo in January, 1583, and remained there till the tenth of April, 1585. The latter day there was no mistaking, as it was one of the great epochs of Roman history. On the tenth of April, 1585, died Pope Gregory the Thirteenth.

CHAPTER VI. LOOKING FOR ST. PETER'S KEYS,  
AND FINDING THEM.

THE reader of papal history is often struck by the extreme swiftness with which the acts of a pope are undone and reversed as soon as ever the breath is out of his body. It is like the action of a spring, which flies back to its original form and position instantly on the removal of the force which has compressed it. This, again, is one of the consequences and evidences of a state of society governed not by law, but by personal interest, favour, and privilege. Power passes from top to bottom of the social scale into new hands, and, as a natural and recognised consequence, it is wielded with quite different objects, is directed to a new set of aims, and made to subserve a new system of interests and passions.

It was quite in accordance, therefore, with the ordinary march of events in the Roman world, that Vittoria Accoramboni should be restored to liberty on the death of the pope who had imprisoned her. A powerful friend was no doubt on the watch to take instant advantage of the opportunity; for, though more than two years had elapsed since the gates of St. Angelo had closed upon her—a terribly long trial for the constancy of a swain of more than fifty years, and half as many stone, whose physicians shook their heads, as they redoubled their applications of raw flesh to his diseased limbs—her Orsini still was true; and on the very same day that ended the old pope's life, she walked forth from her prison, and returned to his protection.

Still, however, there remained considerable difficulties in the way of the marriage. The prohibition pronounced against it by Gregory the Thirteenth had been especially extended beyond his own lifetime; and the penalty pronounced in case of disobedience was that of being considered in open rebellion to the Holy See. Now, though a position of open rebellion against the sovereign was nothing new to an Orsini, and Prince Paolo Giordano was by no means likely to be definitively deterred from doing that on which his heart was set by the threat of it, yet it was a sufficiently serious matter to make it very desirable that, if possible, he should attain his object without incurring it. Again, in case the Cardinal di Montalto should be elected pope, as all Rome supposed he would be, it was natural to suppose that he would be little inclined to permit the marriage which his predecessor had forbidden. The object of the prince, therefore, was to obtain a juridical opinion to the effect that Gregory's prohibition ceased to have force after his death; and then to celebrate the marriage before the next pope could be elected.

The intervals between the end of one pope's reign and the beginning of that of his successor were always times of extra licence, turbulence, violence, and lawlessness. And many things were done during these interregnums which, bad as the papal government was at all times, would not have been done while the chair of St. Peter was occupied. And these frequently recurring

periods of all but total anarchy varied, of course, in duration, according to the amount of difficulty experienced and time consumed by the cardinals in coming to such a degree of agreement as was necessary for the election of a new pope. In the present case, Orsini flattered himself that he should have plenty of time to accomplish his marriage before the conclave could come to an election. For though it was very generally believed that Montalto would be pope, it was perfectly well understood that this result would only be brought about as a compromise between strong parties in the conclave, each sufficiently powerful to prevent their opponents' success, but not able to elect their own candidate. It was thought, therefore, that the election of Cardinal di Montalto would not be decided on until after there had been a certain amount of struggle and trying of their respective strength by the opposing factions.

Orsini's first step was not a difficult one. Theologians of respectable standing were readily found, who declared that the prohibition was valid only during the reign of the pope who pronounced it. It might probably have been less easy to find canonists willing to support the opposite opinion while there was no pope on the throne, and an Orsini wished for a contrary decision. Still the law required that Vittoria's nearest relations should consent to the marriage. It would seem that her father must have died during the interval that had elapsed since her marriage with Peretti; for we do not hear of any application having been made to him, but to her brothers, who, after their father's death, were, for this purpose, their sister's legal guardians. The consent of the three younger brothers appears to have been obtained without any difficulty; but the elder, the young man of saintly morals, who had become Bishop of Fossombrone, absolutely refused to permit the match.

This hitch in the accomplishment of his object seems to have given Orsini more trouble than it might have been supposed he would have permitted it to do. The spectacle of the great chieftain of the house of Orsini waiting, and waiting in vain, for the consent to his marriage of the low-born bishop of an obscure little town in the Umbrian Apennines, seems strange to us, and must, one would think, have seemed something more than strange to the noble lover. And this consideration suggests the probability, that his anxiety that all should be done with scrupulous legality may have been due rather to the lady, or to that superior and managing woman, her mother, on her behalf. When young ladies just out of their teens marry infirm old nobles of fifty, they are apt to evince a much more lively respect for, and interest in, law and its provisions, than might be expected from the giddiness natural to their age and sex.

But from whatever quarter proceeded this unusual sticking for legality, certain it is that the anxious couple spared no pains to attain it. But that troublesome brother with his saintly morals was immovable. Whether it were that the holy

man had never got over his discomfiture in his scheme of disposing of his sister to that pillar of the Church, the most reverend Cardinal Farnese, or whether, as a bishop, he was especially afraid of doing what might naturally be supposed to be most offensive to the man who would in all probability be pope in a few days, it is certain that no instances could obtain from him the desired consent. And the conclave was sitting all this while—and it was a long journey from Rome to Fossombrone—and precious time was being lost. The conclave might declare their election any day; and Vittoria might be marched back again to St. Angelo as quickly after the election of the new pope as she had escaped from it after the death of the old one. It was determined, however, to try one more urgent appeal to the obstinate bishop brother, and a courier was despatched, we are told, on relays of horses, with orders to spare neither horse nor man for the bringing back an answer with the utmost speed.

In the mean time, however, the conclave of cardinals had been getting on with their work, and had arrived at the conclusion that the best compromise to be made between the contending parties was the election of the infirm Cardinal di Montalto, who was sure not to last long, sooner than had been expected. The old pope had died on the 14th of April, and on the 24th it was known that the election was made. The courier from Fossombrone had not returned, and Vittoria and her prince felt that, legal or not legal, it was now or never the moment for their marriage. There was not an instant to be lost, and the wedding was solemnised on the very same day that the Cardinal di Montalto was proclaimed pope by the name of Sixtus the Fifth.

Nothing could have been more insulting to the new pope than this marriage; performed as if in defiance of him, at the very moment it was known that he was the new sovereign. It was as if the parties to it had hesitated to fly in the face of the late pope's prohibition as long as they feared the possibility of the election of some strong-handed and energetic ruler, and had only ventured on defying him when they were assured that they would have to deal with the weak and all but imbecile Cardinal di Montalto. But though deeply offended at the manner in which the thing had been done, it is probable that the old man was not much surprised to find, when he came out from the conclave, that Orsini and his niece-in-law had availed themselves of the license of an interregnum to effect what it was notorious that they desired.

But if Pope Sixtus was not surprised, a very great and by no means agreeable surprise awaited the Prince Orsini, in common with all the rest of the Eternal City.

The transformation of a cardinal into a pope is, in all cases, a great and remarkable one, watched, canvassed, and speculated on with intense interest by the court and city of Rome, and indeed, in those days, by the whole of

Christendom. But never had such a transformation been seen as that which struck all Rome mute with astonishment, and half of it with terror, when the weak and meek old Mendicant friar Felix Peretti came forth from the conclave as Sixtus the Fifth. Upright as an arrow, imperious and dignified in gesture and bearing, firm of step and keen of eye, the new pope advanced to the altar to celebrate the service which is a pope's first duty, and pronounced the sacred words in strong ringing tones, which came from as sound a chest as any man that heard him could boast. The tottering gait, the bent body, the distressing cough, the downcast eye, the humble bearing, had all vanished as by magic. The astonished cardinals quailed before the power they had created, as Frankenstein before the being he had called to life. The deed was irrevocable. But probably there was not a single cardinal there who would not have given much to undo what had been done. Nothing, of course, remained but to bend the head with such humility as they might to a ruler who evidently intended to rule them in earnest. The congratulations and obeisances had to be made, and were made humbly, to the peasant's son by Estes, Farneses, Savellis, and all the greatest and proudest names in Rome. The Cardinal dei Medici only, as is recorded, ventured, in offering his congratulations, to slide among them some word of remark on the wondrously restorative power which, by God's blessing, the papal consecration had exercised on his holiness.

"Truly," replied Sixtus, "I have been many years looking for the keys of St. Peter, and had to keep my eyes on the earth to find them. Having found them, I can raise my eyes to heaven, henceforward to look earthwards no more."

However alarmed and disgusted Rome was, at the promise of vigour and strong-handed government in the new sovereign, the Roman world could not refuse its praise and admiration of the skilful and consistent hypocrisy of years, which had worked to so successful a result. And we, while branding as it deserves so base and degrading a system of ethics, and abominating the social system which generates and fosters it, must needs admit that the consummate hypocrite—the "great friar," as old Gregory admirably called him—governed Rome and his states to better purpose than any pope since. Justice was, if severely, at least equitably exercised. The peasant's son quailed before none of the turbulent feudatories, who had been the terror of preceding popes. Rome, to its infinite surprise, became peaceable and safe. The brigands and bandits were mercilessly extirpated. The roads were no longer dangerous to property and life. And malefactors, and lawless men of all ranks, found that the States of the Pope, instead of being, as hitherto, their own special refuge and territory, were the least safe abiding-place for them in all Italy.

Paolo Giordano Orsini was not among the least thunderstruck at the new character in which

Sixtus the Fifth showed himself. Besides that the entire course of his life and habits was such as to render any strong and vigorous occupant of St. Peter's chair especially obnoxious to him, he had the consciousness of having first deeply injured the Pope in the most cruel manner, and then recently insulted him by a most audacious defiance of his authority. It was with no easy mind, therefore, that the prince presented himself at the first general reception, when all the lay and ecclesiastical notabilities of Rome went to kiss the foot of their new sovereign. He had counted on observing narrowly the Pope's manner to him when he should, in his turn, kneel before him, and say his few words of compliment, and judging thence how far Rome might be a safe home for him for the future. Sixtus showed no sign of anger, but he made no word of answer to Orsini's address. The omen was considered rather a discouraging one. It reminds one of the showman, who, when his head was in the lion's mouth, said, "If he wags his tail I am a lost man." Orsini thought that the Pope had for a moment glanced sternly at him; and there was an anxious consideration whether this glance was to be deemed equivalent to the wag of the lion's tail. It was decided that the omen was not sufficiently clear; and the prince determined on learning with greater certainty what he had to expect from the new pope, before he made up his mind as to his own line of conduct.

He made application, therefore, for a private audience, which was at once granted him; and on an appointed day, having, as the historians tell us, learned by heart the speech he meant to address to the Pope, he presented himself for the third time before the old man whose nephew he had murdered, and who knew that he was the murderer, while on his part Orsini was perfectly aware that he knew it. The interview must have been one which a student of human character and passions would have liked (safely ensconced out of harm's way behind some curtain in the audience chamber) to have witnessed. We must picture to ourselves Sixtus, upright and rigid, on his seat of state, somewhat stern of eye and feature, but calm, impassible, perfectly self-possessed, and utterly inscrutable in his unimpassioned gravity. The unwieldy monster of bloated corpulence before him performs the ceremonial kiss on the sacred slipper, as we may well suppose, with scarcely less physical trouble and difficulty than mental scorn and rebellious pride. The arrogant and lawless ruffian noble stands cowed before the stern old man, and begins, not without visible signs of being ill at ease, his crammed speech.

He congratulated Sixtus on having attained a dignity which, &c. &c., prosperity of the time, pride of Rome, and happiness of the entire world, &c. &c.

Sixtus sat silent, and made no sign.

Orsini was forced to recommence, and this time congratulated *himself* on the happiness of living under so gracious, so clement, and worthy a sovereign.

Still the Pope neither moved a muscle nor breathed a sound.

The culprit's mind misgave him more and more; he became evidently disconcerted, and, as the historian writes, "his tongue vacillated." Yet it was impossible to stand silent while that cold, grave eye was bent upon him, as waiting to hear the real business on which he had sought an audience, and he essayed to falter something about offering himself and all his power and influence to his sovereign.

Then at length Sixtus spoke.

"What your deeds have been," he said, "to me and mine, Duke of Bracciano, your own conscience is now telling you, quite as well as I could do. But reassure yourself! That which has been done against Francesco Peretti, or against Felix, Cardinal di Montalto, I pardon you, as fully and as surely as I warn you to hope for no pardon for aught which shall henceforward be done against Sixtus. Go, clear your house and your estates of the lawless followers and bandits that you feed and give asylum to. Go! and obey!"

The last words were accompanied by one of those terrible lightning glances which all the historians of this remarkable man speak of as having had power to make the stoutest heart quail. The haughtiest and most masterful of Rome's lawless barons slunk from the Mendicant monk's presence like a whipped cur.

#### INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS.

Is it true that the world has never known its greatest men? Have all its benefactors been ignored and despised; or rather, have not some occasionally found timely recognition and fitting reward? Human nature is stubborn, and men are unwilling to be turned out of their own way; but the hardest natures gradually soften into a new mould if pressed long enough, and the most wilful feet take to unaccustomed paths after those paths have been well trodden by their neighbours. Every new invention has had its own special fight before it could get its hearing. Who recognises the prince in the beggar? Who sees the full-fledged eagle in that ordinary looking and somewhat unprepossessing egg? Who could always foretell that the new invention, untried and unproved, was a world's blessing in disguise, an embryo helper forward of humanity? We do not wish to uphold ignorance in any form, but we must be just; and really those various Mr. Bat's Eyes may be pardoned for not seeing all that Christiana and Mercy set out to seek. Besides, every inventor has not been wronged by his generation: some have, and most grievously, but not all. We will follow the course taken by Mr. John Timbs, in his new book, *Stories of Inventors and their Discoveries*; and, for every persecuted benefactor of society, we will find at the least two who met their reward.

We begin with Archimedes, as of course. For, though the Pyramids were built, and the monoliths raised; though the huge caves of Elephantia and the City of Petrea had been hewn out of the

living rock, and the Pelasgians—or who?—had built their Cyclopæan walls wherever they had had the chance, yet Archimedes always stands first on the list of mechanical discoverers, as if the world had never known crank or pulley till he made both, and had never raised a stone bigger than a man's hand. But we must not forget that even Archimedes stood upon the shoulders of the past. Well! Archimedes was no martyr. His Eureka, his boast about the world and the lever, were household words in every Greek mouth; his screw is one of the principal motors of the present day; and his catapults and burning-glasses, his balista and the Galley of Heiro received their due honours then, and remain unsurpassed even yet. The Great Eastern is not equal to that Galley of Heiro, with its temples and its baths, its storehouses, water tanks, and six hundred A.B.s sitting down to fish and flour in the fore-castle. Honoured by his sovereign, respected by the people, revered by posterity, the ghost of brave old Archimedes, wandering palely on the banks of the Styx, has no reason to complain of the injustice of humanity.

No one was hung, drawn, or quartered for the magnet; only Columbus, when the needle varied in the American Atlantic, had to improvise a theory to save, perhaps, his life from the mutinous hands of his terrified sailors. Whether the Chinese, to whom the honour of the discovery belongs, have a martyr magnetiser, like their martyr potter Pousa—now a god, or something like it—we do not know; but, according to all accounts, their Magnetis Mountain, which played Sindbad such a sorry trick, has made martyrs and victims enough. Printing made a martyr, in a small way, of poor Guttenberg, who, what with debt (he spent the whole of a large private fortune in bringing his movable blocks to perfection), political frays, the ill-will of the priests, and the enmity of the guild of writers, had but a troubled life of it. But though he was persecuted, and though Faust was held as nothing better than lieutenant and vice-regent of the devil, all the early printers were not so reviled. Old Caxton was honoured as he deserved; and cost the parish good hard money for the “iiij torches, and the belle used at his burying.” Guttenberg's small napkin-press-like printing machine has been slightly distanced now by Applegarth's machines of eight cylinders, which print twelve thousand impressions of the Times per hour; by Messrs. Hoe's of ten cylinders, which print twenty thousand in the hour; and by that other American monster, which can print twenty-two thousand double impressions in the same time. Little did the good old German philosopher and enthusiast dream of where his invention would extend when he first hewed out his wooden movable blocks.

Of gunpowder and its discoverers we need not speak. It has had its martyrs by the million, and is altogether too ferocious a compound for us to meddle with. Torricelli and Pascal, Réaumur and Fahrenheit, with their barometers and thermometers, are plea-

santer subjects to consider; so is Guericke, with his air-pump; so are all the inventors of the various diving-bells, by which human beings can go down among the sea-nymphs and the coral-roots, and crawl through the mazes of brown, green, and purple weed, growing in tufted bowers among the arches of the wrecks. The latest of these diving-bells is the American Nautilus, where the ballast or descending power is water, and where the air for breathing is condensed. This American Nautilus seems to be about the greatest success yet made in the diving-bell department, allowing men to remain under water longer than any other contrivance hitherto devised, and with less risk of accident or suffocation. For the race of automata we confess to little absolute sympathy; though, relatively, both as furtherances to the science of pure mechanics, and as examples of skill and ingenuity, they are not without considerable value. They are among the earliest and most universal creations of man. India, China, and Japan, all have them in some or other form; Egypt and Greece both dealt largely in them for their mysteries and initiations. Greece, indeed, patronised them for pleasure, witness the Wooden Region, made by Archytas of Tarentum to the Homeric Tripods; the Venuses, that had to be tied up at night to prevent their rambling about unbidden; and other things, which will readily be found by classical scholars not afraid of “roots.” Then there were various and sundry automata in the Dark Ages; Friar Bacon's Brazen Head was one, and the thirty years' similar labour of Albertus Magnus was another—that head, which, when it began to speak, Thomas of Aquinas broke to pieces, under fear and pain of the devil, as usual. Poor Alex of Provence fared badly with his invention. He had discovered the fact that two instruments tuned in unison were what we should now term harmoniously sympathetic. He made an automaton skeleton, placed it in the window, put a guitar in its hand, and played another instrument, tuned in unison and set at a distance. The automaton skeleton moved its fingers; sounds were heard from the guitar; the populace believed it was all a work of magic and witchcraft; and poor Alex and the skeleton were burnt together, by command of the parliament. This was in 1674—think, reader! Not yet two hundred years ago! Vaucanson's Duck was a grand triumph over all sorts of difficulties. Every bone was anatomically correct, and the duck did all that a live duck should do: eat, drank, dabbled with its beak in the true, quick, duck-like manner, moved its wings, and even quacked. It did more than this, too; but we need not particularise further. Droz the elder, made a writing boy; Droz the younger, a pianoforte boy; and Droz the elder got caught by the Spanish Inquisition, and narrowly escaped with his life. It was a dangerous amusement in those days to fashion automata that could, by any possibility, be supposed to be imps or familiars; and as even a pet dog or a tame toad might bring a person to the stake as a necromancer, what



risks must have hung round a self-moving skeleton, or a brazen head that could speak with a human voice! The Chess-player, invented by De Kempelen, was the most celebrated of all the later automata; but this, however, turned rather upon the cleverness of sleight-of-hand than upon the wonders of mechanics, and ranks more as a trick than as a matter of science. De Kempelen also made a speaking automaton, which said distinctly, "Romanorum Imperator semper Augustus;" "Leopoldus Secundus;" "Vous êtes mon ami;" "Je vous aime de tout mon cœur." He had long laboured at this piece of mechanism, but could only get the simple utterance of the sounds *o*, *ow*, and *e*: *i* and *u* would not come at any price, neither would the consonants. Then he devised an apparatus, similar in action and construction to the human mouth and teeth, and this he placed at the extremity of the vocal tube. Good French and Latin were the results. The Americans also made a Speaking Machine, but the inventor, Mr. Reale, destroyed his work of sixteen years, in a moment of what people call "frenzy." Afterwards, in 1846, Professor Faber exhibited in the Egyptian Hall his Euphonia, which is held to be the best speaking automaton of all. Houdin is our latest wonder in the mechanical way; but every one knows everything about him: his singing nightingale, magic boxes with rings in them that no mortal hands ever put there, his drawing figure, which so ominously broke its pencil when it began the crown for the young Count de Paris, his tricks, and his triumphs; his marvels with cards, eggs, birds, hats, bottles, and extinguishers. We have them all off by heart, and pleasant lessons they were to learn, too! Well! of these mechanical inventions, excepting the questionable reputation that clung round Albertus Magnus, and the unhappy fate of Alex, there are none to whom an indiscriminating public showed marked ingratitude; while, in later days, fame, honour, and riches have heaped themselves up in overwhelming piles, on the heads of those who have showed inventive talent or mechanical skill. We, the advocates of human nature as a whole, are glad of this, as confirmatory of our own theory.

There is no use in talking of the various schemes for aerial ships, or of the thousand and one balloons that have been sent up on new principles and with perfect good faith that each of those new principles was going to inaugurate a new era in air navigation. Perhaps aerial ships will be actual, commercial, and trading facts, before long; perhaps the London General Balloon Company will take the place of the London General Omnibus Company, with stations on the roof-tops of certain accommodating British householders. Excepting the martyrs of the experiment, beginning with Icarus and ending with his American imitators of the other day, aerial navigation has not been a very ill-used pursuit. To be sure, people do say that they are all cracked who think it can ever be made of positive every-day use; but then every new thing has been a sign of madness from time

immemorial, and there is no reason why this new thing should be exempt. Roger Bacon and the Marquis of Worcester were both thought to be mad when they foreshadowed steam-engines and telescopes; Paracelsus was civilly looked on for the sake of his new drug, opium; and Napier of Merchiston, when he asserted that he could set ships on fire by a burning-glass, sail under water, by help of a certain machine destroy thirty thousand Turks without the risk of losing one Christian, manure profitably with common salt, and calculate by logarithms, was held as little better than a maniac, if not a wizard, which was worse. Rupert and his experiments fared better. But then Rupert was a prince, closely connected with the blood royal, and royalty in those days meant something more than taking off one's hat, or standing while the national air was played. Rupert did many noticeable philosophic things, fiery soldier of fortune though he was: he brought forward Van Siegen's invention of mezzotint, made the toy called Prince Rupert's drops, which no one can rightly explain even now; blew up rocks and mines under water, made an hydraulic machine, improved the naval quadrant, made glass at Chelsea, cast ball-shot, and devised the useful metal since called "Prinee's metal." He worked luxuriously at Windsor Castle, of which his cousin, Charles the Second, appointed him governor; and there in his apartment swords and crucibles, rapiers, retorts, spurs, and mathematical instruments lay scattered all about in a confusion befitting his multiplex life.

The first watchmaker was a great man. Was he accused of witchcraft, and burned at the stake for tampering with the mysterious laws of life and motion? We do not know: he might have been. And John Harrison of Faulby, the country carpenter's uneducated son, and the maker of the first marine chronometer, was a great man too; and he did not suffer by his invention. Quite the contrary; for he got twenty thousand pounds for it, when, after forty years' incessant labour, he had fully perfected it, and made it the reliable creation that it is now. No, all the inventors and discoverers have not suffered. True, Columbus was ungratefully treated, and Galileo knew (under a dominant priesthood) more of the superstition and cruelty than of the recognition and gratitude of men; but all have not been so evilly handled. To William Hervey no one has grudged honours, though to be sure poor Servetus was burned, partly for disproving the theory then existing that the veins carried the blood to the various parts of the body, a disproof afterwards confirmed by Harvey. Dr. Jenner has his statue and his colleges, and rewards were not wanting even in his lifetime. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had a harder fight to go through than fell to his lot, and yet she was victorious in the end. To Newton and Herschel, Lord Rosse and Le Verrier, to Niepce, Daguerre, Fox, Talbot, and Wheatstone, to Brewster and Davy, the world owes great and glorious benefits; but we never heard of any



disposition to repay those benefits with ingratitude. So, after all, men and women are not so bad as it sometimes suits bystanders to say, and humanity is of smoother skin than the cynical will allow.

Was not Watt honoured? Did not George Stephenson find backers, friends, and disciples? Did not Arkwright, the Bolton barber, make a colossal fortune? And what would be the Peels and the Marshalls, the Hargreaves and the Cromptons, if their ancestors had not been inventors? Ah, well! humanity has something to answer for here; for the machinery inventors, the men who have made straps and wheels and pulleys do the work of living thews and sinews, have seldom got well off in the outset. They interfered with existing rights, with a man's vested interest in his own muscles, and consequently had every working hand dead against them, at all events for a time, and until the sum of comparative advantage was pretty clearly made out. Hargreaves, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, died at Nottingham in great poverty and distress; Crompton's mule was taken to pieces for safety against the mobs, warring and raging against all new-fangled machinery; Cartwright was defrauded; the elder Peel had his carding-machines broken, and was finally driven out of the country where he lived; Jacquard, the great benefactor of all figure-pattern weavers, made no fortune by his invention, but left his family in such poverty that they were obliged to offer for sale the golden medal which Louis the Eighteenth had given him. The Chamber of Commerce at Lyons generously bought the medal, and gave twenty-four pounds for it—being exactly four pounds more than the intrinsic value of the gold! Earlier than all this, we find Lee, the first stocking-weaver, dying in Paris, heart-broken by poverty and disappointment; while, later, John Lombe is poisoned by the Italians, whose secret of silk-weaving he stole and transplanted into England. No: the history of machine inventors is not, on the whole, satisfactory; for we rarely find that those who originated an idea got anything by it excepting persecution and hatred, while all the great fortunes made, have some sly taint or other in some out-of-the-way corner, where only the most prying and impolite of biographers would think of looking. Even the highest names are not quite stable, and in the most portly bankers' books may be found a few dog's-eared pages with a smirch and a stain over the larger figures.

Street gas-lighting had a hard day of it once, when a committee of the Royal Society, appointed by government, met to decide on its

merits. It was almost hunted to the death then, and tossed over to the kites and crows. Brougham, Davy, Wollaston, and Watt, were all dead against the possibility of such a plan. Brougham bitterly ridiculed Accum the chemist, and one of the npholders and believers in the idea; and Sir Humphrey Davy asked, with a scientific sneer, if the dome of Saint Paul's were to be taken as a gasometer? Frederick Albert Winsor and his scheme stood their ground; and after the due and proper amount of badgering which such an innovation must expect, the point was gained, and London was lighted with gas. This was in 1825; though the first triumphant experiment of lighting Saint James's Park had been made three years earlier, namely, in 1822.

But we have not come to the end of street-lighting yet; though, indeed, nothing has hitherto been discovered which can satisfactorily supersede coal gas. But it has to come, being among the future "destinies" of science. The patent air-light (from hydro-carbon mixed with atmospheric air) cost thirty thousand pounds in the experiments which were made, to see if it would do better than gas—but it failed; and though the lime ball, the Bude, and the electric lights, are all flaming successes in themselves, they are all too expensive for the open streets and public buildings. Still we may be very sure that street-lighting, like many other things, is in its infancy, and that, when it comes to maturity, it will be widely different to what it is now. The question is stirring, evidently. We hear of sundry working chemists poring over all sorts of calculations and analyses, preparatory to setting the world in a blaze with a new light; we may rest assured that our gas-lamps will be blown out, and some new-fashioned flames take their place. It is the way of the world—the way by which all inventions have fought, risen, culminated, and gone out, when a better thing has been discovered.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blackwater Park, Hampshire.

JUNE 27.—Six months to look back on—six long, lonely months, since Laura and I last saw each other!

How many days have I still to wait? Only one! To-morrow, the twenty-eighth, the travellers return to England. I can hardly realise my own happiness; I can hardly believe that the next four-and-twenty hours will complete the last day of separation between Laura and me.

She and her husband have been in Italy all the winter, and afterwards in the Tyrol. They come back, accompanied by Count Fosco and his wife, who propose to settle somewhere in the neighbourhood of London, and who have engaged to stay at Blackwater Park for the summer months before deciding on a place of residence. So long as Laura returns, no matter who returns with her. Sir Percival may fill the house from floor to ceiling, if he likes, on condition that his wife and I inhabit it together.

Meanwhile, here I am, established at Blackwater Park; "the ancient and interesting seat" (as the county history obligingly informs me) "of Sir Percival Glyde, Bart."—and the future abiding-place (as I may now venture to add, on my own account) of plain Marian Halcombe, spinster, now settled in a snug little sitting-room, with a cup of tea by her side, and all her earthly possessions ranged round her in three boxes and a bag.

I left Limmeridge yesterday; having received Laura's delightful letter from Paris, the day before. I had been previously uncertain whether I was to meet them in London, or in Hampshire; but this last letter informed me, that Sir Percival proposed to land at Southampton, and to travel straight on to his country-house. He has spent so much money abroad, that he has none left to defray the expenses of living in London, for the remainder of the season; and he is economically resolved to pass the summer and autumn quietly at Blackwater. Laura has had more than enough of excitement and change of scene; and is pleased at the prospect of country tranquillity and retirement which her husband's prudence provides for her. As for me, I am ready to be happy anywhere in her society. We

are all, therefore, well contented in our various ways, to begin with.

Last night, I slept in London, and was delayed there so long, to-day, by various calls and commissions, that I did not reach Blackwater, this evening, till after dusk.

Judging by my vague impressions of the place, thus far, it is the exact opposite of Limmeridge. The house is situated on a dead flat, and seems to be shut in—almost suffocated, to my north-country notions—by trees. I have seen nobody, but the man-servant who opened the door to me, and the housekeeper, a very civil person who showed me the way to my own room, and got me my tea. I have a nice little boudoir and bedroom, at the end of a long passage on the first floor. The servants' and some of the spare rooms are on the second floor; and all the living rooms are on the ground floor. I have not seen one of them yet, and I know nothing about the house, except that one wing of it is said to be five hundred years old, that it had a moat round it once, and that it gets its name of Blackwater from a lake in the park.

Eleven o'clock has just struck, in a ghostly and solemn manner, from a turret over the centre of the house, which I saw when I came in. A large dog has been woke, apparently by the sound of the bell, and is howling and yawning drearily, somewhere round a corner. I hear echoing footsteps in the passages below, and the iron thumping of bolts and bars at the house door. The servants are evidently going to bed. Shall I follow their example?

No: I am not half sleepy enough. Sleepy, did I say? I feel as if I should never close my eyes again. The bare anticipation of seeing that dear face and hearing that well-known voice to-morrow, keeps me in a perpetual fever of excitement. If I only had the privileges of a man, I would order out Sir Percival's best horse instantly, and tear away on a night-gallop, eastward, to meet the rising sun—a long, hard, heavy, ceaseless gallop of hours and hours, like the famous highwayman's ride to York. Being, however, nothing but a woman, condemned to patience, propriety, and petticoats, for life, I must respect the housekeeper's opinions, and try to compose myself in some feeble and feminine way.

Reading is out of the question—I can't fix my attention on books. Let me try if I can write myself into sleepiness and fatigue. My

Journal has been very much neglected of late. What can I recal—standing, as I now do, on the threshold of a new life—of persons and events, of chances and changes, during the past six months—the long, weary, empty interval since Laura's wedding day?

Walter Hartright is uppermost in my memory; and he passes first in the shadowy procession of my absent friends. I received a few lines from him, after the landing of the expedition in Honduras, written more cheerfully and hopefully than he has written yet. A month or six weeks later, I saw an extract from an American newspaper, describing the departure of the adventurers on their inland journey. They were last seen entering a wild primeval forest, each man with his rifle on his shoulder and his baggage at his back. Since that time, civilisation has lost all trace of them. Not a line more have I received from Walter; not a fragment of news from the expedition has appeared in any of the public journals.

The same dense, disheartening obscurity hangs over the fate and fortunes of Anne Catherick, and her companion, Mrs. Clements. Nothing whatever has been heard of either of them. Whether they are in the country or out of it, whether they are living or dead, no one knows. Even Sir Percival's solicitor has lost all hope, and has ordered the useless search after the fugitives to be finally given up.

Our good old friend Mr. Gilmore has met with a sad check in his active professional career. Early in the spring, we were alarmed by hearing that he had been found insensible at his desk, and that the seizure had been pronounced to be an apoplectic fit. He had been long complaining of fulness and oppression in the head; and his doctor had warned him of the consequences that would follow his persistency in continuing to work, early and late, as if he was still a young man. The result now is that he has been positively ordered to keep out of his office for a year to come, at least, and to seek repose of body and relief of mind by altogether changing his usual mode of life. The business is left, accordingly, to be carried on by his partner; and he is, himself, at this moment, away in Germany, visiting some relations who are settled there in mercantile pursuits. Thus, another true friend, and trustworthy adviser, is lost to us—lost, I earnestly hope and trust, for a time only.

Poor Mrs. Vesey travelled with me, as far as London. It was impossible to abandon her to solitude at Limmeridge, after Laura and I had both left the house; and we have arranged that she is to live with an unmarried younger sister of hers, who keeps a school at Clapham. She is to come here this autumn to visit her pupil—I might almost say, her adopted child. I saw the good old lady safe to her destination; and left her in the care of her relative, quietly happy at the prospect of seeing Laura again, in a few months' time.

As for Mr. Fairlie, I believe I am guilty of

no injustice if I describe him as being unutterably relieved by having the house clear of us women. The idea of his missing his niece is simply preposterous—he used to let months pass, in the old times, without attempting to see her—and, in my case and Mrs. Vesey's, I take leave to consider his telling us both that he was half heart-broken at our departure, to be equivalent to a confession that he was secretly rejoiced to get rid of us. His last caprice has led him to keep two photographers incessantly employed on producing sun-pictures of all the treasures and curiosities in his possession. One complete copy of the collection of photographs is to be presented to the Mechanics' Institution of Carlisle, mounted on the finest cardboard, with ostentatious red-letter inscriptions underneath. "Madonna and Child by Raphael. In the possession of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire." "Copper coin of the period of Tiglath Pileser. In the possession of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire." "Unique Rembrandt etching. Known all over Europe, as *The Smudge*, from a printer's blot in the corner which exists in no other copy. Valued at three hundred guineas. In the possession of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire." Dozens of photographs of this sort, and all inscribed in this manner, were completed before I left Cumberland; and hundreds more remain to be done. With this new interest to occupy him, Mr. Fairlie will be a happy man for months and months to come; and the two unfortunate photographers will share the social martyrdom which he has hitherto inflicted on his valet alone.

So much for the persons and events which hold the foremost place in my memory. What, next, of the one person who holds the foremost place in my heart? Laura has been present to my thoughts, all the while I have been writing these lines. What can I recal of her, during the past six months, before I close my journal for the night?

I have only her letters to guide me; and, on the most important of all the questions which our correspondence can discuss, every one of those letters leaves me in the dark.

Does he treat her kindly? Is she happier now than she was when I parted with her on the wedding-day? All my letters have contained these two inquiries, put more or less directly, now in one form, and now in another; and all, on that one point only, have remained without reply, or have been answered as if my questions merely related to the state of her health. She informs me, over and over again, that she is perfectly well; that travelling agrees with her; that she is getting through the winter, for the first time in her life, without catching cold—but not a word can I find anywhere which tells me plainly that she is reconciled to her marriage, and that she can now look back to the twenty-third of December without any bitter feelings of repentance and regret. The name of her husband is only mentioned in her letters, as she might mention the name of a friend who was travelling with them, and who had undertaken

to make all the arrangements for the journey. "Sir Percival" has settled that we leave on such a day; "Sir Percival" has decided that we travel by such a road. Sometimes she writes, "Percival" only, but very seldom—in nine cases out of ten, she gives him his title.

I cannot find that his habits and opinions have changed and coloured hers in any single particular. The usual moral transformation which is insensibly wrought in a young, fresh, sensitive woman by her marriage, seems never to have taken place in Laura. She writes of her own thoughts and impressions, amid all the wonders she has seen, exactly as she might have written to some one else, if I had been travelling with her instead of her husband. I see no betrayal anywhere, of sympathy of any kind existing between them. Even when she wanders from the subject of her travels, and occupies herself with the prospects that await her in England, her speculations are busied with her future as my sister, and persistently neglect to notice her future as Sir Percival's wife. In all this, there is no under tone of complaint, to warn me that she is absolutely unhappy in her married life. The impression I have derived from our correspondence does not, thank God, lead me to any such distressing conclusion as that. I only see a sad torpor, an unchangeable indifference, when I turn my mind from her in the old character of a sister, and look at her, through the medium of her letters, in the new character of a wife. In other words, it is always Laura Fairlie who has been writing to me for the last six months, and never Lady Glyde.

The strange silence which she maintains on the subject of her husband's character and conduct, she preserves with almost equal resolution in the few references which her later letters contain to the name of her husband's bosom friend, Count Fosco.

For some unexplained reason, the Count and his wife appear to have changed their plans abruptly, at the end of last autumn, and to have gone to Vienna, instead of going to Rome, at which latter place Sir Percival had expected to find them when he left England. They only quitted Vienna in the spring, and travelled as far as the Tyrol to meet the bride and bridegroom on their homeward journey. Laura writes readily enough about the meeting with Madame Fosco, and assures me that she has found her aunt so much changed for the better—so much quieter and so much more sensible as a wife than she was as a single woman—that I shall hardly know her again when I see her here. But, on the subject of Count Fosco (who interests me infinitely more than his wife), Laura is provokingly circumspect and silent. She only says that he puzzles her, and that she will not tell me what her impression of him is, until I have seen him, and formed my own opinion first. This, to my mind, looks ill for the Count. Laura has preserved, far more perfectly than most people do in later life, the child's subtle faculty of knowing a friend by instinct; and, if I am right in assuming that her first impression

of Count Fosco has not been favourable, I, for one, am in some danger of doubting and distrusting that illustrious foreigner before I have so much as set eyes on him. But, patience, patience; this uncertainty, and many uncertainties more, cannot last much longer. Tomorrow will see all my doubts in a fair way of being cleared up, sooner or later.

Twelve o'clock has struck; and I have just come back to close these pages, after looking out at my open window.

It is a still, sultry, moonless night. The stars are dull and few. The trees that shut out the view on all sides, look dimly black and solid in the distance, like a great wall of rock. I hear the croaking of frogs, faint and far off; and the echoes of the great clock bell hum in the airless calm, long after the strokes have ceased. I wonder how Blackwater Park will look in the daytime? I don't altogether like it by night.

28th.—A day of investigations and discoveries—a more interesting day, for many reasons, than I had ventured to anticipate.

I began my sight-seeing, of course, with the house.

The main body of the building is of the time of that highly overrated woman, Queen Elizabeth. On the ground floor, there are two hugely long galleries, with low ceilings, lying parallel with each other, and rendered additionally dark and dismal by hideous family portraits—every one of which I should like to burn. The rooms on the floor above the two galleries, are kept in tolerable repair, but are very seldom used. The civil housekeeper, who acted as my guide, offered to show me over them; but considerably added that she feared I should find them rather out of order. My respect for the integrity of my own petticoats and stockings, infinitely exceeds my respect for all the Elizabethan bedrooms in the kingdom; so I positively declined exploring the upper regions of dust and dirt at the risk of soiling my nice clean clothes. The housekeeper said, "I am quite of your opinion, miss;" and appeared to think me the most sensible woman she had met with for a long time past.

So much, then, for the main building. Two wings are added, at either end of it. The half-ruined wing on the left (as you approach the house) was once a place of residence standing by itself, and was built in the fourteenth century. One of Sir Percival's maternal ancestors—I don't remember, and don't care, which—tacked on the main building, at right angles to it, in the aforesaid Queen Elizabeth's time. The housekeeper told me that the architecture of "the old wing," both outside and inside, was considered remarkably fine by good judges. On further investigation, I discovered that good judges could only exercise their abilities on Sir Percival's piece of antiquity by previously dismissing from their minds all fear of damp, darkness, and rats. Under these circumstances, I unhesitatingly acknowledged myself to be no judge at all; and suggested that we should treat

"the old wing" precisely as we had previously treated the Elizabethan bedrooms. Once more, the housekeeper said, "I am quite of your opinion, miss;" and once more she looked at me, with undisguised admiration of my extraordinary common sense.

We went, next, to the wing on the right, which was built, by way of completing the wonderful architectural jumble at Blackwater Park, in the time of George the Second. This is the habitable part of the house, which has been repaired and redecorated, inside, on Laura's account. My two rooms, and all the good bedrooms besides, are on the first floor; and the basement contains a drawing-room, a dining-room, a morning-room, a library, and a pretty little boudoir for Laura—all very nicely ornamented in the bright modern way, and all very elegantly furnished with the delightful modern luxuries. None of the rooms are anything like so large and airy as our rooms at Lymmeridge; but they all look pleasant to live in. I was terribly afraid, from what I had heard of Blackwater Park, of fatiguing antique chairs, and dismal stained glass, and musty, frouzy hangings, and all the barbarous lumber which people born without a sense of comfort accumulate about them, in defiance of all consideration due to the convenience of their friends. It is an inexpressible relief to find that the nineteenth century has invaded this strange future home of mine, and has swept the dirty "good old times" out of the way of our daily life.

I dawdled away the morning—part of the time in the rooms down stairs; and part, out of doors, in the great square which is formed by the three sides of the house, and by the lofty iron railings and gates which protect it in front. A large circular fishpond, with stone sides and an allegorical leaden monster in the middle, occupies the centre of the square. The pond itself is full of gold and silver fish, and is encircled by a broad belt of the softest turf I ever walked on. I loitered here, on the shady side, pleasantly enough, till luncheon time; and, after that, took my broad straw hat, and wandered out alone, in the warm lovely sunlight, to explore the grounds.

Daylight confirmed the impression which I had felt the night before, of there being too many trees at Blackwater. The house is stifled by them. They are, for the most part, young, and planted far too thickly. I suspect there must have been a ruinous cutting down of timber, all over the estate, before Sir Percival's time, and an angry anxiety, on the part of the next possessor, to fill up all the gaps as thickly and rapidly as possible. After looking about me, in front of the house, I observed a flower-garden on my left hand, and walked towards it, to see what I could discover in that direction.

On a nearer view, the garden proved to be small and poor and ill-kept. I left it behind me, opened a little gate in a ring fence, and found myself in a plantation of fir-trees. A pretty, winding path, artificially made, led me on among the trees; and my north-country experience soon informed me that I was approach-

ing sandy, heathy ground. After a walk of more than half a mile, I should think, among the firs, the path took a sharp turn; the trees abruptly ceased to appear on either side of me; and I found myself standing suddenly on the margin of a vast open space; and looking down at the Blackwater lake from which the house takes its name.

The ground, shelving away below me, was all sand, with a few little heathy hillocks to break the monotony of it in certain places. The lake itself had evidently once flowed to the spot on which I stood, and had been gradually wasted and dried up to less than a third of its former size. I saw its still, stagnant waters, a quarter of a mile away from me in the hollow, separated into pools and ponds, by twining reeds and rushes, and little knolls of earth. On the farther bank from me, the trees rose thickly again, and shut out the view, and cast their black shadows on the sluggish, shallow water. As I walked down to the lake, I saw that the ground on its farther side was damp and marshy, overgrown with rank grass and dismal willows. The water, which was clear enough on the open sandy side, where the sun shone, looked black and poisonous opposite to me, where it lay deeper under the shade of the spongy banks and the rank overhanging thickets and tangled trees. The frogs were croaking, and the rats were slipping in and out of the shadowy water, like live shadows themselves, as I got nearer to the marshy side of the lake. I saw here, lying half in and half out of the water, the rotten wreck of an old overturned boat, with a sickly spot of sunlight glimmering through a gap in the trees on its dry surface, and a snake basking in the midst of the spot, fantastically coiled, and treacherously still. Far and near, the view suggested the same dreary impressions of solitude and decay; and the glorious brightness of the summer sky overhead, seemed only to deepen and harden the gloom and barrenness of the wilderness on which it shone. I turned and retraced my steps to the high, heathy ground; directing them a little aside from my former path, towards a shabby old wooden shed, which stood on the outer skirt of the fir plantation, and which had hitherto been too unimportant to share my notice with the wide, wild prospect of the lake.

On approaching the shed, I found that it had once been a boat-house, and that an attempt had apparently been made to convert it afterwards into a sort of rude arbour, by placing inside it a firwood seat, a few stools, and a table. I entered the place, and sat down for a little while, to rest and get my breath again.

I had not been in the boat-house more than a minute, when it struck me that the sound of my own quick breathing was very strangely echoed by something beneath me. I listened intently for a moment, and heard a low, thick, sobbing breath that seemed to come from the ground under the seat which I was occupying. My nerves are not easily shaken by trifles; but, on this occasion, I started to my feet in a fright

—called out—received no answer—summoned back my recreant courage—and looked under the seat.

There, crouched up in the farthest corner, lay the forlorn cause of my terror, in the shape of a poor little dog—a black and white spaniel. The creature moaned feebly when I looked at it and called to it, but never stirred. I moved away the seat and looked closer. The poor little dog's eyes were glazing fast, and there were spots of blood on its glossy white side. The misery of a weak, helpless, dumb creature is surely one of the saddest of all the mournful sights which this world can show. I lifted the poor dog in my arms as gently as I could, and contrived a sort of make-shift hammock for him to lie in, by gathering up the front of my dress all round him. In this way, I took the creature, as painlessly as possible, and as fast as possible, back to the house.

Finding no one in the hall, I went up at once to my own sitting-room, made a bed for the dog with one of my old shawls, and rang the bell. The largest and fattest of all possible housemaids answered it, in a state of cheerful stupidity which would have provoked the patience of a saint. The girl's fat, shapeless face actually stretched into a broad grin, at the sight of the wounded creature on the floor.

"What do you see there to laugh at?" I asked, as angrily as if she had been a servant of my own. "Do you know whose dog it is?"

"No, miss, that I certainly don't." She stopped, and looked down at the spaniel's injured side—brightened suddenly with the irradiation of a new idea—and, pointing to the wound with a chuckle of satisfaction, said, "That's Baxter's doings, that is."

I was so exasperated that I could have boxed her ears. "Baxter?" I said. "Who is the brute you call Baxter?"

The girl grinned again, more cheerfully than ever. "Bless you, miss! Baxter's the keeper; and when he finds strange dogs hunting about, he takes and shoots 'em. It's keeper's dooty, miss. I think that dog will die. Here's where he's been shot, ain't it? That's Baxter's doings, that is. Baxter's doings, miss, and Baxter's dooty."

I was almost wicked enough to wish that Baxter had shot the housemaid instead of the dog. Seeing that it was quite useless to expect this densely impenetrable personage to give me any help in relieving the suffering creature at our feet, I told her to request the housekeeper's attendance, with my compliments. She went out exactly as she had come in, grinning from ear to ear. As the door closed on her, she said to herself, softly, "It's Baxter's doings and Baxter's dooty—that's what it is."

The housekeeper, a person of some education and intelligence, thoughtfully brought up-stairs with her some milk and some warm water. The instant she saw the dog on the floor, she started and changed colour.

"Why, Lord bless me," cried the housekeeper, "that must be Mrs. Catherick's dog!"

"Whose?" I asked, in the utmost astonishment.

"Mrs. Catherick's. You seem to know Mrs. Catherick, Miss Halcombe?"

"Not personally. But I have heard of her. Does she live here? Has she had any news of her daughter?"

"No, Miss Halcombe. She came here to ask for news?"

"When?"

"Only yesterday. She said some one had reported that a stranger answering to the description of her daughter had been seen in our neighbourhood. No such report has reached us here; and no such report was known in the village, when I sent to make inquiries there on Mrs. Catherick's account. She certainly brought this poor little dog with her when she came; and I saw it trot out after her when she went away. I suppose the creature strayed into the plantations, and got shot. Where did you find it, Miss Halcombe?"

"In the old shed that looks out on the lake."

"Ah, yes, that is the plantation side, and the poor thing dragged itself, I suppose, to the nearest shelter, as dogs will, to die. If you can moisten its lips with the milk, Miss Halcombe, I will wash the clotted hair from the wound. I am very much afraid it is too late to do any good. However, we can but try."

Mrs. Catherick! The name still rang in my ears, as if the housekeeper had only that moment surprised me by uttering it. While we were attending to the dog, the words of Walter Hart-right's caution to me returned to my memory. "If ever Anne Catherick crosses your path, make better use of the opportunity, Miss Halcombe, than I made of it." The finding of the wounded spaniel had led me already to the discovery of Mrs. Catherick's visit to Blackwater Park; and that event might lead, in its turn, to something more. I determined to make the most of the chance which was now offered me, and to gain as much information as I could.

"Did you say that Mrs. Catherick lived anywhere in this neighbourhood?" I asked.

"Oh, dear no," said the housekeeper. "She lives at Welmingham; quite at the other end of the county—five-and-twenty miles off at least."

"I suppose you have known Mrs. Catherick for some years?"

"On the contrary, Miss Halcombe; I never saw her before she came here, yesterday. I had heard of her, of course, because I had heard of Sir Percival's kindness in putting her daughter under medical care. Mrs. Catherick is rather a strange person in her manners, but extremely respectable-looking. She seemed sorely put out, when she found that there was no foundation—none, at least, that any of us could discover—for the report of her daughter having been seen in this neighbourhood."

"I am rather interested about Mrs. Catherick," I went on, continuing the conversation as long as possible. "I wish I had arrived here soon enough to see her yesterday. Did she stay for any length of time?"



"Yes," said the housekeeper, "she stayed for some time. And I think she would have remained longer, if I had not been called away to speak to a strange gentleman—a gentleman who came to ask when Sir Percival was expected back. Mrs. Catherick got up and left at once, when she heard the maid tell me what the visitor's errand was. She said to me, at parting, that there was no need to tell Sir Percival of her coming here. I thought that rather an odd remark to make, especially to a person in my responsible situation."

I thought it an odd remark, too. Sir Percival had certainly led me to believe, at Limmeridge, that the most perfect confidence existed between himself and Mrs. Catherick. If that was the case, why should she be anxious to have her visit at Blackwater Park kept a secret from him?

"Probably," I said, seeing that the housekeeper expected me to give my opinion on Mrs. Catherick's parting words; "probably, she thought the announcement of her visit might vex Sir Percival to no purpose, by reminding him that her lost daughter was not found yet. Did she talk much on that subject?"

"Very little," replied the housekeeper. "She talked principally of Sir Percival, and asked a great many questions about where he had been travelling, and what sort of lady his new wife was. She seemed to be more soured and put out than distressed, by failing to find any traces of her daughter in these parts. 'I give her up,' were the last words she said that I can remember; 'I give her up, ma'am, for lost.' And from that, she passed at once to her questions about Lady Glyde; wanting to know if she was a handsome, amiable lady, comely and healthy and young—Ah, dear! I thought how it would end. Look, Miss Halcombe! the poor thing is out of its misery at last!"

The dog was dead. It had given a faint, sobbing cry, it had suffered an instant's convulsion of the limbs, just as those last words, "comely and healthy and young," dropped from the housekeeper's lips. The change had happened with startling suddenness—in one moment, the creature lay lifeless under our hands.

Eight o'clock. I have just returned from dining down stairs, in solitary state. The sunset is burning redly on the wilderness of trees that I see from my window; and I am poring over my journal again, to calm my impatience for the return of the travellers. They ought to have arrived, by my calculations, before this. How still and lonely the house is in the drowsy evening quiet! Oh, me! how many minutes more before I hear the carriage-wheels and run down stairs to find myself in Laura's arms?

The poor little dog! I wish my first day at Blackwater Park had not been associated with death—though it is only the death of a stray animal.

Welmingham—I see, on looking back through these private pages of mine, that Welmingham is the name of the place where Mrs. Catherick

lives. Her note is still in my possession, the note in answer to that letter about her unhappy daughter which Sir Percival obliged me to write. One of these days, when I can find a safe opportunity, I will take the note with me by way of introduction, and try what I can make of Mrs. Catherick at a personal interview. I don't understand her wishing to conceal her visit to this place from Sir Percival's knowledge; and I don't feel half so sure, as the housekeeper seems to do, that her daughter Anne is not in the neighbourhood, after all. What would Walter Hartright have said in this emergency? Poor, dear Hartright! I am beginning to feel the want of his honest advice and his willing help, already.

Surely, I heard something? Yes! there is a bustle of footsteps below stairs. I hear the horses' feet; I hear the rolling of wheels. Away with my journal and my pen and ink! The travellers have returned—my darling Laura is home again at last!

## TURKISH SHOPS AND SHOPKEEPERS.

I AM not going just yet to pronounce a talismanic text of the Koran as an "Open, Sesame!" and then plunge, boldly and adventurously, out of the fiery sun into the dim vaults of the Constantinople bazaars; I am merely going to stroll through the narrow, steep streets of the Sick Man's city, SHOPPING.

I am *not* about to say that London walking is dull walking, when to me, well as I know, and much as I love, the pure green country, Fleet-street is always fairy-land, and Regent-street enchanted ground; but still I think English shops are not to be compared to those of Stamboul, in their power of affording pleasure and amusement to the itinerant traveller and poetical or artistic vagabondiser, for reasons I will disclose anon. London shops, particularly your cork leg shop, your glass-eye shop, your Christmas toy shop, your seal engraver's shop, furnish pretty material to the thoughtful humorist (and who can be a real humorist without being thoughtful); but then you have to blunt your nose against glass, already opaquely steamed with youthful breath, or to sneak about doorways, at the imminent risk of being suspected as a swell mobman, or a cracksmán, whereas in the Orient shops, all is open air life. The shops have the lids off; they are pies without crust. The goods are laid out on sloping slabs, such as our English fishmongers use to display their ichthyological specimens upon; they are small bulkheads, or more generally narrow open stalls, without doors or windows, and with limited platform counters, upon which robed and turbaned Turks sit, as if they had been acting stories from the Arabian Nights in private theatricals the night before, and had not yet had time to change their clothes. Those grave and reverend seigniors are always to be seen sitting cross-legged, generally smoking (Ali Baba or Mustapha), and half dozing, taking a quiet, unhurried, kind, and contemplative view of life.

Donkeys may pass and bump against the door-posts, thieves may run by (as I have seen them), pursued by angry soldiers with drawn and flashing sabres, the Sick Man himself may ride past, sad, and hopeless, and felon-faced, with the ambassadors he is so sick of—mortally sick of—at his elbows, still, nothing moves our friend in the decent, unruffled mushroom button of a white or green turban. If a Job's messenger were to come in and say that his thirty-third wife was dead, or that fire from Allah had burnt down his villa at Buyukdere, the most Mustapha would do would be to fill his pipe rather quicker than usual, and puffing a little faster than usual, to tell his beads, and curse the infidels all over the world.

A Turkish shopkeeper's goods never project into the road; he has no outside counter, like our vendors of old books; he has no old clothes and regimentals fluttering obtrusively in a bankrupt, suicide way at his outer doors. His little quiet shop is flush with the roadside wall, and, sell he mouthpieces of pipes, clogs for the bath-room, or fez caps, they are all kept inside the little bin of a shop, on the floor of which, and at the entrance of which, sits the Turk, the master, with his red slippers before him.

Tired of travellers' generalities, and really wishing to paint truly, brightly, and minutely what I see, I yet know scarcely how to convey a thorough impression of Turkish shops. Whether I will or no, I must do it partly by negatives. They are not enormous cleared-out ground floors of dwelling houses, as in London, but rather cobbler-like, one-storied covered stalls, where lurks a turbaned quiet man, aided by a black-eyed Greek, or fat brown Armenian boy, who, to prevent the good phlegmatic man using his legs, get down from shelves, or from the inner vaulted bin, the striped silks, the sandal-wood beads, the aloes wood, the hippopotamus hide whips, the spongy bath towels, or whatever it may be you want.

You could, I found, hardly imagine a man going to cheat you who was in no hurry to get down his gold striped cloths, who requested you to tuck up your legs on his counter, who sent out for lemonade or sherbet, or called for pipes and coffee. I used always to think, when I coiled myself up to buy some small trifle (a little red pipe bowl, or a pair of slippers, starred with seed pearl), that Mustapha treated me more like some bearded Arabian merchant who had come to spend a month with him, than a "loafing" infidel, who was in a burning hurry, and had only a sovereign or two to spend. But when that venerable and majestic Turk, sitting with his red slippers before him, began to ask me exactly two hundred times the worth of that pipe, and those slippers, my respect for the trading instincts of the patriarchal old bearded humbug increased tremendously, though I knew he longed to spit in my coffee, and to football my unshorn head up and down the knubly street.

But I cannot describe Turkish shops and enable readers to decide what age of civilisation they belong to, unless I also describe the streets

that lead to them and from them, that face them, that back them, that bring them customers, that lame the said customers they take away. In like manner as the nineteenth century Turk is one and the same with the Turk of the seventeenth century, so are the Stamboul streets of 1860 much what the Stamboul streets must have been in 1660. Drive the Turk back to-morrow to his Asian tent, and he would be as fit for it as ever he was. Turn him out to-morrow from the city he stole from Christianity, and you will find the same streets that you would have found when Busbequius or Grelot visited Turkey—no better, no worse. In fact, cramp a Moslem in Paris boots till corns spring out all over him, pinch his brown fists in Jouvin's white kid gloves, squeeze him in invisible green Yorkshire cloth, scent him, eye-glass him, grease him, uniform him as you like, the Turk will still remain the unimprovable Chinaman of the world, his religion a dangerous lie, his polygamy detestable, every country he governs a dunghill or a desert. I longed to tell Mustapha so, when he used to sit stolid and divinely contemptuous if I came in a hurry for some tufted Broussa bath towels, upon which I know he would have bowed and wished me peace, believing that I was complimenting him in my own tongue. I never could have been angry, however, with Mustapha, unless he had actually struck me or called me "dog," because, however cheating he is, he is such a gentleman, with his mildness and his courtesy; he never does anything ludicrous, or gauche, or intrusive, or fussy, or vulgar; he is never pert, never pompous, but looks like Abraham and Jonah, and Isaac and Jacob, and King Solomon all in one. He seems to be incapable of fret or worry, and when he dies it will be, I am sure, without a struggle, for he was never fully awake yet.

As to the streets that lead to other shops than Mustapha's. In the first place, they are as narrow as Shoe-lane, yes, even that Regent-street of Constantinople which leads to St. Sophia, or the Piccadilly that branches on to the Hippodrome, is a mere rough path; and Stamboul being, like Rome, a city of Seven Hills, half its lanes are five times as steep as Holborn-hill, London. They have no smooth slabs of side pavement, no kerbs, no lamps, no names, no guarding side-posts. They are covered with what is merely a jolting mass of boulder stones thrown down loose as when uncared, or if sound trottoir for a few yards, in another step or two ground into holes or crushed into something like a stonemasons'-yard, or a pebbly sea beach bristly with geological specimens. If a barricade had just been pulled down, and not yet levelled, so would it look; if it were the street of a mountain village, so would it be. As in the days of Adam, and before Macadam was thought of, so are the streets still.

To ladies impossible, to men terrible, imagine, plus, these torrent beds of streets, mountain defiles after an inundation, or a landslide avalanche of shingle, continuous stream of ox-carts, water-carriers and oil-carriers, ass

drivers, bread sellers, carriages with Turkish ladies, pashas and their mounted retinue, pack-horses, children, and Circassian loungers. Then, on every vacant spot strew praying dervishes, sleeping, couchant, or rampant wild dogs, melon-stalls and beggars, throw up above a ball of solid fire and call it the sun, and you have some small idea of the delight of walking in the Dying Man's city.

But let us stroll down this street, where the planes toss their green jagged leaves over those gratings, and through which I see the stone turbans of tombstones, with, below, blue-and-gilt verses from the Koran; and let us get to this slovenly, downhill lane, leading towards the bazaars. In it we shall find nearly every class of Turkish trade. Those Armenian porters, with their knots and ropes on their backs, seem smilingly to promise as much, when they offer to carry home the English sultan's purchases for him; and as for that, I believe they would carry home a house on their backs, if it only had handles.

"Way there!"—what a howl of "Guardia! Guard-diah"! Just as I am stopping for a cup of water at a gilded fountain, I am driven into a mastic shop by eight Armenian porters, four behind and four in front, who are staggering up-hill with a gigantic steel-bound bale, considerably larger than a chest of drawers, out of which ooze some yellow webs of silk; the load vibrates on two enormous lance-wood poles, thin at the ends and thick in the middle. Now, for a moment, these brawny men stop to rest the burden, and wipe their brown, rugged, beaded foreheads. Honour the sturdy industry of the honest Armenian hammals, who stop for no one, not even the Sultan himself, who pass, howling out a rapid caution, through weeping funeral or laughing wedding procession, marching soldiers, anything, any one; and who, for a few pence, unapplauded, perform the labours of Hercules in the Sirk Man's city.

Attentive to trade interests, as well as to the rights of hospitality, the Turk in the shop where I have taken refuge, points to the heaps of mastic upon his counter, and I buy a little to chew, because I have heard that Turkish ladies spend the greater part of their lives in this harmless, but unintellectual occupation. Mastic resembles gum Arabic; it is crystally cracked, yellow in colour, like a pale flawed topaz, and has no taste at all to mention. It produces no effect, opiate or otherwise, and for all I could see, I might as well have spent my time sucking a little pebble, as schoolboys do when they are going to run a race, and want to improve their "wind." It lasted me about half an hour, till I got to the square of Bajazet. At the end of that time, I got alarmed, and taking it out of my mouth and looking at it, I found it changed to a sodden opaque lump of a dull white colour, which tasted like chewed india-rubber; so I flipped it at a street dog in disgust, and the street dog swallowed it immediately, as he would have done, no doubt, had I thrown him a shoeing-horn or a pair of old braces.

My Turk now wanted me to buy some henna powder for the ladies of my hareem, but I declined, upon which he clapped his hands, as if to call his negro boy, and in bounded a bushy white cat that he had dyed a rose pink to prove the excellence of his drugs; but even this did not induce me to buy anything, for a clog shop next door then allured me, and I stopped to see the apprentices with short adzes cleaving the wood, with which they fashioned the wooden sole, and the stilted supports of the "chopines," on which the Turkish ladies clatter across the cold marble floor of their fountain-sprinkled bath-rooms into the inner cells, where they disappear in a cloud of hot steam, from which merry laughing and the splashing of water is heard at intervals. This is quite a West-end shop for Turkey, and they sell all kinds of bath clogs here, from the plain wooden to the rich polished pairs, that are lozenge and starred with mother-of-pearl, in a style fit for Zobeide herself.

How quiet and industrious the workmen are! twice as vigorous as Spaniards, and patiently enjoying the labour, with scarcely even an eye for passing scenes in the street. No plate-glass here, no varnished brackets, no pattern dwarf boot, or skeleton bone foot; nothing but chips and shavings, and split, split, hammer, hammer; a man at work behind, with some curious glue, is inserting the patterns of pearl into the wooden slabs cleverly enough.

A pipe-shop next. One Nubian and three young Turks, with a patriarch watching them, while he does the finer work himself. One turban and three scarlet fezes, all cross-legged, and the Nubian holding his work between his bare feet, for his toes are handier than many men's fingers. Good-natured, like all his race, a chronic grin of unctuous content is on his face. A worse specimen of a slave for platform and inflammatory purposes could not be found. The shop is not much bigger than six cobblers' stalls thrown into one, and the wall at the back is lined with pipe-stems, that rest against it like so many javelins. They are surely old Arab spear-shafts, pierced for new and more peaceful purposes. The dark-red ones are cherry stems from Asia Minor; the rough light-brown ones, jasmin saplings from Albania. They are about five feet long, and form the real chibouk that the Turk loves when it is finished off with a small red tea-cup of a bowl, and that bowl is crammed with the choicest tobacco of Salonica. But what are those coloured coils, like variegated eels, that twine and curl on the floor—for this is not a serpent charmer's? Those, innocent Frank, making a Guy of thyself with that bandaging of white muslin around thy wide-awake, are the tubes of narghilés, that the Turks love even more than the chibouk to smoke, because it is handier for small rooms, and does not require an orbit of five feet to each puffer. Look opposite at that coffee-shop, which is the Turkish tavern: see those four men. They are more poor men, but they come in to lunch off a farthing cup of coffee, without milk or sugar, and a puff of a narghilé. How dignified they

sit, till the globular bottles with the tubes coiled round them, are brought, the tobacco burning red above on its little cup of charcoal. See, only a dozen puffs, and the pure water from the fountain yonder is polluted in the bottles to a lemonade colour by the smoke it softens, and its bubble and gurgle is soothing to the taste! Miles of that tubing, red, green, blue, and crimson, are made annually in Constantinople. See how natively the men bind the tubes with fine wire, to make them at once flexible and durable. A Roman alderman once wished he had a throat three yards long. The Turkish epicure of smoke has realised the wish by making his pinch of tobacco go further than any one else's. Now, having bought ten yards of narghilé tube, with a fringed end, do you want an amber mouthpiece for your chibouk? Old Turks think they make the smoke bitter and harsh, and therefore prefer the plain cherry-wood pur et simple, sucking the smoke through it, and not putting the pipe between their lips at all; but tastes differ.

Here is the shop. Cases on the counter; within them, rows of mouthpieces, looking like sucked barley sugar, golden and transparent. The amber is of all shades of yellow, from opaque lemon to burnt saffron. Some of those more shiny ones are only glass, the dearer ones have little fillets of diamonds round their necks, and are worth a purse full of piastres. Then there are dull green ones for cheap pipes, and meerschaum cigaret holders for the cursed Frank, who had better take care he is not made a fool of, for greasy Turkish bank-notes are all alike, except for the numeral, which it requires practice to read; and then there are old and new notes, and bad gold Medjids, and Heaven knows what cheatings, in this scorpions' nest of foreign rogues and schemers. Do you want rosaries? Here are talismans made of chips of red cornelian, and aloes wood for incense. But here a ruder shop, not matted, nor cushioned, arrests us. Plain beaten earth floor, rude counter. It looks more like a deserted blacksmith's shop than anything else. It belongs to a maker of vermicelli. The owner, ghostly white in face, is brushing a huge tin tray round and round. The brush must be of wire, or be grooved or toothed, for I see the caked material under which the fire is, is drawn and cut into tubed threads, and he draws it out as it dries, like so much carded flax, dexterously indeed. I see that he knows when it is done by its threads snapping and springing up, crisp and loose, from the tin shield. Good-natured people that the Turks are! He smiles and nods to me, quite pleased at the interest the wandering, spying-out Giaour takes in his performance.

Now, moving on, I get into a strata of edibles, for here, at a window, lolls an immense hide full of white cheese, looking like stale cream cheese, become dry and powdery. It comes from Odessa, I am told, or is made of buffalo's milk, and is brought by camels from the interior of Anatolia, for butter and milk are all but unknown in Turkey. At the next stall are dried devil-fish, looking horrible with their hundred leathery arms; but here, where sword-fish were once a

favourite dish, and the people are very poor, what can one expect?

Who shall say the Turks are bigoted and intolerant, when here, next door to a baker's, is a shop with coarse Greek prints, representing Botzaris, the Greek hero, putting to death heaps of Turks, and here are tons of illustrations, in which the Turk is always getting the worst of it. There was a time when to even delineate a human being was death in Turkey, but now——

It was hard times for the bakers twenty years ago, when you could hardly be a week in Constantinople without seeing one of the tribe groaning with a nail through his ear, fastening him to his own shop door. That was the time when women were drowned in sacks in broad daylight, and when the sight of a rebel pasha's head, brought in in triumph, has taken away the appetite of many an Englishman breakfasting with a Turkish minister. But there he (the baker) is now, floury, ghostly, and serious as ever, groping in that black cave of an oven at the back of his shop, or twisting rings of bread with all the unction of a feeder of mankind and a well-paid philanthropist.

The fez shops are very numerous in the Sick Man's city, for turbans decrease, though slowly. They are of a deep crimson, and have at the top a little red stalk, to which the heavy blue tassel is tied, and which always, to prevent entanglement, is kept in stock with a sort of ornament of paper cut into a lace pattern round it. The blocks, too, for fezes to be kept on, are sold in distinct shops. You see them round as cheeses ranged in front of a Turk, who watches them as if expecting them to grow. Sometimes you could hardly help thinking they were pork-pies, were it not for the barelegged boy in the background, who, pushing the block with the flexible sole of his foot, keeps it even upon the lathe.

Stationers and booksellers hardly show at all in Stamboul but in the bazaar, and there in a very limited way, and in a way, too, that makes the Englishman wish they were away altogether. The tailor, too, does not figure largely, though you see Turks busy in their shops sewing at quilted gowns and coverlids stuffed with down; and you seldom pass down a street without seeing a man with a bow, such as the Saracen of Snow-hill could scarcely have drawn, bowing cotton, with the twang and flutter peculiar to that occupation, the slave behind half buried in flock, or emerging from a swansdown sea of loose white feathers.

The jewellers (frequently Jews) are chiefly in the bazaars, both for safety and convenience. There they sit, sorting great heaps of seed pearl, like so much rice, squinting through lumps of emerald, or weighing filigree earrings, with veiled ladies looking on, and black duennas in yellow boots in waiting; but still there are also a few outsiders who sell coarse European watches with unseemly French cases, and large bossy silver cases for rose-water, or some such frivolous use, shaped like huge melons, and crusted with patterning, much watched

over by the Turkish police, who, in blue tunics, red fezes, and white trousers, sneak about rather ingloriously, saving for the ornamented holster at their belt, in which their pistols lurk.

It is not possible to go up a Turkish street, if it contain any shops, without also finding among them a furniture shop, where Chinese-looking stools and large chests are sold, their whole surface diced over with squares of mother-of-pearl, frequently dry and loose with extreme age. They are now, we believe, rather out of fashion in the palaces on the Bosphorus.

But these are the first-rate streets in the lower alleys. Round the gates of the Golden Horn side of the city, down by the timber stores and the fish-market, the shops are mere work-shops, and alternate with mere sheds, and with rooms full to the very door with shining millet or sesame, which looks like caraway seed; with charcoal stores, and fruit-stands where little green peaches are sold, the true Turk preferring raw fruit to ripe.

In these lower Thames-street sort of neighbourhoods—in winter knee-deep in mud, and in summer almost impassable for traffic, towards the Greek quarter especially—you are sure to find a comb-shop, a little place about as large as four parrots' cages, where an old ragged Turk and a dirty boy are at work, straightening crooked bullocks' horns by heat, sawing them into slices, chopping them thinner and thinner, and cutting out the coarse teeth. The workman, powdered with yellow horn dust, perhaps stops now and then to drink from the red earth jug that is by his side, or deals with a mahabiji, or street sweetseller, for that delicious sort of rice blanchmange he sells—yellow all through, powdered with white sugar, and eaten with a brass spoon of delightfully antique shape; or, he is discussing a shovelful of burnt chestnuts; or, a head of maize boiled to a flowery pulp, eaten with a ring of bread, and washed down with a draught from the nearest fountain; or he is stopping, the patriarch master being away, to listen to the strains of an itinerant Nubian, who stands under a mosque wall yonder, with a curious banjo slung round his black neck, the handle a big knotted reed, the body large as a groom's sieve and of the same shape. Some black female servants are near, also listening, and I can tell from what African province they are by the scars of the three gashes that, as they think, adorn their left cheeks. Close to where they stand, perhaps, is a shop full of fleas and pigeons, the latter always hustling about and cooing, and evidently on sale.

But shall I forget the tobacco shops that are incessant, that are everywhere; upon the hills and down by the water, round St. Sophia and close even to the Sublime Porte itself? In England, I have always from a boy envied two tradesmen, the one the cabinet-maker, the other the ivory-turner; the one, dealing with such a dainty material; the other, so dexterous and refined in its manipulations. In Turkey I always longed to be either a jeweller or a tobacco merchant, the one

with a stock so portable and costly, the other with a trade so much patronised yet requiring so little apparatus. The tailor fags his eyes out, but the tobacco merchant buys his skinfuls of tobacco, or his leathern bagfuls of the Syrian jibili, the patient hammal throws it down in his shop, he buys a tobacco-cutter, a pair of scales, a brass tiara of a tray to pile the show samples up in, and there he sits and smokes till a purchaser come. No heart-breaking change, no docks to trudge to, no anything. Nothing but to drag up brimming handfuls of the saffron thread and to sell it by the oke, trebling the price, of course, to an accursed Frank. What did the Turks do (I often thought) before smoking was invented? Did they play at chess, cut off Christians' heads perpetually, or murder their wives like Bluebeard, that vulgar type of the Turk? What did they do before coffee, on which they now seem to live, sipping it all day, hot, and black, and thick, tossing off grounds and all.

What is this shop, larger, wealthier, and more European-looking than its fellows, into which are now entering those three white-veiled, nun-like Turkish ladies, who draw up their rich silks of violet and canary colour quite above their bright yellow shapeless boots? They go in and sit down like so many children, on the low four-legged rush-bottomed stools, so full of mirth and mischief, that they agitate and distress and delight the quiet Turkish sweetmeat-seller and his black servant, who is steeping little oval shelly pistachio nuts in a tin of melting sugar and oil. The walls of the shop are hung with long walking-sticks (cudgels, shall I say?) of that precious and fragrant sweetmeat known in hareems as "rahat li kourm," or "lumps of delight," which is a glutinous sort of jelly of a pale lemon or rose colour, floured with sugar, and knotted and veined with the whitest and curdiest of almonds. It is a delicious, paradisaical, gluey business, and horribly indigestible.

Those fair English friends of mine who nibble at a fowl, and sip hesitatingly at a jelly, wishing to be thought mere fragile angels who drink the essence of flowers and live upon invalid spoonfuls of the most refined delicacies, might derive benefit from seeing Zobeide, Scheherazade, and the fair Persian wives of that renowned pasha, Dowdy Pasha, consume yards—yes, positively yards—of those sweetmeat walking-sticks, washing down the bane of digestion with plentiful draughts of red-currant sherbet, raspberry sherbet, and fresh-made lemonade duly iced.

Then, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, forgetful of this morning's handfuls of rice and fowl, and long greasy shreds torn with their own fair fingers from a lamb roasted whole, how they fall to on piles of sweet cakes, ending with a few spadefuls of confits, laughing and talking all the time, and making light of the whole affair! I wish I could here burst forth with some scraps of Hafiz or Ferdusi, and tell how warm and dark their antelope eyes were, and how the lucid tinge of a summer daybreak lit their cheeks. But, to tell truth, Zobeide was a whale



of a woman, and was ruddled, not merely painted, with rouge; the fair Persian had Indian ink eyebrows, joining architecturally over her nose; and Scherazade was white as a wall with smears of paint that marred her once pretty nose and dimpling mouth. As soon as they were trotted off in their little pea-green and gilt carriage, guardian negress and all, I went into the shop, about which I had all this time been loafingly prowling, and called, clapping my hands, for some violet sherbet; because Mussulman tradition distinctly tells us that that great Arab epicure and sensualist, Mohamed, called this his favourite beverage. And now do I greatly desire to tell my readers all about the flavour and fragrance of that well and euphoniously named drink; only one thing prevents me, and that is, that my Turk did not sell it, and no one else that I could find out ever did, so I did not taste it, and cannot compare it to all sorts of things as I should otherwise decidedly have done.

Wine and spirits would not be sold at all in Stamboul—at least openly—but that British subjects claim that privilege of sale. Raki, a sort of fiery oily anisette, peculiarly deleterious, is drunk with great relish by the Greeks, and by those Turks who are lax in their religious observance, whenever they can get it unobserved. I am afraid that tying down poor human nature with unnecessary restraints makes sad hypocrites of man, who find it difficult enough to keep even the great laws, and are always inventing some excuse to slip off Nature's handcuffs. I remember particularly one fresh bright morning that I was on the deck of a Turkish steamer that was ploughing through the Sea of Marmora, and just sighting the Seven Towers, beyond which the eypresses and minarets were rising in a great watchful army, guarding the crescented domes of the still sleeping city. The deck was strewn with Albanians in their hairy capotes, with slavish-looking thievish Greeks, and with Turks grave and cross-legged on their prayer-carpets. Here and there, seated on the benches, were two or three half-Europeanised Turks, attempting cumbrously to imitate the ribald ease of their Greek friends. Threading the still half-sleeping groups, stepped the cafegee of the boat with thimble cups of smoking black coffee (half grounds as the Turks drink it) on his dirty trays. A Greek, in crimson jacket and black worsted lace broidery all over it, suddenly produces an old medicine bottle full of raki, and passes it round. His Greek friends drink and look religiously thankful, for the autumn morning is raw. Three times—nay, four times—he smiles, and offers it to the Turk, who looks away over the boat-side coquettishly. There is a curious constraint in the way he pushes the bottle from him: so Cæsar pushed the crown, according to the envious Cassius; so Cromwell did not push aside the bottle, if Cavalier squibs be true. There is a thoughtful, spurious look about his eye, changing, with the rapidity of a juggler's trick, to a quiet look of content and triumph, as he suddenly accepts the bottle, and slipping behind a fat Greek, takes

an exhaustive slope of its contents. What this man did with hypocritic reluctance, hundreds did—as I was very well assured—without any reluctance at all, under the protection and shelter of a European's roof. They feel the prohibition is absurd; they know the Sultan has bartered his very throne for a champagne flask, as his father did before him; so, secretly they drink and are drunken. Indeed, I was told that the more philosophical Turks consider champagne merely a sort of heavenly bottled beer: in the first place, because it froths, which Eastern wine does not; secondly, because it is of a dull yellow colour, when their wine is red. Besides, as long as nations choose the wisest, and bravest, and best of their nation for monarch, must they not follow his example, and (saving the Prophet) get wisely, bravely, and in the best and most secret way possible, drunk from pure loyalty?

People have often laughed at Chateaubriand's French dancing-master giving soirées to the Dog-rib Indians, and a better subject for a farce could scarcely be conceived; but all incongruous things are ridiculous, when they are not, on the one hand, also hateful, or, on the other, when they do not excite our pity. So, apropos of raki, and the Turkish rakes who drink it, I must describe the small English tavern that I stumbled into just outside the Arsenal walls. It was kept by a Greek, and was in the Greek manner; but I found it was specially patronised by the English mechanics whom the Sultan keeps to superintend the government manufactories. These intensely English men, of course despising sherbet, which they profanely and almost insultingly called "pig's-wash," and detesting raki because it was the secret beverage of "them precious villains of Turks," resorted to this grimy hostelry, dirtier than the meanest village inn in "dear old England," to wash the steel filings from their throats and the sawdust from their lips, with real expensive, oily, bilious, "old Jamaïque"—so old that the red and green labels on the bottles were brown and fly-blown—and with "Hollands," in square, black-green, high-shouldered Ostade bottles. It was delightful to see the brave, cross-grained, grumbling fellows lamenting English climate and English taxes, cursing the Turks, and wishing they were in Wessex and Double Gloucester again, "with all their hearts;" to see them turning up their sleeves, and hammering on the table for more grapes and more rum; and to hear them shouting out, "It's my delight, on a shiny night," and "Don't rob a poor man of his beer," and discussing, with absurd eagerness, six-months-old English news—reforms long since become law, and treaties long since broken.

I have heard, indeed, that in the days of Mahmoud (the stern father of Abdul Medjid, "the fainéant"), that despotic Turk who destroyed the Janissaries, and introduced European reforms into Turkey, these bibulous friends of mine had rather a risky and troublesome time of it, for they stood upon their dignity as Britons, got feverish British beer into their brave wrong-headed brains, and were once or



twice "pulled up" and nearly decapitated in a row for not salaaming, "and all that rubbish."

And now, while I am in this tavern den, trying to eat some horseflesh stew, there stands before me a ragged Greek vagabond, crafty as Ulysses, voluble as the winged-worded Pericles, who, in hopes of a stray piastre, harangues me and the engineers on a certain English pasha to whom he was once right hand man. His gestures alone would be eloquence, for he beats his chest, and rends his dirty merino waistcoat.

"He (English pasha) keep white horse, black horse, red horse, blue horse, every sort horse; and I drive him, whip him, saddle him, break him, 'cos he (English pasha) Sultan great friend—every day at palace. I too at palace. I eat lamb, pistachio-nut. I eat kibob (very nice kibob), I drink shirab and champagne wine. I wear scarlet jacket and fustanella—white fustanella—servant under me—horse under me—money—drink—all right—all good. All at once come wicked man to English sultan, whisper ear—say, 'Take care, Anastase bad man, rogue-man.' English sultan call me, tell me, flog me—drive out faithful Anastase—take away horses—everything. Now, Anastase dirty man, poor man, thief man (laughs ironically), no raki, no kibob, no drink, no eat. Go 'bout ask good rich Englishman for little money. Thank, sir (smiles), drink health!"

### CONCERNING CRAVATS.

WE must not despair. Everything will have its history told in its turn. Already English umbrellas and French lamps have their respective histories in print; then why should not the kind protector of the human windpipe have its useful story related? The art of tying the cravat was written, some considerable number of years since, by an author who signed himself the Baron de l'Empesé; but, although we are assured that the baron brought the patience of a Benedictine monk to his works, he did not exhaust his subject. Could the history of the cravat be told in a hundred printed pages, and with only five illustrative plates? As well endeavour to exhaust the history of England on a sheet of note-paper. The worthy historian of the cravat must consider the men who wear cravats, and the great men who have not worn them. The baron reminds us that the cravat makes the man. Is it not, then, of importance to the world to learn that M. de Chateaubriand and M. de Villèle, two eminent statesmen, could never decently dispose their cravats? Could M. de Villèle conduct a straightforward policy with his neckcloth awry? No. It is to the honour of the baron that, thirty years ago, he discovered a new point of view from which men might advantageously look upon human affairs; that view was from man's necktie! The wearer of the Gordian knot must have been a distinct individual from the creatures who wore Talma knots, or Bergami knots, or cascade

knots, or giraffe knots, or gastronomic knots. We should unhesitatingly declare that an inclination to the Gordian knot betrayed a tendency to diplomacy. Did Brillat Savarin wear a gastronomic knot, and was Cuvier's windpipe hidden by the giraffe? History is silent on these important points.

There have been dabblers, however, in the history of the neckcloth, who have collected materials, suggested chapters, and run up hasty theories. There have been controversies on the origin of cravats, in which the focalia of the Romans make a prominent figure, and in which the pretensions of the Croats are supported and rebutted.

How the neckband of the shirt grew into the prodigious frills of the sixteenth century; how these linen walls fell over upon the manly shoulders of the Puritans of the seventeenth century; how the cravats became effeminate under the second Charles; are progresses which belong to the future historian—to the coming man.

The cravat proper, with its elegantly adjusted folds, it is stoutly asserted, was first brought into France by French officers, on their return from Germany, in sixteen thirty-six. As stoutly is it maintained by Furetière, against Ménage, that the word cravat is nothing more than a corruption of Croat. The Croats, who guarded the Turkish frontiers of Austria, and who acted as scouts on the flanks of the army, wore linen round their necks, tied in front, the officers wearing muslin, or silk. When France organised a regiment on the model of the Croats, these linen croats, or cravats, were also imitated. The Royal Cravat was the name of a French regiment to the time of the French Revolution. So much for the origin of the cravat.

We are reminded that the cravat did not make its way suddenly; since, in the archives of the Calvinistic college in Languedoc, where Bayle was educated, may be seen an order, commanding the scholars to wear black clothing, and not to indulge in canes, cravats, nor other things that violate modesty. But what would the learned doctors of Puylawrens have thought of splendid Louis the Fourteenth's cravats, with scarlet and sky-blue satin knots, and their lace falls? Not that the old Calvinists could have commanded much attention had they been in the neighbourhood of great Louis; French vivacity and audacity had their play there; the humour of the moment was the law of the moment; and this humour took its graceful turns now and then. For instance, the princes, dressing hastily for the battle of Steinkerque, cast their cravats negligently round their throats. After the victory, charming women, looking lovingly at the victors, adorned themselves with gracefully careless little kerchiefs, and called them Steinkerques. Advertisers have vulgarised these feminine gentilleses of old. It is true that Parisian ladies wear, at this moment, Solferino mantillas, and that flâneurs are conspicuous in Cavour shirt-collars; but we know that here are only so many twopences made by

the tradesmen who "inspire" Le Follet. These will have their day, as even the Great Louis cravats had their day.

Way for the flowing Chancellor cravats of Louis the Fifteenth's time!—they also must have their day. And their day shall end at the peace of Hanover, when the Duke of Choiseul shall command the army of France to wear stiff stocks. It was a sad day for French and for English soldiers when these instruments of torture were invented. Civilians soon broke through them; but only to be bound up anew in the starched muslin of Louis the Sixteenth's time. These barricades about the windpipe were especially conspicuous on a certain day when the National Assembly met at Versailles; the stiff military stocks, or elegant lace cravats of the nobility, contrasting strongly (perhaps ominously) with the plain white of the commoners' neckcloths.

The Revolution tore the cravat from men's throats. How could men call loud enough for blood, in the days of Terror, with the windpipe shackled by starched muslin? The Sans-Culottes must have their throats free, for the exercise of their lungs; their enemies must have their throats free, also, for the convenience of La Guillotine. Thus, the Marats would have done violence to the cravat; had not Robespierre set his grim, green head, upon a column of starched muslin, mathematically set up. The cravat was saved; and Republican generals, to make it doubly safe, wore two—a small black one over a large white one. There were generals, however (Pichegru, for instance), who disdained the voluminous starched bands of Paris. How the cravat grew round the chin, till it threatened to burke the wearer, our readers must remember from the thousands of drawings of this wildly dressing time. Men carried their political faith, in those days, round their necks. The royalists distinguished themselves by wearing green neckcloths. And we, in our turn, imitated even the republicans. The first gentleman in Europe passed his youth wrapped about the neck like a fresh mummy. Brummel must be approached with awe by the coming historian of the neckcloth. Was the delicacy with which he passed his thumb and forefinger round the upper edge of his spotless muslin ever equalled?

Let us treat this subject with the gravity it deserves. We are told that in the year nine of the Republic, the collar began to peep timidly above the cravat. Democratic collar! which in spite of Toryism in brass buttons and nankeens, stoutly defending the cravat in all its integrity, was destined to triumph at last in that particularly demonstrative type of the species known as "the all-rounder!" But—not to anticipate—throughout the Consulate, the cravat held its own, and grew, till the man was almost second to the neckcloth. The Empire brought back some of the lace of royalty. The delicate work of Alençon encompassed the throat of the hero of Arcole on his coronation day. His senators imitated him; and civilians began to strut about with huge white knots, called *choux*. We are

assured that General Lasalle's cravat was thick enough to turn a bullet and save his life; and it has been more than hinted that Napoleon owed the defeat of Waterloo to the fact that on that great day he wore a white cravat, with a flowing knot, "contrary to his custom."

His fall marked the beginning of a perilous era in the history of the neckcloth. The Restoration took to stocks. Stocks, of velvet, and even of morocco leather, were adopted. The cravat was at the point of death, when some clever chemist gave it a galvanic spasm, by attaching it to the stock. It was no longer free to float in the air, however. Prodigious golden pins held it fast, until after the revolution of eighteen thirty, when it regained its liberty. But it was clearly in its dotage, and to this hour it remains in obscurity, dreaming of the glorious time when it encircled the throat of the Great Louis.

One of the practical sages of this practical time has calculated that the man who wears a neckcloth, and ties it properly, wastes four thousand hours in forty years upon its knot! This same sage vehemently panegyrises the loose neck gear of the present time. Fond of figures, he bids us enjoy a knowledge of the fact (according to him), that six thousand workwomen make a good living in Paris, in arranging neckties for the civilised world.

Gr. de M.—to whom we humbly confess ourselves indebted for some of the materials for a serious history of the neck-cloth (which we now put at the service of any ambitious frequenter of the British Museum reading-room who may chance to read these lines)—Gr. de M. is not equal to his subject. It overpowers him.

#### FACES IN THE FIRE.

I WATCH the drowsy night expire,  
And Fancy paints at my desire,  
Her magic pictures in the fire.

An island-farm 'mid seas of corn,  
Swayed by the wandering breath of morn,  
The happy spot where I was born.

The picture fadeth in its place;  
Amid the glow I seem to trace  
The shifting semblance of a face.

'Tis now a little childish form,  
Red lips for kisses pouted warm,  
And elf-locks tangled in the storm.

'Tis now a grave and gentle maid,  
At her own beauty half afraid,  
Shrinking, yet willing to be stayed.

'Tis now a matron with her boys,  
Dear centre of domestic joys:  
I seem to hear the merry noise.

Oh, time was young, and life was warm,  
When first I saw that fairy form,  
Her dark hair tossing in the storm;

And fast and free these pulses played,  
When last I met that gentle maid—  
When last her hand in mine was laid.

Those locks of jet are turned to grey,  
And she is strange and far away,  
That might have been mine own to-day—

That might have been mine own, my dear,  
Through many and many a happy year,  
That might have sat beside me here.

Ay, changeless through the changing scene,  
The ghostly whisper rings between  
The dark refrain of "might have been."

The race is o'er I might have run,  
The deeds are past I might have done,  
And sore the wraith I might have won.

Sunk is the last faint flickering blaze;  
The vision of departed days  
Is vanished even as I gaze.

The pictures with their ruddy light  
Are changed to dust and ashes white,  
And I am left alone with night.

### MY GIRLS.

AN article which has recently appeared in this periodical under the title, "My Boys," has induced the writer—a single lady, somewhat advanced in years—to venture on a few remarks under the heading *My Girls*, in which it will be shown what are the principal faults and tendencies of the young ladies of this age, and in which one or two suggestions will be thrown out as to the best means of dealing with them.

*My Girls*—I will speak in the first person, if I may, as I shall then be less likely to make mistakes—my girls are not exactly *my* girls; that is to say, I stand towards them only in the relation of an old maiden aunt, with whom they spend their holidays. They have done so, ever since the death of their parents, which occurred when they were quite in their infancy. My girls are four in number; the youngest is eleven years old, and the eldest eighteen; the other two are somewhere between these ages. The education of my three youngest darlings is still in progress, that of my eldest is supposed to be complete. Now—to burst into the subject at once—to what has that education tended? What are they educated for? With a view to whose gratification have they been taught as they have been taught? With a view to whose torment have they been left untaught as they have been? What object do my girls set before them; what object has been set before them by those who have had the charge of their education?

In this world of uncertainty it is a great thing to be quite sure of anything, and there is one thing that is unmistakably certain, which is, that my girls will either marry or remain single. Now the qualities required of a single woman and a married woman are much more identical than is generally supposed. There are few women who are unmarried who are not required, sooner or later to *work*. If poor, they will have to work for their bread; if well off, they will generally—supposing they follow the path of duty—have to keep home for some brother, to look after some relative's children who have a claim on their regard, or else to bestow their attention on the wants of those only bound to them by the ties of a common humanity. The

single woman, who has none of these things to do, is a very exceptional person.

The house duties of a married woman are too well known, and have been too often dilated upon to need, or even to bear, enforcing here. There is, however, no virtue—if one may use a positive term for a negative quality—which she will need more constantly and more imperatively than unselfishness. Now, thank Heaven, women are naturally unselfish. Selfishness is a male vice, par excellence, and is in some remote degree *with* men excusable. They have to hew their way to every achievement by mowing down so many obstacles, that they are obliged to think of themselves, or they would never get on. Women have, or should have, *no identity wholly their own*, no separate existence in themselves—this is treating of women in their natural state of alliance with men. If a woman (speaking generally) so allied, has any thought at all, except for her husband and children, she is nothing.

This is a strong assertion, but I cannot swerve from it. I cannot advance a single step without it. I cannot say how sure I am that it is so, and that the acceptance of the truth is at the root of all real happiness for women.

Now, the whole tendency of a girl's education, as at present conducted, is to eradicate this natural self-abandonment, and to cultivate that quality of selfishness which, barely, and only in the slightest degree, excusable in men, is, in women, not only a hideous, but an inconceivably dangerous disfigurement.

I observe in my girls a gradually developing audacity and independence which augurs ill for their future. Their looks and carriage are defiant and wholly wanting in humility. They march along with their military heels, their shortened petticoats abruptly terminating like the edge of a diving-bell, and the whole ridiculous mass swaying from side to side as each foot is placed on the ground; they march along as if they were the most important part of creation, and as if the men whom they meet, with the stoop of labour and a weight of care upon their shoulders, were barely good enough to wait upon them. The men do not like this, I suspect. There is no man who, as long as a woman fights with her own arms, and uses the mighty strength of her own most beautiful weakness, but will gladly give way, and yield, if need be, a menial service to women; but it must be accepted as a concession; not demanded as a right.

Men will pay every kind of attention to women, and bestow all sorts of worship and tenderness upon them; but we women should admit that it is not our right, and then that right will never be questioned.

It is not my intention, any more than it was that of the gentleman who recently made some complaints about his boys, to say much about the school education of my girls, or to depreciate the course of instruction through which they are put, while under the care of the excellent Mrs. Primways. I am not going to indulge in common-place diatribes against the too

great attention bestowed on accomplishments at that lady's establishment. Accomplishments are very good things in their place, and we all know that there is no gentleman (worthy of the name) who would not prefer a brilliantly executed piece of Chopin's to a well-served little dinner, and who would not find consolation for every deficiency in his table and household arrangements, in a water-colour drawing of a rustic cottage, with blue smoke coming out of its chimney, a poplar or two, a half-dozen of spruce firs emerging from its roof, and clean agricultural children playing before its door.

There is, then, no gentleman, worthy of the name, who would not prefer accomplishments to housewifery—that is an established fact. But then there is, most unfortunately, a very large class of gentlemen who, in this respect, are unworthy of the name. There is—I say it with sorrow—a very large class of men who, coming home after a hard day's work, would prefer finding a bright little woman waiting for them with a smiling face and a neat and supervised (if I may be allowed the expression) dinner, to a greeting of the most triumphant kind on the piano, followed by a meal which gave tokens of having been handed over to the exclusive care of the servants. There are also certain abject men who would hardly be consoled for a series of mistakes in the weekly bills, by the best water-colour drawing—as above described—ever executed by amateur fingers; and, worst of all, there are—I know it for a fact—some men extant who, belonging to professions which tax the head throughout the day to an excess, and in which a day of great effort is not uncommonly bestowed in vain, the work turning out a failure after all; these men, liable, from the tension of the brain, to occasional attacks of irritability, and finding that such irritability is dispersed very rapidly by a few soft and sympathetic words uttered in a woman's gentlest tones—these persons, I say, will hold that, when this fit is on them, it is hardly right or kind of their better halves to take that opportunity to give way to temper, to answer unsympathetically or unkindly, or even to keep a sullen silence, to retire to the sofa and to a study of the Reverend Punchon Head's last volume of Sermons.

Such men as I have hinted at above exist, and, what is more dreadful still, they are by no means uncommon. Uncommon? I am not sure but that they preponderate. In fact, if the truth must tell, I know that they *do* preponderate.

But it will be said that a wife is not to do the work of servants. No, she is not. But she is to do the work that servants will not or cannot do. No household left to servants will prosper. That supervision spoken of above, is indispensable. Depend upon it the household arrangements will never go on without it. The dinners will fail, and the bills——It is one of the most remarkable things connected with psychological studies to observe the tendency of the human mind, as it is exhibited in the British tradesman, to inaccuracy in his accounts. It is

wholly impossible to explain this phenomenon by any other means than by attributing it to his excessive and morbid philanthropy. He is for ever in the most delicate manner suggesting to you that you are too self-denying in your diet. He is always giving you credit, in his little account, for supplementary sweetbreads, chops which are the children of his imagination, half-pounds of beef-suet which were left at the door of your next-door neighbour. His mistakes always take this form; he never by any chance attributes to you a sparer diet than you have indulged in, or omits to post to your *discredit* a single ounce of that thin end of the neck which was really the joint handed last Wednesday over your area railings. Now, all these things require to be vigilantly looked after, and the wretches of men have a notion that to attend to such matters is part of woman's mission!

Are my girls thus educated, with a view to the cultivation of those qualities which I have shown will be expected of them? Are they taught that one day they will have practical duties to perform—that they will probably have to make the most, for some years at any rate, of a small income? It is astonishing what a "most" may be made of it, by a little thought and good taste. Are they taught that one day they will have to merge their own identity in some one else's identity? Are they initiated in the mysteries of cooking, in the arcana of butchers' bills? I think not.

Now, I have to propose an Institution for girls, for their occupation during the holidays, and at the conclusion of their education, which shall be somewhat analogous (the difference of sex being taken into consideration) to that suggested for boys in the article to which I have already alluded, as appearing a short time ago in the pages of this journal.

My institution is, in one or two respects, to resemble that just spoken of. A considerable degree of attention is to be bestowed on the bodily structure of those who should frequent it, on its growth, its strength, its due development. My girls don't get up early enough in the morning, they don't take exercise enough, they don't eat enough. They are inclined to dawdle, to feel relieved when luncheon-time comes, and the morning is proclaimed by that fact to have passed away. They shall never be allowed to dawdle, or be idle, or listless, in my institution on any pretence whatsoever.

In developing my notion of the "GIRLS' HOLIDAY OCCUPATION INSTITUTE," I propose that there shall be the following classes: A Physical-Education Class; a Cookery Class; a Household-Bill-auditing Class; a Shirt-button-Supervision Class; and a Mangy-Gossip-Suppression Class. These are to begin with; many more would suggest themselves as the project advanced.

Some of these classes almost speak for themselves and require but little description of the manner in which they should be worked. The Physical-Education Class, for instance, proclaims by its name that every kind of drill and calis-

thenic exercise, and (for the younger members of the institution) every description of game adapted to feminine habits, should be practised by those who attended it. This is a most important class. The development of bodily strength having much to do with health in women as in men. There is no particular harm either in a woman being able to take a walk with her husband. It will be a good thing for both, and such exercise taken together by two persons who are fond of each other is one of the most rational and pleasant of amusements.

In the Cookery Class the very desirable achievement of killing two birds with one stone is attainable. It is important that in this class there should be a high development of the critical faculty contemplated. It will be necessary that mistakes should be made, in order that the future matron may be taught to find them out, and may learn the best means of preventing them. Let there be, then—since the young ladies who form this class are not to cook themselves, but are only to superintend the cookery of others—let there be a class of girls of inferior rank admitted here to do the cooking, and while their mistakes will serve to develop the critical faculty of the students in this class, they (the nascent cooks) will gradually learn to avoid these mistakes more and more themselves, until they are at last dismissed as perfect. Other ignorant girls would succeed these, and so we should not only have our young ladies taught to be good judges of all matters connected with the cuisine, but we should have besides, what is much wanted: a constant issue of trained cooks.

It is quite certain that the successful action of this Cookery Class would be materially aided by there being a dining hall, where the young ladies should partake of the viands whose preparation they had superintended, or neglected. They would then reap the reward of their vigilance, or the punishment of their indifference, in the success or failure of the dinner, which, good or bad, they must eat. It is impossible that such misfortunes as the appearance of a soup ornamented with oily circles on its surface, or a fish which should disclose certain pink revelations when cut, and whose flesh should declare a fixed determination to adhere to the bones,—it is impossible, I say, that such accidents as these could be of frequent occurrence, when so hideous a retribution was inseparable from them.

Intimately connected with the Cookery Class would be the Household-Bill-auditing Class. It would come under the duties of its members to decipher the hieroglyphics of which a butcher's bill is invariably composed, to test the accuracy of the weekly accounts by reference to a daily record of all the articles supplied by each tradesman, and to examine into the grounds for the imputation of any item charged. The pupils should in that case take it by turns, every week, to provide the dinner and other necessities connected with the establishment, and they would then be enabled with certainty to

judge of the truth or falseness of the accounts rendered—accounts, let it be remembered, which should from time to time be purposely sent in wrong, to elicit the vigilance of the pupil in its fullest force.

Among the "things not generally known" to which attention has never been sufficiently directed must be ranked the enormous influence of shirt-buttons on home peace; and I consider that the Shirt-button-Supervision Class is among the most important of the different branches of my contemplated Institution. It would require to be very artfully and dexterously managed. The pupils should never know when they were to be called upon to attend this class, and I would take care that such calls were always made at the most infelicitous moments. A pupil should be thoroughly tired out, and should, late in the day, be encouraged, after passing through a perfect curriculum of the previous studies, to cast herself down in an easy-chair cunningly placed in her way, and should be even encouraged to solace herself with the most interesting reading procurable—in other words, a number of this periodical should be placed in her hands. At this moment another pupil, supposed to represent a housemaid, should enter the room, and should utter the awful words, "If you please, mum, the things is come home from the wash; would you please to step up-stairs, and look them over?" To jump up, to cast down the interesting reading, and to "step" up-stairs as requested, would be, with the advanced pupil of my establishment, the work of a moment: while with those who are but newly admitted it would be preceded by much yawning, long delays, and many other recalcitrant strugglings. Nor would the secret wiles connected with the due and proper working of the machinery of this very important class stop when the young lady *had* "stepped" up-stairs. It would then be necessary that all the imperfect and defective shirts (contributions of which should be invited) should be placed in drawers underneath the linen of a more sound and unimpaired kind; that the attendant hand-maid should say, "There's no call to look at them, mum, any ways;" to which the beginner would probably respond, "Very well, Jane;" while the more initiated pupil would, on the other hand, insist on seeing them immediately. There should be provided every delusion and snare known in the annals of laundry that can delude the eye and bewilder the judgment of our young friend. Button-holes slightly enlarged by long use, presenting no longer their usual form of a narrow and constricted slit, but wrought into an abnormal rotundity of orifice, should be there. Casts of buttons left in the linen by mangling, the button itself being absent, should be there; and there, too, should be the button undecided—most dangerous deception of all—which, held on by one, two, or three threads, and stiffened into its place with starch, feels as if it would do, and pleads hard to be left alone till next wash. The pupil who resists this test, and who finds out the button which is split across the middle without

showing it, shall be a prize pupil, shall be considered perfect in this department of the institution, and shall pass on to the higher branches of the Mangy-Gossip-Suppression Class, and the Dress-Resignation Class.

If the different departments already enlarged upon are important, in what words shall I speak of the necessity there is for the prompt organisation of my establishment, in order that the Mangy-Gossip-Suppression Class may be instantly brought into action? Its working should be of this sort. Talking of the freest kind should be promoted among the pupils for a certain length of time, after which they should go through an examination in connexion with it, and the students who were swiftest to detect at what particular points the recent conversation had degenerated into gossip should be promoted to high places in the establishment, and should be exonerated for a certain number of days from attendance in the Household-Bill-auditing and Shirt-button-Supervision Classes—a reward which should likewise be conferred upon all pupils who had declined to listen to stories seasoned with that most piquante of all sauces, the disparagement of a dear and intimate friend. The students in this department should also go through a course of instruction, in which they should be taught to look with suspicion upon all such members of the Institution as should come into the room in a hurried, breathless, and fussy state of importance, saying, "I've come, at great personal inconvenience, to tell you something which I think you ought to know;" or, "I have just heard a report about Miss Lamb, in connexion with last week's bill-auditing, and as to the truth of which Miss Wolf, who is well-informed on the subject, is ready to pledge herself at any moment."

Great pains should be taken with the Mangy-Gossip-Suppression Class. The elder pupils should be instructed to enter into plots with each other for the concoction of some very intricate story, and the junior members of the class should be lured in a'l conceivable ways to listen to accounts of the same, furnished by all sorts of persons, who should be especially qualified for purveying the exact truth of the matter by knowing nothing whatever about it. Then, in reference to this very question of the rights and the wrongs of the dispute between Mesdemoiselles Wolf and Lamb, who is there who could approach the new pupil, little Credula Swallow, with such certain information as to all the particulars of the question in dispute as Miss Chink, who had it from Miss Keyhole, who, in her turn, heard all about it from the next-door-but-five neighbours of the Peep-o'-day-boys, whose estates in Ireland are in immediate contact with the bog-country, which belongs to the Irish branch (non-resident) of the Fox family, who are related, as everybody knows, by the mother's side, to this very Miss Wolf herself, about whom the story is circulated! Of course, the new pupil falls into the trap, and listens to all this, and being punished by a week's auditing of the most intricate (and greasy) butchers' bills

procurable from the London shambles, never listens to any such narratives any more.

The instances of departments quoted above will be sufficient to furnish some idea of the establishment which I propose should be started with as little delay as possible. Many more examples might be given, as, for instance, the Dress-Resignation Class, in which young ladies should be induced to set their hearts on some new-fashioned garment, and should resign it at the request of other pupils, who should be supposed to personate husbands unconvinced of the beauty, and quite convinced, of the expense, of the article of costume in question. A consideration of this branch of my subject suggests to me at once the inquiry: Whom do my girls dress for? Do my eldest girl, for instance, who is engaged to young Mr. Judex, the barrister, dress to please that discriminating personage? Is it to please him that she wears a bonnet with a great, hard, empty crown sticking out behind, which is (or was five minutes ago) the fashion in Paris, and with a blazing ribbon and rosette appended to it? Is it to gratify *his* taste that she puts on a red petticoat with a steel cage underneath it, which renders it impossible for that young man to give her his arm when they walk out, and which swept the cloth and the lamp clean off my work-table only last night? Is it to please Mr. Judex that she does all this? Not a bit of it. I think I have heard that gentleman express, more than once, views on all these matters diametrically opposed to the adoption of the fashions just spoken of. The young ladies dress *for* themselves, and *at* each other.

The details of my Institution grow under my hands, and I find it difficult to abstain from a still more lengthened development of its intention and the manner of its working, than even this into which I have entered. The combination of public nurseries with the establishment, for instance, is a thing that suggests itself at once as desirable. All young girls are fond of nursing, and the advantages that would accrue to my pupils from an occasional superintendence of temporary homes for children whose mothers are employed at work, would be very great indeed.

But whither, some one asks, is all this tending? You are training up these young ladies to be upper-nurses and upper-housekeepers. Not so. I am training them up to be wives and mothers. It must not be forgotten for a moment that my Institution is only supposed to be supplementary to those establishments where the accomplishments and studies of which an ordinary education consists are done ample justice to. What I ask is this: is equal justice done to those accomplishments the importance of which I am venturing to urge?

At my time of life I seldom or never go to parties, but last summer I was persuaded, when at Cheltenham, to attend one of these festivities at the house of a very old and dear friend. At the conclusion of the party, as I was coming away, I happened to look into a back-drawing-room which I thought was empty, and there I



saw a figure which I shall never forget. It was that of an "old young lady," on whom some fifty winters had cast their blighting influence, but who, nevertheless, maintained a youthful style in her dress and general appearance which was very dreadful to behold, and to support which the resources of art had been had recourse to in a very unmistakable manner. She was sitting in an empty room, with the lights flaring and the daylight streaming in upon her, and was *playing at patience at a deserted card-table*. It was a celebrated beauty who was thus occupied, and as I looked and remembered what she was once, and what she might have been, I asked myself whether this was a brilliant termination to a career?

There is no dress in the warehouse of Messrs. Howell and James which will so set off and decorate a woman's charms, believe me, as that garb which she weaves about her by her own good deeds. There is no splendour of decoration which will win for her the admiration—to put it on no higher ground—which the reputation that she has ordered her household well, will gain for her from all the world. There is no wreath of flowers, no coronet of jewels, which will surround her head with such a blaze of glory, as this report—that, as a wife and as a mother, she lived without a fault. Let my girls once get this into their heads. Let them once feel assured that they come out to more advantage—a million-fold—occupied in their home duties, than in the gayest ball-dresses that modern ingenuity can devise; once let these things be thoroughly recognised, and I think I may answer for it that the Registrar-General will not have to complain of a decline in the number of marriages, and that Sir Creswell Creswell will have an easier time of it than he has had of late.

### VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

#### A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY. IN NINE CHAPTERS.

##### CHAPTER VII. A WEDDING EXCURSION.

THE remark of one of the biographers of Sixtus—the monk Tempesti—on the conduct of the Pope towards Orsini, is too curiously illustrative of the moral sense and notions of the time to be passed over. The disobedience of the prince to the precept forbidding him to marry Vittoria, would have afforded, says the monk, an excellent opportunity of taking vengeance for the murder of Peretti. But, having pardoned the first offence when cardinal, Sixtus did not like immediately to punish the second as pope. He, *therefore*, intimated to him the order to send away his bandit followers, so that if he disobeyed this command "this fault might serve as an opportunity of punishing the first most heinous offence. *A sentiment truly worthy and princely!*"

The general course of the conduct and administration of Sixtus, however, were such as to justify us in believing that his sentiments were less princely than his admiring biographer

supposes on this occasion. There seems no reason to doubt that he absolutely spoke sincerely, and meant what he said, intending to let bygones be bygones, and to act no more severely towards Orsini in the matter of the bandits kept in pay by him, than he did to all the other ruffian nobles of Rome on the same subject.

It never seems, however, to have occurred to Orsini for an instant that the Pope meant nothing more than what he said. That glance from the eye of the man whose kinsman he had murdered seemed to him quite a sufficient assurance that Rome was no longer any place for him. Perhaps, also, he felt no desire to inhabit a city in which law and order were henceforth to be paramount. So he came from the presence of Sixtus, and told Vittoria that they must seek a home elsewhere. She, on her part, was ready enough to turn her back on Rome, for Rome was beginning, we are told, to turn its back on her. Not by any means, it must be understood, because it was felt that her conduct had been base, unwomanly, or criminal, but because it had been *imprudent*, and wanting in sagacity and judgment. "There is no telling," says the historian, "the tittle-tattle and gossip of the Roman ladies about her. One of them, a person of high rank, who had at first been very fond of her, could not refrain from saying, disdainfully, 'See, now, what that silly fool Vittoria has done for herself! She might have been the first princess in Rome; and she has taken for a husband a living gangrene, full of sores, and fifty years old!'"

It is worth noting that to be the wife of a pope's favourite nephew, even though pope and nephew be peasant born, is evidently deemed by the Roman dames of rank a higher position than to be wife to the proudest and most powerful lay baron in Italy. And in a society far too corrupt to recognise honourableness as anything different from profit and power, or to estimate it except in proportion to its productiveness of these, the examples of the Riarci, the Borgias, and the Farnesi, abundantly justify the correctness of their appreciation. Vittoria's mother, it may be said, was of a different opinion. But the choice before her was not between Orsini and a pope's nephew, but between the latter and one who might, or who possibly might never, become the former. It is further very noticeable that the lady of rank who calls Vittoria "a silly fool"—(matita)—for having played her cards as she had done, evidently takes it for granted that she was a consenting party to the murder of her first husband, inasmuch as on no other supposition could it be said that she *might* have been, as Francesco Peretti's wife, the greatest princess in Rome.

It was about the middle of June, 1585, not quite two months after the election of Sixtus, that Orsini and his wife left Rome. A pretext for their departure—for such a step could not with any decorum be taken by such a personage in those days without a false reason to hide the true one—was found in the recommendation of

his physicians that he should try certain mineral waters in the neighbourhood of the Lago di Garda for his health.

Vittoria and her husband were accompanied on their journey by that Ludovico Orsini of whose dealings with the peace officers of the city the reader has already heard. He, too, as may readily be imagined, found Rome under Sixtus the Fifth no longer a desirable residence. Things were not as they were. The good old times, when a gentleman could live like a gentleman, were gone. Rome was going to the dogs, and he, for his part, did not know what things were coming to. We have heard similar grumblings under similar circumstances, with a similar impression of the accurate truth of the last of the complainer's assertions.

This Ludovico, who had thus fallen on bad times, was a cousin of the prince; and being, as we have seen, a gentleman of high and nice feelings when the honour of the family was in question, had been grievously pained and offended by the misalliance made by the head of his race. The enmity arising from this circumstance was, with that chivalrous sense of justice and fairness which is ever found united with the feelings that moved Ludovico, exhibited by him, not towards the powerful and wealthy head of his house, who "had been bewitched, poor fellow!" but wholly against Vittoria, the bewitching. So that, for her at least, this addition to the family travelling party did not promise to alleviate any of the disagreeable circumstances which necessarily attached to it.

Bearing in mind what journeys were in those days under the best circumstances, one may fancy that Vittoria, with her diseased and shockingly unwieldy husband, and the hostile kinsman, who hated her as the cause not only of disgrace to his family, but of this exile from their homes in the world's capital, did not much enjoy her "bridal trip." We are inclined to be decidedly of the opinion of the Roman lady of rank, and to think that there was nothing, at all events yet, to repay one for murdering a husband.

It was in the territory of Venice that Orsini had determined on seeking a safe asylum and a home. There had been a connexion of long standing between the government of the great republic and the Orsini family, more than one of the name having held command of the forces of the Queen of the Adriatic. And when at length the travellers had arrived within a short distance of the city, the senate sent messengers to offer Orsini a guard of honour, and a public entry into the city. This, however, the prince declined; and thinking, probably, that under all the circumstances the less of publicity attending his movements the better, he determined on not going to Venice at all. Turning his steps, therefore, towards Padua, he hired in that city a magnificent palace for his residence during the coming winter, and then moving on in the direction of the Lago di Garda, established himself for the summer at Salo, a lovely spot at

the head of a little bay on the western shore of the lake, at no very great distance from Brescia.

Ludovico Orsini, in the mean time, had gone on to Venice; and shortly succeeded in obtaining from the senate the command of the Venetian troops in Corfu.

Orsini and his wife remained during the rest of the summer at Salo; where, says the historian, "he hired a superb villa, and strove by various pastimes to divert his wife, and his own profound melancholy caused by his infirmities of body, which became more and more troublesome, and by the memories of Rome, and of his own excesses." The picture of the "interior" of Vittoria and her princely husband in their delicious villa in one of the loveliest spots in Europe, is not hard to imagine. Only we should be inclined to suggest, that in all probability the parts sustained in that domestic drama, as far as the efforts to amuse were concerned, were rather the reverse of the cast supposed by the historian. We cannot but suspect that these "efforts" fell to the share of the young wife, while the all too unamusable patient was the princely husband. Perhaps, also, we might venture to infer that these sweet summer months on the beautiful shores of the lake beloved by poets, were not a period of un-mixed connubial felicity to the lady Vittoria. The reward of ambition had not come yet. But perhaps it was coming, and that in no very distant future. That one's newly married husband should weigh twenty stone, and have a "lupa" consuming his bloated limbs, may in one point of view be unfavourable circumstances. But from a different stand-point they may be very much the reverse. After all, a well-jointed widowhood, to be made the most of while yet in the flower of her age and the pride of her beauty, with the rank of a princess, and the revenue of one, might be a better thing than to be the wife of either a pope's nephew or a great prince. We can understand that the position of a wife may well have begun to show itself to the beautiful and accomplished Vittoria as not the most desirable in the world.

Still Vittoria could not disguise from herself that she had rather difficult cards to play. The whole of the great Orsini clan were her enemies, for the same reason that moved the enmity of Ludovico. From the Pope she had little reason to expect either favour or protection. The Duke of Florence, and the powerful Cardinal dei Medici, his brother, were hostile to her, on the grounds which have been explained. Her own eldest brother, the only one of them who had such a position as could have enabled him to afford her any support or protection, had also been estranged from her by the marriage she had contracted in despite of his prohibition. It was a dreary outlook into the future for a young beauty only a few years out of her girlhood. And as her husband's increasing malady brought the consideration of it more closely before her, she felt that she should need all that the most

cautious prudence and self-possession could effect.

Orsini, to do him justice, seems to have been anxious, when the conviction of the great precariousness of his life forced itself on him, to make the best provision he could for her who had been either the partner or the victim of his crime. About the beginning of November in that autumn of 1555, he made spontaneously, as the historians especially assure us, a will bequeathing to Vittoria a hundred thousand crowns in money, besides a very considerable property in plate, jewels, furniture, carriages, horses, &c. It was further ordered that a palace should be purchased for her in any city of Italy she might select, of the value of ten thousand crowns, and a villa of the value of six thousand. Moreover, a household of forty servants was to be maintained for her. And the Duke of Ferrara was named the executor of this will.

Having made this provision, the prince determined on a journey to Venice in search of better medical aid. But a journey in this direction did not by any means suit the plans which Vittoria had determined on. Reflecting on the dangerous amount of hostility which would surround her on every side as soon as her husband should have breathed his last, and conscious that this would be increased by the exorbitancy of the provisions of the will in her favour, she had made up her mind that her only safe course was to get her husband out of Italy while it was yet possible, over the Swiss frontier, which is at no great distance from Salo, so that at the moment of his death she and her property might be in safety under the protection of the Cantons. But the journey to Venice threatened to destroy this scheme, for it became daily more evident that the end was not far off.

Vittoria, therefore, strove to persuade him, before they had got far on their way, to return to Salo. And, as the sufferings of the invalid in travelling were greater than he had anticipated, she had not much difficulty in doing so; though the difficulty of moving, which drove him back, seemed to promise ill for the scheme of getting him to travel very far in the opposite direction.

On the twelfth of November, however, Orsini felt a little better. On the thirteenth his physicians bled him, and left him with somewhat of better hope than, by strict attention to a severe system of diet, and extreme temperance, some degree of restoration might be looked for. To Vittoria this reprieve was all-important, as promising a possibility of putting her plan for escaping into a secure asylum into execution. The noble patient only knew that he felt better than he had for many days; and, little in the habit of suffering a denial to the demands of any of his appetites, and delighted to find that any of them were still sufficiently alive to afford him the means of a gratification, he ordered, as soon as ever the doctors were out of the house, that dinner should be served him. Nobody dared to disobey or to remonstrate; so fine a thing is it

to be too great a man to be contradicted. The dinner was brought, and once again the gross body had the pleasure of swallowing. The prince, says the historian, ate and drank as usual. But, scarcely had he finished his repast, before he fell into a state of insensibility; in which condition he remained till two hours before sunset, when he expired.

#### CHAPTER VIII. WIDOWHOOD IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: ITS PROS AND CONS.

THIS sudden catastrophe was a terrible blow to Vittoria, who seems to have been perfectly well aware of all the dangers and difficulties of her position. "As soon as she saw that the prince was dead," writes the monk Tempesti, "the ill-advised Vittoria fell into a swoon; and when she recovered from it, gave way to utter despair, oppressed by the tumult of thoughts which all at once rushed to her mind. She thought of the loss of her present grandeur, of the necessity of returning to an obscure life without protectors and without support, exposed to the rage of the Orsini, detested by Ludovico, by the Cardinal dei Medici, and by all that royal family. She saw vividly before her, her first murdered husband, who upbraided her with the great love he had borne her. And this painful thought was rendered more insupportable by the consideration of the incomparable greatness of the Peretti family, now that Sixtus was pope. Overpowered by these bitter reflections, which thus shaped themselves to her mind, 'If only I had had better judgment, I should now be a princess in the enjoyment of every happiness in Rome! I should be waited on, courted, worshipped by all Rome, instead of being an exile, a wanderer, with treachery around me on all sides, and odious to Sixtus, whom I have so deeply outraged!' She felt so keen a pang of shame and despair, that she seized a pistol to put an end to her troubles. But her brother Flaminio (who had joined her immediately after her husband's death) struck it from her hand."

Her brother Marcello had also joined her at Salo, and the first step they took was to write to announce the death to her enemy Ludovico, who was still, it seems, at Venice, not having yet departed to enter on his new duties at Corfu.

Prince Paolo Giordano Orsini had left by his first wife, Isabella dei Medici, a son, Virginio Orsini, who was at the time of his father's death being educated at Florence, under the care of the duke, his maternal uncle. This young man was, of course, the natural heir of the deceased prince; and the will made in favour of his widow, though it in no wise touched the immense territorial possessions, nor would, according to our mode of feeling on such matters, appear an unreasonably large provision for the widow of a man of such fortune and position, was denounced by the family as monstrously unjust towards the heir. Their first step was to attempt to set the document aside, legally, on the ground of its having been made *at the instigation of too violent an affection*.

Vittoria, when the first violence of her despair had in some degree subsided, on looking round her to see where she might hope for aid, decided on making three applications. Her first letter was to the Duke of Ferrara, who had been named the executor of her husband's will. And the duke, it would seem, promised that he would, and did take care, that any questions arising on it should be honestly and fairly determined by the proper tribunals, and that it should receive full execution. The second letter was to the senate of Venice, in which she set forth her friendless position, mentioned modestly her claims on the protection of the republic as the widow of an Orsini, and besought the senators to see that she had justice done her. This application also was favourably received; and the senate ordered their governor in Padua to see that she was put in possession of at least that valuable movable property in jewels, &c., which was then in that city. The third application was a more difficult one to make; and in it she took a totally different tone. In her letters to the Duke of Ferrara and to the Venetian Senate, she evidently had not abandoned the hope of securing the splendid position which her husband had intended to provide for her. But in the third, which was to no other than Pope Sixtus, she represents herself to stand in a very different position. She appears to take it as certain, in writing to him, that she shall fail in making good her claim to any provision whatever under her husband's will; does not even intimate any intention of resisting the intentions of his family; talks much of her remorse, and repentance, disgust with the world and all its vanities; and begs of his charity an alms of five hundred crowns to enable her to enter some convent either in Rome or Venice. It may be shrewdly doubted whether Vittoria intended this humble plea for the injured Pope's merciful consideration to be taken by him quite literally. Sixtus, however, either did not, or would not, see any other meaning in it. His sister Camilla, whose agony for the loss of her son we have seen, and who found it too hard a task to pardon the false wife, who had, as she doubted not, conspired to murder him, would fain have had the Pope reject her supplication. But, "What!" said Sixtus, "if this wretched creature repents, and wishes to spend the remainder of her life in God's service, shall we, his Vicar, refuse to her the means of doing so?" So he gave orders that the exact sum asked, neither more nor less, should be remitted to her at Padua.

Vittoria wrote also to her brother, the Bishop of Fossombrone, acquainting him with the misfortune that had befallen her. It is likely that she had placed no great reliance on help or comfort from this quarter. But she, in all probability, hardly expected to receive a reply, in which the right reverend prelate, whose morals had by this time, it is to be supposed, reached a pitch of the most aggravating sanctity, told her, that since her present position was miserable, and there was every reason to suppose that worse was at hand, she ought to thank God for

having thus shown her the vanity of all earthly hopes and pleasures, and put the passing hours to profit in preparing herself for eternity, as it was very evident that the Orsini would not be content without compassing her death.

The dramatis personæ of this faithful extract from the chronicles of the good old times, are, every one of them, it must be admitted, far from engaging characters. But the present writer may mention, as a little bit of confidence between him and the reader, that he, for his part, would experience less repugnance in taking any one of them by the hand—even the noble twenty-stone Orsini himself—than this young man of saintly morals developed into a bishop.

In the mean time, Ludovico Orsini had arrived in Padua from Venice; and his first interview with the beautiful widow showed her only too clearly what she had to expect of justice, forbearance, or knightly bearing from so illustrious a nobleman. He came with a retinue of armed men at his heels, whom he bade to surround the house, and keep good watch that nothing left it; while he went in, and roughly calling the frightened widow to his presence, bade her give account to him of everything the late prince had left. Having no means of resistance, Vittoria had no choice but to obey. But Ludovico, finding, we are told, that certain objects of value which he knew his cousin to have had in his possession were not forthcoming, became so violent in his threats, that, being in fear for her life, she produced the missing articles, "and gave him good words, and behaved with so much submission, that he wrote off to the Cardinal dei Medici, that there would be no difficulty in the business, and that the whole matter was in his own hands." On learning, however, shortly afterwards, that, notwithstanding her timidity and apparent submissiveness, the widow had already made application to powerful protectors, and had taken steps for the enforcing of her legal rights, the noble bully was all the more enraged, from having prematurely boasted to the Medici of his power to crush her and her pretensions so easily. Vittoria, moreover, immediately, as it would seem, after this scene of violence, took the prudent step of removing to the house her husband had hired in Padua. She was there more immediately under the protection of the podesta of that city, who had been charged by the senate to see that the will in her favour was duly carried into execution as far as the goods situated within the territory of the republic were concerned; and was altogether, in such a city as Padua, less exposed to any lawless violence than at Salo.

Meanwhile the Duke of Ferrara had also been taking steps to have Vittoria's title to the chattel property duly decided by the Venetian courts. And on the twenty-third of December a decision was given on the various points raised in her favour. Whether she would ever be able to make good her claim to the remainder of the large property to which she was entitled under her husband's will, seemed exceedingly doubtful. But, as was always the case at that period,

when a very much larger portion of the wealth of the rich consisted in plate, gems, tapestry, and other such movable goods, than in these days of public funds and joint-stock companies, the property secured to her by the decision of the Venetian courts was very considerable, sufficiently so in all probability to have already worked a change in the fair widow's views as to the desirability of ending her days in a convent, and certainly not disposing her to adopt her reverend brother's pious and fraternal mode of looking at her position and prospects.

But if the sentence of the judges at Padua was of sufficient importance to make a notable difference in the prospects of Vittoria, it had unhappily a fully proportionate effect in exasperating the rage and cupidity of her enemies. And the result which followed in the powerful and populous walled city of Padua, under the strong and vigilant government of the Republic of Venice—by far the best of any then existing in Italy—is a notable and striking sample of the social life of the sixteenth century.

That same night, the night of the twenty-third of December, the house in which Vittoria was living was forcibly entered by forty armed men in disguise. The first person they met was Flaminio Accoramboni, who was immediately slain. Marcello, the other brother, had left the house but a short time previously, and thus saved his life. The assassins then proceeded to the chamber of Vittoria, and one of them, a certain Count Paganello, as it afterwards appeared, seized her by the arms, as she threw herself upon her knees, and held her, while Bartolomeo Visconti—another noble, observe—plunged a dagger into her side, and “wrenched it upwards and downwards until he found her heart.”

#### CHAPTER IX. THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

HAD the deed thus quickly done, and quickly told, been perpetrated in those days in any other part of Italy save the territory of the Queen of the Adriatic (and, it is fair to add, save Rome, also, during the short five years of the papacy of Sixtus the Fifth), this history would probably have been all told, and have ended here. But the government of Venice, with all its faults, did perform more of the duties for which all governments are established, than that of any of the Italian states of that day, and meted out justice with an impartiality and a vigour unknown elsewhere. How much vigour was needed for the task, and how hard a struggle law—even in the hands of the powerful and unbending oligarchy of Venice—had with lawless violence, is curiously shown by what follows.

The paucity of dates, universal in the old Italian chroniclers, has already been complained of. But with regard to the concluding facts of this history, we are puzzled by the multiplicity of them. They all, however, especially as given by a contemporary writer, whose account was reproduced in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* some twenty years ago, mention days of

the month only. The murder of Vittoria is stated to have taken place on the night of the twenty-third of December. And the French writer tells the story as not doubting that this was the December following the November in which Orsini died. Yet it is hardly possible to suppose that all which must have happened in the interim, the protest against the will, the consultations between Ludovico and the Medici at Florence, the action in the matter of the Duke of Ferrara, and, above all, the legal examination and decision of the Paduan law courts, all took place within forty days. Moreover, some of the dates assigned to the remaining facts of the story are evidently erroneous. Assuming, then, that the date of the murder is correctly given, as being that least likely to have been forgotten, the remaining facts may best be told without attempting any accurate statement of the days on which they occurred. They no doubt happened as related, immediately after the commission of the murder.

On the morning following, the bodies of the murdered brother and sister were laid in a neighbouring church, and all Padua thronged to see the pitiful sight. The exceeding beauty of Vittoria moved to frenzy the pity and indignation of a people whose capacity for emotion was fostered and cultivated by every peculiarity of the social system in which they lived at the expense of their reflective powers and judgment. They “gnashed with their teeth,” as the historian says, against those who could have the heart to destroy so lovely a form. Of course the news of *such* a murder was very rapidly spread all over Italy; and when it reached Rome, the monk biographer of Sixtus naively tells us, the Pope, who was in the act of sending off the five hundred crowns which poor Vittoria had asked of his charity, locked them up, and then visited “the seven churches” to pray for her soul instead.

It required very little sagacity to guess who was the author of the audacious crime which had been committed. And the magistrates of Padua sent at once to Ludovico Orsini to summon him to an examination. He presented himself at the tribunal with forty armed men at his back. The “Captain of the City”—the head of the executive power—shut the gates of the town-hall against this band, and signified to the prince that he could bring in with him only three or four followers. He pretended to assent, but immediately on the door being opened, the whole of the band rushed in. Before the magistrates he began to bluster, affecting to consider himself exceedingly ill-treated in being thus summoned before a court of justice. Men of his rank, he said, were not wont to be questioned. As for the death of the late prince's wife, and that of her brother, he knew nothing of the matter; but he should hold the magistrates responsible for the safeguard of the property she had held in her hands, which he demanded should be delivered over to him.

In all sincerity, the noble and lawless mur-

derer was probably no little astonished at the measures the Venetian magistrates were taking. His Roman experiences fully justified him in thinking that it was quite out of the question that a man of his name and station should be in earnest called upon to answer for his deeds. And he probably little thought, even yet, that the outrage his bravoës had committed would be followed by any serious results. When ordered to put his answer to the questions of the tribunal into writing, he positively refused to degrade himself by doing anything of the kind. But he offered to show the magistrates a letter, which he had written to his relative, the Prince Virginio Orsini, at Florence, in which the truth, as far as he was concerned, respecting the late occurrences, was stated, and which he demanded to be allowed to send. The magistrates consulted on the propriety of at once arresting him. But the presence of his band of armed followers, and the certainty that the arrest would not be effected without the loss of probably many lives, induced them to temporise. He was permitted to send the letter, which, of course, represented him as altogether ignorant of the means by which the Princess Vittoria had met her death, and to depart from the town-hall.

But the magistrates gave instant orders that the gates and walls of the city should be guarded, and no one permitted, without special license, to leave the town. They also caused the messenger, who was carrying Orsini's letter to his cousin, to be stopped as soon as he was clear of the city gates; and, on searching him, found a second letter, to the following effect:

"TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS LORD, THE PRINCE  
VIRGINIO ORSINI.

"MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIGNOR. We have executed that which was determined on between us; and that in such sort, that we have entirely duped the noble Captain Tondini [probably the chief of the Paduan magistrates], so that I pass here for the most upright man in the world. I did the job in person. Do not fail, therefore, to send here forthwith the people you know of."

This letter was immediately sent off to Venice by the magistrates. And the same evening (say the contemporary accounts, though, bearing in mind the distance, about twenty miles, and the usual rate of locomotion at that day, this seems hardly credible) a special commissioner, Signor Luigi Bragadino, no less a man than one of the chiefs of the Council of Ten, arrived in Padua with full powers from the senate, and orders to take, alive or dead, at any cost, Ludovico Orsini and all his followers.

The lion of St. Mark was a different guess sort of power to have to deal with from the imbecile and corrupt successors of St. Peter, under whose no-rule Orsini had formed his ideas of public justice. Things began to look very serious. But still he could not yet imagine that it would literally come to pass that he should be seized and brought to trial, like a common plebeian. He thought, probably, that a show of resistance

would be sufficient to convince the magistrates that the easiest and best course was to drop the matter, as he had so often seen to be the case. So he gathered his men into his house, barricaded doors and windows, and prepared to stand a siege.

The audacity, and to modern notions, the absurdity, of an individual thus attempting to brave the whole power of the state, and that state Venice, is to us hardly intelligible. But powerful as the senate of Venice was—far more powerful than any other Italian government of that period—and fully determined as the magistrates were to vindicate the outrage done to their authority by the perpetrators of the late crime, "at any cost," as their orders ran, the means to which they were obliged to resort for the attainment of this end are a very significant proof of the sort of difficulties the civil power had to contend with in sixteenth-century Italy.

Luigi Bragadino, chief of the dreaded Ten, immediately on his arrival proceeded to the town-hall, and sat there in council with the podesta and captain more than an hour. A proclamation was then issued, calling on all well-disposed subjects of St. Mark to present themselves armed in the neighbourhood of the house occupied by the prince. Those who had no arms were directed to apply at the fortress, where arms would be distributed to them. Two thousand ducats were promised to any man who should deliver Ludovico Orsini, alive or dead, to the captain; and five hundred ducats for any one of his followers. Cannon were placed on the city walls, near which the house held by the enemy was situated. Boats full of armed men were stationed on the river, which likewise passed near the house, to prevent the possibility of escape by that means. A body of cavalry was placed in an open spot in the vicinity. Barricades were erected in the streets of the city, in case the enemy should make a united sally against the citizens. And, finally, all persons who were not armed were enjoined to keep within doors, that they might not run into danger needlessly, or embarrass the movements of the armed men.

It must be admitted that these preparations for the arrest of a murderer testify that the Venetian government, if it declined to admit the noble Signor Ludovico's theory that an Orsini ought to be allowed to do whatever he pleased unquestioned, was at least abundantly impressed with the difficulty of laying hands on so great a man. One of the old writers, indeed, who has recorded these warlike dispositions, seems to have felt that his readers might be struck by the apparent disproportion of the extent of them to the object in view. And to explain it, he enlarges on the consideration that the desperadoes under Orsini's orders, though but forty men, were all soldiers, thoroughly armed, accustomed to warfare, and to desperate deeds of all sorts, opposed to citizens altogether unused to arms. And he seems to imply that even the paid men-at-arms at the disposal of the city



authorities, were naturally to be expected to be soldiers of a very different stamp from the dare-devil ruffians in the pay of Orsini.

When these manifold preparations were all ready, three of the principal citizens of the town were sent to Orsini to ask if he would surrender; intimating that in doing so lay his only hope of mercy.

The noble felon took a very lofty tone with these ambassadors. If all the forces assembled against him were immediately withdrawn, he said, he would consent to meet the magistrates with three or four only of his followers, "to treat respecting the matter," on the express condition that he should be at liberty to return to his house whensoever he so pleased.

The magistrates, on receiving this insolent reply, sent the bearers of it back again, with orders to assure Orsini that if he did not at once and unconditionally surrender himself, they would raze the house to the ground. He answered, that he would die rather than make such a submission. So the attack was begun.

The magistrates might, one of the narrators tells us, have levelled the house with the ground by one discharge of all the artillery they had. And they were blamed by public opinion for not doing so, inasmuch as the course adopted by them involved a greater risk of the possibility that the besieged might make a sortie. And then, said the townsfolk, who knew what the result might have been? But the worthy chief of the Ten, who, in the midst of his vigorous measures "had yet a prudent mind," and did not forget that St. Mark would have a bill to pay for the mischief done, when it was all over, was bent on unkennelling the vermin with as little damage to property as might be.

One or two guns accordingly were directed against a colonnade in front of the house, which speedily came down. This did not seem, however, to abate a jot the courage of the besieged, who kept up a brisk fire from the windows, without, however, doing other damage than wounding one townsman in the shoulder. Some cannon of heavier calibre were then directed against one corner of the main building, and at the first discharge brought down a large mass of wall, and with it one Pandolfo Lesprati, of Camerino, "a man of great courage, and a bandit of much importance. He was outlawed in the States of the Church, and the illustrious Signor Vitelli had put a price of four hundred crowns on his head for the murder of Vincent Vitelli, who had been killed in his carriage by stabs given by Ludovico Orsini by the arm of Pandolfo. Stunned by his fall, he could not move, and a certain man, a servant of the Lista family, advanced and very bravely cut off his head, and carried it to the magistrates at the fortress."

Another shot brought down another fragment

of the house, and with it another of the chiefs of Ludovico's band, crushed to death in the ruins. Orsini now became aware that further resistance was hopeless. It was evident that the magistrates were in earnest in their determination to have him in their power; and bidding his people not to surrender till they had orders from him, he came out and gave himself up. He, probably, still thought that the senate would not think of proceeding to extremity with "a man of his sort," as he frequently said. And when brought before the magistrates he behaved in this supercilious manner, "leaning against the balcony, and cutting his nails with a little pair of scissors," while they questioned him. When told that he would be imprisoned, he desired only that it might be in some place "fit for a man of his quality;" and on that condition he consented to send orders to his followers to surrender.

The town soldiers, therefore, entered the house, and marched off to prison, two and two, all the survivors they found in it; and "the bodies of the slain were left to the dogs!" Ludovico Orsini was strangled in his prison the same night. Two of his men were hung the next day; thirteen the day after; "and the gallows," says the contemporary chronicler, "is still standing for the execution of the remaining nineteen, on the first day that is not a festival. But the executioner is excessively fatigued, and the people are, as it were, agonised by the sight of so many deaths. So they have put off the remaining executions for a couple of days."

And so ends the history of the marvellously beautiful Vittoria Accoramboni and her two husbands; a striking, but by no means unique or abnormal sample of a state of society produced and fashioned, according to the certain and invariable operation of God's moral laws, by the same evil influences, lay and spiritual—absolutely the same in kind, if somewhat mitigated in intensity—from which Italy is now straining every nerve to escape.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

JULY 1ST.—The confusion of their arrival has had time to subside. Two days have elapsed since the return of the travellers; and that interval has sufficed to put the new machinery of our lives at Blackwater Park in fair working order. I may now return to my journal, with some little chance of being able to continue the entries in it as collectedly as usual.

I think I must begin by putting down an odd remark, which has suggested itself to me since Laura came back.

When two members of a family, or two intimate friends, are separated, and one goes abroad and one remains at home, the return of the relative or friend who has been travelling, always seems to place the relative or friend who has been staying at home at a painful disadvantage, when the two first meet. The sudden encounter of the new thoughts and new habits eagerly gained in the one case, with the old thoughts and old habits passively preserved in the other, seems, at first, to part the sympathies of the most loving relatives and the fondest friends, and to set a sudden strangeness, unexpected by both and uncontrollable by both, between them on either side. After the first happiness of my meeting with Laura was over, after we had sat down together, hand in hand, to recover breath enough and calmness enough to talk, I felt this strangeness instantly, and I could see that she felt it too. It has partially worn away, now that we have fallen back into most of our old habits; and it will probably disappear before long. But it has certainly had an influence over the first impressions that I have formed of her, now that we are living together again—for which reason only I have thought fit to mention it here.

She has found me unaltered; but I have found her changed.

Changed in person, and, in one respect, changed in character. I cannot absolutely say that she is less beautiful than she used to be: I can only say that she is less beautiful to me. Others, who do not look at her with my eyes and my recollections, would probably think her improved. There is more colour, and more decision and roundness of outline in her face than

there used to be; and her figure seems more firmly set, and more sure and easy in all its movements than it was in her maiden days. But I miss something when I look at her—something that once belonged to the happy, innocent life of Laura Fairlie, and that I cannot find in Lady Glyde. There was, in the old times, a freshness, a softness, an ever-varying and yet ever-remaining tenderness of beauty in her face, the charm of which it is not possible to express in words—or, as poor Hartright used often to say, in painting, either. This is gone. I thought I saw the faint reflexion of it, for a moment, when she turned pale under the agitation of our sudden meeting, on the evening of her return; but it has never reappeared since. None of her letters had prepared me for a personal change in her. On the contrary, they had led me to expect that her marriage had left her, in appearance at least, quite unaltered. Perhaps, I read her letters wrongly, in the past, and am now reading her face wrongly, in the present? No matter! Whether her beauty has gained, or whether it has lost, in the last six months, the separation, either way, has made her own dear self more precious to me than ever—and that is one good result of her marriage, at any rate!

The second change, the change that I have observed in her character, has not surprised me, because I was prepared for it, in this case, by the tone of her letters. Now that she is at home again, I find her just as unwilling to enter into any details on the subject of her married life; as I had previously found her, all through the time of our separation, when we could only communicate with each other by writing. At the first approach I made to the forbidden topic, she put her hand on my lips, with a look and gesture which touchingly, almost painfully, recalled to my memory the days of her girlhood and the happy bygone time when there were no secrets between us.

"Whenever you and I are together, Marian," she said, "we shall both be happier and easier with one another, if we accept my married life for what it is, and say and think as little about it as possible. I would tell you everything, darling, about myself," she went on, nervously buckling and unbuckling the ribbon round my waist, "if my confidences could only end there. But they could not—they would lead me into confidences about my husband, too; and, now I am married, I think I had better avoid them, for his sake, and for your

sake, and for mine. I don't say that they would distress you, or distress me—I wouldn't have you think that for the world. But—I want to be so happy, now I have got you back again; and I want you to be so happy too——” She broke off abruptly, and looked round the room, my own sitting-room, in which we were talking. “Ah!” she cried, clapping her hands with a bright smile of recognition, “another old friend found already! Your bookcase, Marian—your dear-little-shabby-old-satin-wood bookcase—how glad I am you brought it with you from Limmeridge! And your workbox, just as untidy as ever! And the horrid, heavy, man's umbrella, that you always would walk out with when it rained! And, first and foremost of all, your own dear, dark, clever, gipsy-face, looking at me just as usual! It is so like home again to be here. How can we make it more like home still? I will put my father's portrait in your room instead of in mine—and I will keep all my little treasures from Limmeridge here—and we will pass hours and hours every day with these four friendly walls round us. Oh, Marian!” she said, suddenly seating herself on a footstool at my knees, and looking up earnestly in my face, “promise you will never marry, and leave me. It is selfish to say so, but you are so much better off as a single woman—unless—unless you are very fond of your husband—but you won't be very fond of anybody but me, will you?” She stopped again; crossed my hands on my lap; and laid her face on them. “Have you been writing many letters, and receiving many letters, lately?” she asked, in low, suddenly-altered tones. I understood what the question meant; but I thought it my duty not to encourage her by meeting her half way. “Have you heard from him?” she went on, coaxing me to forgive the more direct appeal on which she now ventured, by kissing my hands, upon which her face still rested. “Is he well and happy, and getting on in his profession? Has he recovered himself—and forgotten me?”

She should not have asked those questions. She should have remembered her own resolution, on the morning when Sir Percival held her to her marriage engagement, and when she resigned the book of Hartright's drawings into my hands for ever. But, ah me! where is the faultless human creature who can persevere in a good resolution, without sometimes failing and falling back? Where is the woman who has ever really torn from her heart the image that has been once fixed in it by a true love? Books tell us that such unearthly creatures have existed—but what does our own experience say in answer to books?

I made no attempt to remonstrate with her: perhaps, because I sincerely appreciated the fearless candour which let me see, what other women in her position might have had reasons for concealing even from their dearest friends—perhaps, because I felt, in my own heart and conscience, that, in her place I should have asked the same questions and had the same thoughts. All I could honestly do was to

reply that I had not written to him or heard from him lately, and then to turn the conversation to less dangerous topics.

There had been much to sadden me in our interview—my first confidential interview with her since her return. The change which her marriage has produced in our relations towards each other, by placing a forbidden subject between us, for the first time in our lives; the melancholy conviction of the dearth of all warmth of feeling, of all close sympathy, between her husband and herself, which her own unwilling words now force on my mind; the distressing discovery that the influence of that ill-fated attachment still remains (no matter how innocently, how harmlessly) rooted as deeply as ever in her heart—all these are disclosures to sadden any woman who loves her as dearly, and feels for her as acutely, as I do. There is only one consolation to set against them—a consolation that ought to comfort me, and that does comfort me. All the graces and gentlenesses of her character; all the frank affection of her nature; all the sweet, simple, womanly charms which used to make her the darling and the delight of every one who approached her, have come back to me with herself. Of my other impressions I am sometimes a little inclined to doubt. Of this last, best, happiest of all impressions, I grow more and more certain, every hour in the day.

Let me turn, now, from her to her travelling companions. Her husband must engage my attention first. What have I observed in Sir Percival, since his return, to improve my opinion of him?

I can hardly say. Small vexations and annoyances seem to have beset him since he came back; and no man, under those circumstances, is ever presented at his best. He looks, as I think, thinner than he was when he left England. His wearisome cough and his comfortless restlessness have certainly increased. His manner—at least, his manner towards me—is much more abrupt than it used to be. He greeted me, on the evening of his return, with little or nothing of the ceremony and civility of former times—no polite speeches of welcome—no appearance of extraordinary gratification at seeing me—nothing but a short shake of the hand, and a sharp “How-d'ye-do, Miss Halcombe—glad to see you again.” He seemed to accept me as one of the necessary fixtures of Blackwater Park; to be satisfied at finding me established in my proper place; and then to pass me over altogether.

Most men show something of their dispositions in their own houses, which they have concealed elsewhere; and Sir Percival has already displayed a mania for order and regularity, which is quite a new revelation of him, so far as my previous knowledge of his character is concerned. If I take a book from the library and leave it on the table, he follows me, and puts it back again. If I rise from a chair, and let it remain where I have been sitting, he carefully restores it to its proper place against the wall.

He picks up stray flower-blossoms from the carpet, and mutters to himself as discontentedly as if they were hot cinders burning holes in it; and he storms at the servants, if there is a crease in the tablecloth, or a knife missing from its place at the dinner-table, as fiercely as if they had personally insulted him.

I have already referred to the small annoyances which appear to have troubled him since his return. Much of the alteration for the worse which I have noticed in him, may be due to these. I try to persuade myself that it is so, because I am anxious not to be disheartened already about the future. It is certainly trying to any man's temper to be met by a vexation the moment he sets foot in his own house again, after a long absence; and this annoying circumstance did really happen to Sir Percival in my presence. On the evening of their arrival, the housekeeper followed me into the hall to receive her master and mistress and their guests. The instant he saw her, Sir Percival asked if any one had called lately. The housekeeper mentioned to him, in reply, what she had previously mentioned to me, the visit of the strange gentleman to make inquiries about the time of her master's return. He asked immediately for the gentleman's name. No name had been left. The gentleman's business? No business had been mentioned. What was the gentleman like? The housekeeper tried to describe him; but failed to distinguish the nameless visitor by any personal peculiarity which her master could recognise. Sir Percival frowned, stamped angrily on the floor, and walked on into the house, taking no notice of anybody. Why he should have been so discomposed by a trifle I cannot say—but he was seriously discomposed, beyond all doubt.

Upon the whole, it will be best, perhaps, if I abstain from forming a decisive opinion of his manners, language, and conduct in his own house, until time has enabled him to shake off the anxieties, whatever they may be, which now evidently trouble his mind in secret. I will turn over to a new page; and my pen shall let Laura's husband alone for the present.

The two guests—the Count and Countess Fosco—come next in my catalogue. I will dispose of the Countess first, so as to have done with the woman as soon as possible.

Laura was certainly not chargeable with any exaggeration, in writing me word that I should hardly recognise her aunt again, when we met. Never before have I beheld such a change produced in a woman by her marriage as has been produced in Madame Fosco. As Eleanor Fairlie (aged seven-and-thirty), she was always talking pretentious nonsense, and always worrying the unfortunate men with every small exaction which a vain and foolish woman can impose on long-suffering male humanity. As Madame Fosco (aged three-and-forty), she sits for hours together without saying a word, frozen up in the strangest manner in herself. The hideously ridiculous love-locks which used to hang on either side of her face, are now replaced by stiff

little rows of very short curls, of the sort that one sees in old-fashioned wigs. A plain, matronly cap covers her head, and makes her look, for the first time in her life, since I remember her, like a decent woman. Nobody (putting her husband out of the question, of course) now sees in her, what everybody once saw—I mean the structure of the female skeleton, in the upper regions of the collar-bones and the shoulder-blades. Clad in quiet black or grey gowns, made high round the throat—dresses that she would have laughed at, or screamed at, as the whim of the moment inclined her, in her maiden days—she sits speechless in corners; her dry white hands (so dry that the pores of her skin look chalky) incessantly engaged, either in monotonous embroidery work, or in rolling up endless little cigarettes for the Count's own particular smoking. On the few occasions, when her cold blue eyes are off her work, they are generally turned on her husband, with the look of mute submissive inquiry which we are all familiar with in the eyes of a faithful dog. The only approach to an inward thaw which I have yet detected under her outer covering of icy constraint, has betrayed itself, once or twice, in the form of a suppressed tigerish jealousy of any woman in the house (the maids included) to whom the Count speaks, or on whom he looks, with anything approaching to special interest or attention. Except in this one particular, she is always, morning, noon, and night, in-doors and out, fair weather or foul, as cold as a statue, and as impenetrable as the stone out of which it is cut. For the common purposes of society the extraordinary change thus produced in her, is, beyond all doubt, a change for the better, seeing that it has transformed her into a civil, silent, unobtrusive woman, who is never in the way. How far she is really reformed or deteriorated in her secret self, is another question. I have once or twice seen sudden changes of expression on her pinched lips, and heard sudden inflexions of tone in her calm voice, which have led me to suspect that her present state of suppression may have sealed up something dangerous in her nature, which used to evaporate harmlessly in the freedom of her former life. It is quite possible that I may be altogether wrong in this idea. My own impression, however, is, that I am right. Time will show.

And the magician who has wrought this wonderful transformation—the foreign husband who has tamed this once wayward Englishwoman till her own relations hardly know her again—the Count himself? What of the Count?

This, in two words: He looks like a man who could tame anything. If he had married a tigress, instead of a woman, he would have tamed the tigress. If he had married *me*, I should have made his cigarettes as his wife does—I should have held my tongue when he looked at me, as she holds hers.

I am almost afraid to confess it, even to these secret pages. The man has interested me, has attracted me, has forced me to like him. In

two short days, he has made his way straight into my favourable estimation—and how he has worked the miracle, is more than I can tell.

It absolutely startles me, now he is in my mind, to find how plainly I see him!—how much more plainly than I see Sir Percival, or Mr. Fairlie, or Walter Hartright, or any other absent person of whom I think, with the one exception of Laura herself! I can hear his voice, as if he was speaking at this moment. I know what his conversation was yesterday, as well as if I was hearing it now. How am I to describe him? There are peculiarities in his personal appearance, his habits, and his amusements which I should blame in the boldest terms, or ridicule in the most merciless manner, if I had seen them in another man. What is it that makes me unable to blame them, or to ridicule them, in him?

For example, he is immensely fat. Before this time, I have always especially disliked corpulent humanity. I have always maintained that the popular notion of connecting excessive grossness of size and excessive good-humour as inseparable allies, was equivalent to declaring, either that no people but amiable people ever get fat, or that the accidental addition of so many pounds of flesh has a directly favourable influence over the disposition of the person on whose body they accumulate. I have invariably combated both these absurd assertions by quoting examples of fat people who were as mean, vicious, and cruel, as the leanest and the worst of their neighbours. I have asked whether Henry the Eighth was an amiable character? whether Pope Alexander the Sixth was a good man? Whether Mr. Murderer and Mrs. Murderess Manning were not both unusually stout people? Whether hired nurses, proverbially as cruel a set of women as are to be found in all England, were not, for the most part, also as fat a set of women as are to be found in all England?—and so on, through dozens of other examples, modern and ancient, native and foreign, high and low. Holding these strong opinions on the subject with might and main, as I do at this moment, here, nevertheless, is Count Fosco, as fat as Henry the Eighth himself, established in my favour, at one day's notice, without let or hindrance from his own odious corpulence. Marvellous indeed!

Is it his face that has recommended him? It may be his face. He is a most remarkable likeness, on a large scale, of the Great Napoleon. His features have Napoleon's magnificent regularity: his expression recalls the grandly calm, immovable power of the Great Soldier's face. This striking resemblance certainly impressed me, to begin with; but there is something in him besides the resemblance, which has impressed me more. I think the influence I am now trying to find, is in his eyes. They are the most unfathomable grey eyes I ever saw; and they have at times a cold, clear, beautiful, irresistible glitter in them, which forces me to look at him, and yet causes me sensations, when I do look, which I would rather not feel. Other parts of

his face and head have their strange peculiarities. His complexion, for instance, has a singular sallowness, so much at variance with the dark brown colour of his hair, that I suspect the hair of being a wig; and his face, closely shaven all over, is smoother and freer from all marks and wrinkles than mine, though (according to Sir Percival's account of him) he is close on sixty years of age. But these are not the prominent personal characteristics which distinguish him, to my mind, from all the other men I have ever seen. The marked peculiarity which singles him out from the rank and file of humanity, lies entirely, so far as I can tell at present, in the extraordinary expression and extraordinary power of his eyes.

His manner, and his command of our language, may also have assisted him, in some degree, to establish himself in my good opinion. He has that quiet deference, that look of pleased, attentive interest, in listening to a woman, and that secret gentleness in his voice, in speaking to a woman, which, say what we may, we can none of us resist. Here, too, his unusual command of the English language necessarily helps him. I had often heard of the extraordinary aptitude which many Italians show in mastering our strong, hard Northern speech; but, until I saw Count Fosco, I had never supposed it possible that any foreigner could have spoken English as he speaks it. There are times when it is almost impossible to detect, by his accent, that he is not a countryman of our own; and, as for fluency, there are very few born Englishmen who can talk with as few stoppages and repetitions as the Count. He may construct his sentences, more or less, in the foreign way; but I have never yet heard him use a wrong expression, or hesitate for a moment in his choice of a word.

All the smallest characteristics of this strange man have something strikingly original and perplexingly contradictory in them. Fat as he is, and old as he is, his movements are astonishingly light and easy. He is as noiseless in a room as any of us women; and, more than that, with all his look of unmistakable mental firmness and power, he is as nervously sensitive as the weakest of us. He starts at chance noises as inveterately as Laura herself. He winced and shuddered yesterday, when Sir Percival beat one of the spaniels, so that I felt ashamed of my own want of tenderness and sensibility by comparison with the Count.

The relation of this last incident reminds me of one of his most curious peculiarities, which I have not yet mentioned—his extraordinary fondness for pet animals. Some of these he has left on the Continent, but he has brought with him to this house a cockatoo, two canary-birds, and a whole family of white mice. He attends to all the necessities of these strange favourites himself, and he has taught the creatures to be surprisingly fond of him, and familiar with him. The cockatoo, a most vicious and treacherous bird towards every one else, absolutely seems to love him. When he lets it out of its cage, it hops on to his knee, and claws its way up his

great big body, and rubs its top-knot against his sallow double chin in the most caressing manner imaginable. He has only to set the doors of the canaries' cages open, and to call to them; and the pretty little cleverly trained creatures perch fearlessly on his hand, mount his fat outstretched fingers one by one, when he tells them to "go up-stairs," and sing together as if they would burst their throats with delight, when they get to the top finger. His white mice live in a little pagoda of gaily-painted wirework, designed and made by himself. They are almost as tame as the canaries, and they are perpetually let out, like the canaries. They crawl all over him, popping in and out of his waistcoat, and sitting in couples, white as snow, on his capacious shoulders. He seems to be even fonder of his mice than of his other pets, smiles at them, and kisses them, and calls them by all sorts of endearing names. If it be possible to suppose an Englishman with any taste for such childish interests and amusements as these, that Englishman would certainly feel rather ashamed of them, and would be anxious to apologise for them, in the company of grown-up people. But the Count, apparently, sees nothing ridiculous in the amazing contrast between his colossal self and his frail little pets. He would blandly kiss his white mice, and twitter to his canary-birds amid an assembly of English fox-hunters, and would only pity them as barbarians when they were all laughing their loudest at him.

It seems hardly credible, while I am writing it down, but it is certainly true, that this same man, who has all the fondness of an old maid for his cockatoo, and all the small dexterities of an organ-boy in managing his white mice, can talk, when anything happens to rouse him, with a daring independence of thought, a knowledge of books in every language, and an experience of society in half the capitals of Europe, which would make him the prominent personage of any assembly in the civilised world. This trainer of canary-birds, this architect of a pagoda for white mice, is (as Sir Percival himself has told me) one of the first experimental chemists living, and has discovered, among other wonderful inventions, a means of petrifying the body after death, so as to preserve it, as hard as marble, to the end of time. This fat, indolent, elderly man, whose nerves are so finely strung that he starts at chance noises, and winces when he sees a house-spaniel get a whipping, went into the stable-yard, on the morning after his arrival, and put his hand on the head of a chained bloodhound—a beast so savage that the very groom who feeds him keeps out of his reach. His wife and I were present, and I shall not soon forget the scene that followed, short as it was.

"Mind that dog, sir," said the groom; "he flies at everybody!" "He does that, my friend," replied the Count, quietly, "because everybody is afraid of him. Let us see if he flies at me." And he laid his plump, yellow-white fingers, on which the canary-birds had been perching ten minutes before, upon the formidable brute's

head; and looked him straight in the eyes. "You big dogs are all cowards," he said, addressing the animal contemptuously, with his face and the dog's within an inch of each other. "You would kill a poor cat, you infernal coward. You would fly at a starving beggar, you infernal coward. Anything that you can surprise unawares—anything that is afraid of your big body, and your wicked white teeth, and your slobbering, bloodthirsty mouth, is the thing you like to fly at. You could throttle me at this moment, you mean, miserable bully; and you daren't so much as look me in the face, because I'm not afraid of you. Will you think better of it, and try your teeth in my fat neck? Bah! not you!" He turned away, laughing at the astonishment of the men in the yard; and the dog crept back meekly to his kennel. "Ah! my nice waistcoat!" he said, pathetically. "I am sorry I came here. Some of that brute's slobber has got on my pretty clean waistcoat." Those words express another of his incomprehensible oddities. He is as fond of fine clothes as the veriest fool in existence; and has appeared in four magnificent waistcoats, already—all of light garish colours, and all immensely large even for him—in the two days of his residence at Blackwater Park.

His tact and cleverness in small things are quite as noticeable as the singular inconsistencies in his character, and the childish triviality of his ordinary tastes and pursuits.

I can see already that he means to live on excellent terms with all of us, during the period of his sojourn in this place. He has evidently discovered that Laura secretly dislikes him (she confessed as much to me, when I pressed her on the subject)—but he has also found out that she is extravagantly fond of flowers. Whenever she wants a nosegay, he has got one to give her, gathered and arranged by himself; and, greatly to my amusement, he is always cunningly provided with a duplicate, composed of exactly the same flowers, grouped in exactly the same way, to appease his icily jealous wife, before she can so much as think herself aggrieved. His management of the Countess (in public) is a sight to see. He bows to her; he habitually addresses her as "my angel;" he carries his canaries to pay her little visits on his fingers, and to sing to her; he kisses her hand, when she gives him his cigarettes; he presents her with sugar-plums, in return, which he puts into her mouth playfully, from a box in his pocket. The rod of iron with which he rules her never appears in company—it is a private rod, and is always kept up-stairs.

His method of recommending himself to me, is entirely different. He has discovered (Heaven only knows how) that ready-made sentiment is thrown away on my blunt, matter-of-fact nature. And he flatters my vanity, by talking to me as seriously and sensibly as if I was a man. Yes! I can find him out when I am away from him; I know he flatters my vanity, when I think of him up here, in my own room—and yet, when I go down stairs, and get into his company again, he will blind me again, and I shall be



flattered again, just as if I had never found him out at all! He can manage me, as he manages his wife and Laura, as he managed the bloodhound in the stable-yard, as he manages Sir Percival himself, every hour in the day. "My good Percival! how I like your rough English humour!"—"My good Percival! how I enjoy your solid English sense!" He puts the rudest remarks Sir Percival can make on his effeminate tastes and amusements, quietly away from him in that manner—always calling the baronet by his Christian name; smiling at him with the calmest superiority; patting him on the shoulder; and bearing with him benignantly, as a good-humoured father bears with a wayward son.

The interest which I really cannot help feeling in this strangely-original man, has led me to question Sir Percival about his past life. Sir Percival either knows little, or will tell me little, about it. He and the Count first met, many years ago, at Rome, under the dangerous circumstances to which I have alluded elsewhere. Since that time, they have been perpetually together in London, in Paris, and in Vienna—but never in Italy again; the Count having, oddly enough, not crossed the frontiers of his native country for years past. Perhaps, he has been made the victim of some political persecution? At all events, he seems to be patriotically anxious not to lose sight of any of his own countrymen who may happen to be in England. On the evening of his arrival, he asked how far we were from the nearest town, and whether we knew of any Italian gentlemen who might happen to be settled there. He is certainly in correspondence with people on the Continent, for his letters have all sorts of odd stamps on them; and I saw one for him, this morning, waiting in his place at the breakfast-table, with a huge official-looking seal on it. Perhaps he is in correspondence with his government? And yet, that is hardly to be reconciled, either, with my other idea that he may be a political exile.

How much I seem to have written about Count Fosco! And what does it all amount to?—as poor, dear Mr. Gilmore would ask, in his impenetrable business-like way. I can only repeat that I do assuredly feel, even on this short acquaintance, a strange, half-willing, half-unwilling liking for the Count. He seems to have established over me the same sort of ascendancy which he has evidently gained over Sir Percival. Free, and even rude, as he may occasionally be in his manner towards his fat friend, Sir Percival is nevertheless afraid, as I can plainly see, of giving any serious offence to the Count. I wonder whether I am afraid, too? I certainly never saw a man, in all my experience, whom I should be so sorry to have for an enemy. Is this because I like him, or because I am afraid of him? *Chi sa?*—as Count Fosco might say in his own language. Who knows?

2nd.—Something to chronicle, to-day, besides my own ideas and impressions. A visitor has

arrived—quite unknown to Laura and to me; and, apparently, quite unexpected by Sir Percival.

We were all at lunch, in the room with the new French windows that open into the verandah; and the Count (who devours pastry as I have never yet seen it devoured by any human beings but girls at boarding-schools) had just amused us by asking gravely for his fourth tart—when the servant entered, to announce the visitor.

"Mr. Merriman has just come, Sir Percival, and wishes to see you immediately."

Sir Percival started, and looked at the man, with an expression of angry alarm.

"Mr. Merriman?" he repeated, as if he thought his own ears must have deceived him.

"Yes, Sir Percival: Mr. Merriman, from London."

"Where is he?"

"In the library, Sir Percival."

He left the table the instant the last answer was given; and hurried out of the room without saying a word to any of us.

"Who is Mr. Merriman?" asked Laura, appealing to me.

"I have not the least idea," was all I could say in reply.

The Count had finished his fourth tart, and had gone to a side-table to look after his vicious cockatoo. He turned round to us, with the bird perched on his shoulder.

"Mr. Merriman is Sir Percival's solicitor," he said, quietly.

Sir Percival's solicitor. It was a perfectly straightforward answer to Laura's question; and yet, under the circumstances, it was not satisfactory. If Mr. Merriman had been specially sent for by his client, there would have been nothing very wonderful in his leaving town to obey the summons. But when a lawyer travels from London to Hampshire, without being sent for, and when his arrival at a gentleman's house seriously startles the gentleman himself, it may be safely taken for granted that the legal visitor is the bearer of some very important and very unexpected news—news which may be either very good or very bad, but which cannot, in either case, be of the common, every-day kind.

Laura and I sat silent at the table, for a quarter of an hour or more, wondering uneasily what had happened, and waiting for the chance of Sir Percival's speedy return. There were no signs of his return; and we rose to leave the room.

The Count, attentive as usual, advanced from the corner in which he had been feeding his cockatoo, with the bird still perched on his shoulder, and opened the door for us. Laura and Madame Fosco went out first. Just as I was on the point of following them, he made a sign with his hand, and spoke to me, before I passed him, in the oddest manner.

"Yes," he said; quietly answering the unexpressed idea at that moment in my mind, as if I had plainly confided it to him in so many words—

"yes, Miss Halcombe; something *has* happened."

I was on the point of answering, "I never said so." But the vicious cockatoo ruffled his clipped wings, and gave a screech that set all my nerves on edge in an instant, and made me only too glad to get out of the room.

I joined Laura at the foot of the stairs. The thought in her mind was the same as the thought in mine, which Count Fosco had surprised—and, when she spoke, her words were almost the echo of his. She, too, said to me, secretly, that she was afraid something had happened.

### RESUSCITATING ANIMALS.

DID you ever behold an Egyptian mummy, or a Yarmouth bloater, or a red sprat, or a Dutch herring, or a rat that had been starved to death in a hole in a wall, or a pig reduced to the condition of bacon and ham, or a handful of last year's dead flies in a garret? Do you think that by any process of steaming, or stewing, or simmering, or steeping; that by any system of baths, whether vapour, shower, hot, cold, medicated, hip, slipper, or foot, natural or artificial, sulphurous or ferruginous, Preissnitzian or Schlangenbadish—do you believe that you could thereby succeed in causing that mummy to walk and talk, that bloater to disport in the German Ocean, that sprat to wriggle his silver tail, that herring to flounder in his cask of brine, that rat to nibble his way out of prison, that pig to squeak his joy at resuscitation, those flies to buzz their satisfaction, at a return to life and consciousness? Can you do that? You have your doubts. And yet, such miracles ought to be quite possible, if what has been written and printed for many a year past, be true.

There exists a set of creatures which, from their minute size, have been known to the public only since the beginning of the last century or a very little earlier. They are active in habits, complex in anatomy, very widely dispersed wherever there is water or even moisture. They are found in the rain-gutters attached to buildings, in the moss on walls and roofs and rocks, and especially in stagnant puddles and sluggish pools. Their upper extremity, or head, is crowned with a multiplicity of delicate organs, which, by an optical illusion, present the appearance of wheels revolving rapidly; on which account these animalcules have received the general denomination of Rotifers, or Wheel-bearers. Some have shells, shaped like those of tortoises, and into which they likewise draw their body, but perfectly transparent in consequence of their excessive thinness; some have no shell. Some have what are supposed to be eyes; others have no visible eyes: the tail of almost all is cleft at the end into two portions, which are very like a finger and thumb, or rather like two fingers side by side. But the most interesting point is, that all the rotifers, of which there are many species,

are perfectly distinguishable under an inexpensive microscope. They can be seen to take their food, to masticate and digest it; to move about or creep at will; to swim freely, unburdened, or with an egg or two attached to them. Their brilliant and crystalline transparency allows you to inspect their structure more thoroughly than you can inspect that of the living gold-fish swimming in the globe on your table.

Another family on whom the attention of the scientific public has been anxiously fixed are the Tardigrada, or Slow-steppers, also called Water-bears, because their shape is something intermediate between that of a bear and a six-legged caterpillar. Some of them are named Macro-bioti, or Long-livers, on account of the supposed extensibility of their existence, about which more anon. The tardigrades dwell in the same localities as the rotifers, but are much less common, without, however, being so rare as to be difficult to procure for experiment. Their size mostly is superior to that of rotifers.

Thirdly, everybody has heard of the eels in vinegar. These are not eels at all, nor lampreys, though they very much resemble eels swimming about with the fore part of their head cut off just behind the eyes, and without fins. They are a species of the genus *Anguillula*, infusorial and minute animals, very nearly related to intestinal worms. One anguillule is found in wet moss, green slime, rain water, and any little accidental puddle; another multiplies and revels in the paste made from wheaten flour, which is used by bookbinders and shoemakers; but the most famous of the family is the anguillule which is found, coiled together and intertwined in countless numbers, in the blighted kernels of diseased wheat.

All these creatures—rotifers, tardigrades, and anguillules—have the advantage of being, relatively speaking, so large, that their observation under the microscope is extremely easy. The largest specimens are visible to the unassisted eye, as whitish specks which can be seen to be in motion. Consequently, there is no need of high magnifying powers, nor of any very skilful management of light, in order to study them. They are the occupants of an aquarium which lies at everybody's command.

The marvellous part of their history—which has just exploded, like a bubble of soap-suds, at the touch of truth—is this: It is granted that these creatures are gifted with extreme tenacity of life; that they will bear cruel treatment, starvation, and drought; that they will remain dormant and torpid for years. And so will other animals with which we are acquainted, while exposed to the influence either of excessive winter's cold or of excessive summer's heat. But we have been told, of the rotifers and the tardigrades especially, that after being killed they can be brought to life again, and that not once, but after several killings; that they may be exposed to the heat of boiling water; that they may be revived after the completest desiccation, after they have been brought to and kept for an unlimited time in a state of dryness in comparison

with which the dryness of a mummy or a stockfish is humidity itself; that they are capable of an actual and material resurrection, not with a renovated or glorified body, but with the same old worn-out, martyred body, in which they gave up the ghost. To bring them back to active life, it was only necessary to restore them to their usual conditions of moisture, warmth, and food. It was as if you had merely to drop a red herring into its native element to behold it swim out to sea with a flourish of its caudal fin. Without referring to any but the highest and the most recent authorities, it may simply be stated that the apocryphal fact is reasserted in those very able and admirable works, Dr. Carpenter's *Microscope and its Revelations*, and (less positively) in the *Micrographical Dictionary*. But, unfortunately—take, O my pen! a good dip of courage—the palingenesis of the phoenix is one fable, and the resurrection of the rotifers is another.

And why has the erroneous belief been suffered to stand in printed books so long? Because men hesitate (properly) to write a flat denial of what others (often more learned and of greater authority than themselves) have written before them. The writer who now indites this page has often tried to treat himself to the spectacle of a rotifer's revivification; but never yet has that wonder ravished his eyes. He has brought rotifers to death's door; he has kept them trembling on the verge of non-existence: just as they were on the point of really perishing, he has saved them by the merciful administration of a droplet of water on the point of a pin; but there always remained a critical moment to be avoided, and which was final in its effects, if passed. While there was life, there was hope; but when once the patients were dead, they were dead as door nails. While the wheels gave the faintest sign of vitality their proprietors were recoverable; but, after that clockwork had come to a dead stop, all the Humane Societies in Europe might do their best in vain. No matter what the species of rotifer, with shells or without, from puddles, rain-gutters, or roofs of houses, with eyes or eyeless, they were all killed stone dead even by the incomplete desiccation that was produced by the atmosphere of an ordinary sitting-room, without any application of fire or sun heat. After death, no coaxing, no kind treatment, neither soft words nor soft water, nor the requisite conditions of moisture, warmth, and food, could persuade a rotifer to make its wheel spin half a revolution. There the poor things lay, with all their machinery flabby and motionless, awaiting a decent interment. And why did not the writer proclaim his belief that rotifers, like other animals, die, when they do die, for good and all? Because the writer was a literary poltroon, who did not care to be snubbed by microscopical magnates, who might have pelted him and his sincere convictions, with a bushful of magnificent names, beginning with Spallanzani and ending with—Heaven defend us!—Doyère, the gentle philosopher who sends a huissier or

bailliff with a lawyer's letter to those who dare to dispute or question his revivifications of rotifers and tardigrades.

A gentleman who has a greater right to speak loudly if he chose, Mr. Philip Henry Gosse, has devoted to the Wheel-bearers a tolerably long and full chapter of his *Evenings with the Microscope*; but with all his skill in manipulation, and with all his endeavours to reproduce and verify published statements, he is unable to announce the fact that he has ever restored a defunct rotifer to life; quite the contrary.

Resuscitating animalcules, of what family or genus soever, have at last received a mortal and irremediable stroke from the hands of Monsieur F. A. Pouchet, Director of the Museum of Natural History, and Professor at the School of Medicine and at the Superior School of Sciences at Rouen. These resurrections ought really to be put down, because they overstep the limits of all rational tradition, and because they do equal violence to nature and to common sense. Spallanzani himself confesses that we cannot show too much mistrust and hesitation with respect to what he calls "the most paradoxical truth which natural history has to offer." Most people will fully share the impressions entertained by the Italian physiologist. Leuwenhoek, the veritable founder of micrography, was the first to discover, in 1701, the vital tenacity of the rotifers. Having collected, out of gutters, some sand which contained these animalcules, the celebrated Dutchman wished to ascertain whether, after having dried it, it would still produce any on moistening it again. After having wetted the sand, to his great astonishment he found that it again became peopled with the same creatures which he had previously found in it. So sagacious an observer as Leuwenhoek would hardly mistake this phenomenon for a resurrection; nor did he. He considered, with reason, that the fact he had witnessed was analogous to those which are observed to happen with certain insects' eggs and certain larvæ, which are occasionally protected by their outer coating for a length of time.

But, other observers were not equally cautious in drawing their inferences. Needham (in the *Philosophical Transactions*), more adventurous than the learned Dutchman, having seen the anguillules of blighted wheat revive after the grains of wheat had been dried, asserted that those animalcules underwent a veritable resurrection. Spallanzani especially, about 1775, gave an immense celebrity to the resurrectional hypothesis. He undertook a number of experiments, by which he professed to remove all doubt about this extraordinary phenomenon, and the great reputation of the physiologist of Pavia caused these false reviviscences to be considered as established facts. Several naturalists of the present day have placed them at least in a doubtful position. And yet Spallanzani was fully aware how incomprehensible was the physiological anomaly of which he has written so long an account. "An animal which resuscitates after death," he says, "and which

within certain limits resuscitates as often as you will, is a phenomenon as unheard of as it appears at first improbable and paradoxical: it confounds every received idea concerning animality." Never did the learned Italian utter words of more sober reason; we wonder why his instinctive doubts had so little effect in curbing his imagination. His experiments were greatly in vogue, on account of the attractive manner in which he described them. It must be confessed that his chapter on this subject, bearing at the head of every page the inscription, **EXPERIMENTS ON THE ANIMALS WHICH MAY BE KILLED AND RESUSCITATED AT WILL**, was well adapted to stimulate public curiosity.

The Abbé Fontana was one of the supporters of revivification. He displayed the spectacle to persons of distinction who passed through Florence, but few of his observations have been given to the public. "He dare not broach the subject in writing," said Dupaty, "for fear of being excommunicated: all the power of the grand-duke could not save him." Nevertheless, he mentions it, in his celebrated *Treatise on the Poison of the Viper*. In these latter days, Monsieur Doyère, the most ardent palingenesisist of the age, in his *Monographie des Tardigrades*, pretends that these animals are able to support very high temperatures and absolute desiccation, without losing the faculty of resurrection. It is this thesis which has been demolished by M. Pouchet. It ought also to be mentioned that, within the last few years, Schultze made considerable efforts to increase the number of resurrectionists. He exhibited to a great number of persons, samples of sand which had remained in a dry state for a considerable period, and which became full of rotifers after being moistened. Nor did he confine himself to this simple display; he distributed in all directions, by letter, little packets of sand, apparently inanimate, but which the mere application of moisture, under the eyes of his marvelling correspondents, proved to be full of living creatures. This experiment may be repeated any day, and thinking men are now unanimous in considering it absolutely insignificant, as far as the solution of the question is concerned.

Extraordinary examples of tenaciousness of life are far from rare in the annals of natural history. The love of the marvellous, which has exerted its influence on men of well-merited reputation, has often led them to reproduce these wondrous accounts without sufficient examination. Intestinal worms and their eggs have been believed to be capable of undergoing ordeals which are now contested by those best acquainted with the worms themselves. Certain persons have gone so far as to credit the existence of reviviscible serpents. Bouguer speaks of an *amphisbena*, which is most commonly met with near the mouth of the Orinoco, which is seen to come to life again after it has been ten years dried, either in the open air, or on the branch of a tree, or even inside a chimney. To enjoy this phenomenon, it is only necessary to

plunge the reptile in water that has been exposed to the sun.

It is essential to observe that, with the resurrectionists, the question is not to prove that the vital functions may be incompletely suspended for a greater or less duration of time by the effect of physical causes, but that they may be completely annihilated without compromising the animal's existence; in short, that an animal completely mummified, may be resuscitated by the influence of water externally and internally applied.

Some observers have shown unparalleled levity in the way in which they have settled the question, whilst Ehrenberg had the wisdom not to do so till after he had carefully examined and refuted, one by one, the hypotheses of the resurrectionists. Ehrenberg has demonstrated, with great logical force, that "the cessation of vital movement in any animal is evidently death." In fact, whensoever in any animal the embryonic life has commenced, its absolute suspension is absolute death. The egg of the rotifer may, probably, be preserved for a very long time in a stagnant state, but, as is the case with the egg of a fowl, or with the seed even of a vegetable, when once its vital cycle has commenced its orbit, no absolute suspension is possible. Even if such a number of justly renowned naturalists had not protested against the resurrection of the rotifers and the tardigrades, Ehrenberg alone would suffice to crush all its partisans. He and Bory de St. Vincent do not hesitate to say that "desiccation is death." Consequently, the former of these writers is right in asserting that the animalcules which people believe they have revived have never been absolutely dried in the sand which contained them. In this case, he says, the sand and the moss preserve them from desiccation, exactly as the thick garments of the Arabs protect them from the burning heat of the desert.

The whole question is laid open and explained in these few words. The rotifers, the tardigrades, and the anguillules, are preserved under the protection of their envelope and by the help of the hygroscopicity of the sand, precisely as happens to a multitude of adult animals or their progeny, under analogous circumstances; and the only reason why certain philosophers have regarded as a prodigy, facts which are frequently occurring in zoology, is, because they have not embraced the subject from a higher and more general point of view. This make-believe resurrection is not at all more extraordinary than the return to active life—we cannot say to existence—of certain animals which remain for a year and more contracted and motionless within their natural envelope.

If we cast but a mere glance at the entire zoological series, we shall soon perceive that the vital resistance of certain animals, or of their reproductive bodies, is even more and otherwise remarkable than the phenomenon of the revivification of animalcules, reduced to its legitimate value. The eggs of insects, on the branches of trees, resist the rigours of severe and variable

seasons, without injury. Certain crustaceans afford instances of the extraordinary resistance to desiccation of which their progeny are capable. The cyprides, which are almost microscopic, have eggs of extreme tenuity, and which remain without drying up or shrivelling in the mud of ponds laid dry all the summer long, and which are hatched and developed as soon as the autumnal rains return. Is not that a fact as remarkable as the history of the rotifer found on roofs? The *Apus caneriformis* presents us with a still more extraordinary case. According to the statements of naturalists, its eggs appear capable of preservation for several years, without losing their vitality; and it is thus that they explain the presence of myriads of these crustaceans, which are observed to appear immediately after heavy rains, in places where they had not been seen for years. If you search the history of the molluscs, you will find that there exist great numbers which, beneath the shelter of their shell, will live for an extraordinary period without communication with the external world, if they are surprised and surrounded by unfavourable circumstances. Some, in spite of their absolutely aquatic habits, occasionally remain dry during the whole interval between the highest tides; that is to say, a month or more. Others, which inhabit the tufts of moss in which the rotifers themselves are found, seem absolutely destined to participate in the very same vital phases. Certain snails hibernate for six whole months, and close their dwelling with a door secreted for the purpose. M. Flourens kept several of these animals for a whole year, without food; they showed signs of reanimation when the illustrious physiologist treated them to a feast of fresh-cut grass. We may even state that, under certain circumstances, some few of the tiny molluscs to which we have referred exhibit a suspension of vitality much more miraculous than that which is attributed to the rotifers. M. Moquin-Tandon, in his magnificent work, relates that he has seen snails come out of their shell and crawl about, after remaining shut up for from a year and a half to two years. He kept several punctuated clausillas screwed up in a piece of paper for twenty-six months. M. St. Simon saw porcelain zonites that lived two years and a half without aliment. M. Sarrazin forgot in a box some specimens of pupa quinquedentata which he collected in 1843, and these creatures were still living in 1847, four years afterwards!

Was it ever supposed that all these animals defied the lapse of time only by the aid of desiccation, and that they were reanimated by the application of water alone? The case is the same with the rotifers. If they have been made the subject of such marvellous tales, it is simply because their extreme minuteness allowed any and every supposition to be hazarded; while, with regard to others, although very small as molluscs, the truth was too easily demonstrable by merely crushing them. M. Seguin imbedded some toads in plaster, and kept them in pots, he believes for ten years, but is not quite certain.

On breaking the plaster, he found that one of the pots contained a toad in perfect health; the plaster was exactly moulded over it, and filled every vacant space. As soon as the plaster was broken, the toad struggled to get out of prison, but was held back by one of its feet, which still stuck fast. When this was disengaged, it jumped on the ground, and at once resumed its habitual movements, as if there had occurred no interruption in its mode of existence. After such instances of vital persistence, ought we to shout, "A miracle!" so loudly, because a few rotifers or a few tardigrades may be preserved for a certain time in the midst of sand, and show signs of life only when the sand is wetted? The fact is less extraordinary than that related of the toad; for, the rotifer, when it contracts itself, finds a protection in its rings and its shell, whereas the reptile remains naked in the medium which environs it.

The causes of error in the experiments on pseudo-resurrection are not difficult to indicate. The revivals, which are looked upon with such wonderment, are nothing else than either the hatching of a new generation, or the waking up of animalcules, which had been preserved from utter dryness by their natural envelope, and which, by that means, had retained their vitality for a considerable period. But in both these cases, pseudo-resurrection has its limits; and we must not follow the example of certain naturalists, who accord to this phenomenon an unlimited duration. "All the rotifers," says Bory de St. Vincent, "are aquatic; and we cannot help believing that, in consequence of their complicated structure, drought acting upon them exactly as it does on fishes and other creatures that live in a watery medium, it must kill them rapidly, without any possibility of resurrection after death. It is true that, on several occasions, by macerating water-weeds that had long been dried, and by putting water into vessels full of sediment in which we had kept or bred animalcules the preceding year, we have raised a population of rotifers and other microscopic creatures; they were simply hatched and developed therein, like the minute crustaceans, whose germs remain buried and incased in mud until the rainy season supplies the moisture necessary for their hatching and growth."

The causes of error are best detected by operating upon a determinate and quite limited number of animalcules. It then becomes evident, first, that living animalcules, which have contracted themselves to escape desiccation, are revivable in this state, only for a very limited time, which in summer does not exceed twenty days. Secondly, when you operate on dry mould, the produce is often new-hatched young, which make their appearance, after a long preservation, within their conservative envelopes, as occurs with the eggs and chrysalides of many insects, of crustaceous and other animals. These hatchings have so often led the resurrectionists into error, that even in experiments on a very restricted number of

animalcules, they will lead the micrograph to wrong conclusions. In experiments in which M. Pouchet had employed no more than from four to six animalcules, carefully counted, he obtained false resurrections that were greater in number than the individuals whom he had submitted to a short desiccation. He has seen four young rotifers on a glass, which, after two days' drying, resuscitated to the number of five. He has also exposed six rotifers to a real drying; on moistening them again, he only obtained six corpses of those animals, and—one very little live anguillule, which certainly was not amongst them beforehand. In the first of these cases, there was a fresh hatch; in the second, an animalcule which, in the egg, had resisted a degree of drought insupportable by the animalcule after once it had left the shell.

Students who observe multitudes of infusoria, are aware how difficult is the determination of their species: and therefore, to remove all doubt on this point, M. Pouchet had recourse to Ehrenberg himself. On receiving, in a letter, a pinch of sand obtained from the gutters of the cathedral of Rouen, the illustrious zoologist of Berlin moistened it, and, to use his own words, "resuscitated the animalcules which were not dead." He recognised the rotifers to be, almost all, specimens of the *Callidina triodon*, and the tardigrades of *Macrobiotus Hufelandii*. The main characteristic of these experiments is their extreme simplicity; any one who chooses can repeat them. The moss is gathered from a roof, removing with it the vegetable mould on which it grows. This moss almost always contains a certain number of rotifers, anguillules, and tardigrades. In the greater part of M. Pouchet's experiments, he made use of the tufts of moss found in the gutters of the cathedral, or on the roof of one of the hospitals at Rouen. The mode of obtaining the animalcules is very simple. The mould hanging to the moss is slightly moistened; by squeezing it gently between the fingers, a drop or two of water are made to exude, which are received in a watch-glass. When the moss is inhabited by a certain number of animalcules, this drop of water always contains several. They are recognised by the help of the most ordinary microscope, and are carefully counted. This done, if the quantity of mould contained by the droplet of water does not appear sufficiently abundant, a little sand is let fall into the water, for the sake of conforming to Spallanzani's directions. This sand is the object of great attention, in order to avoid its being said that its composition has had any effect on the animalcules. M. Pouchet selects it as pure as possible; then he brings it to a red heat; then he submits it to the action of chlorhydric acid; afterwards, it is well washed, dried, and passed through a silken sieve.

The number of animalcules having been registered, the date and the temperature noted, the watch-glass is covered with another glass; and in order that the drying may be more gradual, the watch-glasses are placed beneath a small bell-glass, and in the shade. Spallanzani pro-

claims that the grand point to ensure success is to operate with sand; the unfailing result of his experiments, he says, was that the animalcules never returned to life unless they were in places where there was sufficient sand.

The mummies are manufactured; what is to become of them? All the resurrectionists agree in stating that the rotifers, which will resuscitate, are easily distinguished from those that are dead for good and all; which is perfectly true. Because, as has been already remarked, those which will come to life again are still impregnated with a slight amount of moisture, and the fluid remaining in their tissues renders them transparent; whilst those which are really dead, having really arrived at the state of desiccation, are yellow and opaque. And that is the whole of the mystery.

John Hunter said that there was no great anatomist who had not had great quarrels; a similar destiny appears to be allotted to zoologists. Nevertheless, we are justified in assuming that, all the world over, vitality is governed by the same laws. The volume of an animal's body has nothing to do with the question. If a mummified atom can be resuscitated, why not a mummified shellfish, a mummified insect, or a mummified mammoth? The vacuum under an air-pump's receiver, which has been vaunted as such a searching test of dryness, does not in the least affect or dry the animalcules, protected as they are by an impermeable envelope. It is just as if you were to place under the receiver an india-rubber bladder filled with water.

The phenomena of false resurrection last for a much shorter time than is generally stated. If the mould experimented on, forms a heap, its hygroscopicity (that is, its power of absorbing and retaining water) allows the animals, or their progeny, to remain a long while in the midst of it, without drying, and consequently without perishing. But if the mould is spread out excessively thin upon a plate of glass, the animalcules are dried more rapidly, and perish in summer in less than two months.

The false resuscitating animalcules are endowed with a great power of vital resistance, which is in accordance with the sudden changes they experience in their dwelling-place. M. Pouchet's experiments prove that they will bear an abrupt leap in temperature of 100° centigrade, without in the least affecting their reviviscence.

In order to avoid all illusion, and to come to a positive result as to facts, it is requisite, first, to see the creatures living; next, to see them die; and lastly, to see them come to life again. It is then perceived that, far from being capable of reanimation several times, not a single animalcule that is once dry and dead is ever resuscitated. The animalcules which some philosophers have endowed almost with immortality, have been believed by others to enjoy a not less prodigious incombustibility. It has been pretended that several of them could undergo, without perishing, a temperature of 120°, and even 150° centigrade; that is, half as hot again as boiling water. It is a fact which ought to be struck off



the annals of positive science. In the experiments which M. Pouchet continually repeated during three months at the Museum of Natural History at Rouen, he never found any animalcule which could bear 100°, or the boiling-point. The rotifers perished at from 85° to 90°; the tardigrades at from 80° to 85°; and the anguillules at about 75°.

### SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

BESIDE the hearth there is an hour of dreaming,

A calm and pensive solitude of soul,

When life and death have each another seeming,

And thoughts are with us owning no control.

These are the spirits, Memory's revealing,

In deep solemnity they rise and fall,

Shrouding the living present, and concealing

The world around us—Shadows on the Wall.

Hopes, like the leaves and blossoms, rudely shaken

By cruel winds of winter, from the tree

Of our existence; phantoms that awaken

Wild passing gleams of Joy's young ecstacy;

And Love, once kind and tenderly outpouring

Her wine into our souls, we may recal,

And find them dear and ever heavenward soaring,

Though only now as Shadows on the Wall.

Old clasping hands, old friendships and affections

Once bodied forms beside us on the earth,

Come back to haunt us, ghostly recollections

With mystic converse by the silent hearth.

Yet these are kindly spirits, and retiring

Draw their long shadows slowly from the wall,

And visit us in peace and gentleness, inspiring

A hope that brings the sunshine after all.

### THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

My day's no-business beckoning me to the East end of London, I had turned my face to that point of the metropolitan compass on leaving Covent Garden, and had got past the India House, thinking in my idle manner of Tippoo-Sahib and Charles Lamb, and had got past my little wooden midshipman, after affectionately patting him on one leg of his knee-shorts for old acquaintance' sake, and had got past Aldgate Pump, and had got past the Saracen's Head (with an ignominious rash of posting-bills disfiguring his swarthy countenance), and had strolled up the empty yard of his ancient neighbour the Black or Blue Bear, or Bull, who de-departed this life I don't know when, and whose coaches are all gone I don't know where, and I had come out again into the age of railways, and I had got past Whitechapel Church, and was—rather inappropriately for an Uncommercial Traveller—in the Commercial Road. Pleasantly wallowing in the abundant mud of that thoroughfare, and greatly enjoying the huge piles of building belonging to the sugar refiners, the little masts and vanes in small back gardens in back streets, the neighbouring canals and docks, the India-vans lumbering along their stone tramway, and the pawnbrokers' shops where hard-up Mates had pawned so many sextants and quadrant, that I should have bought a few cheap if I had the least notion how to use them,

I at last began to file off to the right, towards Wapping.

Not that I intended to take boat at Wapping Old Stairs, or that I was going to look at the locality, because I believe (for I don't) in the constancy of the young woman who told her sea-going lover, to such a beautiful old tune, that she had ever continued the same, since she gave him the 'baccor-box marked with his name; I am afraid he usually got the worst of those transactions, and was frightfully taken in. No, I was going to Wapping, because an Eastern police magistrate had said, through the morning papers, that there was no classification at the Wapping workhouse for women, and that it was a disgrace and a shame and divers other hard names, and because I wished to see how the fact really stood. For, that Eastern police magistrates are not always the wisest men of the East, may be inferred from their course of procedure respecting the fancy-dressing and pantomime-posturing at St. George's in that quarter: which is usually, to discuss the matter at issue, in a state of mind betokening the weakest perplexity, with all parties concerned and unconcerned, and, for a final expedient, to consult the complainant as to what he thinks ought to be done with the defendant, and take the defendant's opinion as to what he would recommend to be done with himself.

Long before I reached Wapping I gave myself up as having lost my way, and, abandoning myself to the narrow streets in a Turkish frame of mind, relied on predestination to bring me somehow or other to the place I wanted if I were ever to get there. When I had ceased for an hour or so to take any trouble about the matter, I found myself on a swing-bridge, looking down at some dark locks in some dirty water. Over against me, stood a creature remotely in the likeness of a young man, with a puffed saw face, and a figure all dirty and shiny and slimy, who may have been the youngest son of his filthy old father, Thames, or the drowned man about whom there was a placard on the granite post like a large thimble, that stood between us.

I asked this apparition what it called the place? Unto which, it replied, with a ghastly grin and with a sound like gurgling water in its throat:

"Mister Baker's trap."

As it is a point of great sensitiveness with me on such occasions to be equal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation, I deeply considered the meaning of this speech, while I eyed the apparition—then engaged in hugging and sucking a horizontal iron bar at the top of the locks. Inspiration suggested to me that Mr. Baker was the acting Coroner of that neighbourhood.

"A common place for suicide," said I, looking down at the locks.

"Sue?" returned the ghost, with a stare. "Yes! And Poll. Likeways Emly. And Nancy. And Jane;" he sucked the iron between each name; "and all the bileing. Ketches off their bonnets or shorls, takes a run, and headers

down here, they doos. Always a headerin' down here, they is. Like one o'clock."

"And at about that hour of the morning, I suppose?"

"Ah!" said the apparition. "*They* an't partickler. Two 'ull do for *them*. Three. All times o' night. O'ny mind you!" Here the apparition rested its profile on the bar, and gurgled in a sarcastic manner. "There must be somebody comin'. They don't go a headerin' down here, wen there an't no Bobby nor gen'ral Cove, fur to hear the splash."

According to my interpretation of these words, I was myself a General Cove, or member of the miscellaneous public. In which modest character, I remarked:

"They are often taken out, are they, and restored?"

"I dunno about restored," said the apparition, who, for some occult reason, very much objected to that word; "they're carried into the werkiss and put into a 'ot bath, and brought round. But I dunno about restored," said the apparition; "blow that!"—and vanished.

As it had shown a desire to become offensive, I was not sorry to find myself alone, especially as the "werkiss" it had indicated with a twist of its matted head, was close at hand. So I left Mr. Baker's terrible trap (baited with a scum that was like the soapy rinsing of sooty chimneys), and made bold to ring at the workhouse gate, where I was wholly unexpected and quite unknown.

A very bright and nimble little matron, with a bunch of keys in her hand, responded to my request to see the House. I began to doubt whether the police magistrate was quite right in his facts, when I noticed her quick active little figure and her intelligent eyes.

The Traveller (the matron intimated) should see the worst first. He was welcome to see everything. Such as it was, there it all was.

This was the only preparation for our entering "the Foul wards." They were in an old building squeezed away in a corner of a paved yard, quite detached from the more modern and spacious main body of the workhouse. They were in a building most monstrously behind the time—a mere series of garrets or lofts, with every inconvenient and objectionable circumstance in their construction, and only accessible by steep and narrow staircases, infamously ill adapted for the passage up-stairs of the sick or down stairs of the dead.

A-bed in these miserable rooms, here on bedsteads, there (for a change, as I understood it) on the floor, were women in every stage of distress and disease. None but those who have attentively observed such scenes, can conceive the extraordinary variety of expression still latent under the general monotony and uniformity of colour, attitude, and condition. The form a little coiled up and turned away, as though it had turned its back on this world for ever; the uninterested face at once lead-coloured and yellow, looking passively upward from the pillow; the haggard mouth a little dropped, the

hand outside the coverlet, so dull and indifferent, so light and yet so heavy; these were on every pallet; but, when I stopped beside a bed, and said ever so slight a word to the figure lying there, the ghost of the old character came into the face, and made the Foul ward as various as the fair world. No one appeared to care to live, but no one complained; all who could speak, said that as much was done for them as could be done there, that the attendance was kind and patient, that their suffering was very heavy, but they had nothing to ask for. The wretched rooms were as clean and sweet as it is possible for such rooms to be; they would become a pest-house in a single week, if they were ill-kept.

I accompanied the brisk matron up another barbarous staircase, into a better kind of loft devoted to the idiotic and imbecile. There was at least Light in it, whereas the windows in the former wards had been like sides of schoolboys birdcages. There was a strong grating over the fire here, and, holding a kind of state on either side of the hearth, separated by the breadth of this grating, were two old ladies in a condition of feeble dignity, which was surely the very last and lowest reduction of self-complacency, to be found in this wonderful humanity of ours. They were evidently jealous of each other, and passed their whole time (as some people do, whose fires are not grated) in mentally disparaging each other, and contemptuously watching their neighbours. One of these parodies on provincial gentlewomen was extremely talkative, and expressed a strong desire to attend the service on Sundays, from which she represented herself to have derived the greatest interest and consolation when allowed that privilege. She gossiped so well, and looked altogether so cheery and harmless, that I began to think this a case for the Eastern magistrate, until I found that on the last occasion of her attending chapel, she had secreted a small stick, and had caused some confusion in the responses by suddenly producing it and belabouring the congregation.

So, these two old ladies, separated by the breadth of the grating—otherwise they would fly at one another's caps—sat all day long, suspecting one another, and contemplating a world of fits. For everybody else in the room had fits, except the wardswoman: an elderly, able-bodied pauperess, with a large upper lip, and an air of repressing and saving her strength, as she stood with her hands folded before her, and her eyes slowly rolling, biding her time for catching or holding somebody. This civil personage (in whom I regretted to identify a reduced member of my honourable friend Mrs. Gamp's family) said, "They has 'em continiwal, sir. They drops without no more notice than if they was coach-horses dropped from the moon, sir. And when one drops, another drops, and sometimes there'll be as many as four or five on 'em at once, dear me, a rollin' and a tearin', bless you!—this young woman, now, has 'em dreadful bad."

She turned up this young woman's face with her hand as she said it. This young woman was

seated on the floor, pondering, in the foreground of the afflicted. There was nothing repellant, either in her face or head. Many, apparently worse, varieties of epilepsy and hysteria were about her, but she was said to be the worst there. When I had spoken to her a little, she still sat with her face turned up, pondering, and a gleam of the mid-day sun shone in upon her.

—Whether this young woman, and the rest of these so sorely troubled, as they sit or lie pondering in their confused dull way, ever get mental glimpses among the motes in the sunlight, of healthy people and healthy things? Whether this young woman, brooding like this in the summer season, ever thinks that somewhere there are trees and flowers, even mountains and the great sea? Whether, not to go so far, this young woman ever has any dim revelation of that young woman—that young woman who is not here and never will come here, who is courted, and caressed, and loved, and has a husband, and bears children, and lives in a home, and who never knows what it is to have this lashing and tearing coming upon her? And whether this young woman, God help her, gives herself up then, and drops like a coach-horse from the moon?

I hardly knew whether the voices of infant children, penetrating into so hopeless a place, made a sound that was pleasant or painful to me. It was something to be reminded that the weary world was not all weary, and was ever renewing itself; but, this young woman was a child not long ago, and a child not long hence might be such as she. Howbeit, the active step and eye of the vigilant matron conducted me past the two provincial gentlewomen (whose dignity was ruffled by the children), and into the adjacent nursery.

There were many babies here, and more than one handsome young mother. There were ugly young mothers also, and sullen young mothers, and callous young mothers. But, the babies had not appropriated to themselves any bad expression yet, and might have been, for anything that appeared to the contrary in their soft faces, Princes Imperial, and Princesses Royal. I had the pleasure of giving a poetical commission to the baker's man to make a cake with all despatch and toss it into the oven for one red-headed young pauper and myself, and felt much the better for it. Without that refreshment, I doubt if I should have been in a condition for "the Refractories," towards whom my quick little matron—for whose adaptation to her office I had by this time conceived a genuine respect—drew me next, and marshalled me the way that I was going.

The Refractories were picking oakum, in a small room giving on a yard. They sat in line on a form, with their backs to a window; before them, a table, and their work. The oldest Refractory was, say twenty; youngest Refractory, say sixteen. I have never yet ascertained, in the course of my uncommercial travels, why a Refractory habit should affect the tonsils and uvula; but, I have always observed that Refractories of both sexes and every grade, be-

tween a Ragged School and the Old Bailey, have one voice, in which the tonsils and uvula gain a diseased ascendancy.

"Five pound indeed! I hain't a going fur to pick five pound," said the Chief of the Refractories, keeping time to herself with her head and chin. "More than enough to pick what we picks now, in sitch a place as this, and on wot we gets here!"

(This was in acknowledgment of a delicate intimation that the amount of work was likely to be increased. It certainly was not heavy then, for one Refractory had already done her day's task—it was barely two o'clock—and was sitting behind it, with a head exactly matching it.)

"A pretty Ouse this is, matron, ain't it?" said Refractory Two, "where a pleeseman's called in, if a gal says a word!"

"And wen you're sent to prison for nothink or less!" said the Chief, tugging at her oakum, as if it were the matron's hair. "But any place is better than this; that's one thing, and be thankful!"

A laugh of Refractories led by Oakum Head with folded arms—who originated nothing, but who was in command of the skirmishers outside the conversation.

"If any place is better than this," said my brisk guide, in the calmest manner, "it is a pity you left a good place when you had one."

"Ho, no, I didn't, matron," returned the Chief, with another pull at her oakum, and a very expressive look at the enemy's forehead. "Don't say that, matron, 'cos it's lies!"

Oakum Head brought up the skirmishers again, skirmished, and retired.

"And I warn't a going," exclaimed Refractory Two, "though I was in one place for as long as four year—I warn't a going fur to stop in a place that warn't fit for me—there! And where the fam'ly warn't 'spectable characters—there! And where I fort'nately or hunfort'nately found that the people warn't what they pretended to make themselves out to be—there! And where it wasn't their faults, by chalks, if I warn't made bad and ruinated—Hah!"

During this speech, Oakum Head had again made a diversion with the skirmishers, and had again withdrawn.

The Uncommercial Traveller ventured to remark that he supposed Chief Refractory and Number One, to be the two young women who had been taken before the magistrate?

"Yes!" said the Chief, "we har! and the wonder is, that a pleeseman an't 'ad in now, and we took off agen. You can't open your lips here, without a pleeseman."

Number Two laughed (very uvularly), and the skirmishers followed suit.

"I'm sure I'd be thankful," protested the Chief, looking sideways at the Uncommercial, "if I could be got into a place, or got abroad. I'm sick and tired of this precious Ouse, I am, with reason."

So would be, and so was, Number Two. So would be, and so was, Oakum Head. So would be, and so were, Skirmishers.

The Uncommercial took the liberty of hinting that he hardly thought it probable that any lady or gentleman in want of a likely young domestic of retiring manners, would be tempted into the engagement of either of the two leading Refractories, on her own presentation of herself as per sample.

"It ain't no good being nothink else here," said the Chief.

The Uncommercial thought it might be worth trying.

"Oh no it ain't," said the Chief.

"Not a bit of good," said Number Two.

"And I'm sure I'd be very thankful to be got into a place, or got abroad," said the Chief.

"And so should I," said Number Two. "Truly thankful, I should."

Oakum Head then rose, and announced as an entirely new idea, the mention of which profound novelty might be naturally expected to startle her unprepared hearers, that she would be very thankful to be got into a place, or got abroad. And, as if she had then said, "Chorus, ladies!" all the Skirmishers struck up to the same purpose. We left them, thereupon, and began a long long walk among the women who were simply old and infirm; but whenever, in the course of this same walk, I looked out of any high window that commanded the yard, I saw Oakum Head and all the other Refractories looking out at their low window for me, and never failing to catch me, the moment I showed my head.

In ten minutes I had ceased to believe in such fables of a golden time as youth, the prime of life, or a hale old age. In ten minutes, all the lights of womankind seemed to have been blown out, and nothing in that way to be left this vault to brag of, but the flickering and expiring snuffs.

And what was very curious, was, that these dim old women had one company notion which was the fashion of the place. Every old woman who became aware of a visitor and was not in bed, hobbled over a form into her accustomed seat, and became one of a line of dim old women confronting another line of dim old women across a narrow table. There was no obligation whatever upon them to range themselves in this way; it was their manner of "receiving." As a rule, they made no attempt to talk to one another, or to look at the visitor, or to look at anything, but sat silently working their mouths, like a sort of poor old Cows. In some of these wards, it was good to see a few green plants; in others, an isolated Refractory acting as nurse, who did well enough in that capacity, when separated from her compeers; every one of these wards, day room, night room, or both combined, was scrupulously clean and fresh. I have seen as many such places as most travellers in my line, and I never saw one such, better kept.

Among the bedridden there was great patience, great reliance on the books under the pillow, great faith in God. All cared for sympathy, but none much cared to be encouraged with hope of recovery; on the whole, I should

say, it was considered rather a distinction to have a complication of disorders, and to be in a worse way than the rest. From some of the windows the river could be seen with all its life and movement; the day was bright, but I came upon no one who was looking out.

In one large ward, sitting by the fire in arm-chairs of distinction, like the President and Vice of the good company, were two old women, upwards of ninety years of age. The younger of the two, just turned ninety, was deaf, but not very, and could easily be made to hear. In her early time she had nursed a child, who was now another old woman, more infirm than herself, inhabiting the very same chamber. She perfectly understood this when the matron told it, and, with sundry nods and motions of her forfinger, pointed out the woman in question. The elder of this pair, ninety-three, seated before an illustrated newspaper (but not reading it), was a bright-eyed old soul, really not deaf, wonderfully preserved, and amazingly conversational. She had not long lost her husband, and had been in that place little more than a year. At Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, this poor creature would have been individually addressed, would have been tended in her own room, and would have had her life gently assimilated to a comfortable life out of doors. Would that be much to do in England for a woman who has kept herself out of a workhouse more than ninety rough long years? When Britain first, at Heaven's command, arose, with a great deal of allegorical confusion, from out the azure main, did her guardian angels positively forbid it in the Charter which has been so much be-sung?

The object of my journey was accomplished when the nimble matron had no more to show me. As I shook hands with her at the gate, I told her that I thought Justice had not used her very well, and that the wise men of the East were not infallible.

Now, I reasoned with myself, as I made my journey home again, concerning those Foul wards. They ought not to exist; no person of common decency and humanity can see them and doubt it. But what is this Union to do? The necessary alteration would cost several thousands of pounds; it has already to support three workhouses; its inhabitants work hard for their bare lives, and are already rated for the relief of the Poor to the utmost extent of reasonable endurance. One poor parish in this very Union is rated to the amount of FIVE AND SIXPENCE in the pound, at the very same time when the rich parish of Saint George's, Hanover-square, is rated at about SEVENPENCE in the pound, Paddington at about FOURPENCE, Saint James's, Westminster, at about TENPENCE! It is only through the equalisation of Poor Rates that what is left undone in this wise, can be done. Much more is left undone, or is ill-done, than I have space to suggest in these notes of a single uncommercial journey; but, the wise men of the East, before they can reasonably hold forth about it, must look to the North and South and West; let them also, any morning

before taking the seat of Solomon, look into the shops and dwellings all around the Temple, and first ask themselves "how much more can these poor people—many of whom keep themselves with difficulty enough out of the workhouse—bear?"

I had yet other matter for reflection, as I journeyed home, inasmuch as, before I altogether departed from the neighbourhood of Mr. Baker's trap, I had knocked at the gate of the workhouse of St. George's-in-the-East, and had found it to be an establishment highly creditable to those parts, and thoroughly well administered by a most intelligent master. I remarked in it, an instance of the collateral harm that obstinate vanity and folly can do. "This was the Hall where those old paupers, male and female, whom I had just seen, met for the Church service, was it?"—"Yes."—"Did they sing the Psalms to any instrument?"—"They would like to, very much; they would have an extraordinary interest in doing so."—"And could none be got?"—"Well, a piano could even have been got for nothing, but these unfortunate dissensions—" Ah! better, far better, my Christian friend in the beautiful garment, to have let the singing boys alone, and left the multitude to sing for themselves! You should know better than I, but I think I have read that they did so, once upon a time, and that "when they had sung an hymn," Some one (not in a beautiful garment) went up unto the Mount of Olives.

It made my heart ache to think of this miserable trifling, in the streets of a city where every stone seemed to call to me, as I walked along, "Turn this way, man, and see what waits to be done!" So I decoyed myself into another train of thought to ease my heart. But, I don't know that I did it, for I was so full of paupers, that it was, after all, only a change to a single pauper, who took possession of my remembrance instead of a thousand.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he had said, in a confidential manner, on another occasion, taking me aside; "but I have seen better days."

"I am very sorry to hear it."

"Sir, I have a complaint to make against the master."

"I have no power here, I assure you. And if I had—"

"But allow me, sir, to mention it, as between yourself and a man who has seen better days, sir. The master and myself are both masons, sir, and I make him the sign continually; but, because I am in this unfortunate position, sir, he won't give me the countersign!"

#### SEVENTY YEARS' FOX-HUNTING.

THE life of a man with one idea, riding the best horses and keeping close to the hounds over the broad pastures of the "shires"—this is the task that the "Druid"—so called, it is to be presumed, from his affection for the Oaks (of Epsom)—executed, with a oneness of purpose

and extinction of self truly astonishing, when, note-book and pencil in hand, he sat beside the veteran in a gig and made him

Flourish his whip and show where fields were won.

The theme of "this old man eloquent" may rather jar on the nerves of worthy folks who look upon hunting as an idle and foolish amusement, a waste of time and money, a needless endangering of brains and bones. Walter Scott's friend, the Antiquary, thought that a walk from his library to his garden once a day was enough for any one but a fool or a fox-hunter. But hunting in England is, in modern slang, a great fact, and All the Year Round would never complete its circle without some minutes given to an amusement only less popular than dominoes and dancing in France—an amusement which occupies at least ten thousand souls of high and low degree six days in the week—walking or riding, running, staring, or looking after or about the one hundred and fifty packs of hounds which, from the 1st of November to the last day of April, are occupied in chasing fox or hare. Debate how you will, hunting is an integral part of English life. Hunting phrases are incorporated in the English language. The hunter-horse is specially English, and the Englishman's seat on horseback is neither mediæval, nor military, nor Oriental, but a hunting seat. It was with a hunting seat that Cromwell's Ironsides rode down Rupert's finished Cavaliers, "beat them, broke them, drove all adrift."

Young England may fairly be divided into those who do ride, and those who would ride if they could. For these reasons, our gravest and most devoted pedestrians will perhaps listen, if it be only as a matter of curiosity, to the autobiographical reminiscences of Dick Christian Laban, recorded in "Silk and Scarlet," a book written by The Druid. Dick Christian is the fakir, bonze, dervish, or high-priest of the fox-hunting faith; Dick Christian's memories extending back to 1790, before the French Revolution, before the French Republic and Empire, before Aboukir, Trafalgar, and Waterloo, before Railroads, Steam-Boats, Photographs, Reform Bills, Free Trade, Electric Telegrams, and Universal Exhibitions.

This garrulous and very equestrian gossip we have reduced to order and sequence, thinking that some lives may not be less amusing than the many lives of tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, gentleman, ploughboy, apothecary, thief, which are not the least thumbed volumes of a free library in a great city.

"I was born," says Dick, "in March, '79. Collesmere was my native place." A very appropriate place for such a character, the Collesmere pack being the oldest in England. "Father wanted to have made me a scholar, but I was all for horses, and in room of going to school I always slipped down to Stevenson, Sir Horace Mann's head groom at the Riding-school, and rode the horses till the boys came out, then off I slips home to my dinner

with my books, quite grave. I loved nothing like horses, and when I was only six or seven I used to go out on my ponies bare back, and jump everything, right and left, just like other people. My word, I could sit a good many. I rode to hounds when I was eight years old.

"I was put apprentice to a butcher, Mr. Hubbard they called him. Many's the sheep I've killed. I could skin a head like winking, but I liked going to market best. He had a little blue frock made for me, all trim and nice. But one market day he leaves me at home, and said I should drive the dung-cart." This did not suit Dick's dignity, so after various tricks with the horse and cart, he ran off home. "When Mr. Hubbard comes back, he says, 'Where's my boy?' and then he off after me. He wanted me sadly to come back with him; but I says, 'Sir, your kindness is more than I deserve, but it's no use, my mind is set upon horses.' And so it has been to this day. I would be somewhere about twelve and a half when I went to Sir Horace Mann's racing stables at Barham Downs, Kent, and rode my first race there. There wasn't more than four and a half stone of me then. Oh dear, what monkey tricks I was up to. Some mountebanks comes to Canterbury, and the trainer lends me his pony. Coming home, I thought I would do as they did. I jumps on the saddle and there I stands, and gallops by the side of a post-chaise all the way home, the people inside laughing at me. One of them pitched me a shilling.

"I rode at Margate, and had a bad accident with my knee. It was a two or three years job, so, being lame, I went home; father sent me to school a bit. Then I went down to Timms, the trainer at Nottingham. We galloped the horses in old Sherwood Forest, and took them to water at Beeston water-mill—the spots are covered with factories now. Home again to Collesmere. Blame me, if I didn't ride twenty races in one week in Bushy Park. What a week it was to be sure, pony-racing, hacks, all sorts of fun. Rode a race on a pony against Lord Milington (him as married the Duke of Ancaster's daughter). It was only half a mile: away I jumped, and he never caught me. What a deal they made of me. They carried me into the tent and gave me three glasses of wine and a fine mounted whip. Then Lord Winchelsea made a match with me against Captain Bligh, a first-rate runner and cricketer—me to ride a donkey and he to run afoot half a mile. But, my word, I beat him at last, and they gave me my first gold guinea! Thousands and thousands were there, but I suppose they're all dead now.

"After this 'ere racing concern, Sir Gilbert Heathcote sent his huntsman for me to go over to Normanton Park. Stevenson went with me, and Sir Gilbert and his lady (she was very kind to me, bless her) came out to us. My lady quite laughed. 'That little thing for a riding-groom!' she said; 'he can't sit a horse.' 'Try him, my lady,' said Stevenson (you see he always spoke up for me); 'give him one saddled and one to lead.' Up I gets with the two, and off across

the park. Didn't I take it out of them. Galloped until Sir Gilbert hollers me to stop. 'He'll do,' they said; 'he can hold anything.' I always rode out with the lady in a blue coat and striped waistcoat, and I rode second horse for Sir Gilbert. Mr. Watson, he once said to him, 'You'll kill that boy, riding day after day without stirrups.' Bless you, I could turn a somersault in them days; when I felt the horse going I throwed myself clean over and lighted on my legs—no end of gentlemen saw it."

With this introduction we have a self-painted picture of the mind and manner of the man who, at eighty, was still "light-legged, sturdy, five foot six, broad of chest, and stout of arm," and anxious to ride a steeple-chase against any one within ten years of his own age.

As his peculiar business has been to turn raw colts and race-horses into finished hunters, and to keep up his reputation among his customers, who were the hunting men of three generations, by going straight first if possible, it is not astonishing to find that Dick had lots of accidents. "This here leg broke, two of my ribs—never broke my collar-bone, so precious thick-set they can't get at it. Bless you, I've known horses get out of a ditch, and put their fore legs on each of my shoulders; my coat's been all split up by them! But," says the game veteran, "I see no fear, not even now, and can see a distance just as well as ever, when I'm with hounds." And so we find, when he comes to tell the story of his adventure thirty years ago with the Quorn hounds, when in four successive leaps, the first of nearly nineteen feet, in all fifty-three feet, his horse carried him safe to the bottom of an old quarry, with a sloping side as steep as the roof of a Gothic gable, "for," says our hero, "you see Mr. Coke—what how-dacious men to ride he and Sir James Musgrave were to be sure—told me I must always go if it killed the mare. So this Marigold I sent her at a hedge; when I was in the air I sees my danger. Frightened? God bless you, I was never frightened in my life; so I pulls her right back just as she touched the bank, and shot her hind legs under her. We made three landings of it." These three landings, were, first, a thick-cut hedge, four feet six high, lighting on a bank a yard wide, and then three bounds into the pit, the last bound being nineteen feet nine inches, as carefully measured from the hind legs to the hind leg marks again.

After this we understand him when he exclaims, "Ah! what fun I had with horses in my day! I could fairly live in the air."

With these qualifications, it is not astonishing to find that a noted and fashionable horse-dealer engaged Dick when George the Third was king, and George the Plump, Regent, as tutor to his hunters and his son, "a nice little boy only fourteen, and never an ounce above five stone. Poor little Matty, I killed him. He used to cry sadly. Old Matty would make him follow me. I well-nigh drowned him two or three times; I brought him up just as I wur brought up myself. My orders was to go and catch 'em. And the



little chap was never to leave me. Mat always said he would lick him, if he stopped, but he never did that I heard of; he was a kind-hearted man. Blame, he would get little Matty home after hunting, and nurse him like a woman. Only such a blackguard—always bankrupt; never out of that mess. I mind when George the Third died, he put us both in mourning alike, for he was a loyal sort of fellow with all his coarse talk—new green suits with black buttons.”

As to the terms for this tutoring of boy and horse, it seems that Mat was more liberal than the genteel people of delicate language who advertise for governesses. “Five guineas a week; board and lodging; lived as he did; meat and drink, best as was.” But the place was no sinecure, for as he drove along he pointed out “the fields where many a thousand times I’ve been three hours before we went hunting.” Two or three tumbles regular before breakfast. We had sometimes nine horses out; rode three half way to cover, three for the other half, and three when we got there, and jumped all the way straight across country. But still we could not get them ready fast enough for the gentlemen.”

Dick and little Mat, when hounds were going best pace, must have been a sight to see, for, “at the very howdacious places, poor little fellow, he used to holler out, ‘Where are you?’ He couldn’t spy me for them bullfinches, thick black-thorn hedges; he didn’t know if I wur up or down. We never turned the horses’ heads, but went bang at everything—lucky if we only got three falls a day. He was so light he used to bound up like a ball.”

The process of young Mat’s education seems to have been so amusing to Meltonian celebrities of that day, Captain White and Mr. Maxse, that they used to plant themselves in convenient situations, where “one of them regular stitchers” was in the way, to see “Dick and Matty have it.” “But,” says the tutor, “they served me that way so often, that when I see them, I used to say ‘Matty, here’s a rum ’un afore us; take fast hold of his head, and don’t fear nothing,’ for I always put him on those (horses) I knew to be perfect.”

The poor child was not doomed to break his neck. Dick, whose heart seems as tender as his muscles are tough, would, had he read Milton the poet, have quoted Death on the Pale Horse, for he concludes with, “Nice little lad! he was quite broke down with consumption, and he only came for a very little bit the next season. A frost came—I went with him as far as Northampton—he said he’d ‘never see me no more.’ I was grieved just! And he never did.”

We can’t quite make out whether it was from humility or contempt for our legislators that our veteran, when referring to an occasion on which he particularly delighted the mob by winning a race, says, “They panted to chair me round the town; but I says, ‘I’ll have none of that: I’m not a Parliament man; it may do well enough for the likes of them. Give me a bite of a apple.’”

Among his portraits is one Heycock, a yeoman farmer, who seems to have been even harder than our octogenarian, for Sir James Musgrave, having a new horse, “Heycock comes up to him out hunting, with ‘How d’ye like your new horse, Sir James?’ ‘Pretty well,’ Sir James says, ‘only he makes me a little nervous; he hits timber.’ ‘I’ll tell you what to do,’ says Heycock; ‘take him out by yourself, quite private, and give him two or three heavy falls over timber; I always do it.’ There was such a laugh! ‘God bless me, Mr. Heycock! you make my hair stand on end.’ Them were Sir James’s words; and he was precious hard, too, was Sir James.”

The greater part of Dick’s autobiography is composed of sketches of celebrated runs, and the gentlemen and the horses that figured in them, suggested by scenes through which he was driving. The stiff bullfinches about Ashby Pasture remind him of his particular favourite, Captain White, when “in old times we used to go at these regular stitchers slapbang, hollering like fun, to cheer up horses and men. Captain White was a good ’un at that game—how he would holler to be sure!” And Thrusserglan Gorse reminds him of one of the Captain’s hollering days, when “Mr. Coke, who was partickler fond of this Marigold mare” (that did the big leap before described), “wanted her to do something to be talked about, so he sent her for me to ride at Six Mills, with orders for me to wait for his directions. Up he comes, and says he, ‘I want you to do your best with her. Go into the cover with the hounds, and never leave them.’ So in I went; blamed if he wasn’t waiting to see me come out—great dry ditch, cut-and-bound fence—Marigold made nothin’ of it. ‘Now, that’s well done,’ says he; ‘go on, Dick, and keep with the hounds.’ It was the beautifullest run of an hour and a half. They viewed him the last mile before they killed him close by the water-mill. I never stopped for gates or nothing, and beat them all clean out. Captain White was about a field behind me, hollering all the way, ‘Go along, old fellows Go and ketch him, gentlemen!’ for he wa! always for me, and kept hardening me on: I don’t think I’d ever have gone at such fences; but he had such a pleasant way with him, I couldn’t help going a tickler.

“The gentlemen comes up when we’d killed, and they says, ‘Now, Coke, what do you think of it?’ He says, quite short, ‘It’s very satisfactory, I think.’ So there was something in it I didn’t know of.”

We don’t know what effect this sketch of Dick’s may have on our non-hunting readers, to us it brings up the scene complete. The hounds flying, almost mute from speed, dashing through hedges and flying the gates. Dick racing behind down the rolling, undulating fifty-acre brown pasture fields, holding hard and going straight, and cheering the hounds as he goes; the pleasant captain a field or so behind, cheering Dick and chaffing his fellow swells (they were dandies, not swells, in those days); and a dozen good ones

with him, doing their best to catch the veteran ; and then, spread over four or five miles, the ruck at every pace, down to a "trot and creep," through the gaps made by the flyers.

But with all Dick's love of a fast thing, he seems not to be of the mind of the huntsman, who, on a bad scenting day, complained of "them stinking violets," for, coming to a wood, in summer, he cries, "Pretty place, this ! Thorpe Russell's looks like a flower-garden now, don't it ? How sweet the roses and honey-suckles smell ! Take the reins. I must step out and get a bunch for my old woman, she's such a one for flowers." This bit of gallantry, by-the-by, was paid to our Centaur's third wife. He sketches off the leading characteristics of two celebrated sportsmen in a very few words. Assheton Smith, the mighty hunter (who died the other day), said, if a horse refuses, "Throw your heart over, and your horse will follow." He never rode fast at his fences ; his moral was, "If a man rides fast at his fences, depend upon it he funks."

Sir Harry Goodrick, who died young, was a different stamp of man. "So quiet with the stockings (stocking-weavers), he had 'em at a word. 'Now, my good fellows, you're quite as good a right to see sport as we have ; do get back a little and keep quiet.' And they'd be as quiet as mice while the hounds were drawing cover."

Sir Harry always sent a hare and a brace of pheasants to the foreman, from his Norfolk estate. "They're good ones for fox-hounds, though ; that's right enough with them. They can't abide steeple-chases, and stag-hounds, and harriers, and all that sort of thing. I don't wonder at it ; many of their farms are just like gardens."

With this sentence we leave the veteran of a hundred, or more likely a thousand, falls, for the consideration of the curious in characters.

## WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

I SEE an English timber-yard ten acres in extent. Twelve years ago it was a swampy meadow, and at this time part of it is useless because covered four or five feet deep with sawdust. That is, the dust made about ten years ago by thirty or forty hand-sawyers who then worked upon the spot. It is a strange kind of surface soil ; and on its weathered surface there grows only a strange kind of scarlet mushroom, nothing else.

I see my timber-yard at Gloucester in the form of saw and machine joinery works, of which the sheds alone (some of the largest sprang up mushroom fashion in a single day) have absorbed not a few Baltic and American cargoes. Lines of rail form a net over the yard. These I observe to be blockaded with some trucks of timber cut for the Midland Railway at the rate of three thousand superficial feet an hour by saws that are almost six feet in diameter. I go to the shed in which three of these saws are at work, and am struck by the

regularity with which logs of the hugest size, after they have been searched for nail stumps, are seized at the middle by the long-necked cranes and placed upon the pairs of wrought-iron slides, which, when the advance gear is set on, carry them under the three sets of revolving teeth. When a piece of timber has been cut by one of these saws, it is swung round into an adjoining shed, two hundred feet long, where it is, by smaller saws, cut into scantlings. Some of these thin circular tools are so fine that eighty Venetian window-blinds can be stripped out of a space eleven inches wide.

The rapid disappearance of the sawdust puzzles me until I am shown the action of the sweeping machine. Traversing the piling vaulted foundations on toothed wheels, it buckets away to the furnace all that falls. The sawdust was embarrassing before there were built two Manchester boilers, having furnaces able to elaborate steam with the aid of such poor fuel. The sheds used frequently to be surrounded by a thousand tons of all kinds of wood dust, and about half that quantity still lies near the sheds. Packed as it is into shelving layers, a dim-sighted geologist might take it to be a red sandstone quarry. The coal saved daily by the use of sawdust and of refuse timber which is too small for other use, is two and a half tons. Professor Faraday told the proprietors of these mills that he knew no way of making manure out of sawdust. But the question, can it not be compressed into a useful building material, is one perhaps worthy consideration by the scores of men who like to spend their money upon filing declarations in the Patent Offices.

The saw of saws to see here is the vertical-frame saw, which, when fixed complete, costs upwards of five hundred pounds. It sits upon ten tons of solid stone, and it will bite a log of thirty inches wide into a hundred or more boards at a single munch of its great jaws. In these mills there is a compound contrivance which enables this saw to work noiselessly. The ribs and shoulders of the machine are altered by the insertion of spring rollers when deals and planks are to be sawn instead of home logs and foreign baulks.

Delicate saws are the cross-cuts, spinning and toiling ever and ever round and round. They are fixed at the base of a depending frame, which is brought forward by a handle when a rectangular cut is wanted, and, when released into the back catch again, still they continue spinning. A fenced contrivance flanks some of these saws whereby timber may be bevelled to any angle. I see a saw of this sort ripping out the V-shaped pieces for the ridges of the rifle corps huts, with the patent wave-jointed boarding. The next circular, not less than an inch thick, is at work upon a continuous boxing and cover for underground wires of the telegraph.

Supported by an iron column, close to a wood-boaring machine, I see two saws used by the men in rivalry for cutting out circular sweeps and fancy scrolls. One works from an eccentric shaft, and the first invention by which curved

work could be cut by machinery is technically called an improved jigger. Though making a din equal to the falling down of a slate-covered shed, this instrument is guided by a beardless youth. Many a thousand barrows cut by this machine are now in the gold diggings of Australia. The other is a noiseless saw, and of the sort which Frenchmen have the merit of originating, being an endless riband saw running outside two wood-padded wheels. It is chiefly available for cutting out the circular work of doors and windows, staircase wreaths, and material for the shipwright and wheelwright. Between the two saws there is no shape in mathematics that cannot be traversed and cut out.

I see planing machines. The first I pass is hurling out a storm of dull coloured heavy flakes. An attendant stops the machine to show how the planing ways are divided into alternate systems of top cutters, each one deepening the work of the other, and helped underneath by bottom cutters, all screwed firmly in revolving boxes. A series of side teeth, whirling away like high-mettled clockwork, work at the same time upon the flanks.

The object now under the rollers is a piece of oak twenty feet long, twelve inches wide, and four inches thick, for the caisson of a water-works. I pass the machine again after an hour's interval, and the lad's or donkey engines are engaged in dragging from its teeth shavings from five to six feet long and a foot wide, upon which the red, yellow, and white veins of the pine timber are beautifully visible,—they are like silk ribbons which only nature could vein after that fashion, and to imitate which would puzzle all the Gobelins tapissiers of the Rue Mouffetard in Paris.

The wheel of Fortune hazard-board at a country fair, with its index like a mariner's needle, may suggest the form of the American thickening or planing machine when at rest. I can fancy that I see, in the machine at work, one of these wheels magnified immensely, whistling round and round, with the underside of the game uppermost and the sharp ends of the needle bent down for remorseless chipping away at uneven parts of the self-feeding timber—chipping, too, at a rate which makes the very shavings for a while invisible.

The third planing machine, more complex than the others, resembled a huge piece of iron filigree. It is used chiefly for striking mouldings out of soft pinewoods. A shark's-toothed contrivance is upon its feeding rollers to help the rough timbers on. I see two smaller tearaways, two morticing machines, and a tennoning tool. I see also the embryo of a machine which is intended to make ledge doors by a cheap process. As the plan is similar, I have it now explained to me how the frameworks of the three thousand Crimean huts were made here so expeditiously in the years '55 and '56 by machines which, for the present, are laid up in ordinary. In the first set of one thousand three hundred huts made at these works, there were three hundred and

thirty miles of three-inch joists, six hundred and seventy miles of cover boards, and nine thousand five hundred cubic feet of timber. Thanks to machinery, the work was got through in the four weeks specified. Like contrivances helped to fulfil a contract with the Emperor of the French, who sent hither a company of soldiers, with lieutenant and colonel, to practise the erection of their huts upon the quickest plan. I am shown also the contrivances by which many thousands of doors and windows were made for the hospitals in Renkioi and other places. I see also photographs of the foreign contracts made here in one of the offices, and it seems that the chief timber merchants in this city pride themselves in these works, and whether for Spanish railways, Wallachian stations, or Indian telegraph houses, if the word is given to produce production follows. I am shown also the shed under which a wooden mansion, costing nearly three thousand five hundred pounds, was built, and sent in parts, lettered and numbered, to New South Wales, during a mania for speculation, which caused a monthly despatch from these yards of not fewer than a thousand doors and windows for the Yarra-Yarra.

Evening closes before I have done seeing the saws.

Stumbling over the limbs of a steam frictional pile engine which did duty at the launch of the Great Eastern for the Messrs. Tredwell, I look for the last time on the three main sheds. In the first of them forty thousand tons of timber are cut up in a year, entering as log and coming out veneer. Into the second, timber enters square to come out with as many moulded sides as there are forms in the kaleidoscope. Into the third, a rough scantling of timber enters to come out a door, a window, a staircase, a wardrobe, or, in fact, almost anything that can be made of wood.

## TURKISH BURIAL-GROUNDS.

If I were to go to-morrow and stand tiptoe on the sharp horns of the great golden crescent that caps the dome of St. Sophia, and if, being in that painful and acrobatic position, I had nerve enough to look round me, I should see, stretching on every side of Constantine's great city, a black belt of cypresses girdling the town, like some vast funeral procession, such as would befit the dissolution of an imperial dynasty or the downfall of a nation, a race, or a religion. It scarcely matters whether the sky be golden or crimson, for the trees never cease their sentinel watch and ward, and Stamboul, the Sultan's city, is kept permanently in blockade by them. But for the gorgeous sunshine, and the perpetual smile of sky and sea, they would succeed in giving an undertaker gloom to the whole place, and would, in the traveller's gayest moments, strike thoughts of shrouded and coffined Turk, into the most laughing heart.

There is no escaping the sight of those dull, grey trees, which seem like so many horrible repe-

titions of the warning word "Death," written with black ink and in some ancient upright Arabic character, all over the map of Constantinople. I grope up the Seraski Tower, where the fire watchmen stare out of the windows night and day; still I see everywhere those circumvironing cypresses, those steadfast friends of death, the great nursery gardener who is always busy sowing seed in his silent garden. There they are, miles of them, besieging the city walls from the Sea of Marmora and the Seven Towers, right away to the Blachernæ Palace and the Golden Horn; but on the Sea of Marmora side, the old ramparts come down too close to the green water to allow of graves, and next them come the Seraglio Gardens; while the warehouses and the littering shops, and the Greek and Jew quarters, press too closely on the third side of the triangle, and verge so crowdingly to the shore, that in that direction there remains no burying-place but the Golden Horn itself and its waves.

To explain the city in a true geographical manner, let me illustrate its shape by a simile. It is like one of those sippets of bread that garnish hashed mutton. The sharp point, the beak, or nose, or promontory, is where the Sultan's old disused palace and gardens stand; the left-hand side is the long line of wall washed by the Sea of Marmora; the base of the triangle is the triple girdle of rampart (miles long) with the Seven Towers at the one end, and the Blachernæ Palace at the Golden Horn extremity; and on this right-hand border of the sippet flows the Horn itself, where the bridge of boats joins Stamboul to the Frank quarter of Galata. Opposite the sharp end of the sippet, you must imagine Scutari sloping up from the blue water's edge, with its thousands of cypresses rearing their black lances; for the Turk has a special love for the Asian land, and will always be buried in Asia if he can afford it.

And now the spider critic, the man who reads to discover faults, and runs mad on his logical ladder if there is but a letter turned upside down by the printer, thinks he has me, and wonders how a four-sided city, or a three-sided city—"if Stamboul is, as the gentleman says, a triangle"—can be said to be surrounded with cypresses and burial-grounds.

Stamboul, I repeat, is a city of live men, walled in by dead men. It is true that the old city of the Greeks has but one long side closely hemmed in with the blockading cypresses, but get tiptoe on the aforesaid airy crescent, and you will see them reaching in rank and file, a funeral army, everywhere all around, to the very dip of the horizon. Over in Galata, across the water, I see them, dark and close on the Grand Champs and the Petit Champ, at Easter-time, when the Greeks have their noisy musket-firing holiday—places of drunken revel and tumult. I see them low down on the hill, and also high up close to where Mahmoud, Abdul Medjid's father, used to practise archery with his Circassian favourite. I see dark patches of terebinth-tree, and plane, too, where the dervishes bury their madmen, and where the Armenians rest

from cheating. I see the same dreary, one-idea'd trees, one hundred thousand strong, drawn up, even three miles away yonder, on the slopes of Scutari, where they appear like regiments of gravediggers, waiting, as vultures wait, for the great Armageddon that is to clear the once Christian city from the unimprovable Turk. There were great burials when they came here first, they say; there may well be sexton festivals when they depart; great wrongs must have great expiations, and the Archangel's sword, from all I can see, is already ground sharp, ready for the red harvest of turbaned believers in a lying creed.

It was a Moslem custom, in the days of purer faith and more ardent zeal for Mohammed, for Turkish parents to plant a cypress-tree on the day a child was given them; and again, on the day of death, the children of the dead man planted another tree on the head of his grave. It was a custom not without poetry, and it accounts for the great cypress forests that girdle the Sick Man's city. It must have been an improving occupation for serious moments, to have gone to look at one's birthday-tree and to have marked its green spire rising, rising, and its husky rind swelling, swelling, reminding the Turk of Time's flight, and of the summers that form our lives, which Time plucks one by one, as an idler does the red leaves of a rose he has grown tired of; it would grow and become a home for doves and a stiff harpstring for the breezes of the Bosphorus; and it would grow gold and ruby in daily sunsets, and a silver column like a frozen fountain in nightly moonshine; and then, when the birthday-tree had distanced its human rival in the life race, and grey hairs and infirm limbs had come to the old man, there would be the cypress, still green, fresh, and unscarred, contemptuously waiting till the grave should open, and that other tree, its young companion so long waited for, should come to rise beside it, perhaps to outlive its predecessor, and triumph in its turn over death and decay. No burial or birth trees are now planted round Stamboul, but the forests reproduce themselves, and they spread and widen, as Turkish conquest once spread and widened, and as some day, perhaps, Christianity will spread and widen over the Mohammedanism which, since 1453, has kept it under its Tartar foot. I never entered those solemn cypress woods around Constantinople without thinking how curiously they resembled those dark forests where, centuries ago, Ptolemy tells us, the nameless and despised Turkish ancestors of the conquerors who slept beneath my feet, dwelt, when they were mere half-naked robber hunters who hid themselves in woods round the Sea of Azof.

How often, in the hot hush of the day, sheltered here by the very shadow of death, have I sat under a turbaned head-stone, listening to the motherly cooing of the doves, hoping that some old Arab magician would come, and, sitting down beside me, suddenly snatch a serpent gliding through the crocus flowers, turn it into

an enchanter's rod, and, waving it over the burial-ground of Scutari, bid the vast army of dead arise and defile before us.

Then should I have selected a class of the turbaned dead, and examined them in Turkish history—because, when I get imbecile and shaky, and incapable of invention, I intend to turn historian. There, out of that million or so of white faces, I should have met men who had driven the fifty pair of sluggish oxen that had dragged the great cannon of the conqueror Mohammed; men who had headed the twelve thousand Janissaries who poured through the Seraglio gardens, and forced Mohammed's heir, Bajazet, to surrender the throne to his fierce brother, Selim, the conqueror of Egypt. This first class dismissed, I should then have selected from that great sea of staring faces, rude soldiers in whose arms Soliman the Magnificent had died in his tent before a besieged Hungarian fortress, and galley-slaves who had pulled with gory hands at the Turkish vessels flying from Lepanto to bear the news to Selim the Second. Nor would I here have been satisfied; for that snake-rod should wave inexorably till I had heard truly how Amurath warred in Poland, and Mahmoud in Hungary; how Achmet signed an inglorious peace; how Mustapha was deposed, and Osman murdered.

Class after class I would have called up, hearing in that place of graves "strange stories of the death of kings," and all the phases of a dynasty which, as I have heard the Greeks say, "came in with the sword and will go out with the knife." I should have insisted on knowing why Amurath the drunken, tormented Persia so, and why Ibrahim was bow-strung? Whether Sobieski defeating Mohammed the Fourth's army really saved Christendom, or Prince Eugene's great victory on the Theiss in 1697?

Nor would I have dismissed, indeed, that great yawning multitude to their dry clay beds before I had severely cross-examined them. I should ask if that hot madman Charles the Twelfth really tore the silk robe of Achmet the Third's vizier, because he would declare peace with Peter the Great; why (I should insist on clear answers), why Mahmoud made peace with Austria at Belgrade; and why Mustapha the Third allowed Russia to conquer the Crimea so easily; and no, not if they grew ever so impatient, would I let the last men sneak back to their narrow homes before I heard whether Selim the Third was much beaten by the Austrians at Belgrade in 1790; and lastly, whether the twenty thousand Janissaries put to death by Mahmoud, the father of the present Sultan (hundreds of them are here resting under their defaced tombs), deserved their fate or not—because Admiral Slade tells me they were the defenders of Turkish liberties, and my other friend, Herne Bey, says they were rebels, and murderers, and robbers to a man. Which am I to believe?

But now, dismissing my turbaned spectres to their narrow beds under the dark trees that know no spring, let me describe, both by

showing what it is like and what it is not, the great Scutari resting-place of the bulk of the Turkish nation. But first, let everybody dismiss all thoughts of the "God's acre" of the English country church. There is no funeral yew-tree here, with dotted red pulpy berries, like a hearse plume sprinkled with blood; there is no mossy tracery round old Gothic windows that are gold-plated with the sun, or silver-frosted with the moon; there is no old stone nest of a tower for dead monks' bells; there are no mouldy chapels, with smell of grave about them, where alabaster knights lie recumbent with ever clasped hands,

As for past sins they would atone,  
By saying *endless* prayers in stone.

There are no green rank growths of grass between the turfen mounds where the village boys play. All here is wide and national; no man can say "I will lie among my kindred." The Turk has no quiet, peaceful contemplations about the grave; to him it is a place of terrible purgation, a prison, a spot of horror and fear after life's fitful fever.

The Turk—not from the Koran, but from one of those doubtful traditions of the Prophet which are so numerous and so rabbinical—believes that when Mustapha, his father, or Hassan, his son, is dying, Azrael, the terrible angel of death, approaches the man's bed with his sword drawn. At the point of this blade are three drops of gall, which the dying man swallows: the first turns him pale: the second kills him, and with the third decomposition begins. Death, who with us is a skeleton, clattering like castanets as he moves, and leading off, now the old man, now the child, is, with the vague and more imaginative Turks, a cloudy-winged gigantic angel, striking with his sword, now the sultan on his throne, now the serf at the plough.

Not but that the loving mother or wife, in Turkey, as in England, is often to be seen weeping over the grave; but I mean to say that, while the English woman sees angels hovering round her as she mourns, ministering to her with words of compassion, soothing, and hope, the Turkish woman is visited by spectres, which her mind, burrowing like "the demon mole," sees struggling under the very grave she watches.

The Turkish tradition runs thus—and it is best understood by remembering the papal legends of purgatory, which are also of undoubted pagan origin: The mullahs (priests) say that when the dead Turk is laid in the grave, hooped over loosely with boards, jammed in and embedded lightly with the dry dusty earth of the Scutari cypress grounds, as soon as his pale eyes have struggled open and got accustomed to that boiling darkness, an angel appears to him, and bids him sit up to be examined as to his faith; the dead man sits up, trembling; instantly the two examining angels, black and livid monsters, called Monker and Nakir, carrying huge iron maces such as the pre-Adamite kings wielded, or such as the Ginns war with, appear, the one

at his feet, and the other at his head. In a searching voice they demand the dead Mussulman's opinions as to the unity of God, the mission of Mohammed, and the truth of the Koran.

If the dead man answer well, the black angels depart, and he falls into a balmy sleep, fanned by the breath of paradise; but, if he have infidel or Jewish tenets, those angels beat him on the temples with their maces till his cries are heard all through the world and by all creatures save the accursed geni; and his great sins changing into dragons with seven heads, and snakes, and his peccadilloes into scorpions, he is thrown among them, and is stung, and bitten, and tortured until the resurrection.

Need I say that some of these undertaker legends—easy to believe as they appear—have sceptics who reject them? Indeed, there are many opinions in Turkey among the religious and the learned as to the abiding-place of the soul, after the body, its house, has gone to ruins. Some say that it remains lingering near the grave of its lost companion—a supposition which even in Europe has originated countless ghost stories. Others, not unadvisedly, say that the souls of Mohammedan martyrs become green birds in the gardens of heaven; that others rest in the fountains of Eden; that the souls of the rest of the good are placed in the trumpet of the Archangel; that the bad remaining prisoners lie under the Devil's lower jaw. About all these things which pass the sense, the Koran readers have doubts; but they all agree that one obscure and dishonoured bone of the human anatomy—the os coccygis—is alone indestructible, and that from it, at the last day, after two months of heavy rain, will sprout up the body, the germ of which is in that bone, as the flower is in the seed.

It is, therefore, for the kind purpose of letting the dead man sit up and pass his examination that the Turk is buried without a coffin, and that is why his grave so often cracks, gapes, and falls in: much to the horror of all but undertakers, and much to the comfort and convenience of the wild dogs. To shorten the period of suspense before the examination (when the soul is said to be in pain), is why the Turks, usually so grave and slow, run at a funeral; and why, as if drunk with joy, they rush down steep and stony streets with their burden, dreading all the time lest poor Mustapha may have to eat of the tree Zaccoum, whose roots fill hell, whose fruit resembles the head of devils, and on which the lost are to feed, with a drink of boiling and sulphurous water.

Another cause of the Turkish grave falling in, is the custom of leaving a hole in the earth extending from where the corpse lies, to the surface a dangerous practice, giving the dead a weapon with which to kill the living, and bring them to their own condition. This hole is said to be left in case the dead man wish to make any communication, but I believe the truth to be, that it is a remembrance of the old custom of the Greeks

and Romans (and probably the men of the Lower Empire), of leaving a hole in the upper floor of some of their double-roofed tombs to pour down libations of honey, milk, and wine, as offerings to the dead man's manes. It was these manes that Christianity invested in semi-Pagan times with demoniac life and power, and turned into ghosts. It is to remove the danger of such breathing places of pestilence—more terrible than even London pews built over festering vaults—that the cypresses were planted originally in Mohammedan burial-grounds: the aromatic odour of those resinous mournful trees being thought to neutralise all exhalations. But the shrewd infidel has taken wiser means than this, of avoiding pestilence; he does not line his thickly-peopled streets with dead bodies, nor does he fill up the chinks between his close-packed buildings with corpses; he takes his dead far away outside his walled city, across the Bosphorus, or to treed slopes high above the sea—to wide tracts outside the ramparts—or to the sides of hills, looking down upon the breezy harbour.

In every rite connected with the dead, the Turk differs from the Englishman. He refrains as far as possible from burying near a great city. Dead Ali does not crawl to the grave with hypocritical hirelings, but friends bear him on their shoulders, quick and cheerfully; partly, because they think the dead man's soul is suffering until it undergo its examination; partly, because the Koran says that a man carrying the corpse of a true believer, even forty paces, obtains the expiation of several sins. The Turks do not burn coffins, so as to make room where there is no room, but they never bury twice in the same place, if they have any proof of previous interment. Severe predestinarians, they never lament a death. They do not call it a loss, or a misfortune, or become inconsolable, or faint and talk of the "dear departed," or write flowery epitaphs on rogues and money-lenders, but they say it was ordained, it was God's will, and therefore must be right; and all they do is to sing verses of the Koran, and heap blessings on the head of the chief mourner.

They bury the dead at the hour of prayer, either at noon or sunset. The body is then brought to the mosque, and followed by the congregation, or part of it, to the grave. Friday, the Moslem Sunday, is the women's day of mourning. Then, you see veiled mourners, faceless as Banshees, bowing and rocking over the earthen mounds, watching the jasmine flower or the rose, with its "paradise of leaves" set in the little chiselled-out saucers on the tombstones, that are scooped for that special purpose. Just after the muezzin has chanted out his summons to prayer from the high balcony of the minaret, I have met the lively funerals at these appointed times, but I never dared to follow the Moslem to his last resting-place, because it would have polluted a true believer's grave. How can I, who have been in various countries treated thus intolerantly, ever myself be again intolerant?

But let me get to my actualities. What sort of a place is this great burial-ground of Scu-



tari, with its nation of dead, its owl and dove-haunted cypresses? First, let us slide down the steep street that runs from Misseri's to Tophana, the Arsenal-gate, and take boat. I am in the caïque's cradle, I cross my legs, and am jerked across the Bosphorus. I leap on shore. I am in Scutari, just under Miss Nightingale's Hospital, and the English burial-ground, whose tombs range along the sea-cliff. I throw some great copper pieces on the caïque cushions, and the boatman lets them lie there as contemptuously as the cabman regarded the shilling I yesterday left for him on my door-step. I scale the steep street of Scutari, buy a great haul of sticky grapes, and find at the door of the fruit-stall, which the soldiers of the opposite hospital (now cavalry barracks) much patronise, some Turks sitting cross-legged, dozing in the shade of a plane-tree. They are enjoying the Turk's highest pleasure since opium-eating has grown obsolete. They sit with the mind asleep, but the body and eyes open; this is what they call "taking kef," and they do it when we should be cricketing, partridge-shooting, riding, or boating. It is the miserable resource of a worn-out race. If they were driven back to get their bread by tilling the desert paradises of Asia Minor, these Turks might find less time for "taking kef," and more for honest work. I strike high up to the right, passing sleepy country-houses; generally painted a dull Indian red, with windows projecting and shut in with unpainted wooden lattices, close as canary cages. I reach the skirt of the cypress woods through an up-and-down bare parade seamed with cracks in the earth; all this was once burial-ground too, says tradition.

I shun a blue-coated, stunted Turkish regiment on drill, just approaching, with yellow flags and undulating bayonets, and I pierce in between the cypresses, many of whose husky and flaking stems are of gigantic size, and unspannable by my arms. I see no owls, though I am told that at night they fill these Acherontic woods with demon hooting, such as you may have heard in the Incantation scene in *Der Freischütz*, when *Zamiel* appears.

I find myself in a great region of death, sown thick with sloping tombstones, every third one crowned with a stone turban. There are literally hundreds of thousands of them, in all stages of gentle decay. They look as if death had, as a ghastly joke, turned the place into a skittle-ground for quiet moonlight evenings; a game seems over, and the pins are not yet rearranged, but remain tumbled about in dire confusion—miles of tombstones, which are shot about at all angles like so many crystals, like so many white pages plucked by *Azrael* from the great book of life, each with its square or round turban, or its red painted fez and blue tassel, its ledger lines of blue and gilt letters and Koran verses, around us, everywhere, rise the black spires of

the cypresses, which receive the sun as the dusty surface of a pall does.

An outlaw might remain hidden among these tombs, and be seen by nobody for days; but still there are great roads bisecting the burial-ground—wide, dusty, silent tracts, with loose tombstones paving them—fractured stone turbans rolling about their banks like gathered fruit. Here and there, even, at the edges, you come to a coffeshed, a Turk digging a grave solemnly, a dervish praying and swaying and telling his beads over a tomb, or a black slave rides past, dead asleep on a donkey, or some soldiers lounge through and talk to the people on their way to market. Otherwise, all is death, though you are here but half an hour from the heart of Stamboul.

But, burying in the city is not quite so rare as some writers, partisans of the Turks merely because they dislike the wily and dangerous Russians, have declared. In dozens of quiet Stamboul streets you suddenly find the shops fading out, and a yellow dead wall taking their place, pierced with gratings, through which are visible blue and gilt tombstones shaded by plane-trees. Entering, you find the tombs littered up with rags and old boxes, and turned into dunghills, as bad as anything your London churchwarden can show, or hide. Then there are the mortuary chapels of the sultans, which I shall refer to again, where you are shown the royal coffins covered with gorgeous Persian shawls, and decorated with royal turbans, on which the agraftes of diamonds still glitter starrily.

At Galata, too, half up that dreadful hill to Misseri's, on the right hand side, is a dervishes' burial-ground, where planes grow green and the tombs display their inscribed tablets warningly to your eyes.

But the greatest place of interment, next to that at Scutari, is the long range of ground that follows the triple ramparts from the Seven Towers which look out on the Propontis to the Palace of Blachernæ, which commands the Golden Horn. It begins with vast levels of kitchen garden, gradually giving way to turbaned tombs, which border the carriage-road, as the graves do the Pompeian road and the Appian Way. There, where knots of young Greeks wrestle, and run the gauntlet, and dance in rings, flows the white river of tombs, out by the Janissary barracks, and on the road to the Greek mad-houses, and down to where the street slopes to Eyub (Job), that brave adherent of the Arab Prophet, whose grave still makes the potters' suburb of Stamboul a holy place.

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The Third Journey of  
**THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER,**  
 A SERIES OF OCCASIONAL JOURNEYS,  
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 Will appear Next Week.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

JULY 2ND. I have a few lines more to add to this day's entry before I go to bed to-night.

About two hours after Sir Percival rose from the luncheon-table to receive his solicitor, Mr. Merriman, in the library, I left my room, alone, to take a walk in the plantations. Just as I was at the end of the landing, the library door opened, and the two gentlemen came out. Thinking it best not to disturb them by appearing on the stairs, I resolved to defer going down till they had crossed the hall. Although they spoke to each other in guarded tones, their words were pronounced with sufficient distinctness of utterance to reach my ears.

"Make your mind easy, Sir Percival," I heard the lawyer say. "It all rests with Lady Glyde."

I had turned to go back to my own room, for a minute or two; but the sound of Laura's name, on the lips of a stranger, stopped me instantly. I dare say it was very wrong and very discreditable to listen—but where is the woman, in the whole range of our sex, who can regulate her actions by the abstract principles of honour, when those principles point one way, and when her affections, and the interests which grow out of them, point the other?

I listened; and, under similar circumstances, I would listen again—yes! with my ear at the keyhole, if I could not possibly manage it in any other way.

"You quite understand, Sir Percival?" the lawyer went on. "Lady Glyde is to sign her name in the presence of a witness—or of two witnesses, if you wish to be particularly careful—and is then to put her finger on the seal, and say, 'I deliver this as my act and deed.' If that is done in a week's time, the arrangement will be perfectly successful, and the anxiety will be all over. If not——"

"What do you mean by 'if not?'" asked Sir Percival, angrily. "If the thing *must* be done, it *shall* be done. I promise you that, Merriman."

"Just so, Sir Percival—just so; but there are two alternatives in all transactions; and we lawyers like to look both of them in the face boldly. If through any extraordinary circumstance the arrangement should not be made, I think I may be able to get the parties to accept bills at three months. But how the money is to be raised when the bills fall due——"

"Damn the bills! The money is only to be got in one way; and in that way, I tell you again, it *shall* be got. Take a glass of wine, Merriman, before you go."

"Much obliged, Sir Percival; I have not a moment to lose if I am to catch the up-train. You will let me know as soon as the arrangement is complete? and you will not forget the caution I recommended——"

"Of course I won't. There's the dog-cart at the door for you. Jump in. My groom will get you to the station in no time. Benjamin, drive like mad! If Mr. Merriman misses the train, you lose your place. Hold fast, Merriman, and if you are upset, trust to the devil to save his own." With that parting benediction, the baronet turned about, and walked back to the library.

I had not heard much; but the little that had reached my ears was enough to make me feel uneasy. The "something" that "had happened," was but too plainly a serious money-embarrassment; and Sir Percival's relief from it depended upon Laura. The prospect of seeing her involved in her husband's secret difficulties filled me with dismay, exaggerated, no doubt, by my ignorance of business and my settled distrust of Sir Percival. Instead of going out, as I had proposed, I went back immediately to Laura's room to tell her what I had heard.

She received my bad news so composedly as to surprise me. She evidently knows more of her husband's character and her husband's embarrassments than I have suspected up to this time.

"I feared as much," she said, "when I heard of that strange gentleman who called, and declined to leave his name."

"Who do you think the gentleman was, then?" I asked.

"Some person who has heavy claims on Sir Percival," she answered; "and who has been the cause of Mr. Merriman's visit here to-day."

"Do you know anything about those claims?"

"No; I know no particulars."

"You will sign nothing, Laura, without first looking at it?"

"Certainly not, Marian. Whatever I can harmlessly and honestly do to help him I will do—for the sake of making your life and mine, love, as easy and as happy as possible. But I will do nothing, ignorantly, which we might, one day, have reason to feel ashamed of. Let us say no more about it, now. You have got your

hat on—suppose we go and dream away the afternoon in the grounds?"

On leaving the house, we directed our steps to the nearest shade. As we passed an open space among the trees in front of the house, there was Count Fosco, slowly walking backwards and forwards on the grass, sunning himself in the full blaze of the hot July afternoon. He had a broad straw hat on, with a violet-coloured ribbon round it. A blue blouse, with profuse white fancy-work over the bosom, covered his prodigious body, and was girt about the place where his waist might once have been, with a broad scarlet leather belt. Nankeen trousers, displaying more white fancy-work over the ankles, and purple morocco slippers adorned his lower extremities. He was singing Figaro's famous song in the Barber of Seville, with that crisply fluent vocalisation which is never heard from any other than an Italian throat; accompanying himself on the concertina, which he played with ecstatic throwings-up of his arms, and graceful twistings, and turnings of his head, like a fat St. Cecilia masquerading in male attire. "Figaro quà! Figaro là! Figaro sù! Figaro giù!" sang the Count, jauntily tossing up the concertina at arms' length, and bowing to us, on one side of the instrument, with the airy grace and elegance of Figaro himself at twenty years of age.

"Take my word for it, Laura, that man knows something of Sir Percival's embarrassments," I said, as we returned the Count's salutation from a safe distance.

"What makes you think that?" she asked.

"How should he have known, otherwise, that Mr. Merriman was Sir Percival's solicitor?" I rejoined. "Besides, when I followed you out of the luncheon-room, he told me, without a single word of inquiry on my part, that something had happened. Depend upon it, he knows more than we do."

"Don't ask him any questions, if he does. Don't take him into our confidence!"

"You seem to dislike him, Laura, in a very determined manner. What has he said or done to justify you?"

"Nothing, Marian. On the contrary, he was all kindness and attention on our journey home, and he several times checked Sir Percival's outbreaks of temper, in the most considerate manner towards me. Perhaps, I dislike him because he has so much more power over my husband than I have. Perhaps it hurts my pride to be under any obligations to his interference. All I know is, that I *do* dislike him."

The rest of the day and the evening passed quietly enough. The Count and I played at chess. For the first two games he politely allowed me to conquer him; and then, when he saw that I had found him out, begged my pardon, and, at the third game, checkmated me in ten minutes. Sir Percival never once referred, all through the evening, to the lawyer's visit. But either that event, or something else, had produced a singular alteration for the better in him. He was as polite and agreeable to all of us, as he used to be in the days of his probation

at Limmeridge; and he was so amazingly attentive and kind to his wife, that even icy Madame Fosco was roused into looking at him with a grave surprise. "What does this mean? I think I can guess; I am afraid Laura can guess; and I am quite sure Count Fosco knows. I caught Sir Percival looking at him for approval more than once in the course of the evening."

3rd. A day of events. I most fervently hope and pray I may not have to add, a day of disasters as well.

Sir Percival was as silent at breakfast as he had been the evening before, on the subject of the mysterious "arrangement" (as the lawyer called it), which is hanging over our heads. An hour afterwards, however, he suddenly entered the morning-room, where his wife and I were waiting, with our hats on, for Madame Fosco to join us; and inquired for the Count.

"We expect to see him here directly," I said.

"The fact is," Sir Percival went on, walking nervously about the room, "I want Fosco and his wife in the library, for a mere business formality; and I want you there, Laura, for a minute, too." He stopped, and appeared to notice, for the first time, that we were in our walking costume. "Have you just come in?" he asked, "or were you just going out?"

"We were all thinking of going to the lake this morning," said Laura. "But if you have any other arrangement to propose—"

"No, no," he answered, hastily. "My arrangement can wait. After lunch will do as well for it, as after breakfast. All going to the lake, eh? A good idea. Let's have an idle morning; I'll be one of the party."

There was no mistaking his manner, even if it had been possible to mistake the uncharacteristic readiness which his words expressed, to submit his own plans and projects to the convenience of others. He was evidently relieved at finding any excuse for delaying the business formality in the library, to which his own words had referred. My heart sank within me, as I drew the inevitable inference.

The Count and his wife joined us, at that moment. The lady had her husband's embroidered tobacco-pouch, and her store of paper in her hand, for the manufacture of the eternal cigarettes. The gentleman, dressed, as usual, in his blouse and straw hat, carried the gay little pagoda-cage, with his darling white mice in it, and smiled on them, and on us, with a bland amiability which it was impossible to resist.

"With your kind permission," said the Count, "I will take my small family, here—my poor-little-harmless-pretty-Mouseys, out for an airing along with us. There are dogs about the house, and shall I leave my forlorn white children at the mercies of the dogs? Ah, never!"

He chirruped paternally at his small white children through the bars of the pagoda; and we all left the house for the lake.

In the plantation, Sir Percival strayed away from us. It seems to be part of his restless disposition always to separate himself from his

companions on these occasions, and always to occupy himself, when he is alone, in cutting new walking-sticks for his own use. The mere act of cutting and lopping, at hazard, appears to please him. He has filled the house with walking-sticks of his own making, not one of which he ever takes up for a second time. When they have been once used, his interest in them is all exhausted, and he thinks of nothing but going on, and making more.

At the old boat-house, he joined us again. I will put down the conversation that ensued, when we were all settled in our places, exactly as it passed. It is an important conversation, so far as I am concerned, for it has seriously disposed me to distrust the influence which Count Fosco has exercised over my thoughts and feelings, and to resist it, for the future, as resolutely as I can.

The boat-house was large enough to hold us all; but Sir Percival remained outside, trimming the last new stick with his pocket-axe. We three women found plenty of room on the large seat. Laura took her work, and Madame Fosco began her cigarettes. I, as usual, had nothing to do. My hands always were, and always will be, as awkward as a man's. The Count good-humouredly took a stool, many sizes too small for him, and balanced himself on it with his back against the side of the shed, which creaked and groaned under his weight. He put the pagoda-cage on his lap, and let out the mice to crawl over him as usual. They are pretty, innocent-looking little creatures; but the sight of them creeping about a man's body is, for some reason, not pleasant to me. It excites a strange, responsive creeping in my own nerves; and suggests hideous ideas of men dying in prison, with the crawling creatures of the dungeon preying on them undisturbed.

The morning was windy and cloudy; and the rapid alternations of shadow and sunlight over the waste of the lake, made the view look doubly wild, weird, and gloomy.

"Some people call that picturesque," said Sir Percival, pointing over the wide prospect with his half-finished walking-stick. "I call it a blot on a gentleman's property. In my great-grandfather's time, the lake flowed to this place. Look at it now! It is not four feet deep anywhere, and it is all puddles and pools. I wish I could afford to drain it, and plant it all over. My bailiff (a superstitious idiot) says he is quite sure the lake has a curse on it, like the Dead Sea. What do you think, Fosco? It looks just the place for a murder, doesn't it?"

"My good Percival!" remonstrated the Count. "What is your solid English sense thinking of? The water is too shallow to hide the body; and there is sand everywhere to print off the murderer's footsteps. It is, upon the whole, the very worst place for a murder that I ever set my eyes on."

"Humbug!" said Sir Percival, cutting away fiercely at his stick. "You know what I mean. The dreary scenery—the lonely situation. If you choose to understand me, you can—if you

don't choose, I am not going to trouble myself to explain my meaning."

"And why not," asked the Count, "when your meaning can be explained by anybody in two words? If a fool was going to commit a murder, your lake is the first place he would choose for it. If a wise man was going to commit a murder, your lake is the last place he would choose for it. Is that your meaning? If it is, there is your explanation for you, ready made. Take it Percival, with your good Fosco's blessing."

Laura looked at the Count, with her dislike for him appearing a little too plainly in her face. He was so busy with his mice that he did not notice her.

"I am sorry to hear the lake-view connected with anything so horrible as the idea of murder," she said. "And if Count Fosco must divide murderers into classes, I think he has been very unfortunate in his choice of expressions. To describe them as fools only, seems like treating them with an indulgence to which they have no claim. And to describe them as wise men, sounds to me like a downright contradiction in terms. I have always heard that truly wise men are truly good men, and have a horror of crime."

"My dear lady," said the Count, "those are admirable sentiments; and I have seen them stated at the tops of copy-books." He lifted one of the white mice in the palm of his hand, and spoke to it in his whimsical way. "My pretty little smooth white rascal," he said, "here is a moral lesson for you. A truly wise Mouse is a truly good Mouse. Mention that, if you please, to your companions, and never gnaw at the bars of your cage again as long as you live."

"It is easy to turn everything into ridicule," said Laura, resolutely; "but you will not find it quite so easy, Count Fosco, to give me an instance of a wise man who has been a great criminal."

The Count shrugged his huge shoulders, and smiled on Laura in the friendliest manner.

"Most true!" he said. "The fool's crime is the crime that is found out; and the wise man's crime is the crime that is not found out. If I could give you an instance, it would not be the instance of a wise man. Dear Lady Glyde, your sound English common sense has been too much for me. It is checkmate for me this time, Miss Halcombe—ha?"

"Stand to your guns, Laura," sneered Sir Percival, who had been listening in his place at the door. "Tell him, next, that crimes cause their own detection. There's another bit of copy-book morality for you, Fosco. Crimes cause their own detection. What infernal humbug!"

"I believe it to be true," said Laura, quietly.

Sir Percival burst out laughing; so violently, so outrageously, that he quite startled us all—the Count more than any of us.

"I believe it, too," I said, coming to Laura's rescue.

Sir Percival, who had been unaccountably amused at his wife's remark, was, just as unac-

countably, irritated by mine. He struck the new walking-stick savagely on the sand, and walked away from us.

"Poor, dear Percival!" cried Count Fosco, looking after him gaily; "he is the victim of English spleen. But, my dear Miss Halcombe, my dear Lady Glyde, do you really believe that crimes cause their own detection? And you, my angel," he continued, turning to his wife, who had not uttered a word yet, "do you think so too?"

"I wait to be instructed," replied the Countess, in tones of freezing reproof, intended for Laura and me, "before I venture on giving my opinion in the presence of well-informed men."

"Do you, indeed?" I said. "I remember the time, Countess, when you advocated the Rights of Women—and freedom of female opinion was one of them."

"What is your view of the subject, Count?" asked Madame Fosco, calmly proceeding with her cigarettes, and not taking the least notice of me.

The Count stroked one of his white mice reflectively with his chubby little-finger before he answered.

"It is truly wonderful," he said, "how easily Society can console itself for the worst of its short-comings with a little bit of clap-trap. The machinery it has set up for the detection of crime is miserably ineffective—and yet only invent a moral epigram, saying that it works well, and you blind everybody to its blunders, from that moment. Crimes cause their own detection, do they? And murder will out (another moral epigram), will it? Ask Coroners who sit at inquests in large towns if that is true, Lady Glyde. Ask secretaries of life-assurance companies if that is true, Miss Halcombe. Read your own public journals. In the few cases that get into the newspapers, are there not instances of slain bodies found, and no murderers ever discovered? Multiply the cases that are reported by the cases that are *not* reported, and the bodies that are found by the bodies that are *not* found; and what conclusion do you come to? This. That there are foolish criminals who are discovered, and wise criminals who escape. The hiding of a crime, or the detection of a crime, what is it? A trial of skill between the police on one side, and the individual on the other. When the criminal is a brutal, ignorant fool, the police, in nine cases out of ten, win. When the criminal is a resolute, educated, highly-intelligent man, the police, in nine cases out of ten, lose. If the police win, you generally hear all about it. If the police lose, you generally hear nothing. And on this tottering foundation you build up your comfortable moral maxim that Crime causes its own detection! Yes—all the crime *you* know of. And, what of the rest?"

"Devilish true, and very well put," cried a voice at the entrance of the boat-house. Sir Percival had recovered his equanimity, and had come back while we were listening to the Count.

"Some of it may be true," I said; "and all of it may be very well put. But I don't see why Count Fosco should celebrate the victory of the criminal over society with so much

exultation, or why you, Sir Percival, should applaud him so loudly for doing it."

"Do you hear that, Fosco?" asked Sir Percival, with a sneer. "Take my advice, and make your peace with your audience. Tell them Virtue's a fine thing—they like that, I can promise you."

The Count laughed inwardly and silently; and two of the white mice in his waistcoat, alarmed by the internal convulsion going on beneath them, darted out in a violent hurry, and scrambled into their cage again.

"The ladies, my good Percival, shall tell *me* about virtue," he said. "They are better authorities than I am; for they know what virtue is, and I don't."

"You hear him?" said Sir Percival. "Isn't it awful?"

"It is true," said the Count, quietly. "I am a citizen of the world, and I have met, in my time, with so many different sorts of virtue, that I am puzzled, in my old age, to say which is the right sort and which is the wrong. Here, in England, there is one virtue. And there, in China, there is another virtue. And John Englishman says my virtue is the genuine virtue. And John Chinaman says my virtue is the genuine virtue. And I say Yes to one, or No to the other, and am just as much bewildered about it in the case of John with the top-boots as I am in the case of John with the pigtail. Ah, nice little Mousey! come, kiss me. What is your own private notion of a virtuous man, my pret-pret-pretty? A man who keeps you warm, and gives you plenty to eat. And a good notion, too, for it is intelligible, at the least."

"Stay a minute, Count," I interposed. "Accepting your illustration, surely we have one unquestionable virtue in England, which is wanting in China. The Chinese authorities kill thousands of innocent people, on the most horribly frivolous prettexts. We, in England, are free from all guilt of that kind—we commit no such dreadful crime—we abhor reckless bloodshed, with all our hearts."

"Quite right, Marian," said Laura. "Well thought of, and well expressed."

"Pray allow the Count to proceed," said Madame Fosco, with stern civility. "You will find, young ladies, that *he* never speaks without having excellent reasons for all that he says."

"Thank you, my angel," replied the Count. "Have a bonbon?" He took out of his pocket a pretty little inlaid box, and placed it open on the table. "Chocolat à la Vanille," cried the impenetrable man, cheerfully rattling the sweet-meats in the box, and bowing all round. "Offered by Fosco as an act of homage to the charming society."

"Be good enough to go on, Count," said his wife, with a spiteful reference to myself. "Oblige me by answering Miss Halcombe."

"Miss Halcombe is unanswerable," replied the polite Italian—"that is to say, so far as she goes. Yes! I agree with her. John Bull does abhor the crimes of John Chinaman. He is the quickest old gentleman at finding out the faults

that are his neighbours', and the slowest old gentleman at finding out the faults that are his own, who exists on the face of creation. Is he so very much better in his way, than the people whom he condemns in their way? English society, Miss Halcombe, is as often the accomplice, as it is the enemy of crime. Yes! yes! Crime is in this country what crime is in other countries—a good friend to a man and to those about him, as often as it is an enemy. A great rascal provides for his wife and family. The worse he is, the more he makes them the objects for your sympathy. He often provides, also, for himself. A profligate spendthrift who is always borrowing money, will get more from his friends than the rigidly honest man who only borrows of them once, under pressure of the direst want. In the one case, the friends will not be at all surprised, and they will give. In the other case, they will be very much surprised, and they will hesitate. Is the prison that Mr. Scoundrel lives in, at the end of his career, a more uncomfortable place than the workhouse that Mr. Honesty lives in, at the end of *his* career? When John-Howard-Philanthropist wants to relieve misery, he goes to find it in prisons, where crime is wretched—not in huts and hovels, where virtue is wretched too. Who is the English poet who has won the most universal sympathy—who makes the easiest of all subjects for pathetic writing and pathetic painting? That nice young person who began life with a forgery, and ended it by a suicide—your dear, romantic, interesting Chatterton. Which gets on best, do you think, of two poor starving dressmakers—the woman who resists temptation, and is honest, or the woman who falls under temptation, and steals? You all know that the stealing is the making of that second woman's fortune—it advertises her from length to breadth of good-humoured, charitable England—and she is relieved, as the breaker of a commandment, when she would have been left to starve, as the keeper of it. Come here, my jolly little Mouse! Hey! presto! pass! I transform you, for the time being, into a respectable lady. Stop there, in the palm of my great big hand, my dear, and listen. You marry the poor man whom you love, Mouse; and one half your friends pity, and the other half blame you. And, now, on the contrary, you sell yourself for gold to a man you don't care for; and all your friends rejoice over you; and a minister of public worship sanctions the base horror of the vilest of all human bargains; and smiles and smirks afterwards at your table, if you are polite enough to ask him to breakfast. Hey! presto! pass! Be a mouse again, and squeak. If you continue to be a lady much longer, I shall have you telling me that Society abhors crime—and then, Mouse, I shall doubt if your own eyes and ears are really of any use to you. Ah! I am a bad man, Lady Glyde, am I not? I say what other people only think; and when all the rest of the world is in a conspiracy to accept the mask for the true face, mine is the rash hand that tears off the plump pasteboard, and shows the bare

bones beneath. I will get up on my big, elephant's legs, before I do myself any more harm in your amiable estimations—I will get up, and take a little airy walk of my own. Dear ladies, as your excellent Sheridan said, I go—and leave my character behind me."

He got up; put the cage on the table; and paused, for a moment, to count the mice in it. "One, two, three, four—Ha!" he cried, with a look of horror, "where, in the name of Heaven, is the fifth—the youngest, the whitest, the most amiable of all—my Benjamin of mice!"

Neither Laura nor I were in any favourable disposition to be amused. The Count's glib cynicism had revealed a new aspect of his nature from which we both recoiled. But it was impossible to resist the comical distress of so very large a man at the loss of so very small a mouse. We laughed, in spite of ourselves; and when Madame Fosco rose to set the example of leaving the boat-house empty, so that her husband might search it to its remotest corners, we rose also to follow her out.

Before we had taken three steps, the Count's quick eye discovered the lost mouse under the seat that we had been occupying. He pulled aside the bench; took the little animal up in his hand; and then suddenly stopped, on his knees, looking intently at a particular place on the ground just beneath him.

When he rose to his feet again, his hand shook so that he could hardly put the mouse back in the cage, and his face was of a faint livid yellow hue all over.

"Percival!" he said, in a whisper. "Percival! come here."

Sir Percival had paid no attention to any of us, for the last ten minutes. He had been entirely absorbed in writing figures on the sand, and then rubbing them out again, with the point of his stick.

"What's the matter, now?" he asked, lounging carelessly into the boat-house.

"Do you see nothing, there?" said the Count, catching him nervously by the collar with one hand, and pointing with the other to the place near which he had found the mouse.

"I see plenty of dry sand," answered Sir Percival; "and a spot of dirt in the middle of it."

"Not dirt," whispered the Count, fastening the other hand suddenly on Sir Percival's collar, and shaking it in his agitation. "Blood."

Laura was near enough to hear the last word, softly as he whispered it. She turned to me with a look of terror.

"Nonsense, my dear," I said. "There is no need to be alarmed. It is only the blood of a poor little stray dog."

Everybody was astonished, and everybody's eyes were fixed on me inquiringly.

"How do you know that?" asked Sir Percival, speaking first.

"I found the dog here, dying, on the day when you all returned from abroad," I replied. "The poor creature had strayed into the plantation, and had been shot by your keeper."

"Whose dog was it?" inquired Sir Percival. "Not one of mine?"



"Did you try to save the poor thing?" asked Laura, earnestly. "Surely you tried to save it, Marian?"

"Yes," I said; "the housekeeper and I both did our best—but the dog was mortally wounded, and he died under our hands."

"Whose dog was it?" persisted Sir Percival, repeating his question a little irritably. "One of mine?"

"No; not one of yours."

"Whose then? Did the housekeeper know?"

The housekeeper's report of Mrs. Catherick's desire to conceal her visit to Blackwater Park from Sir Percival's knowledge, recurred to my memory the moment he put that last question; and I half doubted the discretion of answering it. But, in my anxiety to quiet the general alarm, I had thoughtlessly advanced too far to draw back, except at the risk of exciting suspicions, which might only make matters worse. There was nothing for it but to answer at once, without reference to results.

"Yes," I said. "The housekeeper knew. She told me it was Mrs. Catherick's dog."

Sir Percival had hitherto remained at the inner end of the boat-house with Count Fosco, while I spoke to him from the door. But the instant Mrs. Catherick's name passed my lips, he pushed by the Count roughly, and placed himself face to face with me, under the open daylight.

"How came the housekeeper to know it was Mrs. Catherick's dog?" he asked, fixing his eyes on mine with a frowning interest and attention, which half angered, half startled me.

"She knew it," I said, quietly, "because Mrs. Catherick brought the dog with her."

"Brought it with her? Where did she bring it with her?"

"To this house."

"What the devil did Mrs. Catherick want at this house?"

The manner in which he put the question was even more offensive than the language in which he expressed it. I marked my sense of his want of common politeness, by silently turning away from him.

Just as I moved, the Count's persuasive hand was laid on his shoulder, and the Count's mellifluous voice interposed to quiet him.

"My dear Percival!—gently—gently."

Sir Percival looked around in his angriest manner. The Count only smiled, and repeated the soothing application.

"Gently, my good friend—gently!"

Sir Percival hesitated—followed me a few steps—and, to my great surprise, offered me an apology.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Halcombe," he said. "I have been out of order lately; and I am afraid I am a little irritable. But I should like to know what Mrs. Catherick could possibly want here. When did she come? Was the housekeeper the only person who saw her?"

"The only person," I answered, "so far as I know."

The Count interposed again.

"In that case, why not question the house-

keeper?" he said. "Why not go, Percival, to the fountain-head of information at once?"

"Quite right!" said Sir Percival. "Of course the housekeeper is the first person to question. Excessively stupid of me not to see it myself." With those words, he instantly left us to return to the house.

The motive of the Count's interference, which had puzzled me at first, betrayed itself when Sir Percival's back was turned. He had a host of questions to put to me about Mrs. Catherick, and the cause of her visit to Blackwater Park, which he could scarcely have asked in his friend's presence. I made my answers as short as I civilly could—for I had already determined to check the least approach to any exchanging of confidences between Count Fosco and myself. Laura, however, unconsciously helped him to extract all my information, by making inquiries herself, which left me no alternative but to reply to her, or to appear before them all in the very unenviable and very false character of a depository of Sir Percival's secrets. The end of it was, that, in about ten minutes' time, the Count knew as much as I know of Mrs. Catherick, and of the events which have so strangely connected us with her daughter, Anne, from the time when Hartright met with her, to this day.

The effect of my information on him was, in one respect, curious enough. Intimately as he knows Sir Percival, and closely as he appears to be associated with Sir Percival's private affairs in general, he is certainly as far as I am from knowing anything of the true story of Anne Catherick. The unsolved mystery in connexion with this unhappy woman is now rendered doubly suspicious, in my eyes, by the absolute conviction which I feel, that the clue to it has been hidden by Sir Percival from the most intimate friend he has in the world. It was impossible to mistake the eager curiosity of the Count's look and manner while he drank in greedily every word that fell from my lips. There are many kinds of curiosity, I know—but there is no misinterpreting the curiosity of blank surprise: if I ever saw it in my life, I saw it in the Count's face.

While the questions and answers were going on, we had all been strolling quietly back, through the plantation. As soon as we reached the house, the first object that we saw in front of it was Sir Percival's dog-cart, with the horse put to and the groom waiting by it in his stable-jacket. If these unexpected appearances were to be trusted, the examination of the housekeeper had produced important results already.

"A fine horse, my friend," said the Count, addressing the groom with the most engaging familiarity of manner. "You are going to drive out?"

"I am not going, sir," replied the man, looking at his stable-jacket, and evidently wondering whether the foreign gentleman took it for his livery. "My master drives himself."

"Aha?" said the Count, "does he indeed? I wonder he gives himself the trouble when he has got you to drive for him? Is he going to fatigue that nice, shining, pretty horse by taking him very far, to-day?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the man. "The horse is a mare, if you please, sir. She's the highest-couraged thing we've got in the stables. Her name's Brown Molly, sir; and she'll go till she drops. Sir Percival usually takes Isaac of York for the short distances."

"And your shining courageous Brown Molly for the long?"

"Yes, sir."

"Logical inference, Miss Halcombe," continued the Count, wheeling round briskly, and addressing me: "Sir Percival is going a long distance to-day."

I made no reply. I had my own inferences to draw, from what I knew through the house-keeper and from what I saw before me; and I did not choose to share them with Count Fosco.

When Sir Percival was in Cumberland (I thought to myself), he walked away a long distance, on Anne's account, to question the family at Todd's Corner. Now he is in Hampshire, is he going to drive away a long distance, on Anne's account again, to question Mrs. Catherrick at Welmingham?

We all entered the house. As we crossed the hall, Sir Percival came out from the library to meet us. He looked hurried and pale and anxious—but, for all that, he was in his most polite mood, when he spoke to us.

"I am sorry to say, I am obliged to leave you," he began—"a long drive—a matter that I can't very well put off. I shall be back in good time to-morrow—but, before I go, I should like that little business-formality, which I spoke of this morning, to be settled. Laura, will you come into the library? It won't take a minute—a mere formality. Countess, may I trouble you also? I want you and the Countess, Fosco, to be witnesses to a signature—nothing more. Come in at once, and get it over."

He held the library door open until they had passed in, followed them, and shut it softly.

I remained, for a moment afterwards, standing alone in the hall, with my heart beating fast, and my mind misgiving me sadly. Then, I went on to the staircase, and ascended slowly to my own room.

### PHASES OF PAPAL FAITH.

ONE of the most curious facts in the history of the Popes is, that they may readily be divided into series, each marked by characteristics common to all the pontiffs in that set, and differing in a marked manner from those of the preceding and following series. We have hectoring popes, who trample on crowned heads; and meek popes, who deserve in some sort the hypocritical title of "Servus Servorum," affected by all of them. We have ecclesiastical popes, in whom the clerical tendency has overridden the monarchical character; and "royal-minded" popes, in whom considerations of temporal sovereignty have well-nigh obliterated the sacerdotal element. There have been warrior popes, whose efforts have been devoted to the aggrandisement of the dominions of the Church; and family-founding

popes, who have sacrificed all other considerations to the establishment of their name among the great ones of the earth. We have had epicurean popes, and ascetic popes; free-thinking popes, and fanatical popes; profligate popes, and respectable popes; do-nothing popes, and earnest popes—men as various in character as may be found in any other line of potentates or dignitaries. But the remarkable thing is, that we almost always find three or four, or more, of a sort together, a fact that at once suggests the reflection that the popes have, with wonderful accuracy and most plastic adaptability, taken their colour from the possibilities of the times, from the changing position and requirements of the Church, and, above all, from the varying amount of opposition and hostility Church doctrines have been exposed to. Kings, emperors, and other rulers, have at various times had to adapt themselves, more or less, to the necessities imposed on them by the spirit of their age. But they have never done so as completely and remarkably as the popes have. Nor could they do so. For, in hereditary lay governments, the most critical times had to be dealt with, as best they might, by the prince whom the lot of heirship had placed upon the throne. But the popes were selected at elections recurring at short intervals. The popes of the fifteenth century, thirteen in number, reigned, on an average, seven years, eight months, and a few days each. The popes of the sixteenth century, seventeen in number, reigned, on an average, only six years each. Those of the seventeenth century, eleven in number, reigned eight years, eight months and a half, or thereabouts, each. The "Sacred College" of Cardinals, therefore, were never long without an opportunity of choosing such a man as the colour of the time needed or permitted. And, notwithstanding the amount of corrupt influence which was always brought to bear on these elections—so loudly proclaimed to be made by the direct and special inspiration of God—the regularity with which the characteristics of the popes reflect the characteristics of the phases of Church history is very remarkable.

As a general rule, fear has been the motive for amelioration. And in the highest ecclesiastical, as in the humblest secular, matters, the competition of a rival establishment has been the most potent stimulus to improvement.

Improvement? Yes, certainly improvement. For it must be admitted to be an improvement when a man applies his energies to the discharge of the functions entrusted to him, instead of either exerting no energies at all, or applying them to other and incompatible objects. Yet it is necessary to bear in mind the nature of such improvement. It must be remembered that the functions and conditions of the office to be discharged are essentially such, that the more thorough and energetic the discharge of them, the greater is the evil inflicted on the present welfare, and, more still, on the future prospects of mankind, probably even also on the soul and spiritual nature of the man himself elected to

so terrible an office. For if the amiable and cultivated Benedict the Fourteenth, the admirer of Voltaire, lived a long life, sunk his soul in falsehood and hypocrisy, yet, the work he did towards ruining and pulling down the Church system, which he was appointed to uphold, is to this day alive and active; and, his dereliction of all papal duty and character has been, and will be, of profit immeasurable to countless thousands in the discouragement and coming fall of the system he so powerfully helped to destroy. If a Borgia on the papal throne, under the name of Alexander the Sixth, seemed to be placed on that elevation only to show mankind, far and wide, of how great and fearful degradation human nature is capable, it may well be doubted whether that defiled and abased soul had so long and steep a path of rehabilitation before it, as the disembodied spirit of such a man as was Caraffa, Pope Paul the Fourth. And Caraffa was a model pope: one of those pillars of the Church whom churchmen admire, honour, regret, and look back on with humiliation at the thought of the fainting energies and degenerate weakness of less faithful ages. For, Paul the Fourth did the duty of a pope, despite all obstacles and all opposing considerations. "The greater glory of God" seemed to him to be his only object: in other words, the greater glory of the Church. And this was to be secured by forcibly compelling external obedience to Church laws and external compliance with Church forms; by unscrupulously crushing all opposition, and repressing by fire and bloodshed every tentative of the human mind towards direct communication with its Creator, unimpeded by sacerdotal intermediation. The greater power and the more unquestioned supremacy of the caste to which he belonged was, to the mind and conscience of Paul the Fourth, "the greater glory of God." And, in his efforts for the attainment of that end, no human feeling restrained him, no touch of mercy ever arrested on his lips the doom of perdition in this world, and, according to his belief, in the world of eternity. His insatiable lust of power, his indomitable pride, his fierce capacity for hating, his total incapacity for any tender or truly ennobling human emotion, above all, his undoubting spiritual blindness, which so conceived of the divine nature as to imagine that it could be approached by the exercise of such qualities,—all this, which made that terrible old man a model pope, must surely make the upward struggling of such a spirit long and difficult.

Truly a tremendous and fearful seat to fill, that chair of Peter, the conditions of which are such, that it may seem doubtful to a reflecting mind whether the occupant of it who most neglects the duties imposed on him by his office, or he who most zealously discharges them, is more involved in soul-destroying error. A position, the monstrosity of which is the normal and logical product of the assumption of infallibility.

The oscillation of the line of Vicegerents of Heaven on earth, between popes who have

scandalised mankind by their unsacerdotal vices and popes who have scourged and degraded them by their sacerdotal virtues, has been determined, as has been observed, by the external circumstances of the Church. "Church in danger!" has always been the alarm which has aroused Rome from unspiritual to spiritual abominations. It has always been fear which has recalled the Church from epicurean unfaithfulness to the active duties of persecution and self-assertion. The series of utterly worldly and irreverent popes who sat in the chair of Peter during the first part of the sixteenth century, and of whom several were men who disgraced human nature itself, came to a close about the middle of the century. Paul the Third, a scion of the princely house of Farnese, may be considered the last of that set of unecclesiastical popes. His successor, Julius the Third, marked the turning-point of the oscillation by a short reign of decent do-nothing respectability. Then came the truly pious Cervini,—Marcellus the Second—who, had he lived to occupy the papal throne for a prolonged reign, would, in all probability, have brought down the whole of the fabric in ruin; for he talked of reform, and meant it. But he died on the twenty-second day of his papacy. The Reformation, the secular interests of princes, that led to the calling of the Council of Trent, which lasted from 1545 to 1563, and the spread of heresy, made another class of man necessary to the Church as its head. And another class of man was forthcoming. The Sacred College of Cardinals put the right man into the right place by the election of the Cardinal Giovanni Pietro Caraffa to be pope, under the memorable name of Paul the Fourth. This man also—chosen by the Church in the greatness of its need, to stem the advancing tide of heterodoxy and schism—talked loudly and earnestly of reform. But he understood the phrase in a very different sense from that of his predecessor and the other enlightened men, who urged the necessity of bringing the Church system somewhat more into accordance with the advanced enlightenment and morality of the age. Reform with him meant going backward, instead of going forward; and sword and fagot were the means by which his reformation was to be worked out. "Paul the Fourth," says the historian Ranke, "had already attained the age of seventy-nine, but his deep-set eyes still gleamed with all the fire of youth. He was extremely tall and thin; he walked quickly, and appeared to be all sinew. His daily life was subject to no order; he often slept by day, and passed the night in study; and woe to the servant who entered his room until he rang his bell. In everything he followed the impulses of the moment; but these impulses sprang from a character formed by a long life and become a second nature. He seemed conscious of no other duty, no other business, than the restoration of the ancient faith in all its primitive might and authority." One of the Venetian ambassadors to the Court of Rome, in making a report to the senate on his return from his embassy in 1560,

says of Paul, that "he was elected Pope contrary to the general expectation and opinion, and perhaps even contrary to his own. For his Holiness told me, a little before he died, that he had never done anything to conciliate the goodwill of any man, and had never sought the favour of any one of the cardinals, but rather the reverse; 'so that,' said he, 'I know not how they came to elect me pope; and I conclude that the election of popes is the work of God himself.'" Another of these Venetian ambassadors, whose reports to the Venetian senate are among the most important and instructive documents for the right understanding of the history of that time, tells us of Paul the Fourth, that "his habit is to eat always twice a day. He chooses to be served very luxuriously; and in the early days of his reign twenty-five dishes did not suffice him. He drinks more than he eats. The wine he uses is strong and generous, very dark in colour, and so thick that one might almost cut it. It is called 'mangiaguerra,' and is grown in the kingdom of Naples. After his meal he always drinks malvoisie, which his courtiers call 'washing his teeth.'" He would sit for hours, we are told in another place, over this coarse, heady drink of his own country (the Caraffas were a Neapolitan family), and brood over his schemes for the extirpation of heresy and the restoration of Church power, and his plans for the humbling of the Spanish domination. For, the ascendancy of Spain, and the determination of that "Most Catholic," but exceedingly shrewd and very despotic monarch, Charles the Fifth, to admit of no power superior to or equal with his own in his own dominions, were the chief obstacles in the way of Paul's designs. Infinite, accordingly, was his hatred of Charles, and of everything Spanish. "Never did he speak," says the above-quoted Venetian ambassador, "of his Majesty the Emperor and the Spanish nation, without calling them heretics, schismatics, accursed of God, the spawn of Jews and Moors, and the scum of the world, deploring the ill-fate of Italy, that she should be subjected to so abject and vile a race." In the hours that he would sit over his turbid Neapolitan wine—as much as three hours, sometimes, the Venetian ambassador declares, from the time he sat down to table to his rising—his impetuosity led him to speak freely and without concealment of important state matters. "The time had come when the emperor should receive the chastisement due to his sins, and Italy and the Church should be delivered from bondage." "He," the Pope, "would inflict it. He would deliver Italy. If people would not listen to him, if they would not assist him, at least posterity would be forced to confess that an old Italian on the brink of the grave, who should rather have sought rest and preparation for death, had conceived these lofty designs."\* The "lofty designs" were schemes wholly mundane and political for the abasement of Spanish ascendancy in Italy, which were to be accomplished by the

aid of France. And the manner in which these worldly state interests gradually usurped the place of more legitimate ecclesiastical aims even in the mind of so zealous, austere, and earnest a churchman as Paul the Fourth, affords a curious proof of the inevitable tendency of the ideas and objects belonging to the temporal prince to override those more fitly the care of the universal bishop.

During the papacy of this fervent believer in the efficacy of the headsman, the rack, and the stake, for the attainment of "the greater glory of God," his intentions and plans for the purification of Italy from heresy were most zealously carried out by an inquisitor after his own heart, whose name became a word of terror throughout the peninsula. From the Alps to the Sicilian sea, men looked cautiously around them, and women crossed themselves at the name of Fra Michele. This friar Michael Ghislieri was born of peasant parents near Alessandria, in the year 1504, and entered a Dominican convent at a very early age. His intense austerity soon marked him out for the notice of his superiors. He, too, was such a man as the Church then needed. He was very soon made inquisitor; and Paul the Fourth, seeing that this Michele was just the man he wanted, made him a bishop, and then very shortly raised him to the cardinalate. He was a more single-minded and one-idea'd man than even his patron and master, Paul. The Caraffa Pope had notions, such as they were, of European politics, and sought to shape them to the ends he had in view for the advantage of the Church. Ghislieri knew nothing but what his convent life had taught him, cared for nothing but "the purity of the faith," and had no other conception of securing this, than the persecution of every slightest taint of heresy to the death. This man became pope as Pius the Fifth—not immediately on the death of Paul the Fourth—but at the death of Paul's successor, Pius the Fourth: a moderate and weak man, who had tried to keep things quiet, but was found by no means the sort of person required to pilot the bark of Peter in the stormy seas she was then navigating. Fra Michele was made pope in 1566; and then was seen what might have been expected from a monk and an inquisitor invested with supreme power. He instantly began to issue bulls and ordinances of such severity that those about him "were continually obliged to repeat to him that he had to deal with men and not with angels." As a sample of the sort of means he planned for securing universal orthodoxy, we may take a bull he issued, forbidding any physician who might be called to a patient's bedside, to visit him for more than three days, unless he received an attestation that the sick man had made fresh confession of his sins. For desecration of the Sabbath, an offender should, for the first offence, stand the whole of one day before the church door with his hands tied behind his back; for the second, be flogged through the town; for the third, his tongue pierced, and be sent to the galleys. For blasphemy

\* Ranke, vol. i. book iii.

the same penalties were decreed. In probing and searching after heresy, Michele was not content with inquiring into backslidings of recent date, but insisted on making inquisition into those of ten or twenty years' standing. "If," says Ranke, on the authority of the report of a Venetian ambassador, "any place was distinguished for the small number of its convictions, he thought it needed purging; he attributed its exemption from punishments to the negligence of the authorities. . . . It was remarked that he never commuted a sentence for a more lenient one; on the contrary, he generally wished them more severe."

Such was the man who now ruled where, within the memory of middle-aged men, the jovial, pagan-minded voluptuary, Leo the Tenth, had so recently talked elegant Platonism with free-thinking philosophers, laughed loud and long with scoffing buffoons, and patronised bishops who abstained from reading the "twaddle" of St. Paul for fear of injuring the purity of their Ciceronian style! But the Church was not then in danger—or rather had not yet been discovered to be so.

### CAB!

FROM my earliest youth I was taught to regard cabmen as birds of prey. I was led to consider that their hands were against every man, and every man's hand ought to be against them in self-defence. I was forbidden to attribute their husky voices to anything but unlimited indulgence in common spirituous liquors. The red noses that I saw peeping from under broad-brimmed hats, and over bee-hive-looking caped great coats, were never said in my hearing to arise from exposure to the weather. When I was sent on a solitary journey—perhaps to school—in a four-wheeled hackney-coach or cab, I always heard a stern voice bargaining with the driver before I was placed inside; and I looked upon him, through the small window in front, during the short intervals when I was not being jerked from corner to corner of the far too spacious vehicle, as a dangerous ogre who might leap down and devour me at any moment.

When I grew up to attain the gay, thoughtless position of a young man about town, I lost my fear of the wild cab-driver, and found no amusement so agreeable as that of playing upon his weaknesses. My favourite plan at night was to affect the appearance of the most idiotic intoxication, and, when I had drawn half a dozen eager charioteers around me, to select one, in such a manner that he might suppose he had got a helpless productive fare. On arriving at my destination, of course I left the vehicle with the steadiest of steps and the soberest of aspects, to present him with his exact charge, as regulated by Act of Parliament.

In due time I became a married man; and discarded for ever these youthful freaks of fancy. My early teaching with regard to the utter badness of all cabmen had not disappeared, and I

still treated them with moderate severity. I never pampered them with bonuses over their legal fares; and I learned every distance as if I had been an Ordnance Surveyor. I still looked upon them as untamed, devouring creatures, who hung upon the skirts of society, and I was prepared to impress this view upon my children, as my guardians had impressed it upon me. Before, however, I had an opportunity of doing this, my sentiments underwent a marked change.

My wife, accompanied by a servant, and our first-born, an infant, aged three months, had started, one November afternoon, to visit a relative at the other side of London. The day was misty, but when the evening came, the whole town was filled with a dense fog, as thick as soup. I gave them up at an early hour, never supposing that they would attempt to break through the black smoky barrier, and accomplish a journey of nearly nine miles. In this I was mistaken, for towards eleven o'clock the door-bell rang, and they presented themselves muffled-up like stage-coachmen. The account I received was, that a four-wheeled cab had been found, that they had been three hours and a half upon the road, that the cabman had walked nearly the whole way with a lamp at the head of his horse, and that he was now outside awaiting payment.

I felt a powerful struggle going on within me. The legislature had fixed the price of cab-work at two shillings an hour, or sixpence a mile, but it had said nothing about snowstorms, fluctuations in the price of provender, or November fogs. There was no contract between my wife and the cabman, and she had not engaged him by the hour, so that, protected by the Act of Parliament, I might have sent out four-and-sixpence for the nine miles' ride by the servant, and have closed the door securely against the driver. Actuated, perhaps, as much by curiosity, as a sense of justice, I did not do this, but ordered the man in, and gave him the dangerous permission to name his own price. He was a middle-aged driver, with a sharp nose, and when he entered the room, he placed his hat upon the floor, and seemed a little bewildered by the novelty of his situation.

"If I am to, I am," he said, "but I'd much rather leave it to you, sir."

"This is a journey," I replied, "hardly within the meaning of the act, and whatever you charge, I will cheerfully pay."

"Well," he said, with much deliberation, "I don't think five shillin's ought to hurt you?"

"I don't think it ought," I returned, "astonished at this moderate demand.\* "nor yet seven-and-sixpence, or eight shillings. You can't be a regular cabman?"

My visitor pulled his badge from under his great-coat at this remark, not quite understanding the drift of it.

"I mean," I said, explaining the remark, "that you've not driven a cab long."

\* This is a fact within the experience of the writer.

"Only thirty years, that's all."

"You must know something of the business, then?"

"Had ought to, by this time," he replied.

"Take a glass of something warm," I said, "and tell me all about it."

My visitor was very willing to accept my invitation, and I soon saw him seated comfortably before me.

"Cabmen," he began, "are neither worse than anybody else, nor yet better. There's good and bad amongst 'em, like in a basket of eggs; and there must be nearly eleven thousand of them, according to the badges issued. The first thing cabmen have got to do is to find a cab, and here they've got a pick of about ten thousand. P'raps three thousand of these cabs are 'Hansoms,' and all the rest four-wheelers; but as some of the men work at night, and others in the day, all the cabs are not on the road, and only six thousand, perhaps, are paying duty as licensed carriages. Some of these have got what we call the six-day plate—and they only run for six days. Others have got the seven-day plate, and they're Sunday cabs. The plate costs a sovereign, which we call the 'one pound racket,' and the duty is a shilling a day extra. We used to pay five pound for the plate, and two pound duty, in one lump. All this money goes to government. Well, as I said before, the first thing cabmen have got to do is to find a cab, and they haven't got to look amongst many proprietors. All the cabs are in very few hands—I needn't mention names—and the owners do pretty well what they like with the drivers. Of course a man needn't drive a cab unless he likes, but lots of them do like, and something must be done to get a living. The young fellows take a great fancy to the 'Hansoms,' because they look smart, and run easy. Their high wheels push 'em on, while the low four-wheeler always drags. As to their earnings, that depends. A Hansom is very good in fine weather; and during April, May, and June, before the people begin to go out of town, they do very well at road-work. They're of no use for families and heavy railway work, and the regular Hansom cabman hardly understands ladies and children. They make money at what we call 'mouching' and 'putting on,' which means loitering along the roads, and playing about a club-house, or some large building. Some of the police are very sharp upon this game, and the driver gets summoned before he knows where he is. The driver of a Hansom has to earn fourteen or sixteen shillings a day in summer for his owner, besides paying his 'yard-money' (stable charges), "about four shillings, before he begins to pick up anything for himself.

"A four-wheeler is let to a driver for about twelve shillings a-day, and he has to pay all expenses. The best work these get is at theatres and railways, and they go on for the day at nine in the morning to run till eleven at night, being allowed two horses. Their best day is one with a fine morning and a wet afternoon. The people come out and are caught. If the day begins

wet, it's bad for the cabs. The night cabs go on at seven or eight at night, working till seven or eight in the morning, and they're allowed only one horse—or what the owner makes do for one. Of course its often only a bellows on four legs, and those not very substantial. The owner seldom makes any allowance for the difference in horses—you take 'em as they come; and he knows pretty well how much work can be got out of them.

"When we go to the yard to begin work in the morning, we deposit our licenses as security for the cabs and horses. Some of the men who're very anxious to start as drivers, or who want work, are compelled to sign contracts, and when they do this, they bind themselves to pay all damages that may be done to their horses or cabs. They either pay these by instalments, or thirty or forty men in a yard will make a fund amongst themselves for accidents, which they call 'box-money.'

"We drive out, and choose our stand from fancy, providing it's not full. A stand mustn't have more than twenty cabs on it at one time, and it's watched over by a police waterman, who gets fifteen shillings a week and his clothes. If a cabman takes a place on a stand after it's full, we say he's 'fouled' it, and he's liable to be summoned. The worst court they can take him to is Bow-street. If a month's imprisonment can be given, he gets it there, or he has to pay a heavier fine."

"He can always avoid this," I said, observing that my visitor had come to a pause, "if he conducts himself properly."

"So he can," returned my visitor, "but the public often appears at the same place. If a cabman sometimes overcharges a passenger, a passenger quite as often underpays a cabman. We've started protection clubs amongst us, with measuring wheels, and we sometimes make the secretaries measure and sue for the balance of fares. We find ladies the worst passengers. They're timid and obstinate, and run into houses, and send out servants. When the passenger is summoned he is said to have made a mistake; but the cabman is always pulled up for fraud. He earns his pound or five-and-twenty shillings every week, and is quite as likely to be as respectable and honest as any other workman who gets the same money. He's all right enough, if people wouldn't regulate him so much. There's the street police regulating him; the police watermen regulating him; and the government regulating him by saying what price he's to charge for his work. This sets everybody a thinking he must be awful bad, and a benevolent society of gentlemen has just started up, who want to regulate him still more by giving him what they call 'Cabmen's Clubs.' There's one club at Paddington, one at Millbank, another at Newington Butts, and another at King's Cross. They talk of others at Chelsea and White-chapel. The one I've been to most is at King's Cross, and I don't like it, because it's too far away from my stand. They've taken an old public-house in a back street, and they've scooped



it out until hardly anything else is left but the pillars that hold up the roof. A lot of forms are placed along the bare floor, making the place look like a school; and the library seems to me to have very few what I call amusing books. I didn't like to see handbills lying about, at the top of which was printed 'The Cabman's Dying Cry;' and the whole place seemed to be cold and uncomfortable. The rules may be very good, and the people that started these 'clubs' may be very good, but it strikes me they don't quite understand cabmen. We've got a deal to put up with, and try our tempers. The owners pull at us on one side, and the public's always shaking the Act of Parliament at us on the other. Sometimes we're dragged off the very front of the stand—a place that's worth money—and all for what? Sixpence! Some one wants to go round the muddy corner in thin boots, and so off we come, according to regulations. If we try to do the best we can for ourselves, and look out for a long fare with two extra passengers, people shout after us as if we'd picked somebody's pocket."

"If you accept a cab," I interrupted, "you accept it with all its rules and conditions."

"So we do," returned my visitor; "and pretty close we keep to 'em. Take us all together, the bad and the good, we don't often kick over the traces. Because we've got to loiter about for hours near our stand, in all weathers, we're none the worse for smoking a pipe, drinking a pint of beer, and sometimes slinking in to warm our hands at a tap-room fire. The gentlemen who start these 'cabmen's clubs' think we are, but while they try to improve us, they never interfere with the tradesmen in the public-house parlour. The 'clubs' provide us with tea, coffee, chops, and steaks at the usual charges, but beer is not openly allowed on the premises. This may be all very well for men who're not at work, but, unless there was one 'club' close upon every stand, it can't be used by the cabmen on duty. Besides—a man wants beer, and it's wronging him, in my opinion, to say he don't. We go to the public-house, or coffee-house, if one happens to be near, for cabmen are quite as fond of coffee as decent mechanics. We use a good many comfortable coffee-shops that are like clubs, in different parts of London, and one especially, near Regent-street, filled with all kinds of books and papers. The books and papers at the 'cabmen's clubs' are not admitted until they've passed the committee, because the whole thing is supported by charity. This is another reason why I don't like it, although they tell me that seven hundred men have become members at the different stations. The 'penny bank' and the 'sick fund' may be all very well, because the member pays for all he gets, but the 'free tea' provided every Sunday afternoon always sticks in my throat. While I'm able to do my work and pay my way, I don't want anything given to me. I ain't a child. If the seven hundred members are not able to do this, they'd better say so, and either throw up driving, or get the sixpence a mile altered to eightpence."

At the close of this speech, as the hour was getting late, my visitor took his departure, having succeeded in making me take a more charitable view of the business and trials of cab-driving.

### A NOTE.

In the paper called *INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS*, a reference will be found (No. 41 of this Journal, page 356) to LORD BROUGHAM, as having been one of the opponents of lighting streets by gas. The statement requires qualification. Lord Brougham was counsel in an action brought against Winsor's gas company, and strongly objected to certain proceedings of that body and their originator. But, it should be understood that he never set himself in any other way than through this limited exercise of an advocate's functions, against the idea. This explanation is simply due to the illustrious name of BROUGHAM, and to its natural position in the history of Progress.

### LONELY.

SITTING lonely, ever lonely,  
Waiting, waiting for one only,  
Thus I count the weary moments passing by;  
And the heavy evening gloom  
Gathers slowly in the room,  
And the chill November darkness dims the sky.  
Now the countless busy feet  
Cross each other in the street,  
And I watch the faces fitting past my door;  
But the step that lingered nightly,  
And the hand that rapp'd so lightly,  
And the face that beam'd so brightly,  
Come no more.  
By the firelight's fitful gleaming  
I am dreaming, ever dreaming,  
And the rain is slowly falling all around;  
And voices that are nearest,  
Of friends the best and dearest,  
Appear to have a strange and distant sound.  
Now the weary wind is sighing,  
And the murky day is dying,  
And the wither'd leaves lie scatter'd round my door;  
But that voice whose gentle greeting  
Set this heart so wildly beating  
At each fond and frequent meeting,  
Comes no more.

### THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

As I shut the door of my lodging behind me, and came out into the streets at six on a drizzling Saturday evening in the last past month of January, all that neighbourhood of Covent-garden looked very desolate. It is so essentially a neighbourhood which has seen better days, that bad weather affects it sooner than another place which has not come down in the world. In its present reduced condition, it bears a thaw almost worse than any place I know. It gets so dreadfully low-spirited, when damp breaks forth. Those wonderful houses about Drury-lane Theatre, which in the palmy days of theatres were prosperous and long-settled places of

business, and which now change hands every week, but never change their character of being divided and subdivided on the ground floor into mouldy dens of shops where an orange and half a dozen nuts, or a pomatum-pot, one cake of fancy soap, and a cigar-box, are offered for sale and never sold, were most ruefully contemplated that evening, by the statue of Shakespeare, with the rain-drops coursing one another down its innocent nose. Those inscrutable pigeon-hole offices, with nothing in them (not so much as an ink-stand) but a model of a theatre before the curtain, where, in the Italian Opera season, tickets at reduced prices are kept on sale by nomadic gentlemen in smeary hats too tall for them, whom one occasionally seems to have seen on race-courses, not wholly unconnected with strips of cloth of various colours and a rolling ball—those Bedouin establishments, deserted by the tribe, and tenanted except when sheltering in one corner an irregular row of ginger-beer-bottles which would have made one shudder on such a night, but for its being plain that they had nothing in them, shrunk from the shrill cries of the newsboys down at their Exchange in the kennel of Catherine-street, like guilty things upon a fearful summons. At the pipe-shop in Great Russell-street, the Death's-head pipes were like a theatrical memento mori, admonishing beholders of the decline of the playhouse as an Institution. I walked up Bow-street, disposed to be angry with the shops there, that were letting out theatrical secrets by exhibiting to work-a-day humanity, the stuff of which diadems and robes of kings are made. I noticed that some shops which had once been in the dramatic line, and had straggled out of it, were not getting on prosperously—like some actors I have known, who took to business and failed to make it answer. In a word, those streets looked so dull, and, considered as theatrical streets, so broken and bankrupt, that the FOUND DEAD on the black board at the police station might have announced the decease of the Drama, and the pools of water outside the fire-engine maker's at the corner of Long-acre might have been occasioned by his having brought out the whole of his stock to play upon its last smouldering ashes.

And yet, on such a night in so degenerate a time, the object of my journey was theatrical. And yet within half an hour I was in an immense theatre, capable of holding nearly five thousand people.

What Theatre? Her Majesty's? Far better. Royal Italian Opera? Far better. Infinitely superior to the latter for hearing in; infinitely superior to both, for seeing in. To every part of this Theatre spacious fireproof ways of ingress and egress. For every part of it, convenient places of refreshment and retiring rooms. Everything to eat and drink carefully supervised as to quality, and sold at an appointed price; respectable female attendants ready for the commonest women in the audience; a general air of consideration, decorum, and supervision, most commendable; an unquestionably humanising

influence in all the social arrangements of the place.

Surely a dear Theatre, then? Because there were in London (not very long ago) Theatres with entrance-prices up to half a guinea a head, whose arrangements were not half so civilised. Surely, therefore, a dear Theatre? Not very dear. A gallery at threepence, another gallery at fourpence, a pit at sixpence, boxes and pit-stalls at a shilling, and six private boxes at half-a-crown.

My uncommercial curiosity induced me to go into every nook of this great place, and among every class of the audience assembled in it—amounting that evening, as I calculated, to about two thousand and odd hundreds. Magnificently lighted by a firmament of sparkling chandeliers, the building was ventilated to perfection. My sense of smell, without being particularly delicate, has been so offended in some of the commoner places of public resort, that I have often been obliged to leave them when I have made an uncommercial journey expressly to look on. The air of this Theatre was fresh, cool, and wholesome. To help towards this end, very sensible precautions had been used, ingeniously combining the experience of hospitals and railway stations. Asphaltic pavements substituted for wooden floors, honest bare walls of glazed brick and tile—even at the back of the boxes—for plaster and paper, no benches stuffed, and no carpeting or baize used: a cool material with a light glazed surface, being the covering of the seats.

These various contrivances are as well considered in the place in question as if it were a Fever Hospital; the result is, that it is sweet and healthful. It has been constructed from the ground to the roof, with a careful reference to sight and sound in every corner; the result is, that its form is beautiful, and that the appearance of the audience, as seen from the proscenium—with every face in it commanding the stage, and the whole so admirably raked and turned to that centre, that a hand can scarcely move in the great assemblage without the movement being seen from thence—is highly remarkable in its union of vastness with compactness. The stage itself, and all its appurtenances of machinery, cellarage, height, and breadth, are on a scale more like the Scala at Milan, or the San Carlo at Naples, or the Grand Opera at Paris, than any notion a stranger would be likely to form of the Britannia Theatre at Hoxton, a mile north of Saint Luke's Hospital in the Old-street-road, London. The Forty Thieves might be played here, and every thief ride his real horse, and the disguised captain bring in his oil jars on a train of real camels, and nobody be put out of the way. This really extraordinary place is the achievement of one man's enterprise, and was erected on the ruins of an inconvenient old building, in less than five months, at a round cost of five-and-twenty thousand pounds. To dismiss this part of my subject, and still to render to the proprietor the credit that is strictly his due, I must add that

his sense of the responsibility upon him to make the best of his audience, and to do his best for them, is a highly agreeable sign of these times.

As the spectators at this theatre, for a reason I will presently show, were the object of my journey, I entered on the play of the night as one of the two thousand and odd hundreds, by looking about me at my neighbours. We were a motley assemblage of people, and we had a good many boys and young men among us; we had also many girls and young women. To represent, however, that we did not include a very great number, and a very fair proportion, of family groups, would be to make a gross misstatement. Such groups were to be seen in all parts of the house; in the boxes and stalls particularly, they were composed of persons of very decent appearance, who had many children with them. Among our dresses there were most kinds of shabby and greasy wear, and much fustian and corduroy that was neither sound nor fragrant. The caps of our young men were mostly of a limp character, and we who wore them, slouched, high-shouldered, into our places with our hands in our pockets, and occasionally twisted our cravats about our necks like eels, and occasionally tied them down our breasts like links of sausages, and occasionally had a screw in our hair over each cheek-bone with a slight Thief-flavour in it. Besides prowlers and idlers, we were mechanics, dock-labourers, costermongers, petty tradesmen, small clerks, milliners, stay-makers, shoe-binders, slop workers, poor workers in a hundred highways and bye-ways. Many of us—on the whole, the majority—were not at all clean, and not at all choice in our lives or conversation. But we had all come together in a place where our convenience was well consulted, and where we were well looked after, to enjoy an evening's entertainment in common. We were not going to lose any part of what we had paid for, through anybody's caprice, and as a community we had a character to lose. So we were closely attentive, and kept excellent order, and let the man or boy who did otherwise instantly get out from this place, or we would put him out with the greatest expedition.

We began at half-past six with a pantomime—over a pantomime so long, that before it was over I felt as if I had been travelling for six weeks—going to India, say, by the Overland Mail. The Spirit of Liberty was the principal personage in the Introduction, and the Four Quarters of the World came out of the globe, glittering, and discoursed with the Spirit, who sang charmingly. We were delighted to understand that there was no Liberty anywhere but among ourselves, and we highly applauded the agreeable fact. In an allegorical way, which did as well as any other way, we and the Spirit of Liberty got into a kingdom of Needles and Pins, and found them at war with a potentate who called in to his aid their old arch-enemy Rust, and who would have got the better of them if the Spirit of Liberty had not in the nick

of time transformed the leaders into Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin, Columbine, Harlequina, and a whole family of Sprites, consisting of a remarkably stout father and three spineless sons. We all knew what was coming, when the Spirit of Liberty addressed the king with the big face, and His Majesty backed to the side-scenes and began untying himself behind, with his big face all on one side. Our excitement at that crisis was great, and our delight unbounded. After this era in our existence, we went through all the incidents of a pantomime; it was not by any means a savage pantomime in the way of burning or boiling people, or throwing them out of window, or cutting them up; was often very droll, was always liberally got up, and cleverly presented. I noticed that the people who kept the shops, and who represented the passengers in the thoroughfares and so forth, had no conventionality in them, but were unusually like the real thing—from which I infer that you may take that audience in (if you wish to) concerning Knights and Ladies, Fairies, Angels, or such like, but that they are not to be done as to anything in the streets. I noticed, also, that when two young men, dressed in exact imitation of the eel-and-sausage-cravated portion of the audience, were chased by policemen, and, finding themselves in danger of being caught, dropped so suddenly as to oblige the policemen to tumble over them, there was great rejoicing among the caps—as though it were a delicate reference to something they had heard of before.

The Pantomime was succeeded by a Melo-Drama. Throughout the evening, I was pleased to observe Virtue quite as triumphant as she usually is out of doors, and indeed I thought rather more so. We all agreed (for the time) that honesty was the best policy, and we were as hard as iron upon Vice, and we wouldn't hear of Villany getting on in the world—no, not upon any consideration whatever.

Between the pieces, we almost all of us went out and refreshed. Many of us went the length of drinking beer at the bar of the neighbouring public-house, some of us drank spirits, crowds of us had sandwiches and ginger-beer at the refreshment-bars established for us in the Theatre. The sandwich—as substantial as was consistent with portability, and as cheap as possible—we hailed as one of our greatest institutions. It forced its way among us at all stages of the entertainment, and we were always delighted to see it; its adaptability to the varying moods of our nature was surprising; we could never weep so comfortably as when our tears fell on our sandwich; we could never laugh so heartily as when we choked with sandwich; Virtue never looked so beautiful or Vice so deformed as when we paused, sandwich in hand, to consider what would come of that resolution of Wickedness in boots, to sever Innocence in flowered chintz from Honest Industry in striped stockings. When the curtain fell for the night, we still fell back upon sandwich, to help us through the rain and mire, and home to bed.

This, as I have mentioned, was Saturday night. Being Saturday night, I had accomplished but the half of my uncommercial journey; for, its object was to compare the play on Saturday evening, with the preaching in the same Theatre on Sunday evening.

Therefore, at the same hour of half-past six on the similarly damp and muddy Sunday evening, I returned to this Theatre. I drove up to the entrance (fearful of being late, or I should have come on foot), and found myself in a large crowd of people who, I am happy to state, were put into excellent spirits by my arrival. Having nothing to look at but the mud and the closed doors, they looked at me, and highly enjoyed the comic spectacle. My modesty inducing me to draw off, some hundreds of yards, into a dark corner, they at once forgot me, and applied themselves to their former occupation of looking at the mud and looking in at the closed doors: which, being of grated iron-work, allowed the lighted passage within to be seen. They were chiefly people of respectable appearance, odd and impulsive as most crowds are, and making a joke of being there as most crowds do.

In the dark corner I might have sat a long while, but that a very obliging passer-by informed me that the Theatre was already full, and that the people whom I saw in the street were all shut out for want of room. After that, I lost no time in worming myself into the building, and creeping to a place in a Proscenium box that had been kept for me.

There must have been full four thousand people present. Carefully estimating the pit alone, I could bring it out as holding little less than fourteen hundred. Every part of the house was well filled, and I had not found it easy to make my way along the back of the boxes to where I sat. The chandeliers in the ceiling were lighted; there was no light on the stage; the orchestra was empty. The green curtain was down, and packed pretty closely on chairs on the small space of stage before it were some thirty gentlemen, and two or three ladies. In the centre of these, in a desk or pulpit covered with red baize, was the presiding minister. The kind of rostrum he occupied, will be very well understood, if I liken it to a boarded-up fireplace turned towards the audience, with a gentleman in a black surtout standing in the stove and leaning forward over the mantelpiece.

A portion of Scripture was being read when I went in. It was followed by a discourse, to which the congregation listened with most exemplary attention and uninterrupted silence and decorum. My own attention comprehended both the auditory and the speaker, and shall turn to both in this recalling of the scene, exactly as it did at the time.

"A very difficult thing," I thought, when the discourse began, "to speak appropriately to so large an audience, and to speak with tact. Without it, better not to speak at all. Infinitely better, to read the New Testament well, and to let *that* speak. In this congregation there is indubitably one pulse; but I doubt if any power

short of genius can touch it as one, and make it answer as one."

I could not possibly say to myself as the discourse proceeded, that the minister was a good speaker. I could not possibly say to myself that he expressed an understanding of the general mind and character of his audience. There was a supposititious working-man introduced into the homily to make supposititious objections to our Christian religion and be reasoned down, who was not only a very disagreeable person, but remarkably unlike life—very much more unlike it than anything I had seen in the pantomime. The native independence of character this artisan was supposed to possess, was represented by a suggestion of a dialect that I certainly never heard in my uncommercial travels, and with a coarse swing of voice and manner anything but agreeable to his feelings I should conceive, considered in the light of a portrait, and as far away from the fact as a Chinese Tartar. There was a model pauper introduced in like manner, who appeared to me to be the most intolerably arrogant pauper ever relieved, and to show himself in absolute want and dire necessity of a course of Stone Yard. For, how did this pauper testify to his having received the gospel of humility? A gentleman met him in the workhouse, and said (which I myself really thought good-natured of him), "Ah, John? I am sorry to see you here. I am sorry to see you so poor." "Poor, sir!" replied that man, drawing himself up, "I am the son of a Prince! My father is the King of Kings. My father is the Lord of Lords. My father is the ruler of all the Princes of the Earth!" &c. And this was what all the preacher's fellow-sinners might come to, if they would embrace this blessed book—which I must say it did some violence to my own feelings of reverence, to see held out at arm's length at frequent intervals and soundingly slapped, like a slow lot at a sale. Now, could I help asking myself the question, whether the mechanic before me who must detect the preacher as being wrong about the visible manner of himself and the like of himself, and about such a noisy lip-server as that pauper, might not, most unhappily for the usefulness of the occasion, doubt that preacher's being right about things not visible to human senses?

Again. Is it necessary or advisable to address such an audience continually, as "fellow-sinners"? Is it not enough to be fellow-creatures, born yesterday, suffering and striving to-day, dying to-morrow? By our common humanity, my brothers and sisters, by our common capacities for pain and pleasure, by our common laughter and our common tears, by our common aspiration to reach something better than ourselves, by our common tendency to believe in something good, and to invest whatever we love or whatever we lose with some qualities that are superior to our own failings and weaknesses as we know them in our own poor hearts—by these. Hear me!—Surely, it is enough to be fellow-creatures. Surely, it includes the other designation and some touching meanings over and above.

Again. There was a personage introduced into the discourse (not an absolute novelty, to the best of my remembrance of my reading), who had been personally known to the preacher, and had been quite a Crichton in all the ways of philosophy, but had been an infidel. Many a time had the preacher talked with him on that subject, and many a time had he failed to convince that intelligent man. But he fell ill, and died, and before he died he recorded his conversion—in words which the preacher had taken down, my fellow-sinners, and would read to you from this piece of paper. I must confess that to me, as one of an uninstructed audience, they did not appear particularly edifying. I thought their tone extremely selfish, and I thought they had a spiritual vanity in them which was of the before-mentioned refractory pauper's family.

All slangs and twangs are objectionable everywhere, but the slang and twang of the convention—as bad in its way as that of the House of Commons, and nothing worse can be said of it—should be studiously avoided under such circumstances as I describe. The avoidance was not complete on this occasion. Nor was it quite agreeable to see the preacher addressing his pet “points” to his backers on the stage, as if appealing to those disciples to shore him up, and testify to the multitude that each of those points was a clincher.

But, in respect of the large Christianity of his general tone; of his renunciation of all priestly authority; of his earnest and reiterated assurance to the people that the commonest among them could work out their own salvation if they would, by simply, lovingly, and dutifully following Our Saviour, and that they needed the mediation of no erring man; in these particulars, this gentleman deserved all praise. Nothing could be better than the spirit, or the plain emphatic words of his discourse in these respects. And it was a most significant and encouraging circumstance that whenever he struck that chord, or whenever he described anything which Christ himself had done, the array of faces before him was very much more earnest, and very much more expressive of emotion, than at any other time.

And now, I am brought to the fact, that the lowest part of the audience of the previous night, *was not there*. There is no doubt about it. There was no such thing in that building, that Sunday evening. I have been told since, that the lowest part of the audience of the Victoria Theatre has been attracted to its Sunday services. I have been very glad to hear it, but on this occasion of which I write, the lowest part of the usual audience of the Britannia Theatre, decidedly and unquestionably stayed away. When I first took my seat and looked at the house, my surprise at the change in its occupants was as great as my disappointment. To the most respectable class of the previous evening, was added a great number of respectable strangers attracted by curiosity, and drafts from the regular congregations of various chapels. It was impossible to fail in identifying

the character of these last, and they were very numerous. I came out in a strong, slow tide of them setting from the boxes. Indeed, while the discourse was in progress, the respectable character of the auditory was so manifest in their appearance, that when the minister addressed a supposititious “outcast,” one really felt a little impatient of it, as a figure of speech not justified by anything the eye could discover.

The time appointed for the conclusion of the proceedings was eight o'clock. The address having lasted until full that time, and it being the custom to conclude with a hymn, the preacher intimated in a few sensible words that the clock had struck the hour, and that those who desired to go before the hymn was sung, could go now, without giving offence. No one stirred. The hymn was then sung, in good time and tune and unison, and its effect was very striking. A comprehensive benevolent prayer dismissed the throng, and in seven or eight minutes there was nothing left in the Theatre but a light cloud of dust.

That these Sunday meetings in Theatres are good things, I do not doubt. Nor do I doubt that they will work lower and lower down in the social scale, if those who preside over them will be very careful on two heads: firstly, not to disparage the places in which they speak, or the intelligence of their hearers; secondly, not to set themselves in antagonism to the natural in-born desire of the mass of mankind to recreate themselves and to be amused.

There is a third head, taking precedence of all others, to which my remarks on the discourse I heard, have tended. In the New Testament there is the most beautiful and affecting history conceivable by man, and there are the terse models for all prayer and for all preaching. As to the models, imitate them, Sunday preachers—else why are they there, consider? As to the history, tell it. Some people cannot read, some people will not read, many people (this especially holds among the young and ignorant) find it hard to pursue the verse-form in which the book is presented to them, and imagine that those breaks imply gaps, and want of continuity. Help them over that first stumbling-block, by setting forth the history in narrative, with no fear of exhausting it. You will never preach so well, you will never move them so profoundly, you will never send them away with half so much to think of. Which is the better interest: Christ's choice of twelve poor men to help in those merciful wonders among the poor and rejected; or the pious bullying of a whole Union-full of paupers? What is your changed philosopher to wretched me, peeping in at the door out of the mud of the streets and of my life, when you have the widow's son to tell me about, the ruler's daughter, the other figure at the door when the brother of the two sisters was dead, and one of the two ran to the mourner, crying, “The Master is come and calleth for thee”?—Let the preacher who will thoroughly forget himself and remember no individuality but one, and no eloquence but one, stand up

before four thousand men and women at the Britannia Theatre any Sunday night, recounting that narrative to them as fellow-creatures, and he shall see a sight!

### WAR PAINT AND MEDICINE-BAGS.

On the western side of Kitchi-Gami, or the Big Water (Lake Superior), is a certain island known as Shagunamikon, or "Something gnawed on all sides;" and on this island a couple of squaws and a lame unlucky lad, who could never be a Brave, built Mr. Kohl's birch-bark wigwam, laid his clean new mats, and lighted his fire, in the midst of the Ojibbeway braves. Very pleasant, we find, by the book he has written about it, was that life of his among the painted savages; full of magic and mysteries, medicine-bags and ceremonies, legends and traditions, which gave to Mr. Kohl a strange kaleidoscopic kind of insight into the Red Man's inner or spiritual nature; always the most difficult phase of savage life to understand. Bold as lions in the presence of physical danger, and with a fortitude almost superhuman when under physical suffering, the Red Man is among the most superstitious and superstitiously timid of God's creatures. Everything with them is matter for worship, or for awe. They have not only their Kitchi-Manitou, or Great Good Spirit, up in heaven; their Matchi-Manitou, or Bad Spirit, mysteriously connected somehow with the earth; their spiteful old water god, who puts one in mind of old Nis in the island of Rügen; their Menaboju—their Prometheus, or kind of creative demigod, but they have also their personal gods, or fetiches—the Manitou personnel, or nigonime, "My Hope," in everything they see that strikes their fancy or overwhelms their imagination. One makes his private or personal manitou out of a rock that seemed to nod to him one day when he rested at its base, giddy with fatigue and exhaustion; another hears the wind whispering strangely in the larch-tree, and forthwith makes that tree his Hope, and the great director of his path; a third owes all his success in hunting, and all his prowess in war, to a lump of copper shining out among the roots and moss above his wigwam; and a fourth finds a large misshapen boulder the nearest approach to divinity which heaven and earth has for him.

Worship includes sacrifice, and the principal Indian sacrifices are dogs and tobacco. The first, as the holiest offering possible to be made, is chiefly reserved for the Great Spirits; but tobacco is laid everywhere—on graves, on boulders, on masses of copper, at the roots of trees which have become private or peculiar manitous or nigonimes, and, indeed, wheresoever the Red Man wishes to show respect or to propitiate favour. Dogs hold an anomalous position in the Indian world. Kicked and cuffed out of the wigwam, so rarely caressed that, if you attempt to pat or play with them, they will tuck their tails between their legs, and run off snarling and whining, they are yet considered

as eminently sacred, and among the greatest boons of Indian life. They say that "the dog was created in heaven itself, and sent down expressly for the Indians." The pups are never killed, but are apportioned as playthings among the children, and, while pups, suffered to enjoy the same affectionate immunity from rough usage as the infants themselves. When grown up to perfect doghood, their treatment is as rigorous as that given to the boys and youths. Only one man is spoken of as especially kind to dogs, and he had Saxon blood in him. He was a very great chief called The Little Pine, the son of an English officer and an Indian squaw, and he, unconsciously obeying the instincts of his father's race, surrounded himself with a pack of dogs which he taught and admonished like children; arguing with them gravely on the faultiness of their conduct, and treating them precisely as a good family brave would have treated the young barbarians of his name and race. No, not of his name; for the Indians are too individual to accept even of parental designations; and no one is rightly "christened" until he or she has been put through various ceremonies. At the first the little papoose has no name; then some occasion offers—an animal crosses the creature's path in an out of the way place, the little hands clutch after something special and not quite trivial, or the father has a dream which settles all; and a dark cloud, a grey sky, a black bird, or a violent rain, seen in the dream, becomes humanised, so to speak, and remains as the designation of the child for evermore. If the father cannot dream satisfactorily, or if a hitch seems to come in any way between his vision and his child, he secures the services of a friend—a better dreamer than himself—who undertakes the office, and who perhaps gives such a name as The Man who Runs, The Yellow Fox, The White Otter, The Muskrat, and so on. But the friend is often asked only to superadd a name, so that the child may have the benefit of both dreams. At baptism, or when received into the order of the Midés, a second or a third name is again added; but of all these names one only gains the upper hand, and by one only is the future sage or warrior known. Another peculiarity about these names is, that an Indian will never tell his own, nor a squaw mention her husband's or her stepson's, if possible to be avoided. When you want to know an Indian's name you must always ask it of another. Ask a squaw whose gun is that, and she will answer "It belongs to him," or "to the man who has his seat there," pointing to her husband's place. If she speaks of her son-in-law, she is equally reticent and paraphrastic. "The man who performs the part of son-in-law in our house," is the most direct title which a stranger will get from her.

Dreams are great powers in Indian life; they are preliminaries or adjuncts on every occasion. But the most important is that which comes to a youth, when, on approaching manhood, he is led out into the forest to fast and dream. A bed is prepared in the high trees by



interlacing the topmost branches, then covering them with moss and a new mat. A few branches growing still higher are meshed together in a sort of arch, as a protection against the wind and rain. And here the youth lies, fasting and weary, exhausting himself in wild imaginings, with strict orders to let himself down and return home if a bad dream or the nightmare oppress him; and here comes to him his life-dream, the vision which is to decide his future course, and point out his coming days. Sometimes, when very young, or more impressionable than the race in general, the lad fails in his first trial, as happened to The Cloud, who, unable to resist the terrible hunger and thirst that fell upon him after three days' trial, came down from his bed in the pine-tree, and devoured all the edible sprigs, plants, mosses, and herbs which he could find. His dreaming was over for that year, for he had broken his fast, and the Good Spirit could do nothing for an aeolyte wanting in the first requirements of an Indian brave. The dreams are of various kinds, and all of those told to Mr. Kohl were highly poetical, and full of meaning. To him who is to be great in council, or terrible in war, to him who is to be a mighty hunter, or a "medicine man" of power, appear dreams that point distinctly to that future; and with the unvarying logic of human life, the dream helps to confirm the tendency, as the tendency helped to cause the dream. Sometimes there have been dreams by magicians, or jossakids—we should call them clairvoyants—which have strangely foretold coming events. Thus the arrival of the French, from the Lower Saint Lawrence, revealed itself to a jossakid in the interior, who, with his people, had never heard a whisper of the Europeans. Our magician assembled all the chiefs and braves and Midés of the tribe, and told them what he had seen in his dream, and what infinite necessity there was for them all to go down at once and meet these strange white demigods, come from afar. They agreed, and journeyed on in hope and faith, exactly as their leader, the dreamer, indicated; until they came to a camping-ground where the mightiest trees had been cut down, smooth and level, to the roots, as their sharpest stone tools could not have cut them—looking, in fact, as if they had been gnawed by the teeth of some gigantic beaver. Here they found the most curious "medicine" things (irreverent Saxon workmen name them shavings), long rolls or curls of thin wood, evidently of divine origin, which they reverently thrust into their hair and around their ears, and accepted as nothing less than miracles. And then they went on, and soon came to the long knives and fire-tubes and snow-coloured faces which the jossakid had seen in his dream, and had described before setting out; and then, after being well treated and kindly spoken to by the pale-faced strangers, they returned, each man to his own wigwam, and smoked no end of pipes in commemoration of the event.

Sometimes their dreams are purely personal. The Black Cloud dreams thrice of his dead uncle,

scalped three years ago by those eternal enemies of the Ojibbeways, the Sioux, and how he appears to him, commanding him to take vengeance on his murderers, and let the scalps of his foes flutter round his grave; others dream of becoming cannibals, or windigos, and most frequently end in being the thing they dread. Even girls have their dreams, their vague mystic visions of life, when the spirits mutter to them through the woods, and the great mysteries of nature seem to come nearer and nearer to their gaze. One girl dreamt that she was to be a renowned female runner, a kind of red-skinned Atalanta, whom none could distance but the one chosen beloved: and she became what she dreamt. She went with her tribe on one of their invading wars against the Sioux, "lifted a scalp," and ran home before even the swiftest of the youths could see the smoke of the village fires. She was a great heroine in the procession that commemorated the return of the Braves; walked in front, with the Sioux's scalp flying like a banner before her, and shared in all the honours accorded to the best of the warriors. Another girl had a brother, the sole stay and support of the family, killed by these same Sioux; and in consequence of the dreams that came to her, thick and fast, felt herself impelled to sacrifice a Sioux in return. Her lover was one of the tribe, so one night she stole out towards his tent, whispered to him through the cracks of the apakwas, enticed him out into the forest, and murdered him. Then she left off dreaming; her widowed mother was comforted, the chiefs and braves applauded her, and she strode through life with all the pride and glory of a forest Judith. A man dreamed that he must kill seven men of his own tribe, not enemies, and he did manage to kill three before public suspicion made itself felt in his own public assassination. No one had actually seen him, but every one knew that he did commit these murders, and when a party of the friends of the slain struck him down, the whole tribe felt their hearts lighter, and confessed that justice was fairly executed.

The Windigo dream is the most dreaded of all. It seems to be a form of insanity, and one of the most common forms known among these people. If a man live gloomily apart from the rest of the world, people get afraid, point him out as a probable windigo, and shun him with every mark of fear and aversion. And when a man quarrels with his wife, his most potent threat often is, "Squaw; take care, thou wilt drive me so far, that I shall turn windigo." This superstition is a remnant of the old belief in a race of aboriginal ogres, or ghouls, current throughout America; a belief highly exciting to the Indian mind, but intensely abhorred. Beside these primeval windigos, or ogres, those great old forests once knew, and still know, a fairy life, fluttering like flowers, or falling like dewdrops, among the thick branches of the trees. Small pigmy men are they, extremely delicate and ethereal, sailing in minute canoes, and hunting with tiny guns; in fact,

doing all that the red-skins themselves do, only incalculably smaller and more refined. But Mr. Kohl heard more of the windigos and ogres than of the fairies; and found it easier to meet with well-authenticated anecdotes of the first than of the last. A man shot another standing quietly among the reeds of the lake, "because he was a windigo;" and an old woman, gathering herbs, was shudderingly pronounced to be also a windigo, though no outward sign whatever would have betrayed her cannibalism to any but an Indian. These poor wretches seem to hold somewhat the place of our witches of the olden times, and doubtless meet with as much injustice and as much superstitious cruelty as did they.

The medicine-bags are among the strangest things connected with Indian life. Made of the skins of animals, with claws and tails left hanging, they produce the most striking pictorial effect when a number of men are dancing together, and whirling their medicine-bags in the air. Otter, fox, skunk, bear, snake, beaver, or any other beast of the woods and wilds, it matters not to the brave what he chooses, so long as he chooses somewhat in conformity with his name and nature. Everything of interest goes into these bags, even to the "medicine" which the Spirit gives them in the initiatory dream. Pieces of copper, certain small shells, mystery books, magic powders, amulets, charms, tokens of good luck and the kindly overlooking of the nignime—anything at all out of the common way, or in any manner connected with a man's private and individual superstition—is thrust into this bag, which is further adorned with small tinkling bells and strings of beads that make a pleasant tiny clatter, and thus answer to another need of the Indian nature—the need of noise. Mr. Kohl witnessed the baptism of an infant, as we should say, or, as they call it, the presentation to the order of the Midés of the child of The Grey Cloud. The father was a fine, grave, fiery-faced, shaggy old brave, who had made himself a mass of skins and tails from head to heel. The rough skin of a skunk went turban-wise round his head, the long parti-coloured tail hanging like a queue far down his back; and at his heels trailed fox-tails, like long spurs; while wherever he could add claws or tails, he had stuck them on as coquettes would stick on an extra end of ribbon, or a yard more of lace. But it was not of the shaggy old brave that we had to speak; it was of the medicine-bags, which played a most important part in that baptism, or reception into the Midé order of Indian humanity. These bags were, in the first place, filled with a secret spiritual power, a power of life or death, blessing or banning according to the will of the priests. It was part of the ceremony to make stabs or thrusts at the guests and assistants with these bags. One old fellow was specially vigorous, and leaped on his victims like a wild cat, puffing out his cheeks and shouting at the top of his voice, to help the medicine in his bag. Whoever was thus dealt with, incontinently fell on the ground in a shapeless, motionless, heap of copper-coloured flesh and savage finery; not dar-

ing to move hand or foot until released by another stab or thrust with the same bag; which was then charged with the vivifying spirit. And then instantly up jumped the prostrate braves and squaws, nimbly as so many squirrels, and the religious fun recommenced. One brown girl had been overlooked by her Midé, and was left on the ground in a huddled mass of tittering immobility. She would not have dared to have got up of her own accord, had the Midé left her lying for half a day; but a young companion took compassion on her helplessness, and timidly plucked the old priest back to his duty. A revivifying stab or thrust, was made with the medicine-bag, and away sprang the brown girl, laughing as merrily as the rest.

At this baptism Mr. Kohl witnessed another curious ceremony, namely, the expulsion from the mouth of each person present of certain small yellow shells, which were meant to typify the sins and sicknesses incidental to red human nature. These shells are highly prized by the Indians, are always carried in their medicine-bags, and large prices are given for them—almost as large as for the birch-bark mystery books. For they think that all spiritual matters should be well paid for, else the Great Spirit will be angry with his children for parting with his gifts and treasures too easily. They expel their vices in another manner at certain times of the year; thus, during the first moon in February, the young men say, "I reject my bad manner of living;" "I cast off my vices with the moon;" and instances are not wanting of conversions as sudden, as sincere, and as mysterious, as any got from the howlings of an Irish revival, or by alighting on a chance text, or by any other of the many modes affected by the Evangelical party in Christendom.

The "doll of sorrow," is another quaint idea or institution among them. When a young child dies, its mother takes a lock of its hair, which she wraps up and places in the centre of a bundle composed of the little creature's playthings, clothes, and amulets, and this "doll" she carries about with her everywhere and at all times for a year. It is nursed, caressed, talked to, played with, like the living child; and when the year of mourning is over, the bundle is unfastened, the hair is buried, and the amulets, &c., are distributed among friends. The idea consecrated in this strange custom is, that the soul of the little one is unable to support itself in its arduous journey to Paradise, and that the mother, by nursing and tending this emblem, does also nurse and tend the little soul, which receives the benefit of all the love and care showered on the "doll of sorrow." Mothers who lose their infant children are inconsolable, unless, indeed, a capable member of the family die too, an uncle, a big brother, or even the father; when the bereaved squaw will be satisfied, as now her babe has a protector who will carry it safely past the Great Red Strawberry and its fatal enticements, over the Serpent-bridge, and across the hideous chasm, and who will feed it

tenderly with paradisiac food—that delicious phosphorescent fungus which Kitchi-Manitou so kindly gives his Indian children in their Indian heaven. For their heaven is exclusively Indian; but universally so. All enemies on earth become friends in heaven; and Sioux, Blackfeet, Crows, Apaches, Ojibbeways, and Iroquois meet and mingle there in blissful oblivion of the wrongs which made them go to war so fiercely when down below, and account the raising of each other's scalps the first duty of life and its greatest pleasure. They do not hunt, either, in heaven; hunting ranks with war and work, and the only activities of Paradise are dancing, singing, playing at games, and eating. We can quite understand how these should seem to be the very essence of beatified life to the poor, toiling, warring, half-starved, unpeaceful Indian brave. And yet they are almost always cheerful, in spite of their precarious and painful life. In travelling, when the Canadians "give out," and sink under the privations and difficulties of their way, the Indians sing, laugh, are cool, brave, and collected. Without much demonstration and with no outspoken enthusiasm (they despise any great show of feeling, whatever it may be), they are wonderfully inspired and inspiring, and shame even the bravest of the Europeans by their own superior fortitude and courage. Only in the presence of his superstitions is an Indian a coward, and then he is a child, an infant, whom the very name of "bogie" terrifies into stupidity. Sometimes, the brave comes back from heaven; and stories were told to Mr. Kohl of how such and such a one had been up the Path of the Dead, had seen the Great Strawberry, and passed over the awful bridge, and had then come back to earth to live out his unfinished life. And they have ghosts, too—real ghosts—wherein they are unlike that great romance magazine of the East, the Arabian Nights, where no such hint of immortality is given. But then the Indians believe in what we might almost call the "resurrection of the body." If their "doll of sorrow," and the return of a defunct brave, do not mean the actual translation of the living body into heaven, what else do they mean?

Games of manly prowess charm the Indians as much as they charmed the ancient Greeks; and a man who excels in these is held in as high honour as was the conqueror at the Olympic games, or the victor of the Elian. A swift runner and a first-rate ball-player stand in the same rank with a renowned warrior or a successful hunter; and that a man should be these is absolutely necessary if he would eat and drink and know how to defend himself from injury. And besides games of skill, games of chance are also dear to the red man's soul. In fact, the red man is a born gambler, and stakes as largely and as fiercely as the most passionate professor of roulette and vingt-et-un ever met with at the Baden Conversations Haus. Mr. Kohl nearly got himself into trouble by speaking to a handsome young fellow gambling at pagesan; the game of carved plum-stones (pages-

sanag) shaken upright in a bowl. The young man turned round and made such an angry speech that the interpreter declined the equivocal task of translating it, but took his revenge instead, in a good round dozen of abuse of the Indian. All that Mr. Kohl could understand was, "that an Indian must not be spoken to while gambling." Like the Greeks in some of their games, the Indians are also like them in the exceeding sincerity and universal application of their religious faith. Nothing is done without a trace of religion in it. Their smoking parties, their meals, their games, expeditions, hunting-parties, wars,—everything has its own particular religious forms and ceremonies mixed up with it, even to the "grace before meat," usually held as especially and peculiarly Christian; and, like all savage people, everything is symbolic. The very paint on the face has its different meanings, from the fiery red of the war paint to the "mitigated grief" of the half-mourning pattern of trellis-work, or divided features. Sometimes half the face only will be black for mourning, and the other painted in various hues; and sometimes only a rambling diapering of lines will be drawn, with particular spaces in between, to show a more distant loss, or a less severe affliction than the face covered in black from brow to chin would have expressed. Blue is the colour of peace, and blue is the colour of the sky painted on their graves; but many Indians cannot distinguish blue from green. It is quite a national trait of colour-blindness among them. Sometimes they paint the sun on their graves black—they put heaven itself in mourning for the loved and lost; and sometimes they are astronomical, and depict the various phases of the moon, &c., on the living canvas stretched between the scalp and chin. The dandies often change their paint. Mr. Kohl knew a set, or clique, who altered the pattern and colour of their faces every day, just as our exquisites would change their waistcoats, or their neckties. But the war paint is the most terrible: fiery red, colour of blood, and all sorts of fierce things. Oh! they are ugly sights, these fellows, in their war bravery, with tags and tails flying, and their great red faces shining like copper-coloured suns out from the midst of dun-coloured clouds!

When they go on a warlike expedition they use many strange measures and precautions. A "sacrifice squaw," a maiden all in white, leads the way; they take very little baggage with them, and, because fasting is a religious war-exercise, fast much along the road; they never sit down under the shade of a tree while on the way, nor scratch their heads with their fingers—though the renowned warriors are allowed the luxury of scratching themselves with a piece of wood or comb; "the young men who go on the war trail for the first time" wear, like the women, a species of cap or cloth on the head, walk with drooping brows, speak very little, if at all, and are not allowed to join in the dead or war songs. Also, they must not suck the marrow from the bones of their food, and they

must not wet their feet. This seems to be the law for all, not only for the young men. Like the Arabs, the Indians make devoted friendships among each other, the bond lasting for life. "When a number have agreed to form such an union, they first exchange their horses, guns, pipes, and everything they possess, and then hold a festival, smoke together, and take a vow that this sharing of their property shall be repeated every time a friend is in want. They from this moment always assist in a war, and never refuse a request." These unions are never broken, despite the constitutional fickleness of the Indians, and are just as lasting and intimate when made between girls or women. Many circumstances in this bond remind one of the *dakheel* of the Arabs, and of the Slavonian "brother."

Those who want to know what are the secrets lying in the mystery books for which Mr. Kohl paid so many pounds of sugar and tobacco, and such multitudinous yards of gaily flowered calico for shirts, must turn to his volume of travels themselves. The secrets are not to be explained without the pictures, but both are sufficiently curious to repay the idlest for their trouble. Also, all the sign language we must leave: how, the first two fingers of the right hand placed astride over the forefingers of the left, and rapidly moved, represent a journey on horseback; how, for a foot journey, the two fingers are waved several times through the air; how, the hour is indicated by pointing at the exact position of the sun in the sky at that time; how, a day is made by passing the finger from east to west over the whole vault of heaven; how, the two forefingers parted and moved from the mouth like the split tongue of a snake mean lying: while one finger thrust forward in a straight line from the mouth means truth; how, the forefinger at the ear means "I have heard and understood," but the flat hand waved quickly past the ears, means "I have not heard," or "not understood," or "I will not understand;" how, "many," or "a large number," is indicated by clutching at the air several times, like a player on the castanets; how, serpentine lines on the ground, mean a river; how, the hollowed hand with the motion of drawing water, means water; and how, a hand moved up and down in the air means a mountain;—these and other most curious and intelligible signs must be searched for in the book itself. So intelligible, indeed, is this language, and so uniform among the Indians, that any two men of different tribes, not understanding a syllable of each other's spoken dialect, can communicate fluently by means of their ten fingers; can tell long stories, make jokes, ask advice or aid—in short, can do all that lips, teeth, and throat can do. This sign language of the red men is the only attempt at an universal language that has yet been successful, and, indeed, seems to be the basis of hieroglyphic or picture writing, which has always come before the phonetic, or written alphabet. What if these half-naked Indians use, in the shadows of their

western forests, the same primitive signs and symbols as those which the great Pharaohs translated into stone, and stamped for ever on their eternal history-books by the waters of the Nile!

### OUR EYE-WITNESS IN LOW SPIRITS.

ARE there so few sources of melancholy in the world, so few things to make one wretched, that we must needs seek out gratuitous misfortunes, and plunge, of malice prepense, into desperation of our own making? Is external London so hilarious that we must escape from it and take refuge in stalactite caves, and in mouldy cities by moonlight? Can we not extract damp enough from a wet day in the month of January, that we must go and be sprinkled with the spray of a New River Company waterfall dimly lighted by inadequate gas? Do we know no bores, that we must go and pay a shilling (sixpence extra for reserved seats) to be bored by bad imitators of bad imitators of our popular entertainers? Does no vulgarity of those with whom we are occasionally brought in contact ever set our nerves on edge, that we must have them tortured by professional and studied smartness that reaches the very inmost marrow of our spinal chord? Is the natural gaiety of the metropolitan heart so boisterous that asylums of sadness, where that hilarity may be tamed down, are absolutely required for the safety of the national character? It must be so, else why the Tristis-seum.

Size, dirt, premature age, and an absence of fixtures, are among the first things which strike the visitor to this institution. Of all these phenomena, perhaps the most striking is the premature look of age about everything in the interior of the building. It is a wonderful and puzzling inquiry how it has had time to get so old, considering the comparative recency of its erection. To take, for instance, the theatre. If one of the apartments in the palace of Versailles had been left untouched, unrepared, unswept, since the period of the construction of that superb edifice, it is just possible that it might, by this time, present an appearance in some slight degree approximating to the astounding antiquity of aspect which distinguishes the Theatre Royal, Tristisseum. What is the reason of this? Do dull entertainments and bad jokes turn into noxious vapours, and wreath themselves around the huge columns which are humanely placed about this apartment, so as to impede the view of the stage as much as possible? Is it the vapour of many comic songs that lingers in noisome blackness on the ceiling? It may be so. It may be, also, that the music to which this theatre is accustomed may have aged it prematurely; who shall say how its brow—to speak figuratively—may have been darkened by the piano alone, which keeps the orchestra together—an instrument which has been purchased, regardless of expense, by the authorities at the Tristisseum, and which is distinguished by being so supernaturally out of tune,

that it is a subject of rejoicing to all persons with nerves that the whole of the other notes are destitute of all sound, except that which would be produced by striking a piece of firewood with a knife-handle.

The portentous and bewildering misery of the Tristissemum, which, like everything else connected with the place, is colossal, has been remarked upon by many persons; but few, if any, know to what train of circumstances this melancholy is to be attributed. The Eye-witness can enlighten the public in this matter. He has discovered that there exists in this capital a society called "THE MISANTHROPIC SOCIETY," to whose agency are attributable many remarkable features of this metropolis, to which allusion may on future occasions be made, but which are brought more especially in connexion with the present report, for reasons which shall be presently explained.

The members of the London Misanthropic Society are men of considerable wealth, who yet hire themselves out in certain capacities which the means at their disposal render it wholly unnecessary that they should engage themselves in. They are ever ready to accept situations as lecturers on the polarisation of light, or the formation of strata, at our scientific institutions. They will undertake to keep order during the longest speeches delivered at Exeter Hall; and they clamour for employment as bell-ringers at all chapels where they may be allowed to perform twice a day for three-quarters of an hour upon a bell of impaired and cracked constitution.

The habits of the Misanthropic Society are as remarkable as their principles. They meet every wet Sunday in a large building belonging to them, situated in the New-road. This assembly-room is bounded on the right by an Hospital for Spinal Curvatures; on the left by a Widows' Cap Dépôt; over the way is a Penitentiary; and a reservoir, and a Particular Baptists' Chapel, are within easy view of the windows. Every member of the company lives in Pentonville, and they all drive, on the wet Sundays before mentioned, to their rendezvous in separate mourning coaches, except the president, who travels—reclining at length, and reading a good newspaper by a dark lantern—in a one-horse hearse.

Your Eye-witness had no sooner heard of the existence of this society, than he at once resolved to join it, feeling that such great revelations and discoveries would result from his taking that step, that it was nothing less than his absolute duty to do so. He has not been disappointed. Having signed his indentures and pledged himself to dress in black, to shave off his beard, retaining, however, a pair of whiskers, and to wear a mohair stock; having declared his determination to abstain henceforth from all wines and fermented liquors; having generally professed his readiness to discourage all schemes tending to enliven the metropolis or its inhabitants, and to foster and encourage to the utmost all such projects as appeared in all reasonable probability

likely to bore, harass, and depress the town and its inhabitants as aforesaid; your E.-W. was duly elected, and having taken lodgings in a back street in Pentonville, and ordered a mourning coach to call there and take him up, found himself at the Society's Rooms on the very next Sunday;—which happened to be one of those days combining in a felicitous manner the fullest measure of moisture, with a sharp and cutting east wind.

The hidden mysteries connected with the initiation of a new member by the Misanthropic Society are extremely awful, but your Eye-witness is bound by so dreadful an oath not to reveal them, that upon that part of the subject he remains tongue-tied. All he dares to divulge is, that the members meet in a large apartment, the blinds of which are drawn down; that they sit upon Windsor chairs round a deal table, each with a glass of cold water before him, and read papers of their own writing. As soon as every member has read his paper, and finished his tumbler of water, the society proceeds to business.

It was at this period and stage of the proceedings that your Eye-witness made the great discovery which he now designs to give to the world. He found to his amazement that it is part of the system of the Misanthropic Society to get hold of such public places of amusement as their immense wealth puts within their grasp, and to support one by the proceeds of another. Let us take a special instance.

Your faithful witness has seen with his own eyes the LEASE OF THE TRISTISSEUM. Of that melancholy building, the Society are the real lessees. It was before him on a giant roll of parchment which he strove in vain wholly to unroll. It would curl up tight as fast as it was unfurled, and your E.-W. could only see a fragment of this deed at a time, strive as hard as he would. He saw, however, enough to explain a great deal. He saw that the document required that the building should be kept in untenable disrepair; that it should be inadequately lighted; that no mops, brooms, or pails of water should be used within its walls; that to repaper, or paint, or scrape any portion of it should forfeit the lease; that the introduction of so much as a single pail of whitewash, or block of hearth-stone, or square of soap, should involve the same penalty; that every tendency in the papers on the walls to peel off, or the plaster to crack and crumble to the earth, and in the ceilings to mildew, should be cultivated in the highest degree; that the principal saloon should be in the centre of the building, and should be so surrounded by other apartments that the external air should never reach it; that portrait busts without labels, should abound, and be placed on pedestals which should wobble when touched; that a general tendency to much bare and echoing corridor should be encouraged. That no first-class exhibition of any kind or sort should take place within the walls; that no singers or players of eminence were to be admitted, nor any gentleman allowed to give an entertainment

who could not produce authentic credentials to prove that he should be able to combine, in equal parts, the qualities of dulness and vulgarity; that any one flash of real wit or humour should involve the expulsion (with ignominy) of the entertainer; and that any great and remarkable feats of dulness and boredom should be rewarded by an increase of salary to the performer.

Unrolling another yard or so of the tightly-curling parchment, your Eye-witness read, also, that there should be special seasons of the year when lures and baits should be held out by the ogres then in possession of the institution, for the inveigling and drawing into the same of youths and even infants of tender years; that for this purpose Christmas-trees should be provided, and should be hung with appalling masks, gaunt and long-legged dolls, animals of uncouth and previously unknown formation, and the like engines of terror and despair; that these should be distributed by lot among the aforesaid children of tender years. It is, moreover, specified that an especial invitation to attend at these juvenile entertainments be despatched to the married clergyman who advertises for "unruly children:" there being no instance on record of any young person who has gone out from any one of these festivities in other than a humbled, crushed, and spirit-broken condition.

It is furthermore shown in this agreement that there shall be a general absence of fixtures, and a cultivation of a certain bareness of aspect throughout all the rooms, apartments, saloons, and lobbies, of this edifice; that there shall at all times be one or more vague and terrible bird's-eye views of our leading European capitals on sight—artfully arranged so as to cause all such persons as had nourished in their minds intentions of visiting the said capitals to determine rather to remain in their native country, in untravelled obscurity; and that when these have been long enough before the public eye they shall be withdrawn, and such a representation of our own capital be substituted in their stead as shall prove to the wretched metropolitan that he is actually living in a more ghastly town than any of those which had previously awakened his alarm.

Nor shall any cheering or encouraging aspect of any place or places be permitted, and whereas there exist in many minds, impressions in connexion with certain things and places which are favourable to the same and calculated to invest them with certain charms and attractions, there shall be on view in different parts of the building called the Tristiseum, models or representations of such places and things; which shall daunt and scare the beholder, and destroy in a moment his previous conception of them. And this shall be especially the case with regard to a model which shall be erected of a Swiss cottage—a species of edifice viewed too favourably hitherto by the human race—and also with a certain view of a ruin called Netley Abbey, which has been likewise a favourite with the English public, but which must be so no longer.

The said Swiss cottage especially, shall be so constructed as to present a bleak, ghastly, and forbidding appearance, and shall be generally very terrible and discouraging to behold, and if the architect or builder shall be able so to devise the said cottage as that children of tender years shall scream on being taken into it, and that men of a sensitive and melancholic fibre shall sit down in dark corners of the same, and inquire wherefore they were born—if the said builder shall attain these objects, he shall receive a pecuniary reward, and shall also be permitted to occupy—rent free—a turn-up bedstead opposite the waterfall, in the said Swiss cottage itself.

And because the pictures or panoramas already spoken of as representing the leading capitals of Europe shall be (however invested with horror) insufficient to terrify and dismay some of the bolder and more sanguine persons who may occasionally visit the Tristiseum, there shall be provided, in the centre of the building, a certain small and circular chamber which shall ascend at certain hours to a gallery of a dark and terrible nature, commanding a view of the said pictures or panoramas. And the said ascending chamber shall be provided with a seat extending round its whole circumference on which the before-mentioned bold and sanguine persons shall be seated in a ring, and facing each other, and there shall be six small and flickering oil-lamps in the ascending chamber which shall emit a great smell and but little light, though enough to enable those who are about to ascend, to distinguish each others' features and to look in each others' faces for comfort, but to find none. Moreover, the said ascending chamber shall, at its first rising, heave, and sway, and quake, in such wise that those timid women and infants of tender years, whose presence is especially solicited, shall cry aloud with terror, and shall clamour to be liberated, but in vain. And it shall happen that this heaving, quaking, swaying, and rolling of the ascending chamber shall continue throughout its ascent, and shall be of such a nature that it shall cause many nipping and yearning throes and convulsions in the stomachs of those ascending, and shall be productive of sensations similar to those experienced by persons unaccustomed to the sea, who find themselves on shipboard, in rough and turbulent waters.

And since it hath been observed that the presence of sculpture in large quantities and in plaster, is productive of an effect which is the reverse of exhilarating, there shall be in the Saloon a redundancy of casts from such sculpture—antique and modern—as hath been remarked to exercise the most chilling influence on those beholding and examining the same. And a certain dampness and miasmatic clamminess having been, as before shown, ordained to be cultivated in all parts of the institution, it shall also be discreetly introduced into the sculpture arrangements even of the above-named Collection. And this shall be especially noticeable in the catalogue, which shall in the very first six items of its numerical list con-



tain no fewer than four allusions of a watery nature, as thus:—No. 1. Going to the Bath.—No. 2. William IV.—No. 3. Coming from the Bath.—No. 4. Bust: General Sir R. Ferguson. 5. Boy and Frog: design for Fountain; and No. 6. DELUGE. This is to be a specimen of the general arrangement to be observed, and it is further suggested that there should be many figures introduced, dressed with scarfs: a form of garment more suggestive of cold than any other that hath been devised, and infinitely more so than none. And because no person hath ever derived any comfort from a contemplation of plaster Cupids, let such images abound and meet the visitor's eye in all such parts of the Saloon as shall be capable of accommodating them.

One more clause of this remarkable lease. The exact wording of the document shall be given in this case, as the subject is very important: "And WHEREAS it hath come to the knowledge of the noble society and guild called the London Misanthropic Society, that in spite of the provision of dullness and gloom set forth in the preceding paragraphs of this agreement, and which provision is on a scale which might be expected to satisfy the most exacting of audiences, that yet the moneys taken at the door of the building called the Tristisium are insufficient for the maintenance of the said building, and wholly inadequate to the keeping up of the succession of entertainments hereinbefore specified; and WHEREAS it is the firm determination of the London Misanthropic Society that the said building and the entertainments shall be maintained and kept up, whether duly supported and sustained by the public or not: IT HATH THEREFORE BEEN RESOLVED AND DETERMINED by the aforesaid society or guild that a certain portion or portions of the moneys, profits, gains, and emoluments derived from another of their possessions or properties to be hereinafter designated, shall be appropriated to the keeping up of the buildings, dwelling apartments, theatres, saloons, lobbies, out-houses, dripping caverns, waterfalls, lonely pools, and all other parts and appurtenances of or belonging to the said Tristisium, and also to the payment of the lecturers, givers of entertainments, singers of songs, welders of glass, and all other persons promoting the misery of the frequenters of the said Tristisium, in due and fit proportion to the services rendered by all such persons to the honourable society to whom the said Tristisium of right belongs:—and WHEREAS it hath been decided that the funds to be appropriated to the above purposes shall be drawn from the said society's richest and most profitable source of emolument and gain, which is above and beyond all others the entertainment called the Tussaud Collection in Baker-street,—IT HATH THEREFORE BEEN DECREED that such dividends or sums as may be

required for the maintenance of the exhibitions and performances above described shall be withdrawn from the profits of the said Tussaud Collection, and escheated to the said Colosseum, and to the provision necessary for the maintenance of the same."

Shall these things go on, and shall the Misanthropic Society have it all its own way? Surely not. Let us consider the remedy.

There appeared a week or two since in the columns of this journal, a communication from the father of a large family of boys, in which it was suggested that certain establishments should be opened for the use of schoolboys during the holidays, where the means for every kind of bodily exercise and amusement should be provided, and where they might spend the day innocuously to others and profitably to themselves. By all means let this suggestion be carried out, and by all means let the Tristisium be one of the first district Branch Boy Depôts, organised under this new system. How much employment might be furnished to these youngsters were the place taken for them as it now stands, and handed over to them just as it is! Let the boys be loosened upon this place. Let youths who are bringing up to the engineering profession, see what they can do in the way of blasting the rocks of the Alpine Department. Let dumpy levels and theodolites be brought to bear. Let them sap, and mine, and counter-mine, and revel in fosse and counterscarp to their hearts' content. Let them assail the waterfall. Let them turn it off, mop it up, stanch it, in any way that their ingenuity may suggest. Let them besiege the foreign city by moonlight, and reduce that city (it is nearly invisible already) to dust. Then, for mere amusement, what a fund of diversion lurks for them in every nob, spike, recess, and projection of the Stalactite Caverns! Then the Statues—what opportunities of mutilation are here! how many plaster noses invite the hammer! There is a colossal statue of the late Sir Robert Peel, which is so tall, that the smiling Premier only just fits in under the ceiling of the corridor in which he stands. There is a deal of breaking, in a statue like that. Once let the boys be loosened on this grim and terrible place, and we might do well yet. Let them drive the Misanthropic Society from this their chief stronghold, and then we will proceed to a consideration of other inroads upon their property, and other subtle and ingenious methods of loosening the hold which this deadly guild has established upon our injured and unresisting metropolis.

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The Fourth Journey of  
**THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER,**  
 A SERIES OF OCCASIONAL JOURNEYS,  
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# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

JULY 3. Just as my hand was on the door of my room, I heard Sir Percival's voice calling to me from below.

"I must beg you to come down stairs again," he said. "It is Fosco's fault, Miss Halcombe, not mine. He has started some nonsensical objection to his wife being one of the witnesses, and has obliged me to ask you to join us in the library."

I entered the room immediately with Sir Percival. Laura was waiting by the writing-table, twisting and turning her garden hat uneasily in her hands. Madame Fosco sat near her, in an arm-chair, imperturbably admiring her husband, who stood by himself at the other end of the library, picking off the dead leaves from the flowers in the window.

The moment I appeared, the Count advanced to meet me, and to offer his explanations.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Halcombe," he said. "You know the character which is given to my countrymen by the English? We Italians are all wily and suspicious by nature, in the estimation of the good John Bull. Set me down, if you please, as being no better than the rest of my race. I am a wily Italian and a suspicious Italian. You have thought so yourself, dear lady, have you not? Well! it is part of my wiliness and part of my suspicion to object to Madame Fosco being a witness to Lady Glyde's signature, when I am also a witness myself."

"There is not the shadow of a reason for his objection," interposed Sir Percival. "I have explained to him that the law of England allows Madame Fosco to witness a signature as well as her husband."

"I admit it," resumed the Count. "The law of England says, Yes—but the conscience of Fosco says, No." He spread out his fat fingers on the bosom of his blouse, and bowed solemnly, as if he wished to introduce his conscience to us all, in the character of an illustrious addition to the society. "What this document which Lady Glyde is about to sign, may be," he continued, "I neither know nor desire to know. I only say this: circumstances may happen in the future which may oblige Percival, or his representatives, to appeal to the two witnesses; in which case it is certainly desirable that those

witnesses should represent two opinions which are perfectly independent the one of the other. This cannot be if my wife signs as well as myself, because we have but one opinion between us, and that opinion is mine. I will not have it cast in my teeth, at some future day, that Madame Fosco acted under my coercion, and was, in plain fact, no witness at all. I speak in Percival's interests when I propose that my name shall appear (as the nearest friend of the husband), and your name, Miss Halcombe (as the nearest friend of the wife). I am a Jesuit, if you please to think so—a splitter of straws—a man of trifles and crotchets and scruples—but you will humour me, I hope, in merciful consideration for my suspicious Italian character, and my uneasy Italian conscience." He bowed again, stepped back a few paces, and withdrew his conscience from our society as politely as he had introduced it.

The Count's scruples might have been honourable and reasonable enough, but there was something in his manner of expressing them which increased my unwillingness to be concerned in the business of the signature. No consideration of less importance than my consideration for Laura, would have induced me to consent to be a witness at all. One look, however, at her anxious face, decided me to risk anything rather than desert her.

"I will readily remain in the room," I said. "And if I find no reason for starting any small scruples, on my side, you may rely on me as a witness."

Sir Percival looked at me sharply, as if he was about to say something. But, at the same moment, Madame Fosco attracted his attention by rising from her chair. She had caught her husband's eye, and had evidently received her orders to leave the room.

"You needn't go," said Sir Percival.

Madame Fosco looked for her orders again, got them again, said she would prefer leaving us to our business, and resolutely walked out. The Count lit a cigarette, went back to the flowers in the window, and puffed little jets of smoke at the leaves, in a state of the deepest anxiety about killing the insects.

Meanwhile, Sir Percival unlocked a cupboard beneath one of the bookcases, and produced from it a piece of parchment folded, longwise, many times over. He placed it on the table, opened the last fold only, and kept his hand on

the rest. The last fold displayed a strip of blank parchment with little wafers stuck on it at certain places. Every line of the writing was hidden in the part which he still held folded up under his hand. Laura and I looked at each other. Her face was pale—but it showed no indecision and no fear.

Sir Percival dipped a pen in ink, and handed it to his wife.

"Sign your name, there," he said, pointing to the place. "You and Fosco are to sign afterwards, Miss Halcombe, opposite those two wafers. Come here, Fosco! witnessing a signature is not to be done by mooning out of window and smoking into the flowers."

The Count threw away his cigarette, and joined us at the table, with his hands carelessly thrust into the scarlet belt of his blouse, and his eyes steadily fixed on Sir Percival's face. Laura, who was on the other side of her husband, with the pen in her hand, looked at him, too. He stood between them, holding the folded parchment down firmly on the table, and glancing across at me, as I sat opposite to him, with such a sinister mixture of suspicion and embarrassment in his face, that he looked more like a prisoner at the bar than a gentleman in his own house.

"Sign there," he repeated, turning suddenly on Laura, and pointing once more to the place on the parchment.

"What is it I am to sign?" she asked, quietly.

"I have no time to explain," he answered. "The dog-cart is at the door; and I must go directly. Besides, if I had time, you wouldn't understand. It is a purely formal document—full of legal technicalities, and all that sort of thing. Come! come! sign your name, and let us have done as soon as possible."

"I ought surely to know what I am signing, Sir Percival, before I write my name?"

"Nonsense! What have women to do with business? I tell you again, you can't understand it."

"At any rate, let me try to understand it. Whenever Mr. Gilmore had any business for me to do, he always explained it, first; and I always understood him."

"I dare say he did. He was your servant, and was obliged to explain. I am your husband, and am *not* obliged. How much longer do you mean to keep me here? I tell you again, there is no time for reading anything: the dog-cart is waiting at the door. Once for all, will you sign, or will you not?"

She still had the pen in her hand; but she made no approach to signing her name with it.

"If my signature pledges me to anything," she said, "surely, I have some claim to know what that pledge is?"

He lifted up the parchment, and struck it angrily on the table.

"Speak out!" he said. "You were always famous for telling the truth. Never mind Miss Halcombe; never mind Fosco—say, in plain terms, you distrust me."

The Count took one of his hands out of his belt, and laid it on Sir Percival's shoulder. Sir Percival shook it off irritably. The Count put it on again with unruffled composure.

"Control your unfortunate temper, Percival," he said. "Lady Glyde is right."

"Right!" cried Sir Percival. "A wife right in distrusting her husband!"

"It is unjust and cruel to accuse me of distrusting you," said Laura. "Ask Marian if I am not justified in wanting to know what this writing requires of me, before I sign it?"

"I won't have any appeals made to Miss Halcombe," retorted Sir Percival. "Miss Halcombe has nothing to do with the matter."

I had not spoken hitherto, and I would much rather not have spoken now. But the expression of distress in Laura's face when she turned it towards me, and the insolent injustice of her husband's conduct, left me no other alternative than to give my opinion, for her sake, as soon as I was asked for it.

"Excuse me, Sir Percival," I said—"but, as one of the witnesses to the signature, I venture to think that I *have* something to do with the matter. Laura's objection seems to me to be a perfectly fair one; and, speaking for myself only, I cannot assume the responsibility of witnessing her signature, unless she first understands what the writing is which you wish her to sign."

"A cool declaration, upon my soul!" cried Sir Percival. "The next time you invite yourself to a man's house, Miss Halcombe, I recommend you not to repay his hospitality by taking his wife's side against him in a matter that doesn't concern you."

I started to my feet as suddenly as if he had struck me. If I had been a man, I would have knocked him down on the threshold of his own door, and have left his house, never, on any earthly consideration, to enter it again. But I was only a woman—and I loved his wife so dearly!

Thank God, that faithful love helped me, and I sat down again, without saying a word. *She* knew what I had suffered and what I had suppressed. She ran round to me, with the tears streaming from her eyes. "Oh, Marian!" she whispered softly. "If my mother had been alive, she could have done no more for me!"

"Come back and sign!" cried Sir Percival, from the other side of the table.

"Shall I?" she asked in my ear; "I will, if you tell me."

"No," I answered. "The right and the truth are with you—sign nothing, unless you have read it first."

"Come back and sign!" he reiterated, in his loudest and angriest tones.

The Count, who had watched Laura and me with a close and silent attention, interposed for the second time.

"Percival!" he said. "I remember that I am in the presence of ladies. Be good enough, if you please, to remember it, too."

Sir Percival turned on him, speechless with

passion. The Count's firm hand slowly tightened its grasp on his shoulder, and the Count's steady voice quietly repeated, "Be good enough, if you please, to remember it, too."

They both looked at each other. Sir Percival slowly drew his shoulder from under the Count's hand; slowly turned his face away from the Count's eyes; doggedly looked down for a little while at the parchment on the table; and then spoke, with the sullen submission of a tamed animal, rather than the becoming resignation of a convinced man.

"I don't want to offend anybody," he said. "But my wife's obstinacy is enough to try the patience of a saint. I have told her this is merely a formal document—and what more can she want? You may say what you please; but it is no part of a woman's duty to set her husband at defiance. Once more, Lady Glyde, and for the last time, will you sign or will you not?"

Laura returned to his side of the table, and took up the pen again.

"I will sign with pleasure," she said, "if you will only treat me as a responsible being. I care little what sacrifice is required of me, if it will affect no one else, and lead to no ill results——"

"Who talked of a sacrifice being required of you?" he broke in, with a half-suppressed return of his former violence.

"I only meant," she resumed, "that I would refuse no concession which I could honourably make. If I have a scruple about signing my name to an engagement of which I know nothing, why should you visit it on me so severely? It is rather hard, I think, to treat Count Fosco's scruples so much more indulgently than you have treated mine."

This unfortunate, yet most natural, reference to the Count's extraordinary power over her husband, indirect as it was, set Sir Percival's smouldering temper on fire again in an instant.

"Scruples!" he repeated. "*Your* scruples! It is rather late in the day for you to be scrupulous. I should have thought you had got over all weakness of that sort, when you made a virtue of necessity by marrying *me*."

The instant he spoke those words, Laura threw down the pen—looked at him with an expression in her eyes, which, throughout all my experience of her, I had never seen in them before—and turned her back on him in dead silence.

This strong expression of the most open and the most bitter contempt, was so entirely unlike herself, so utterly out of her character, that it silenced us all. There was something hidden, beyond a doubt, under the mere surface-brutality of the words which her husband had just addressed to her. There was some lurking insult beneath them, of which I was wholly ignorant, but which had left the mark of its profanation so plainly on her face that even a stranger might have seen it.

The Count, who was no stranger, saw it as distinctly as I did. When I left my chair to join Laura, I heard him whisper under his breath to Sir Percival: "You idiot!"

Laura walked before me to the door as I advanced; and, at the same time, her husband spoke to her once more.

"You positively refuse, then, to give me your signature?" he said, in the altered tone of a man who was conscious that he had let his own licence of language seriously injure him.

"After what you have said to me," she replied, firmly, "I refuse my signature until I have read every line in that parchment from the first word to the last. Come away, Marian, we have remained here long enough."

"One moment!" interposed the Count, before Sir Percival could speak again—"one moment, Lady Glyde, I implore you!"

Laura would have left the room without noticing him; but I stopped her.

"Don't make an enemy of the Count!" I whispered. "Whatever you do, don't make an enemy of the Count!"

She yielded to me. I closed the door again; and we stood near it, waiting. Sir Percival sat down at the table, with his elbow on the folded parchment, and his head resting on his clenched fist. The Count stood between us—master of the dreadful position in which we were placed, as he was master of everything else.

"Lady Glyde," he said, with a gentleness which seemed to address itself to our forlorn situation instead of to ourselves, "pray pardon me, if I venture to offer one suggestion; and pray believe that I speak out of my profound respect and my friendly regard for the mistress of this house." He turned sharply towards Sir Percival. "Is it absolutely necessary," he asked, "that this thing here, under your elbow, should be signed to-day?"

"It is necessary to my plans and wishes," replied the other, sulkily. "But that consideration, as you may have noticed, has no influence with Lady Glyde."

"Answer my plain question, plainly. Can the business of the signature be put off till to-morrow—Yes, or No?"

"Yes—if you will have it so."

"Then, what are you wasting your time for, here? Let the signature wait till to-morrow—let it wait till you come back."

Sir Percival looked up with a frown and an oath.

"You are taking a tone with me that I don't like," he said. "A tone I won't bear from any man."

"I am advising you for your good," returned the Count, with a smile of quiet contempt. "Give yourself time; give Lady Glyde time. Have you forgotten that your dog-cart is waiting at the door? My tone surprises you—ha? I dare say it does—it is the tone of a man who can keep his temper. How many doses of good advice have I given you in my time? More than you can count. Have I ever been wrong? I defy you to quote me an instance of it. Go! take your drive. The matter of the signature can wait till to-morrow. Let it wait—and renew it when you come back."

Sir Percival hesitated, and looked at his watch.

His anxiety about the secret journey which he was to take that day, revived by the Count's words, was now evidently disputing possession of his mind with his anxiety to obtain Laura's signature. He considered for a little while; and then got up from his chair.

"It is easy to argue me down," he said, "when I have no time to answer you. I will take your advice, Fosco—not because I want it, or believe in it, but because I can't stop here any longer." He paused, and looked round darkly at his wife. "If you don't give me your signature when I come back to-morrow—" The rest was lost in the noise of his opening the book-case cupboard again, and locking up the parchment once more. He took his hat and gloves off the table, and made for the door. Laura and I drew back to let him pass. "Remember to-morrow!" he said to his wife; and went out.

We waited to give him time to cross the hall, and drive away. The Count approached us while we were standing near the door.

"You have just seen Percival at his worst, Miss Halcombe," he said. "As his old friend, I am sorry for him and ashamed of him. As his old friend, I promise you that he shall not break out to-morrow in the same disgraceful manner in which he has broken out to-day."

Laura had taken my arm while he was speaking, and she pressed it significantly when he had done. It would have been a hard trial to any woman to stand by and see the office of apologist for her husband's misconduct quietly assumed by his male friend in her own house—and it was a hard trial to *her*. I thanked the Count civilly, and led her out. Yes! I thanked him: for I felt already, with a sense of inexpressible helplessness and humiliation, that it was either his interest or his caprice to make sure of my continuing to reside at Blackwater Park; and I knew, after Sir Percival's conduct to me, that without the support of the Count's influence, I could not hope to remain there. His influence, the influence of all others that I dreaded most, was actually the one tie which now held me to Laura in the hour of her utmost need!

We heard the wheels of the dog-cart crashing on the gravel of the drive, as we came out into the hall. Sir Percival had started on his journey.

"Where is he going to, Marian?" Laura whispered. "Every fresh thing he does, seems to terrify me about the future. Have you any suspicions?"

After what she had undergone that morning, I was unwilling to tell her my suspicions.

"How should I know his secrets," I said, evasively.

"I wonder if the housekeeper knows?" she persisted.

"Certainly not," I replied. "She must be quite as ignorant as we are."

Laura shook her head doubtfully.

"Did you not hear from the housekeeper that there was a report of Anne Catherick having been seen in this neighbourhood? Don't you think he may have gone away to look for her?"

"I would rather compose myself, Laura, by not thinking about it, at all; and, after what has happened, you had better follow my example. Come into my room, and rest and quiet yourself a little."

We sat down together close to the window, and let the fragrant summer air breathe over our faces.

"I am ashamed to look at you, Marian," she said, "after what you submitted to down stairs, for my sake. Oh, my own love, I am almost heart-broken, when I think of it! But I will try to make it up to you—I will indeed!"

"Hush! hush!" I replied; "don't talk so. What is the trifling mortification of my pride compared to the dreadful sacrifice of your happiness?"

"You heard what he said to me?" she went on, quickly and vehemently. "You heard the words—but you don't know what they meant—you don't know why I threw down the pen and turned my back on him." She rose in sudden agitation, and walked about the room. "I have kept many things from your knowledge, Marian, for fear of distressing you, and making you unhappy at the outset of our new lives. You don't know how he has used me. And yet, you ought to know, for you saw how he used me to-day. You heard him sneer at my presuming to be scrupulous; you heard him say I had made a virtue of necessity in marrying him." She sat down again; her face flushed deeply, and her hands twisted and twined together in her lap. "I can't tell you about it, now," she said; "I shall burst out crying if I tell you now—later, Marian, when I am more sure of myself. My poor head aches, darling—aches, aches, aches. Where is your smelling-bottle? Let me talk to you about yourself. I wish I had given him my signature, for your sake. Shall I give it to him, to-morrow? I would rather compromise myself than compromise you. After your taking my part against him, he will lay all the blame on you, if I refuse again. What shall we do? Oh, for a friend to help us and advise us!—a friend we could really trust!"

She sighed bitterly. I saw in her face that she was thinking of Hartright—saw it the more plainly because her last words had set me thinking of him, too. In six months only from her marriage, we wanted the faithful service he had offered to us in his farewell words. How little I once thought that we should ever want it at all!

"We must do what we can to help ourselves," I said. "Let us try to talk it over calmly, Laura—let us do all in our power to decide for the best."

Putting what she knew of her husband's embarrassments, and what I had heard of his conversation with the lawyer, together, we arrived necessarily at the conclusion that the parchment in the library had been drawn up for the purpose of borrowing money, and that Laura's signature was absolutely necessary to fit it for the attainment of Sir Percival's object.

The second question, concerning the nature

of the legal contract by which the money was to be obtained, and the degree of personal responsibility to which Laura might subject herself if she signed it in the dark, involved considerations which lay far beyond any knowledge and experience that either of us possessed. My own convictions led me to believe that the hidden contents of the parchment concealed a transaction of the meanest and the most fraudulent kind.

I had not formed this conclusion in consequence of Sir Percival's refusal to show the writing, or to explain it; for that refusal might well have proceeded from his obstinate disposition and his domineering temper alone. My sole motive for distrusting his honesty, sprang from the change which I had observed in his language and his manners at Blackwater Park, a change which convinced me that he had been acting a part throughout the whole period of his probation at Limmeridge House. His elaborate delicacy; his ceremonious politeness, which harmonised so agreeably with Mr. Gilmore's old-fashioned notions; his modesty with Laura, his candour with me, his moderation with Mr. Fairlie—all these were the artifices of a mean, cunning, and brutal man, who had dropped his disguise when his practised duplicity had gained its end, and had openly shown himself in the library, on that very day. I say nothing of the grief which this discovery caused me on Laura's account, for it is not to be expressed by any words of mine. I only refer to it at all, because it decided me to oppose her signing the parchment, whatever the consequences might be, unless she was first made acquainted with the contents.

Under these circumstances, the one chance for us, when to-morrow came, was to be provided with an objection to giving the signature, which might rest on sufficiently firm commercial or legal grounds to shake Sir Percival's resolution, and to make him suspect that we two women understood the laws and obligations of business as well as himself.

After some pondering, I determined to write to the only honest man within reach whom we could trust to help us discreetly, in our forlorn situation. That man was Mr. Gilmore's partner—who conducted the business, now that our old friend had been obliged to withdraw from it, and to leave London on account of his health. I explained to Laura that I had Mr. Gilmore's own authority for placing implicit confidence in his partner's integrity, discretion, and accurate knowledge of all her affairs; and, with her full approval, I sat down at once to write the letter.

I began by stating our position to him exactly as it was; and then asked for his advice in return, expressed in plain, downright terms which we could comprehend without any danger of misinterpretations and mistakes. My letter was as short as I could possibly make it, and was, I hope, unencumbered by needless apologies and needless details.

Just as I was about to put the address on the envelope, an obstacle was discovered by Laura,

which, in the effort and preoccupation of writing, had escaped my mind altogether.

"How are we to get the answer in time?" she asked. "Your letter will not be delivered in London before to-morrow morning; and the post will not bring the reply here till the morning after."

The only way of overcoming this difficulty was to have the answer brought to us from the lawyer's office by a special messenger. I wrote a postscript to that effect, begging that the messenger might be despatched with the reply by the eleven o'clock morning train, which would bring him to our station at twenty minutes past one, and so enable him to reach Blackwater Park by two o'clock at the latest. He was to be directed to ask for me, to answer no questions addressed to him by any one else, and to deliver his letter into no hands but mine.

"In case Sir Percival should come back to-morrow before two o'clock," I said to Laura, "the wisest plan for you to adopt is to be out in the grounds, all the morning, with your book or your work, and not to appear at the house till the messenger has had time to arrive with the letter. I will wait here for him, all the morning, to guard against any misadventures or mistakes. By following this arrangement I hope and believe we shall avoid being taken by surprise. Let us go down to the drawing-room now. We may excite suspicion if we remain shut up together too long."

"Suspicion?" she repeated. "Whose suspicion can we excite, now that Sir Percival has left the house? Do you mean Count Fosco?"

"Perhaps I do, Laura."

"You are beginning to dislike him as much as I do, Marian."

"No; not to dislike him. Dislike is always, more or less, associated with contempt—I can see nothing in the Count to despise."

"You are not afraid of him, are you?"

"Perhaps I am—a little."

"Afraid of him, after his interference in our favour to-day!"

"Yes. I am more afraid of his interference, than I am of Sir Percival's violence. Remember what I said to you in the library. Whatever you do, Laura, don't make an enemy of the Count!"

We went down stairs. Laura entered the drawing-room; while I proceeded across the hall, with my letter in my hand, to put it into the post-bag, which hung against the wall opposite to me.

The house door was open; and, as I crossed past it, I saw Count Fosco and his wife standing talking together on the steps outside, with their faces turned towards me.

The Countess came into the hall, rather hastily, and asked if I had leisure enough for five minutes' private conversation. Feeling a little surprised by such an appeal from such a person, I put my letter into the bag, and replied that I was quite at her disposal. She took my arm with unaccustomed friendliness and familiarity; and instead of leading me into an empty



room, drew me out with her to the belt of turf which surrounded the large fish-pond.

As we passed the Count on the steps, he bowed and smiled, and then went at once into the house; pushing the hall-door to after him, but not actually closing it.

The Countess walked me gently round the fish-pond. I expected to be made the depository of some extraordinary confidence; and I was astonished to find that Madame Fosco's communication for my private car was nothing more than a polite assurance of her sympathy for me, after what had happened in the library. Her husband had told her of all that had passed, and of the insolent manner in which Sir Percival had spoken to me. This information had so shocked and distressed her, on my account and on Laura's, that she had made up her mind, if anything of the sort happened again, to mark her sense of Sir Percival's outrageous conduct by leaving the house. The Count had approved of her idea, and she now hoped that I approved of it, too.

I thought this a very strange proceeding on the part of such a remarkably reserved woman as Madame Fosco—especially after the interchange of sharp speeches which had passed between us during the conversation in the boat-house, on that very morning. However, it was my plain duty to meet a polite and friendly advance, on the part of one of my elders, with a polite and friendly reply. I answered the Countess, accordingly, in her own tone; and then, thinking we had said all that was necessary on either side, made an attempt to get back to the house.

But Madame Fosco seemed resolved not to part with me, and, to my unspeakable amazement, resolved also to talk. Hitherto, the most silent of women, she now persecuted me with fluent conventionalities on the subject of married life, on the subject of Sir Percival and Laura, on the subject of her own happiness, on the subject of the late Mr. Fairlie's conduct to her in the matter of her legacy, and on half a dozen other subjects besides, until she had detained me, walking round and round the fish-pond for more than half an hour, and had quite wearied me out. Whether she discovered this, or not, I cannot say, but she stopped as abruptly as she had begun—looked towards the house door—resumed her icy manner in a moment—and dropped my arm of her own accord, before I could think of an excuse for accomplishing my own release from her.

As I pushed open the door, and entered the hall, I found myself suddenly face to face with the Count again. He was just putting a letter into the post-bag.

After he had dropped it in, and had closed the bag, he asked me where I had left Madame Fosco. I told him; and he went out at the hall door, immediately, to join his wife. His manner, when he spoke to me, was so unusually quiet and subdued that I turned and looked after him, wondering if he were ill or out of spirits.

Why my next proceeding was to go straight

up to the post-bag, and take out my own letter, and look at it again, with a vague distrust on me; and why the looking at it for the second time instantly suggested the idea to my mind of sealing the envelope for its greater security—are mysteries which are either too deep or too shallow for me to fathom. Women, as everybody knows, constantly act on impulses which they cannot explain even to themselves; and I can only suppose that one of those impulses was the hidden cause of my unaccountable conduct on this occasion.

Whatever influence animated me, I found cause to congratulate myself on having obeyed it as soon as I prepared to seal the letter in my own room. I had originally closed the envelope, in the usual way, by moistening the adhesive point and pressing it on the paper beneath; and, when I now tried it with my finger, after a lapse of full three-quarters of an hour, the envelope opened on the instant, without sticking or tearing. Perhaps I had fastened it insufficiently? Perhaps there might have been some defect in the adhesive gum?

Or, perhaps—No! it is quite revolting enough to feel that third conjecture stirring in my mind. I would rather not see it confronting me, in plain black and white.

I almost dread to-morrow—so much depends on my discretion and self-control. There are two precautions, at all events, which I am sure not to forget. One of them is, to keep up friendly appearances with the Count; and the other to be well on my guard, when the messenger from the office comes here with the answer to my letter.

## TURKISH PRISONS.

ONLY last night I was miles away, in a lonely bay of the Sea of Marmora, listening to the boatmen's self-encouraging shout of "Allah!" and watching the sea boil into white dripping fire, as the strong oars dipped simultaneously in the phosphorescent water. To-day I am safe in Galata, drinking Scotch ale for luncheon, at a downright British store, and discussing Burns's songs with a discontented Glasgow man, Mac Phun, who is a humorist upon compulsion, and famous for his "wut" (among his countrymen). Suddenly an Armenian porter comes for me from the Bank, and, going there, I find Grimani, the dragoman to the Kamtschatka embassy, and Dr. Opinkoff, the Russian doctor, a blunt, kindly, sagacious man, and my special ally in the land of turbans. They are holding a great palaver about the state of the Turkish prisons, and the necessity of some reform. Dr. Opinkoff and Grimani are just setting out for the Bagnio, the prison of the galley slaves, the horrid den of wickedness so rigorously depicted in that oft-read novel of my youth, *Anastasius*, to the truth of which clever book every resident in the East has testified. The doctor is obliged to pay a periodical visit to this hell upon earth, to report upon any Russian subject who

has had the misfortune to fall into its terrible jaws. Grimani, as a dragoman, is obliged to accompany him, to help him to converse with the prisoners. Will I, as a searcher for truth, even in dark places, favour them with my company? I shall see what prisons were at home, two hundred years ago, and understand what Howard has done for England. Of course I will go, in spite of vermin or fever.

Off we went, hiring the *kijik* of "Pull away Joe," a well known old Turk, much patronised during the Crimean war; who, grinning perpetually at us, and continually repeating the different imaginary sums he expected to get, and which, put into piastres, would have gone a good way towards buying a sheep, soon landed us in water, black as the Thames, from the disemboguing sewers of the prison, at the steps nearest to the Bagnio, and close to the Arsenal, where (as in all other arsenals) timber was being dragged about, and adzes were splitting and chipping it. Dr. Opinkoff was telling me at the time how many stabbing cases he had among the Turks and the Greeks, and how specially dangerous and past surgery these knife wounds generally were, being always aimed with dreadful, bloodthirsty, anatomical instinct.

"When they strike they make sure," said the doctor, with a sort of professional approval, a little checked by his moral convictions not quite going all the way with him; "they go straight for the heart, and generally find out where it is." Then, assuming a confidential and chatty whisper, he went on talking of the prison diseases. "We have elephantiasis here, low fevers, and a good deal of insanity. The Turkish practice is wretched; nothing but burning verses of the Koran, and then making the ashes into medicine. I have known a pasha call in six doctors, consult them all separately, and take all their medicine, mixed together in a basin."

Here the prison gates opened, and Grimani went up to get leave of the pasha, who was smoking in some snug kiosk, undisturbed by the curses and quarrels of the galley slaves, or the purgatorial clink of their heavy chains. We waited in a vestibule between the palisaded gates, the turnkeys swinging their keys upon their fingers, while Grimani the stalwart, with the bearing of a Crusader, strode off with his heavy whip under his arm, more as if he was going to bastinado the pasha than to beg a favour of him, and load him with flowery Eastern compliments.

Here, on strolling out to chat under the shade of a large, jagged leafed plane-tree (favourite tree of the Turks) that stood on the shores of the Bosphorus, not far from the prison gate, Dr. Opinkoff prepared me for what I should see, as he could not, he said, tell his companion a prisoner's crimes before his face, or in the transit from one part of the prison to another.

I was not to expect trim iron doors, neat turnkeys, shining clean floors, and quiet, separate cells, as in Europe. This was a prison of the middle ages, such as Shakespeare had sketched in his Measure for Measure. Here the prisoners

of all crimes, and all ages, were thrown together in one festering heap of vice and misery, to be tried when this pasha chose, and if acquitted, to be released when that pasha found time to write out his release.

"I should see," Dr. Opinkoff went on, "pashas of rank herding with men who had committed murders which only Omniscience could count up. Either here or at the Zaptie, a temporary prison only, there was a pasha who was seized last week for forging (keiman) Turkish bank-notes. Did I see that grave gentlemanly man now leaning against the bars?"

I did.

"Well, that is a feverish subject, a patient of mine, once a pasha of high rank, but he robbed a government courier of a large sum of money, which his official position gave him opportunities of knowing was to be sent on a certain day from the capital to some distant pashalik. His accomplice was a sort of steward of his. Perpetually afraid of being betrayed, he could not rest night or day till he had got rid of this instrument of his guilt. At last, having the steward seized, accusing him of some imaginary crime, he had him kept three days in a dry well (like Joseph—so unchangeable are Eastern types), and then sold him as a slave into Circassia. There, he would have pined out a miserable life, had not Fortune chosen the poor slave as a special subject for her bounty, and had not the avenging angel selected the guilty and too confident pasha as a sinner peculiarly ripe for the sword of Justice. By some singular chance, the 'destiny,' as the Turks call it, of the slave, led him and his master down to Trebizond, where, while working on the quay, he was seen and interrogated by an old Constantinople friend, who was astonished at seeing one alive whom he had thought dead. Horrified at his story, the good Turk hurried home to Stamboul to disclose all, and procured the restoration of the innocent sufferer and the punishment of the guilty pasha. You will see my patient next week in rags chained by the leg, or playing at cards with some half-crazed desperado."

So we chatted under a plane-tree, but to us thus chatting, not forsaken by the gods, came swift-footed Grimani, and with winged words, said:

"Come, look alive, you fellows! It's all right with the pashaw. Come!"

So we entered the portal where Hope never enters, but sits weeping day and night, clinging to the outer bars. While I was thinking how "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate" (Leave every hope behind, ye who enter here!) would look in Turkish, and wondering how Dante's being a Turk would have affected his Divine Comedy, the turnkeys ground open the locks with a brutal smile, and we entered the inner court.

"Febrous, febrous!" groaned the doctor, sniffing the thick air of the turnkeys' room as we passed the portal and found ourselves among some two or three hundred wondering wretches, the very leas and dregs of the Sick Man's city.

The turnkeys at first kept them back from us, by penning them up within a space, along the edge of which the warders kept running backwards and forwards, like sheep-dogs along the wall of a sheepfold when the hurdles are taking up. The ruffians—some, but few, unchained—fell back, as if we had lopped at their necks with sabres.

Beyond this heaving, restless, half-aggressive herd I could see, in the distant yard, outside sheds, or seated on logs of arsenal timber, unkempt Abhorsons, wrinkled treachery and murder lurking in their eyes, cheating each other at greasy and almost illegible cards; others (old men), pipe in mouth, trying to snatch pleasure from drones and drowes of short sleep, tormented by the bystanders, or derided by the thievish mocking youth of the prison.

"Where's mad Costanji?" cried Grimani the stalwart, making gestures for the loathsome crowd to stand back to give us room to breathe: just as a shepherd would call to his dog to single out a special foot-rotted sheep: or as Charon might be supposed, from the pale trembling crowds of dead, to pick out one who has waited long for the first seat in his Stygian barge.

The crowd parted, as the mob of a ballet might part, to let the première danseuse swivel down between its files; they made a lane, with grins and nudges and wicked merriment and sham respect, as if a pasha were going to sail through them in his Damascus silks and turban of gold tissue. The mad Costanji limped through—a squalid gaunt Greek, old and lame, with a great iron bracelet round his ankle, fastened to a cumbrous chain with tremendous links, hampered round his bony waist. Madness brooded in his eyes, clotted ragged hair hung about his pale craving hungry face. I saw in this butt of the Bagnio, a fierce fanatic of strong passions, and with a sleeping tiger in his blood. Costanji was a murderer by instinct, habit, and inclination. The fanaticism of a debased and animal Church had persuaded him that, doing these murders, was doing God's work. As he limped forward and showed the sores which the rubbing of the chain had caused, and pointed whiningly (for the tiger was dead asleep now) to the thin greasy rags that hung over his gaunt limbs, Dr. Opinkoff drew me on one side and reassured my mind.

"Take care," he said, "for there is a good deal of fever always among these men. The drainage is open, and they are badly fed—only a piastre a day if they choose to work, which, if they earn it, is not always paid."

Leaving the doctor to bluffly chide and restrain the noisy crowd, and to refuse or grant the petitions of some dozen thieves and murderers, Grimani turned to me, and, speaking low and in English, said:

"This mad Costanji is always here; he was in once, for five years, then again for fifteen, now he is in for nine, and will probably die in chains. He is certainly mad, and, at all events, very dangerous. No one knows how many men he

has killed. He is here now, for stabbing three men on the great Greek feast last Epiphany, down the Bosphorus. They have a custom at that time, I believe, of throwing a cross into the sea, and a fight ensued in the water for the cross; some would pull it out, others would have it in. Upon this, Costanji, as usual, went mad, and killed his three men."

"What about his leg, doctor?"

"The fellow's bone is rotten," said the doctor, bending down and pinching Costanji's knee-cap and shin; the poor scoundrel gave a dreadful scream, and went clinking off into his shed, at which all the galley slaves yelled with delight.

"Where is that rogue who is in for burning houses?" said Grimani, sternly, to the crowd. A dozen hoarse voices, a laugh still groundswelling in them, called out that he was sick somewhere. Half a dozen born parasites, long out of work, ran to search for him in the upper rooms of the shamble stables that the prisoners sleep in.

"Is Walsh here?" inquired the doctor.

"No, thanks be to Allah! In the Zaptie," cried the villain chorus, bursting into a debauched laugh, as if Walsh were some comedian whose very name turned up the corners of the mouth.

"Is that an Englishman?" I asked, sympathisingly.

"Indeed he is," said Opinkoff, "and as troublesome as ten of our Russians. He is the pest of the place, and talks like a parrot."

"Ah! Massa Walsh he *do* talk—talk debblish," said a grinning Nubian in the front row.

"Hold your tongue, Mustapha," growled a turnkey, who then whispered to me, the whites of his eyes still turning to the crowd, "Be on your guard, Chilibi, for these villains sometimes mob you. There are more than three hundred of them, and those chains are heavy enough to brain a man."

"Yes, only last week," said the doctor, "they got up a plot here to break loose and murder all the keepers, as they have done before, and the affair was only found out at the last moment. Katergee, the Smyrniote chief who is chained to a post in that last shed there, was at the bottom of it. These men are quite free inside the walls; they may smoke, talk, play at cards, fight, work, or not, as they like. Don't let that Maltese fellow touch you, or you will go away richer than you came. But here comes the Bulgarian with the low fever."

This time the crowd did not divide; but Grimani, led by a little Albanian (in for stealing a watch), brought us forward, followed by the seething scum of the crowd, to the dark door of one of the stable-like sheds.

We waited, but no one came. There was much talking among the prisoners. At last a pert, effeminate-looking Cephalonian man, in for "nothing"—the usual crime in prisons—was pushed forward as spokesman, and said that Balashan was too ill to come down, he was upstairs in one of the top rooms; would we go up?

Grimani made a step forward.

"Don't you go," said the doctor, slapping his

hand on his shoulder, "you'll come out covered—and the place is a nest of fever. Here, you fellows (in Turkish), let the man be brought down! I say, do you hear? Look alive! Let the man be brought down! Who's going up there?"

Half a dozen cowed murderers ran to do the doctor's errand. The bolder, more selfish and more shameless, stayed to see the fun.

"Here's the Bulgarian, by George!" cried the doctor, shading his eyes with his hand to enable him to penetrate the deep, dark gloom of the stable, and to see the sick man and his supporters advance.

And, by George! as the doctor said, there he was. Oh, that I had the pen of Sterne and the heart of my best friend, to enable me to describe the horrors of that sight! How pale, how wan, how woe-begone, how many fathoms below the last glimpse of hope, was that wretched creature's face, as they led him, like a Lazarus from the cave, towards the blessed light that flows like a visible blessing through God's world! Poor Lazarus! Had the knife of instant death been in our hands, could he have looked more sadly and beseechingly at us? He was wrapped in a thick, dirty capote, and bloody bandages of a dull red were round his brow and jaws. He could not stand unsupported, but leaned groaning in the arms of two stalwart smiling thieves, who seemed rather pleased at the important part they had to play in the day's performances.

By means of an interpreter—also in for "nothing"—the doctor asked his patient his symptoms; the poor fellow was so weak, he could hardly put out his tongue; he feebly groaned out the statement of his case.

"Take him back," said the doctor, professionally (only) hardened; "he won't live; it is only weakness, nothing but weakness. I can't do anything for that man." Then, appealingly to the galley slaves: "How *can* I do anything for that man? He's dying; take him back and leave him alone—quiet!"

Grimani, who shouldered back the mob, and looked rather grand and dragomanish—which is worse even than domish—shouldered his heavy hippopotamus whip.

"Now, let us take you to see the great Smyrniote robber, Yeni Katergee," said Grimani, ploughing a way to the further building, whose black door we entered.

The robber stood unflinching, chained to the post of one of the stalls which divided a long stable into separate sleeping bins. He was short and thick-set, and seemed totally indifferent to his fate; he smiled as we entered, and bowed to Grimani. That stalwart, indomitable man, was Katergee, the robber chief of Smyrna, the idol of the Greeks of Asia Minor, who looked upon him as a sort of Robin Hood patriot, hostile only to Turks. He was originally a courier, which in the East means postman, carrier, agent, and commercial traveller. He had a train of horses, and was entrusted with piles of piastres and sacks of purses. He had had some education, and was always honest and trustworthy, but

some pasha robbed him; he became poor and an outcast; from want and revenge he took to the road, hoping, perhaps, to collect ransoms enough from Smyrniote merchants dragged up to the mountains, to escape to Greece, and there live as a country gentleman. He must have collected large sums, for his contemporary, Simos, used to ask five hundred pounds (six thousand piastres) for the release of a prisoner. Katergee surrendered at last, on the clear understanding that he should be made an officer in the Turkish army: an employment which, no doubt, he would have bravely and honestly performed. Of course, this act of injustice and treachery will for years prevent any robber chief coming down from the Smyrna mountains to surrender himself. There, Prometheus-like, chained to that post at the entrance of the dirty stall, fenced off from the next, he stood, with unbroken spirit, sending messages to Ismail Pasha, and other old enemies of his, that he will one day escape, and that the first thing he will look after, will be their heads. The Turks fear him, for, though chained, he is the king of the Bagnio.

"You have looked long enough at that thick-set, smiling ruffian, who shrugs his shoulders when I tell him he is here for life," said Grimani, suddenly snapping round at me. "I will tell you the sort of men we have here; there is a coffee-house-keeper from Smyrna among that horrible crowd of wretches; he and his waiter were suspected of murdering a money-changer who lived opposite to his shop. The pasha (a Greek by birth) determined to discover the crime, and went to work with relish. All that could be learnt from the waiter was, that he had seen his master with two bags of gold. The pasha said nothing, but sent one evening to the prison to borrow an antique signet-ring of the cafgee to compare with one of his own. This ring, sent to the cafgee's wife, induced her to give up the specified gold. Next day the pasha shows the cafgee the gold, and tells him that the waiter has confessed everything. The cafgee, outwitted, becomes enraged with the servant, and tells all. He confesses that the money-changer had been, like several others, murdered, and buried under the coffee-house floor. The two men were not executed, because the dead man's heirs accepted the price of blood; but they were sent to the Bagnio—to be released probably as soon as they can bribe some pasha."

No man is put to death in Turkey unless he has been seen to commit the capital crime. The men I stood among were, literally, men condemned to death, but imprisoned only. Yet, physically, the wretches are not ill-treated; they need not even work unless they like. The court is small, and so is the two-storied stable where they sleep on the earth; but then these are men who perhaps never got between sheets, nor lay on a bed in their lives. They may talk what they like, and when they like. They have a mosque, a Greek chapel, and a Roman Catholic chapel. They can have coffee and tobacco, and if they work, they are supposed to be paid for it. There is no

treadmill, no crank; there are no solitary cells. Close to them is the Arsenal, where they work, and where the Sultan has a pleasure kiosk paved with marble, and shadowed with planes. Half the prisoners are Greeks, and, according to Admiral Slade and other thoughtful and reliable authorities, are generally led to crime—particularly murder—by the fiery raki sold in the spirit-shops, kept by English subjects in defiance of Mohammedan law. Altogether, it is a sorry sight to see these murderers pigging together unpunished, unimproved, rotting there, till released by earthly corruption, or by the great liberator, Death.

As I turned to leave the modern Prometheus—whom, for some touches of greatness in him, I could not help pitying, in spite of some old freaks of his with boiling oil, and the panic he spread among Smyrniote merchants—I caught a glimpse of the dim Greek chapel which is placed at the end of a long passage of this horrible prison. It was just a breath of blue incense—a glint of light on the cord that held a faint yellow oil-lamp, that struggled with the darkness—an instant's glitter on some gilded pictures of saints—and again the darkness hid it from my eyes, in the heavy night of despair that gloomed over the chained and torpid murderers. Those glimpses, even of a superstitious faith, came to me as kind words have come in moments of suffering. They came to me as gentle flowers seen smiling amid an Arctic winter.

Before anything more could be seen, we all agreed that we must recruit our forces. The doctor and the dragoman both knew of a certain confectioner's near the Sublime Porte (an actual gateway), where one might find refreshment. After some painful experience of broken pavement, rough as a torrent bed, we reached the shop, and, seated on low stools, were waited on by a black slave, who emerged from a back oven cellar where he and his master were tormenting a fire and forcing it to do their bidding upon certain sugared almonds.

Recruited with cherry sherbet, Grimani, armed with about a yard of "rahat likoum" (lumps of delight), stuffed with pistachio-nuts, and the doctor's pocket filled with scorched nuts, we made straight for the Zaptie, or second prison of Stamboul, and arrived, in a few streets, at the door of the "house of detention" as the Turkish word Zaptie means.

A few whispers at a grating, the unbolting of a door, and we are in the prison. We pass up a long passage, like the path to a livery stable, through a double door, overlooked by high walls, with barred apertures; where, I believe, female prisoners once were detained. So we reach the inner portal.

It is a dim vaulted-over doorway, dark beyond all reach of sunlight. It is barred up to the roof with huge wooden bars, enclosing between them a sort of square room, where the turnkeys sit and smoke, and where tobacco-sellers come and display their goods to the prisoners; this place opens by small wickets, on one side, to the court-yard of the

prison: on the other side, to the entrance passage I have just mentioned.

In this dismal giant's cage, such a crate as an ogre might have kept his Christian knights in to fatten against feast-day, were two or three tame prisoners of high rank, and an itinerant dealer or two, carelessly bragging of his goods, and alternately singing scraps of Greek songs, and stuffing packets of saffron tobacco through the wooden bars, as a young lady feeds her canary-bird with eleemosynary lumps of sugar. A few dirty sabres, hung up, were the only indications of guard or durand, though the bars certainly gave the place rather a wild-beast character.

I scarcely know who the favoured prisoners were, who were sharing the turnkey's prerogatives with quite a Macheath dignity, though without the rollicking cavalierishness of that highwayman: some pasha, for counterfeiting state papers, I think, and some morally illogical man, who had stolen something so grand that it made a sort of state prisoner of him. As for the turnkeys, they were more Turkish and dressing-gowny than those of the Bagnio. No white trousers here, no barrack-cleaned sabres, no close-fitting red fezes with bunchy blue tassels; rather, a general sponging-house laxity and Arabian Nightishness; rather the air of an amateur prison than of a government stronghold; where all the lees of Stamboul were dughilled up into one reeking mass of infamy.

Does any reader remember a legend of some early saint—one of those good men and vivacious historians, who furnished our story-books for many centuries with Jack the Giant-Killer wonders—which relates how a wicked hermit, let down through some Irish cavern into the infernal regions, was kept there a day in a golden cage, guarded by angels, while the devils of every region of sin howled at him through the bars, and clawed in at him, and poked at him, but all in vain, with red-hot pitchforks, till night came, and the white angels led him away again in the darkness, to sneak to his hermit cell and vegetable soup, a better and a leaner man?

Well, something like that caged bird of a saint I felt, as I stood in that probationary paddock, shut in like a Smithfield prize ox, and stared at by those hideous Turkish faces, now mocking at us, now threatening us; the foreman (a wretch with a sore mouth and one eye) occasionally pointing at us, then turning round and shouting some joke, which made the mob of thieves and murderers roar again, like a band of laughing hyænas arranging a night attack on an Arab encampment.

Now, at a signal, the big bolts grind back, the wicket opens narrowly—cautiously—and a rush of the turnkeys drives back the villainous crowd, and they are shut within a second enclosure: the door of which is kept by a gaunt gigantic negro, who, with stern cruel eyes, and laughing hideous mouth, chides and scolds the rabble into silence, and stands, with the handle of the latch in his hand, ready to let out any special prisoner we choose to call for.

I was anxious, naturally, to know if any Eng-

lishman were confined there: knowing how hopeless a prison must be where a beggar suffers the same fate as a murderer, and where the term of confinement depends on the caprice and memory of a selfish and ignorant pasha. The moment I had asked the question, a hearty cheery voice called out, in a slight Irish brogue, from the very midst of the crowd, and a bare arm waved a signal,

"And sure I am here, your honour; only let me come to ye."

Before the doctor could well exclaim with a look of vexation and horror "Oh, that's Walsh!" the voice exclaimed again:

"It's me—yes, Patrick Walsh, docthor—unjustly detained by these thaving Turks."

"Let him out," said the doctor, with the faint voice of a man yielding to a necessary annoyance, and half angry with me for expressing a purposeless and ignorant compassion.

The crowd clove asunder, and, breasting it like an audacious swimmer, and pushing aside, in an injured way, the sturdy black warder, stepped Walsh out before us into the free court-yard.

His step was light and free as William Tell's (on the stage), and his bearing innocently bold, almost impudent. In dress, Walsh something resembled Robinson Crusoe, for he had nothing on his body but a tindery, ragged pair of trousers, and a chain that he carried ingeniously, to lighten the weight, on his right shoulder. He was a fine-grown, athletic young man, say of five-and-thirty, with a fresh, brown, manly, frank face (how I dread your affectedly frank man!), square wedge of a red beard; clear, grey, rather staring eyes, and a cleverly put on air of a deeply wronged being. As he loquaciously began a history of his grievances, thrown dramatically into the form of questions, the doctor turned away, shrugging his shoulders: as a traveller does when the shower sets in, fixed and pitiless.

"English subject? In course I am, and, what is more, a Britishman born, though my pereants is far away in the British Indies, and one of them is in Canada in Americay. Please the honourable gentleman (and rest his soul in heaven and his children's after him!), all I want, your worship, is to know what I'm in here for, and let me tell you there's spies, — spies in this prison, for five of us were sent to the galleys only last week for fighting, or some nothing of that sort—curse them! Father in Heaven, if—"

"Stop that villain's tongue," cried the doctor, suddenly pushing forward to confront his old bugbear, and disdaining all my expressions of sympathy. "I'll tell you what you are in for, Walsh. You have been a sailor, and you left your vessel, as I suspect; you are also a runaway soldier of the 93rd, from Corfu. The Turkish authorities found you a vagabond, suspected of thievishly loitering in the streets, and they transported you to Malta; from Malta you ran away, and came back here to lead the old life."

"Oh, be asy, sir! Docthor—"

"The fact is, Walsh, you gave us all up, and determined to turn Turk, so we left you with

the Turks, and this is what they have done for you."

"Turk! Is it me Turk? Turk is it?" screamed Walsh, putting on such a stare of innocent surprise and frank astonishment, that it beguiled me. "What have I done? They've never told me. Oh, docthor, ship me off again to join my pereants in the British Indies, and, bedad, you'll never set eyes on me more."

"Walsh, you are a bad fellow, and one of the devil's own, I fear," said the doctor, as, at a Rhadamanthus signal, the great black hustled the runaway sailor through the portal. Talking his loudest and impudentest, Walsh was again lost amid the waves of scum that seethed and tossed behind the palisading, every third man now struggling to get to the front and present his verbal petition. Talk of Hope never passing the prison gate, as I foolishly said but now! Why, Hope, I see, lives in a prison, and no winged angel visits it half so often.

I shuddered to see in the front rank a little pale Circassian boy about twelve years old, in for picking pockets in the bazaars. A dreadful squinter now calling out to us that he was a Zante man, the doctor said to me, "That man's eye must be punctured—he's got bad—(some dog Latin name). I will see to that. Mind, Alishan, I do. What about that Walsh—what can be done with him?" continued he, turning sharp round in his kind, brusque way on Grimani.

Grimani burst out at this, worse than the doctor, who had only pretended to be truculent.

"He is one of our 'abandoned,'" he said, foamily; "we have given him up—we wash our hands of him. (Here typical and suitable gestures.) He would be a Turk—let the Turks have him. Only last week, Father O'Mally went to him, and told him if he got once more away, never to return. 'Won't I, bedad?' says he; 'there are more ways than one here of getting a livelihood.' I say, let him rot in prison, doctor."

A little, weak man's cry of "Inglis subjek!" at this moment caught our ears, and broke off the conversation.

"Let him out, Ali!" cried Grimani, sternly, after his official manner.

He tripped out: a little Greek cobbler: perhaps from Zante, or the currant-fields of melancholy Cephalonia. He stuck himself oratorically before us, and exclaimed, in a loud injured voice, "Inglis subjek!"

We put to that intrepid little man of the Zapite, many questions, to which he thus simply but boldly replied:

"Which of the islands do you come from?"

"Inglis subjek."

"What are you in here for, my man?"

"Inglis subjek."

"How long have you been here?"

"Inglis subjek."

"Don't you know any more English than that?"

"Inglis subjek."

"What language do you speak?"

"Inglis subjek."



"Get away!"

"Inglis subjek."

His predominant idea was, that repeating those two talismanic words would somehow or other release him from his durance. At intervals, for some time after, the piping little voice, crushed by the stronger mob, kept repeating, "Inglis subjek."

"Oh! He comes from Salonica," said Grimani, referring to a list, "and is in for arson and murder. He wants a good bastinadoing; that would quiet him."

Grimani (who was late for dinner) thought we had seen enough, and now assumed an air of disgust at the interest felt by the doctor and myself in such wretches. The doctor smiled at his impatience, and said, "No, Grimani. I am not going till I have seen more of the sanitary state of the prison where five hundred and sixty men are confined. Turnkey, show me that little room under the stairs, some eleven feet by seven, where the twelve men sleep."

We went there. O what a torture-room for sleep!

On emerging from the Zaptie, we passed across to the Turkish police courts, where rows of shoes at every curtained door indicated the exact number of prosecutors within; thence, we went with Dr. Opinkoff to the thieves' hospital, where a chatty Italian physician received us with as much cordiality as if we had been patients suffering under some hopeless and profitable disease. The rooms were mean as those of the poorest English cottage, but they were clean and business-like, and everything was decently marshalled and ordered. He led us upstairs to the wards—mere small cottage bedrooms—talking to us the jargon of Molière's physicians, which in Constantinople passes for Frank learning. We visited all the beds, we looked to see if this hemorrhage had stanchied, and whether that one's bandages wanted renewing.

In the next room, we stopped to talk with a poor German sailor, who was sitting up in bed, reading Luther's noble translation of the Testament.

"Armer Preusser," he said, when I asked him what part of Deutschland he came from. Poor fellow, he was only in for begging: a profession that has had respectable men in it, though it is difficult to realise a large fortune by the calling.

"Ah! fifty years ago," said Herne Bey that night to me, as we walked by starlight on the lead roof of Misseri's Hotel, "I have heard friends of mine, now dead (rest their souls!), say that the Bagnio you saw this morning was horrible indeed. At that time, it had two divisions, one for Turkish galley slaves waiting to be sent on board the fleet, the other for the general criminals of the city and pashaliks. There, you found Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and gipsies; four or five religions, and a dozen nations, had their representatives there. There, under the dreadful rule of Achmet Reis, a liberated galley slave and chief inspector, you found thievish beggars, homicides, fraudulent bankers, quack doctors, robbers, cheating tradesmen, Greek pirates,

disgraced servants, all groaning under a common torture. Then, at a word of complaint, the turnkeys would run in and fell a culprit with their clubs or load him with fresh chains."

So spoke Herne Bey, that wise Frank whom Turkey has admitted to her councils. Like other Orientalised Englishmen, I must, however, remark that he is easily pleased with a country he seems determined to like; the next time I saw him, when I began to say that Turkish prisons must be reformed, he said:

"My dear fellow, learn to take things more quietly. *I call the Bagnio a very comfortable place.*"

## CERES AT DOCKHEAD.

THEY who see deified mortals in the ancient gods of Greece and Rome tell us that Ceres had a bakehouse, and first taught the art of making bread. Her mystic basket was, no doubt, the bread-basket in which she was accustomed to send out her loaves. But they were not the Romans who first deified her. The Romans got their bread, as well as their gods, their science, and their poetry, from Greece. It was not bread that built up and sustained the noblest Romans of them all. The idea of bread was not among the things conquered to herself by Rome until the war with Perseus, King of Macedon. Romulus and Remus, the kings that followed them, Coriolanus, Cincinnatus, Regulus, never ate bread. Rome was more than five centuries old before its people learnt of the Greeks how loaves were made, and escaped from the reproach of being a "pulse-eating nation."

The knowledge passed from Rome into her provinces of Southern Europe, but it did not pass northward so easily. Rye cakes, baked twice a year, served, until very lately, as chief representative of bread in Sweden; barley bannocks and oat cake long remained the staff of life in villages in Scotland. Gottenburg, the first harbour and the second town of Sweden, contained, fifty years ago, twelve thousand inhabitants. A captain then ordered of a baker of the town twenty shillings' worth of bread, and the astonished man asked for security that the loaves would be all paid for before he would consent to execute the order, as if they were left upon his hands it would be impossible to find a sale for them.

Bartholinus, however, an old Danish physician, whom the Jews may credit if they will, says that in some parts of Norway there was made a sort of bread that would keep forty years or more. And this, he says, is a great convenience, because when a man has earned enough, he bakes bread for the whole remainder of his life, and lives ever after in peace and security, regardless of the times of scarcity and dearth. Such bread is of barley and oats, kneaded together, baked between two stones. When new it is nearly tasteless, but the older it grows the nicer it gets, so that in these lands the cry is altogether for the stalest bread, and it is not uncommon to produce at the christening of an

infant bread baked on occasion of the birth of its grandmother. Hospitable people bring out their stale bread as other men in other lands produce for a chosen friend their oldest wine. In some districts, however, they have no barley and oats; wherefore they make bread of the flour of fir bark, which will keep as long. As long as a deal board will keep, undoubtedly.

Wheat, rye, barley, and oats, acorns, chestnuts, peas, and beans, in Europe, carrots, also, mixed with a third part of flour, and potatoes, which, when first introduced, were made, in Austria, to yield both bread and wine, maize in America and Africa, rice in Asia, dried fishes among some islanders; what is there grindable, from birch bark upwards, that men have not ground and baked into loaves or cakes? But the true bread that furnishes philosophers and poets with their allegories, that is the pabulum of politicians, and the King of Good Victuals to the European, comes of wheat or rye, let us not grudge to add barley, which is the life of the sweet black pumpernickel, good to eat in moderation, freely buttered.

It used to be a belief of theologians that Adam was taught how to bake; but it has been observed that there is no evidence that Abraham could make loaf bread, which we first hear of in the Mosaic prohibition of its use during the Passover. The Chaldeans were famous for good bread, and it would seem to have been in Chaldea or in Egypt that the first loaf was invented.

Beyond the ordinary nourishment given by it as food, a special strengthening power used to be ascribed to bread, and there was a time when men saw a reference to this peculiar virtue in David's mention of "bread that strengtheneth the heart of man," and in the scriptural statement that when Saul was with the witch at Endor "there was no strength in him, for he had eaten no bread all the day, nor all the night;" upon which the woman said, "Let me set a morsel of bread before thee, and eat that thou mayest have strength." Laetius and Arsenius cite two cases in which life was said to have been prolonged and sustained wholly upon the smell of a new loaf. The spirit obtained from bread was held to be an elixir of life in a small way. For outward bruise or inward malady bread was a remedy. Chewed bread, salt, and spider's web was sovereign against a wound, and who shall revile bread pills when he has heard all that was done in cases of lingering fever by pills made of rye bread, salt, and fasting spittle!

We are still a long way from Dockhead where Ceres, trading, with a physician for high priest, under the style of Peek, Frean, and Co., has caused a great steam-engine to be set up, and is again, through her high priest, Doctor Dangleish, teaching the world how to make bread.

The noblest Romans thrive on pulse and bankocks until they received from the Greeks the art of making leavened loaves. Dough left to turn sour and thin by standing six-and-thirty hours in a warm place, is leaven, sour dough, as the German's call it. It contains twenty or

more grains of the essence of vinegar to every pound of flour, and communicates, as it used to be said, a sour taste to the bread raised by it very grateful to the juices of the stomach. Fermentation in the dough with which a small quantity of such leaven is mixed, rapidly extends, and the carbonic acid gas given out during the process, swells in the paste, raises it, and makes it spongy. If the bread be left to go on fermenting five minutes too long there is more acid formed than the consumer likes: the bread is sour. If the bread do not ferment sufficiently, it becomes heavy, and the chances, except in the most careful hands, are against the exact selection of the happy moment for arresting fermentation in the oven, when the bread may be over-baked or under-baked, or baked too fast, or baked too slowly. But with all its imperfections the old leavened bread, the bread without which no meal ever was complete, though eaten daily, never palled. It was commonly the last thing the sick man relinquished, and the first for which the convalescent regained appetite. The different qualities of flour had their appointed use from old time. Centuries ago a doctor explained why, that he might purify himself on the last day of every week, he ate white bread on every other day, but black on Friday.

We know from Pliny that the Romans knew the use of yeast for raising bread, and preferred bread made with it to that produced by use of the sour dough or leaven. But the leavened bread was commonest among them, and it was with leaven that they taught people to make bread in the provinces. Until the end of the seventeenth century in France and Spain, and Europe generally, bread was made only by means of leaven. Then it was that the Paris bakers began to import for themselves yeast from Flanders. The obvious improvement of the bread of Paris soon attracted notice, inquiry was set on foot, and the new custom among the bakers having become known, was declared by the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, and the physicians at the court of the great Louis Quatorze, to be injurious to health. The use of yeast was therefore prohibited by government.

An absurd prohibition does not command much respect. The Flanders yeast was put into sacks, from which its moisture was allowed to pass, and it was imported in a new form, almost dry, for the use of the pertinacious bakers. Perfectly dry yeast will ferment again when moistened. The bread was liked, the opinion of the doctors was not cared about, the prohibition lapsed by disuse, and the new way of making bread spread itself from Paris through surrounding countries as fast as the fermentation of the bit of yeast spreads through the mass of dough.

So bread-making has passed from the cake period to the leaven period, thence to the great period, and through that to a new period, upon the edge of which we now are standing. Until lately, in many parts of England, bread-making and baking were among the household duties of a private family. Less than sixty years ago Man-

chester, then containing ninety thousand people, did not provide work for a single baker. Now, the bakers have nearly the whole bread trade of the towns of England to themselves, and it is well that they should have it, and should make the best of it.

Before we can tell how they are to make the best of it, we have to know less vaguely what is meant by some of the words we have here been using.

Milk and bread are the only perfect articles of human food—that is to say, the only articles which contain in themselves all the elements required for the support of the body. Bread is a better food than milk for the adult, because it employs the teeth and all the parts of the body to which they are a portal in the work for which they were created. Spongy bread, since it contains forty per cent. of water, unites meat and drink, having therein advantage over biscuit. It has advantage also in its bulk, for the stomach was made to act upon food in bulk, and will not do its work in the best manner if it be not duly distended. It has advantage also in presenting, by its cellular structure, an enormous surface to the necessary action of the saliva. Men long confined to biscuit acquire strong desire for spongy bread, and the like desire is felt by invalids, from whose diet it has sometimes to be excluded.

The sponginess of bread is usually produced, as we have said, by fermentation. The granules of starch in the wheat flour are so acted upon as to be made to give off a minute quantity of carbonic acid gas; this being retained by the tenacity of the surrounding gluten, causes the mass of dough to swell up and become spongy. There are in a hundred parts of wheaten flour about seventy-two of starch and extractive, with ten of gluten, two of fat, and sixteen of water. It is upon the gluten and the starch and extractive that the structure of bread wholly depends. The gluten is sticky as glue and elastic, the starch granules have no more coherence than so many grains of sand. Gluten wetted with water and kept at a hot summer temperature of about eighty-five degrees will soon begin to decompose, and will change any starch with which it is in contact, first into dextrine and afterwards into grape sugar. If the contact is maintained for some days, organic life commences, and at the same time the grape sugar is changed into alcohol and carbonic acid. The carbonic acid, in endeavouring to escape, causes the dough to swell. This is the chemistry of that old method of leavening the dough, still followed in Poland, and some other parts of Europe. The process is the same, but quicker, when a small piece of the dough already fermented is put with that freshly made, and the hastening is greater still when use is made of active ferments, such as ale and beer, yeast, or, most active of all, the "German yeast."

For this chemical change to take place uniformly and thoroughly, it is necessary that all ingredients of the dough should be brought

thoroughly into contact with one another. This is effected usually by kneading with the arms and feet, warm and unhealthy work for bakers' men, and to the eater of the bread sufficiently disgusting. When the kneading is complete, each starch granule has a thin coating of moist gluten, and by their tenacious coats the grains will all hold firmly together, and throughout the substance of the stiff dough, chemical action proceeds evenly.

Now there are certain obvious objections to this process. The whole object of it is to procure a development of fixed air to distend the bread, and this is obtained by a decomposition of some part of the essential nutritive constituents of the flour. Part of the nutritive matter of the starch and gluten suffers decomposition into ammonia, alcohol, and carbonic acid, while other portions are changed into constituents liable to affect injuriously delicate stomachs. The free acids contained in all fermented bread frequently disagree with children, always with dyspeptic people, and there is a liability to second fermentation in the stomach. The gluten is deprived of its full power of producing firm and healthy muscle.

To obviate all these objections, Dr. Whiting proposed, some years ago, a method of making spongy unfermented bread. He mixed intimately with the dough, not leaven or yeast, but muriatic acid and bicarbonate of soda, in the proportions that would make common salt, a requisite ingredient, after giving off the carbonic acid gas, by which the unfermented and unaltered dough would be distended. The plan was an elegant one, and has been freely adopted. It is the principle upon which alone, until lately, unfermented spongy bread was made.\* The objections to it are the direct introduction into the bread of chemical ingredients, either of which would be hurtful if by chance the proportion were not rightly observed, or the mixture imperfectly effected. The bread also, when so made, is less spongy than bakers' bread.

But within the last year or two it has occurred to another physician, Dr. Daughlish, that by mechanical contrivance the pure fixed air can be passed into the dough, and that flour unaltered by fermentation, untouched by any chemical, unpolluted even by the touch of any hand, can be made into a perfect form of spongy bread. Having developed his plan fully, he took out a patent, and already at Portsmouth and at Dockhead in Bermondsey extensive factories are engaged in the production of an "Aërated Bread," which, as to its substance, is, we believe, bread made perfect, though it is possible that there may be hereafter developed a less costly way of making it.

The patent is worked wholly by steam machinery, of which we cannot attempt to explain all the ingenious refinements. The main principle is easily to be understood. According to the way usually adopted in producing the same gas for soda-water, carbonic acid is formed in a large receiver, far away from the dough. Thence it is forced into a great copper cylinder,

containing water, fixed over the mixing vessel. At a high pressure, which is maintained also by the forcing of the same gas within the mixing vessel, the water in the cylinder is supersaturated with gas—is made, in fact, into soda-water free from soda. In that state it is then allowed to flow through a pipe over the due relative proportions of flour and salt, under the highly-condensed atmosphere of the closed mixer. The mixer is a hollow globe of cast iron, in which iron arms are made to revolve on an axis turned by the steam-engine. The gas remains fixed, still under pressure in the water. In three or four minutes, or more, according to the quality of the flour, the mixture of the flour with the soda-water is complete. The paste then passes out through a tube gradually widening, and the gas expands in every pore of the dough, not breaking out of the decomposed flour, but out of the water, as the pressure is removed. The dough instantly rises as it passes into the tins, or wooden measures, which a boy holds under the spout, cutting off the measure of each loaf as it descends, and immediately placing it on the edge of the oven, which is on the other side of him. The floor of the oven is an endless chain, revolving on two drums, of which the pace is regulated in accordance with the size and character of the bread to be baked. The loaves placed on one edge of the oven immediately begin to travel through its regulated heat, and in due time are turned out exactly baked upon the other side, close to the open door, at which carts wait to carry the loaves to the shopkeepers. Until the bread is baked not a hand touches it.

An hour and a half is time enough for the conversion, by this process, of a sack of flour into baked loaves, perfectly spongy and with the nutritive elements of the flour wholly untouched. In the ordinary process, four or five hours are required for the mere raising of the sponge. This prolonged action of the warmth and moisture upon many kinds of flour—as flour from wheat gathered in wet seasons—otherwise wholesome, changes the starchy matter into dextrine, and after all produces bread dark coloured and sodden. It is to correct so great an occasion of uncertainty and loss, which has always prevented capitalists from embarking in the baking trade, that alum has been used. The rapidity of the new aerating process wholly avoids this risk; the result never is uncertain; and good bread can be made of flour otherwise almost useless to the baker. The unfermented, or, as it is properly called, the aerated bread, made according to Dr. Danglish's patent, being entirely free from the acid which is always necessarily present in fermented bread, has been found actually curative in that numerous class of diseases which result from acid secretions or an acid state of the blood. This freedom from acid causes the bread at first to appear somewhat insipid, but it soon asserts its value. One of the most eminent of our physicians kept a loaf of it for a fortnight, and then caused it to appear at his breakfast-table with a baker's loaf of the previous day.

The unfermented loaf, old as it was, appeared to be the fresher of the two. Experience has shown that working men who use the aerated bread eat more of it—sometimes even half as much again—making hearty breakfasts, and being at dinner time less hungry for meat.

At Guy's Hospital the patients have always their quantity of bread by weight duly prescribed. Fermented bread of the best quality is used, made in the hospital to ensure its being good. Of the quantity supplied to the wards there is gathered every day a large surplus which the patients have been unable to consume. For about two months two of the wards were supplied, by way of experiment, with aerated bread in the usual quantities. One remarkable result was, that from these wards there was never any surplus to be collected. The sick stomachs never turned against it. The use of aerated bread tends rather, therefore, to the increase of the baker's, and the decrease of the butcher's, bill. Its actual price is that of ordinary bread, but as its manufacture demands costly machinery, it can be sold only in the shops of bakers or corn-dealers as books are sold by the booksellers after the publishing firms have produced them. We believe that the art of bread-making as thus perfected will eventually supersede the old hand and foot labour upon the dough, and the old practice of decomposing the bread itself to procure the gas that is to lighten it. But we do not believe that the change will be prejudicial to the interests of a trade that in its present state seems to be one of the least profitable and the most unhealthy that a man can follow.

We do not speak unadvisedly, when we refer to the unwholesomeness of the trade in fermented bread. We are told that "as matters stand there is no help for it," and this may be true. Ten years ago, vigorous efforts were made to secure improvement in the condition of the journeyman bakers, but they were fruitless. With the best will in the world, the master bakers found it impossible to bring their trade within the rules of health. Some who abandoned nightwork have found the return to it unavoidable. In a paper read two months ago at the last meeting of the "National Association for the Promotion of Social Science," we are still told the old terrible story. Except persons who are employed in bleach works, no class of men suffer toil so destructive as that of the makers of fermented bread in London and some of our large provincial towns. Very many of these men work night and day. Beginning at eleven o'clock on Sunday night, they go on until four o'clock on Monday afternoon; while others sleep they must prepare the dough. During the fermentation they may snatch rest for an hour or an hour and a half on the boards of the bakehouse, not daring to commit themselves to the sound sleep for which nature yearns, lest they should oversleep themselves and spoil the bread. In the morning they have to carry about a weight of baked bread to the out-door customers. So the week runs, every night and day, till Thurs-

day; then it often happens—chiefly in the underselling shops—that from eleven o'clock on Thursday night, work has to be maintained continuously until late on Saturday afternoon. That is to say, there is an almost incredible demand on men already overweary, for no less than forty hours of labour at a stretch! On many there is a still further demand for four hours' work on Sunday, to see to the "dinner bakings." A large number of the journeyman bakers are thus at work for one hundred and twelve hours in the week of six days; their portion being eighteen hours of daily labour to but six of rest. Not in all shops, but in many, matters are as bad as this, and in some they are worse. The weekly wages for such work range from twelve to eighteen shillings, with the daily allowance of a half-quartern loaf to every man.

But overwork is not the whole cause of unhealthiness among the men who work in bakehouses. Let any one consider the cost of space in London and large towns, remember that the bakehouses are almost always underground, and usually—since the baker's trade is not a thriving one—at the basement of small houses. Of most of the London bakehouses it is not too much to say that they are pestiferous underground dungeons, hot, unventilated, and undrained, lighted with gas, fouled by contaminations near at hand, and by the exhalations of the weary men who work in them, and lie down on their boards for snatches of unwholesome rest.

Of the bread eaten in London a large proportion comes handled very often, also trodden with bare feet after long fermentation, in such dens as these. Of bakers' men only about fourteen in a hundred have a look of health, while of carpenters, who also work in-doors, seventy-two in a hundred are robust. Among bakers' journeymen no less than seventy in a hundred are found to complain of positive disease. "I have met," says a Manchester surgeon, "with more than twice as many cases of disease among the bakers as among all other artisans put together, the number of men in each case being equal." Of a visit from a deputation of journeymen the same witness says:

They came to me in a body late in the evening, and on entering the waiting-room the effect was startling—so many shrunken, pale, anxious countenances, combined with the ghastly looks of some of them, and their dusty habiliments, it seemed more like a visit from the tenants of the tomb, than from what ought to have been hearty, sound constituted men.

A journeyman baker is considered to be used up at the age of forty.

Finally, let it be remembered that these results follow not upon the cruelty of grasping masters, who enrich themselves at the cost of other men's lives; but upon the necessity of poor men following a trade that yields them little profit. All these things being true, we surely may be thankful enough for an advance made in our understanding of the art of bread-making, which has changed the rising of the dough into an instantaneous act, and produces

in an hour and a half out of a sack of flour, baked loaves whereinto there have been no men's lives kneaded.

### CURLY-HEADED FRANCE.

On the 24th of December, 1492, Christopher Columbus, sailing through the great Atlantic Ocean, got entangled in the islands of the Caribbean Sea, and came to an anchor in the Bay of Caracol. There, by some mischance, he lost one of his ships, and was fain to make a home for his crew on the hilly island before him, which the Carib Indians, running down to the rocky edge to see the strangers, called in their own tongue Haïti, or the mountainous country. Taking possession in the names, and for the crown, of Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus rebaptised the island, calling it now Hispaniola, or Little Spain, in honour of them and of his adopted country; though later it grew to be known as Saint Domingo, from the city which he and his brother built. But Fort Navidad was the name of the first building made there, for this was the shelter wherein he left his shipwrecked crew to the protection of the saints and the tender mercies of the Caribs. Fort Navidad was, in fact, the first European settlement actually effected in the New World. The mountainous country was destined to be rich in aliases. When the French got possession of the west coast they called the island the Queen of the Antilles: Cuba was the King: and in our own day certain wits have stamped it as "Curly-headed France," in pleasant allusion to its origin and adoption, its race and administration.

The Indians were not disposed to fraternise very intimately with Columbus's crew. When they had learnt to know them as they really were, the poor savages thought the less they had to do with them the better, so they took the most effectual mode of separation known to them; attacked Fort Navidad, and quietly killed every man of the little garrison entrenched there; and, when Columbus returned with aid and reinforcements from home, he found only slaughtered men and painful memories standing between him and the past. He immediately gave battle to the Indians, and, though he had but a comparative handful of armed Spaniards, defeated a hundred thousand of them without great loss on his own side. So, at least, say the old chroniclers; but, their accounts are not to be taken without the traditional grain of salt of which critics and historians cannot eat too freely. He then levied a tribute of three hawks'-bills of gold every three months from each Indian above fourteen years of age, with a larger payment for the chief or cacique. Spain would have sold anything for gold, and even the blood of her bravest was well redeemed by sundry hawks'-bills of that burning, yellow metal, for which every Spanish man and woman lusted almost to sickness. While the tribute was coming in slowly and painfully, Columbus founded, first, the city of La Isabella, and then



that of Saint Domingo, which in time became sponsor for the whole island. It was long afterwards that the old hidalgo town in the Santiago plain, with the Homeric name of "Santiago de los Caballeros," was built for those stately gentlemen whose blood was too blue, and whose escutcheons were too old, to permit them to dwell among the merchants by the shore. The city was abandoned when France wrested the Antilles' queen from Spain, but its remains still attest the magnificence and wealth of its olden time. Nothing more completely photographs the spirit of the age than that aristocratic town, built exclusively for the emigrant nobility, who would not choose to dwell even in the same streets and squares as the unblest plebeians who made their gold by vulgar trade; yet who themselves traded more largely, but more cruelly and piratically, than the honest burgher who kept his shop and sold his stores at so much per cent., and climbed up from penury to affluence by *maravedis* and *pesatas* at a time.

After the disgrace of the Columbus family, when the Genoese hero was sent home in chains to the land he had helped to honour and enrich, Ovando was nominated governor of Hispaniola, where he made himself conspicuous for his ability as a good coloniser, with the set-off of abominable cruelty towards the natives. What with wars and rigorous treatment of all kinds, the million of inhabitants whom Columbus found on the island soon got reduced to twenty-four thousand, and then the Spaniards, too proud to work for themselves, and alarmed at the want of servants to work for them, imported other Indians from the Bahamas, who got as badly treated as their predecessors, and also died off by hundreds. And then the Bishop of Chiapa, in Mexico, seeking to ameliorate the condition of these aborigines, persuaded the king to charter a company of merchants for the slave trade, so that some remnant of the oppressed people might be saved. Thus slaves and negroes were first imported into Haïti at the instance of a Christian bishop, and with the design of showing a vicarious kind of charity to the Caribs. No one then looked forward into the misty future stealing on; no one then thought that the slaves imported now, simply to help lift the yoke from off the Indian's neck, would some day so multiply and increase that they would take the land and hold it, and so entirely thrust out the lingering remnant of the race they were sent to save, as to assume to themselves the rights of citizenship and country, which no logic could divert to them from the aborigines. The Portuguese had been the first to begin the trade. Having to restore two Moorish prisoners, they received so many negroes in exchange that the idea of a regular traffic in slaves was suggested to them, and acted on; and soon this commerce in sable flesh grew so large and profitable that the King of Portugal took the title of Lord of Guinea, as evidencing the richest province, and the most lucrative trade, belonging to him. Hawkins was the first Englishman engaged in that trade, and in 1562 brought his first cargo of three

hundred negro slaves to Haïti; but it was as early as 1522 that the slaves were sufficiently numerous to dare a revolt, and begin, in fact, the series of insurrections which culminated in the terrible crisis of 1791, and ended in the establishment of the Black Republic and the creation of a "Curly-headed France" in the Caribbean Sea.

Haïti and the adjacent islands were very cosmopolitan in their population. Like all the rest of the New World, they attracted the adventurous spirits for whom home and the ordinary way were too narrow, and offered an asylum to those whose freedom of thoughts had made the Old-World life impossible. Adventurers from Spain, merchants from Portugal, traders and pirates from France and England, with refugees from Acadia (Evangeline's Acadia), and Huguenots from the mother country, negroes from Africa, Indians from the Bahamas, and the native Caribs, all made up a mixed and motley population, in which there was still wanting one dominant party to take the lead of the rest. Petty struggles were there in plenty. Admiral Drake took Saint Domingo and made the Spaniards buy him off; then the French expelled the Spaniards, and the Spaniards expelled the French; but at last the Dons were thrust altogether to the eastern side, and never recovered their lost territory again, and probably never will. The eastern side, however, is still Spanish in its language and traditions, and there is a marked and notable difference between that and the Frenchified west. The next upon the scene were the famous buccaneers, so called from "*boucan*," the hurdle on which they smoked their wild game; and, indeed, in the present Franco-Haïtian language, *boucaner* is still used instead of "*cuire au four*," to bake. These buccaneers were hunters on the island of Tortugas, lying at some little distance from Haïti, who kept their regular hunting-grounds there, but poached, when they could, on the preserves of the Antilles' queen. Their mode of life was singular enough. They lived together in couples, holding all things in common, so that if one died the other inherited what was left. Each hunter, or couple of hunters, had twenty or thirty hounds to bring down the wild oxen and other beasts, the skins of which they traded off to merchants and ships' crews; reserving the best, though, for themselves, to make themselves court suits and country wear. They were a wild-looking set, with their huge untanned leather boots and ungainly dress of skins usually soaked and smeared with blood; and none of the colonists of more civilised manners cared for much intercourse with them. They held themselves in no country and beyond law, for "when they crossed the line, the baptism of the sea set them free from all social obligations;" so that by degrees, licence producing lawlessness, and lawlessness crime, from simple hunters and tanners with a dash of the poacher, they grew to be the most daring and dangerous pirates in the world. They were of all nations, but chiefly French and English; and by their numbers and audacity became so for-



midable, that, in 1638, the Spaniards, in self-defence, fell upon their nest in Tortugas and put all of them to the sword. An Englishman named Willis recruited a new band, but the members quarrelled among themselves; so Willis expelled the French, hoisted the national flag of English piracy, pure and simple, and made himself a name, a power, and a pest. The French got reinforcements from St. Christopher and other islands, and in their turn drove out the English; and so the struggle went on, like some ghastly game of seesaw played with dead men's bones.

There was a common want among the settlers: the want of women. Nothing but booted, rough-bearded men for all the small domesticities and gentle amenities of life; nothing but pirates or merchants, knights or esquires, for the whole economy of social life. It was terrible. Even the dreaded buccaneers, glaring over the water from Tortugas, were not a greater infliction than this want of wives and sisters, of friends and mothers, among the colonists. The grievance at last grew to be so great and unbearable, that Ogeron, the governor of French Saint Domingo, imported wives for his subjects, getting batches of fifty at a time, all clean limbed, bright-eyed, well-favoured damsels, of but meagre matrimonial chances in the home market. As soon as they landed, a grand kind of fair or sale was held, where the women were put up to auction and knocked down to the highest bidder, so that there should be no suspicion of favouritism. Sold for wives, be it understood, not for slaves, or into anything less honest than the state of marriage. It was an arrangement that suited all parties, and certainly the last to complain of it were the women, who found home and husband in Haïti a more desirable possession than neglect and destitution in France.

Thus, things went on, with the French supreme at the west and south, the English having a tiny foothold on the north, the Spaniards crushed up into the east, and the negro element every now and then heaving and shaking like the first throes of an earthquake, until 1791, when the great Black Revolt took place, and the independent existence of Haïti was inaugurated in the massacre of two thousand whites. The National Assembly of France might claim to itself credit for some share in the sequel of this revolt. Much uneasiness had long been felt among the slaves concerning their rights and liberties, and the news which came over from France, of all being done there for the establishment of freedom throughout the world, did not tend to tranquillise them. When, therefore, they copied their masters at times, and took the law into their own hands, they looked for sympathy, to say the least, if not for aid and countenance. The National Assembly thought differently. It sent over three commissioners and eight thousand soldiers, with orders to proclaim the social and political equality of whites, mulattoes, and blacks, *if free*; but with orders also to leave the question of slavery where they found it, or rather to uphold it as a righteous and needful institution. The

slaves, already flushed with success and drunk with the blood of their masters, were not likely to acquiesce very quietly in this view of human rights; and the presence of the commissioners and the eight thousand armed soldiers of the Republic made matters still less pleasant for the sable revolutionists. Frightened at all they saw before them, Santhonax and Polverel, the two commissioners who remained, then took it on themselves to emancipate all the slaves in the island; but it was too late to be of use. Macaya, a black, entered Cape François with three thousand revolted slaves, and took, in blood and slaughter, that freedom which the commissioners had so timidly and hesitatingly allowed. Then England offered to assume the mastership of this difficult situation, and did so; extremity proving as usual her opportunity, and the straits of others opening the cleft for her wedge.

A small armament of eight hundred and seventy at once sailed from Jamaica, took Fort Jérémie and the mole of Cap Saint Nicolas, Fort Tiburon, Fort Saint Acul, and Port-au-Prince, where they rested for new orders and fresh reinforcements. But they lost ground, owing to the heat and yellow fever; and then the second effort of the British Lion to make himself a lair under the robes of the Antilles' queen failed as the first had done. It was not given to us by fate to colonise or possess the mountainous country of the Caribs. When the English "gave out," Toussaint l'Ouverture, a slave and the grandson of an African king, and Rigaud, a mulatto, took the lead, recapturing Tiburon, Leogane, Jean Rahel, Petite Rivière, and retaining the whole of the north, with the exception of the mole of Fort Dauphin. So that, when more red-coats from the English army arrived, expecting to carry all before them, they found that Toussaint had made himself the dominant power in the island, that Haïti had been proclaimed an independent republic, with l'Ouverture as dictator (1801), and that nothing remained to be done but to sail back again as speedily as might be. So General Simcoe returned to England, and left the island to work out its own salvation by itself. Toussaint had started with an army of forty thousand men, which, in 1801, was doubled to eighty thousand; but the very magnitude of his power proved his destruction; for France grew alarmed at the attitude taken by her sable sister, and sent General Leclerc with twenty thousand men to talk with her on reason and the rights of man over cannon-balls and crossed bayonets.

In February, 1802, Leclerc opened his campaign, fighting with varied success, now beating and now beaten, but always finding the blacks stronger and more formidable enemies than he had expected. Whereupon he tried to gain by diplomacy and craft what war and arms could not give him: made a truce with Toussaint and Christopher, talked of universal charities and fraternisation, spoke of the honour of a Frenchman and the mission of a Republican, and played his part so well that the black heroes committed the irremediable mistake of trusting to his pro-

fessions, and believing in his protestations. When the truce was at its height, and men's minds most calm and most assured, Toussaint L'Ouverture was treacherously seized in his plantations and carried off, he and his wife and family, to France. There they were treated with all the refinements of cruelty belonging to civilisation: the unfortunate black was thrust into a cold, dank, horrible cell in the prison fortress of Joux, where, on the 27th of April, 1803, he was one morning found dead—the prison authorities said by apoplexy, history says by murder. Napoleon has few blots on his name more foul, more cruel, more treacherous, than this episode of Toussaint L'Ouverture, a man of whom history has only nobleness and self-sacrifice to record. After his abduction, the war was carried on with redoubled severity. The French brought bloodhounds from Cuba, and hunted the negroes like wild beasts through the mountains. Reprisals were not wanting; reprisals so fierce that it was said forty thousand French perished by the hands of the blacks, exclusive of those who died of fever and starvation. For, at last, the famine was so great that they were forced to eat the very bloodhounds brought over for negro-hunting. Hated, expelled, and their rule broken for ever, the French did the best they could under their untoward circumstances, and recognised Haiti as an independent black nation on the 1st of January, 1804. At that time the negroes were from four hundred and eighty thousand to five hundred thousand strong, and had some notable men among them to take the conduct of affairs. True, Toussaint, with his lofty daring and nobleness of soul, was gone, but Christophe, his friend and companion, remained; and Dessalines was there, vigorous and strong, if peremptory and cruel, with others of less historic weight, and by degrees they put their house in order, and got things tolerably well arranged. Dessalines, who had made a proclamation advising the assassination of the French, took the west, or French side, as Jacques the First; and when he was assassinated, Pétion took the south-west, and Christophe the north-west, as Henri the First. Christophe had been one of Toussaint's most ardent friends and supporters, and had been tampered with and tempted by the French at a time when his defection would have strengthened their hands perhaps for ever; but, loyal and true, Christophe had stood manfully by his leader and their cause, and now came forward as the chief of a state, no longer as only the captain of a band of revolted slaves. In the sequel Christophe was either slain in a military revolt, as some say, or, according to others, committed suicide. But, indeed, Haitian history is sadly confused and indistinguishable; dates, names, events, sequences, are jumbled together in such utter disorder, that we can make out little beyond the fact that the government of the island was handed about from one to another, that revolutions and assassinations were thick on every side, that the black governors had much to learn and much to un-

learn, and that the whole was a series of experiments, in which sometimes the experiment, and sometimes the experimenter, came off worst, and sometimes things went on smoothly and well for all parties. This historic and dynastic imbroglia lasts until August, 1849, in which month and year Soulouque became emperor, under the title of Faustin the First.

Soulouque was a kind of prophetic parody. He did in his small way precisely what a certain neighbour of ours did in a grander fashion two years later. Elected President, as all the rest had been from Dessalines upwards, he took the oaths and his seat, and for a time conducted himself with becoming presidential moderation. But the glitter of an imperial crown dazzled Soulouque, and the Haitian President executed a coup d'état whereby he became a crowned emperor and the loving cousin of all the regalities in Europe. It was a grand idea, and by no means weakly executed. Soulouque was a great nobility maker. His Dukes of Marmalade and Princesses of Barley-Sugar were the standing jokes of the Old World, though not quite fair jokes; and for a time, what with successfully debauching the army, and surrounding himself with a creature court devoted to his fortunes—which were their own—he managed to steer clear of his enemies, and to overbear all opposition. He was wise, too, in his generation. With a keen eye to the future, he amassed three or four hundred thousand pounds, which he prudently invested in the European funds—his uneasy seat, and perhaps an uneasy conscience, leading him to build his boats and bridges behind him, and make all ready for the day when flight should be his sole chance of safety. His immediate cause of failure was not long in coming. A man of his inordinate ambition could not let well alone, but must needs plan and plot, and conspire for something more than he had, and this something more was the empire of the whole island. He took his measures, laid his plans, prepared his plot, but his men did not second him, the army even failed him, and the conspiracy fell to the ground in a helpless and imperfect manner; whereon Soulouque, in a rage, got hold of his recalcitrants, put them into pits, kept them without food, and left them to be devoured by vermin of the most horrible kind. In short, he acted with all the full-blooded cruelty of an unmitigated savage tyrant. As Anthony Trollope says, "He played, upon the whole, such a melodrama of fantastic tricks and fantasies as might have done honour to a white Nero. Then at last black human nature could endure no more, and Soulouque, dreading a pit for his own majesty, was forced to run." On the 29th of January, 1859, he and his black wife, or wives, his famous daughter Olive, and his numerous maids of honour, took refuge on board the Melbourne, bound for Kingston, in Jamaica. But they found Kingston almost as hot for them as Port-au-Prince. The banished Haitians, of whom Faustin the First had made quite a colony, had mostly congregated there, and received their ancient oppressor, as soon as

he landed, with yells and hootings, surrounding the carriage like so many dusky demons, and heaping all kinds of contumely on fallen royalty until it gained the shelter of the Date-Tree Inn, when the banished lords took a lodging immediately opposite, and held a dignity ball that night in token of derision and indignation. Date-Tree Inn was the only place of refuge which fallen royalty could find; for Mrs. Seacole's sister, who keeps an hotel in Jamaica, where she is tenderly patriotic in beefsteaks and porter, would not so far demean herself or her house as to give his sable majesty a refuge. He had been emperor twelve years, but Mrs. Seacole's sister had not learnt to believe in his regality for all that.

After Soulouque's fall and expulsion, Febre Geffrard was chosen President: a kind, just man, full of good intentions, and singularly merciful in disposition, a pure African by blood, but with all the upright feelings and noble instincts of the most civilised Caucasian. But Fabre Geffrard is not acceptable to the whole of his quasi-subjects. A large section still regrets the author of the Haitian coup d'état, and this section determined, the other day, to get rid of Fabre and his gentle rule. A party of five, composed chiefly of men of rank and condition, and headed by Zamors and Chochotti, two men of birth, surrounded the President's house; and, on his young daughter, Madame Blanfort, appearing, a man named Sanon shot her down as she stood, intending to seize the President in the confusion, and make short work with him. It was a ruthless assassination. Not many weeks married, much and tenderly beloved, there was everything, both in her character and condition, that ought to have pleaded for her exemption from harm. Yet she was the one marked out for destruction, simply with the hope that her death would create such consternation that the plot could be carried into effect without trouble or hindrance. It was a heinous crime; an unpardonable crime, but the revenge taken was severe enough even for the vengeful. Twenty men were condemned to death, not all of whom were guilty of even knowledge of the assassination. Yet sixteen were actually executed, four saving themselves by flight. Fabre Geffrard could with difficulty be brought to consent to this wholesale manner of retribution, but his ministers and the army took the matter out of his hands, and the trial was pressed forward with all the ardour and passion of the South, passing from accusation to conviction, and from conviction to execution with very little interval or respite in between.

The condemned bore themselves with the courage of heroes. When drawn out to be shot, they stood in a row, chatting gaily among each other, and smoking as calmly as if on parade—like all men who have committed a great public crime, cheating themselves into the belief that they had meditated a great public virtue. The soldiers told off for the execution were unmanned. Though there were forty-six to do the work, it took three-quarters of an hour before the last man was killed. It was a

perfect butchery, and the popular feeling, which had been so strong on the side of the murdered girl and against the conspirators, was all now drawn to the victims of what seemed to be an inhuman slaughter. It will be long before Haiti forgets that day when she wetted her feet in the blood of her sons, and trailed her royal robes knee-deep through the crimson stain. It might have been a just sentence, but at the best it was not tempered with mercy, and, under all the circumstances of the execution, even the justice became problematical.

### INFALLIBLE PHYSIC.

"THERE is always," observed an author two centuries ago, "some one arch quackery that carries the bell in England. If it is not tar water, it is something else." It is calculated that at least half a million of pounds sterling is expended annually by the English public on advertised drugs and nostrums. Upwards of forty thousand pounds are paid annually to the revenue for stamps on quack medicines. One patent medicine-vendor, it is affirmed, spends no less a sum than twenty thousand pounds yearly in advertising his drugs.

One of the most notable impostors on public credulity was St. John Long, a painter from Cork, who took up doctoring on his own authority. He settled in London, took a fine house, and enunciated a mystic doctrine about morbid matter. All his remedies were applied externally, kept strictly secret, and vaunted as the great discovery of the age. He soon got abundance of patients, and it is said gained one hundred thousand pounds out of the pockets of the credulous public in London. Yet Dr. Sleigh, an eminent physician to whom Long was induced to apply for instruction after his first trial for manslaughter, asserted that, even for a layman and unprofessional man, he found him utterly and strangely ignorant on everything whatever, however elementary, relating to the structure, functions, and diseases of the body. Nevertheless, at his two trials numerous witnesses, among whom were noblemen, clergymen, and generals, stood forward to swear to his great medical knowledge. One of these witnesses (Lord Ingestre) swore that he saw St. John Long draw several pounds of a liquid like mercury from a patient's brain!

In the early part of the present century, a person called Perkins sold in great numbers, and at exorbitant prices, two small tapering pieces of metal called Tractors, which were stated to be perfectly efficacious in the removal of "acute and chronic rheumatism, gout, sprains, erysipelas, epileptic fits, pleurisy," and numerous other ailments, and they were further alleged to be equally successful in all analogous diseases of horses or other animals. The small pieces of metal were made of zinc and copper, which would cost at the most but a few pence, yet they were sold in great numbers at six guineas a set, and persons of high repute and station bore testimony to the truth of this "safe, speedy, and

effectual method of cure." In a pamphlet on the influence of the tractors, Perkins stated that "he had crossed the Atlantic and become a resident in London, that he might devote his time and attention to the diffusion of this important discovery, and its application to the miseries of mankind." He alleged that among his testimonials were vouchers from "eight professors in four universities in the various branches as follows: three of natural philosophy, four of medicine, one of natural history; to these may be added nineteen physicians, seventeen surgeons, and twenty clergymen, of whom ten are doctors of divinity, and many others of equal respectability." Very soon, however, Dr. Haygarth and Mr. Smith in this country, and Schumacker in Germany, showed that they could produce equally marvellous effects with "false tractors" made of wax and wood, provided only that the patients did not know the deceit practised upon them, and had entire confidence in the method of cure employed. The paralytic were made to walk, rheumatic pains were put to flight, and, during the operation of pointing the false tractors to the part of the body affected, the pulse was visibly influenced. In one case they produced an increase of pain instead of relieving it, and the patient declared that after their use for four minutes, he was in more pain than when the surgeon took five pieces of bone from his leg, after a compound fracture in Wales, and his pulse was raised to one hundred and twenty beats a minute.

Contemporaneous with Perkins were the Jew doctors, Brodun and Solomon. The former was footman to Dr. Bossy, a learned physician of those days, and having obtained some knowledge of medical terms, resolved to turn doctor himself. He brought out a "Nervous Cordial" and Botanical Syrup, which were announced to be grand restoratives of nature, and he secured patents for them. He published, also, a *Guide to Old Age*, with a portrait of the author, and puffed it so judiciously that, according to his own account, it went through fifty editions. After travelling about England, he at length determined to settle in the metropolis, "the Paradise of quacks," and, after a run of success, attempted to get himself appointed an officer of volunteers, but eventually failed. Famous Dr. Solomon, in his youthful days, gained a livelihood by hawking black-ball in Newcastle. Regarding this employment as too menial, he turned his attention to cleansing ladies' faces from spots and freckles, by an "abstringent lotion." Afterwards he attempted to establish a newspaper in Liverpool, but not succeeding, tried to sell it, unestablished as it was. His great exploit was the fabrication of the Cordial Balm of Gilead, and the publication with it of a *Guide to Health*. In his *Guide* he informs the public, "that the most learned physicians have been unable to discover in the Cordial Balm of Gilead the least particle of mercury, antimony, iron, or any other mineral except gold (pure virgin gold), and the balm of Mecca." A portrait adorns this valu-

able medical work, and an engraving of the great man's house, with a scale of measurement.

The Balm of Gilead had a large sale, and seems to have been a pleasant beverage. On one occasion a tradesman at Everton, near Liverpool, discovered, to his great regret, that his wife, though formerly modest and temperate, had suddenly become a dram-drinker. Enraged at her depravity, he interrogated her so sternly, that she confessed she had been allured to the pernicious habit by sipping the Balm of Gilead and other nostrums. She then produced the empty bottles which had contained these intoxicating cordials, and told her husband that three of her female neighbours had also been deluded into the same habit. The tradesman thereupon concerted a plan with the other injured husbands to chastise the Jew doctor. They decoyed him to Everton on the pretence of attending a patient, and meeting him on the way, disguised as devils, with cow-hide and horns, dragged him into a field, and compelled him to swallow a whole bottle of his own nostrum. The doctor invoked Moses and all the Prophets to deliver him from the demons; but they proceeded to toss him in a blanket, all the while filling the air with hisses and execrations. At length permitted to return home, he was so convinced of the supernatural character of the punishment inflicted upon him for his impositions, that he advertised his premises to be let or sold.

On one occasion the British Parliament, carried away by the public enthusiasm for a secret remedy called Stephen's Specific, which was believed to be infallible in cases of gravel and stone, voted five thousand pounds for its purchase. The composition of Mrs. Stephen's remedy was thereafter officially published in the *London Gazette*, but the mixture of ingredients was so unexpectedly absurd that the publication was fatal to its reputation. "It consisted of egg-shells and snail-shells, with the snails in them, all calcined, ash-keys, hips and haws, swine-cress, and various other vegetables, all burned to a cinder, with camomile flowers, fennel, and some other vegetables—these last not being burned in the same manner." Dr. Hartley, the metaphysician, nevertheless published an octavo volume in favour of Mrs. Stephen's alleged specific, adducing one hundred and fifty cases in proof of its efficiency, his own being amongst the number. Dr. Hartley, however, died of the disease for which he believed Mrs. Stephen's specific to be an infallible remedy, and of which he believed himself to be cured.

However much we may be disposed to smile at the simplicity of our ancestors in giving credence to the vendors of secret remedies, it must not be forgotten that a whole host of them flourish in our own day, and draw annually large sums from the pockets of the public. They seem naturally to divide themselves into two classes: one offering to the world an universal panacea for all diseases and all cases of disease; the other professing a speciality, or confining themselves to the treatment of special diseases.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu remarked that the English are, more than any other nation, infatuated by the prospect of universal medicine, and after noticing the constant succession of cures applicable for all cases and circumstances, she says, in 1748: "I find that tar-water has succeeded to Ward's drops, and it is possible some other form of quackery has by this time taken place of that." Although the nineteenth century has not the advantage of the Elixir of Life, or Bishop Berkeley's tar-water, or Perkins's tractors, still old age is guaranteed to all comers, through the efficacy of certain wonderful pills. By their agency longevity shall be the privilege of all who are wise enough to invest one shilling and three-halfpence from time to time. One advertiser, with a laudable aspiration after science, enunciates a humoral pathology, specially his own; and as, according to him, all diseases originate in the blood, so the blood is only to be purified by perseverance in swallowing the Nos. 1 and 2 varieties of pills, the combined and judicious administration of which will produce immunity from all bodily ailments. Another professor discards every fanciful hypothesis. He entrenches himself behind countless cases of cure, and assuring the world that "the student of Nature knows how simple are her ways," recommends his pills and ointment as positive remedies for all external and internal complaints, asserting that by them "disease is conquered and art triumphant."

But by far the most agreeable advertisement which meets the eye is "no more pills, or any other medicine," fifty thousand cures of all manner of diseases "without medicine, inconvenience, or expense," and effected solely by the use of some peculiar kind of food.

Rubbers and shampooers have frequently risen to considerable notoriety, and then as suddenly disappeared. The motto adopted by the practitioners of Kinesipathy (as they have been called), has usually been to rub and pinch the body after a peculiar fashion, supposed to be known only to themselves, and in this way an universal remedy was promised for all diseases, medical and surgical. The rubbing system has always possessed the advantage of being an *active* method of cure, in contradistinction to the *expectant* plan, which quietly waits for recovery by the efforts of Nature, interfering only to remove hindrances out of her way, or to aid her powers when insufficient. Most men and women when they are ill, prefer a form of treatment which has the appearance of activity and exertion, to any method which necessitates their quietly waiting. Medical men are well acquainted with this peculiar mental constitution in the majority of patients, and know from constant experience, that often when good nursing would do all that is required, medical treatment of some form *must* be adopted, simply to satisfy this craving for active help.

One of these Kinesipaths invented the amusing theory that "synovia" was the cause of all bodily ailments, and that the appropriate cure was his special kind of rubbing. Now, this "synovia," which is the harmless fluid lubricating the

joints, and which consists of albumen, oil, and water, was supposed to take an erratic journey into some neighbouring organ, where its presence was resented, and thus arose manifestations of disease. It is reported that a poor lady who had been stricken with dimness of vision, and who applied to this rubber for relief, was informed that the wicked synovia had taken up its quarters in the organ of vision, and must be driven out by skilful and oft-repeated rubbing. After submitting to this treatment for a prolonged period without benefit, an intelligent oculist was consulted, who, to the lady's astonishment, speedily restored her impaired sight by prescribing for dyspepsia. One ignorant Kinesipath was caught in the act of shampooing a poor man's back who had returned from India much emaciated, with the avowed purpose of rubbing down the "knobs" on his back: the so-called "knobs" being the spines of the vertebra unusually prominent from general wasting.

The history was published, some few years ago, in the Quarterly Review, of a young man who, having been brought up as a journeyman cooper, was instructed by his mother in the art of shampooing. He was wise enough to turn his accomplishment to account, and, having made one or two reputed cures, they were noised abroad, and caused him to be talked of at every dinner-table. It was believed that he had made a prodigious discovery in the healing art—that shampooing, performed according to his method, was a remedy for all disorders. All forms of diseases were submitted to the same treatment; not alone patients with stiff joints or weakened limbs, which might have been benefited by the practice, but sufferers with diseases of the spine and hip-joint, of the lungs and liver, patients with the worst diseases, and patients with no disease whatever. The greater the demand for the services of the practitioner, the larger became the fee necessary to ensure his best attention; and it is supposed, that for one or two years at least, his receipts were as much as 6000*l.* annually. Matters went on thus for three or four years, when the delusion ceased about as suddenly as it had leaped into vigour, and the shampooer found himself deprived of his vocation.

Of the irregular practitioners who devote themselves to special departments of practice, the "bone-setters" have always been a numerous fraternity. One or more is usually to be found in every manufacturing town, but their vocation flourishes more particularly in the mining districts. The inhabitants of those localities practically express their conviction that "bone-setting" is an art quite beyond the usual qualifications of an educated surgeon. Attendance on lectures, and walking hospitals, may qualify a medical man for performing an amputation or curing a colic, but the art of mending broken limbs is not so learned, and a man whose ancestors have been bone-setters and blacksmiths, or bone-setters and curriers, for several generations, is far more to be depended upon.

Among the specialists, the so-called "cancer



curers" have, perhaps, of all others, been the most notorious. The formidable nature of cancer, its comparative frequency in both sexes, and the belief that it is incurable by known methods of treatment, have been among the reasons why this class of empirics should attract a large share of public attention. Added to these is the natural dread of the surgeon's knife, and the bold assertions of the pretender that he possesses the secret, as yet unrevealed to the world, by which recovery may be effected painlessly and certainly without having recourse to the dreaded operation. On the part of the public, the love of novelty, the benevolent wish to further anything which promises so great a boon as the relief of pain or the saving of life, leads indirectly to the countenancing of the empiric and to the furthering of his selfish ends. A certain proportion of supposed cures are effected by the removal of benign tumours which ought never to have been mistaken for cancer, or by the destruction of the surface of a genuine cancer and the temporary healing of the skin. Mr. Spencer Wells, in a little work on Cancer Cures and Cancer Curers, has shown that their remedies mainly consist of compounds of mercury, arsenic, or zinc, disguised by admixture with some other ingredients, and that the pain caused by these caustics is tenfold more severe and more protracted than the pain of excision by the knife. Not one of these pretenders whose secret has transpired, or who has had a fair trial under competent supervision, has contributed anything to the advantage of sufferers from cancer; not one has suggested anything new, while the mischief they have done has been incalculable. In the beginning of the last century a person named Plunkett practised as a cancer curer in London. He had no knowledge of surgery in general, and, of course, must have been guided by intuition to his diagnosis. He prescribed from the traditional directions of his namesake, formerly an empiric in Ireland, who left the receipt for his medicine, with directions for its use, to Steeven's Hospital. Plunkett's nostrum was a form of caustic which professed not only to destroy the tumour, but to penetrate like a separate intelligence into every direction where the marked tissue was deposited and to uproot it utterly. The notion of cancer possessing roots has probably arisen from the supposed resemblance it has to a crab holding its prey: though truly the existence of the so-called roots is an entire misapprehension. Plunkett's secret was purchased by Richard Grey in 1754, and kept secret by him until a controversy took place about it, in which Gataker, one of the surgeons to the king, took an active part. Its owner then published the secret in Lloyd's Evening Post, for March 5th, 1760, as follows: "Crow's-foot, which grows on low ground, one handful; dog-fennel, three sprigs, the two to be well pounded; crude brimstone, three thimblefuls; white arsenic, the same quantity. All incorporated well in a mortar, then made into small balls the size of

nutmegs and dried in the sun." It is curious to observe that this receipt is really a type of most of the nostrums which have been highly vaunted in recent times for the cure of the same disorder. Yet even Plunkett had no claim to originality, for the exhaustive effects of arsenic, which was the active ingredient in this nostrum, was well known to the Greek and Roman physicians, and had been used for centuries in the removal of cancerous diseases. Mr. Justamond, who was surgeon to the Westminster Hospital at the time, gave a full and fair trial to Plunkett's and Grey's caustics, and came to the conclusion that the advantages gained did not compensate for the risk incurred. Lord Bolingbroke was killed by a man who pretended to cure him of cancer in the face, and the remedy employed was Plunkett's paste. Similar fatal results have followed the use of other quack nostrums used for the same purpose. Not long ago a German empiric agreed to come to this country from somewhere on the Rhine, to heal a lady affected with cancer. The fee was to be three hundred guineas. The quack's first application was made on the Monday, and on Tuesday it had destroyed the coats of a large artery, and the patient bled to death in a few minutes. In another case, a physician was called to see a lady who was said to have fainted. On his arrival, he found a cancer curer in attendance, totally unconscious of the true position of affairs; he had only just assured the husband, indeed, that the wife was going on well, and would soon be cured. The patient was *dead!*

Within the last few weeks the most unscrupulous, perhaps, of all the cancer curers has been arraigned before the Tribunal of Correctional Police in France, and punished by imprisonment and fine. A native of Surinam, named Vries, assumed the name of the "Docteur Noir," and pretending that he had a diploma from the faculty at Leyden, established himself in Paris as a cancer curer and universal medical genius. He gave out that he had discovered in the tropical regions an infallible antidote which he called the "quinquina of cancer," and also other specifics for divers diseases. Prospectuses were profusely distributed, announcing that the "black doctor" had received supernatural relations confirmatory of the value of his treatment, and numbers of poor sufferers were induced to apply. Immense sums were exacted previous to the treatment being commenced, and, however far the disease had progressed, the patients were invariably assured that cure was certain. An ample trial was afforded to the remedies in the hospital La Charité, the treatment there being conducted by the black doctor himself, and after the most deliberate investigation, the scheme was pronounced on all hands a failure.

At his trial for swindling, it appeared that, in 1834, he had left his country, and had visited Holland, America, and England, to introduce foreign medicines. In England he had endeavoured to set up a new religion, had preached against the idolatry of Rome, and had proclaimed that he feared neither the poniards of the Jesuits, nor the thunders of the Vatican.



He stated that in London his system of medicine had not succeeded, because there, as in Paris, he had been unfairly treated, and the result was the loss of an enormous sum of money.

"You came to Paris in 1853," said the president of the court. "What did you come for?"

"To introduce foreign medicine, and to propose means of replacing steam in locomotives."

"You are, then, a universal genius!"

"Every physician is a chemist."

"Pray who made you a physician?"

"I, myself, sir," answered the accused.

"But you represented that you were a physician of the University of Leyden."

"Hippocrates had no diploma; and if the Lord himself were to return to earth to cure men, the Faculty of Medicine would prosecute him!"

It was proved by MM. Velpeau and Fauvel, surgeons to the Hôpital de la Charité, that seventeen persons afflicted with cancer were placed in his hands, and he undertook to cure them in six months, but at the end of two months seven were dead, and at the time of the trial, *all* were dead, except two, and those two dying!

No one objects to a man dosing himself in any way he pleases, provided he does not commit actual suicide. With some men, the taking of medicine seems a form of monomania. Bishop Berkeley drank a butt of tar-water; and a person named Samuel Jessop, who died at the age of sixty-five, in 1817, had such an inordinate craving for physic, that in twenty-one years he took no less than two hundred and twenty-six thousand nine hundred and thirty-four pills, besides forty thousand bottles of mixture; and, in the year 1814, when his appetite increased, his consumption of pills was fifty-one thousand five hundred and ninety! Dr. David Hartley, before mentioned, not content with Joanna Stephen's specific, had during his life eaten *two hundred pounds weight* of soap, as a medicine.

Brandy and salt, Morison's pills, Holloway's ointment, hydropathy, and homœopathy, all have a place successively in the affections of those given to quackery, and it may safely be predicted that one form of quackery embraced, the rest are pretty sure to follow. Possessed with a constitutional mental obliquity, these persons turn a deaf ear to the teachings of experience, and are quite unable to perceive that if a remedy was a cure-all once, its virtues ought not to be superseded by every new nostrum puffed abroad, and that if they have found one nostrum at length useless, the lesson thus learned should have the effect of warning them from other and new deceptions.

In reviewing a long list of empirical pretenders, it is found that all pretend to possess some secret hitherto undiscovered, which is an infallible remedy for some single accident or disease, or which, properly applied, cures all the ills that flesh is heir to. Frequently the nostrum is an antiquated heirloom, or if the empiric is more refined and subtle in his charla-

tany, spiritual manifestations and mesmerism assist in the "new gift of healing." Electricity and magnetism, too, those mysterious forces, the physical laws concerning which are little understood by the majority of persons, are made scapegoats. Perchance, the benefactor of his species gives himself out to be a retired physician or clergyman, whose sands of life are nearly run, and who, as an act of gratitude before departing this life, offers an invaluable prescription to his fellow-men for the trifling sum of a few postage-stamps. With the prescription, possibly, comes a recommendation to have it made up at some particular shop, which has no connexion with the advertiser. Every newspaper that will admit such advertisements can have them. Astonishing cures are thus paraded before the eyes of a world of news readers, and some weak-minded nobleman having been cozened into heading the list of recoveries, the fascination becomes irresistible. Educated medical men are precluded from advertising in this way altogether. A member of any college or hall, advertising his cures, would bring upon himself the general reprobation of his fellows, and would place him for ever beyond the pale of professional respect. This being the case, the very fact of advertising cures by any remedy, surrounds it with suspicion. Qualified medicine men equally repudiate all secret remedies. Whatever trouble or expense an investigation has cost, the results are open to the entire world, and their correctness is tested by thousands of other workers. Had Jenner kept to himself his preventive remedy for small-pox, what wealth might he have accumulated! Had Simpson kept secret the means of abrogating pain by chloroform, what immense pecuniary benefit would have accrued to himself! Generally, when any real discovery has been made, it has been considered a sufficient reward to have its utility recognised; the reward has come in reputation; and to the medical man reputation is wealth, as well as honour.

In this country no laws exist to guard the public against medical impositions. An act recently passed provides a register by which the public may distinguish between educated and uneducated practitioners, but it ought not to be difficult to find some ready method which, without suppressing free trade in medicine, might at least make it less easy for unscrupulous adventurers to drive a thriving trade in this department. Were even all patent medicines submitted to a board of censors competent to examine them, before the stamps were issued, the public might be preserved in some degree from decidedly injurious drugs.

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The Fourth Journey of  
**THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER,**  
 A SERIES OF OCCASIONAL JOURNEYS,  
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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

JULY 3RD. When the dinner hour brought us together again, Count Fosco was in his usual excellent spirits. He exerted himself to interest and amuse us, as if he was determined to efface from our memories all recollection of what had passed in the library that afternoon. Lively descriptions of his adventures in travelling; amusing anecdotes of remarkable people whom he had met with abroad; quaint comparisons between the social customs of various nations, illustrated by examples drawn from men and women indiscriminately all over Europe; humorous confessions of the innocent follies of his own early life, when he ruled the fashions of a second-rate Italian town, and wrote preposterous romances, on the French model, for a second-rate Italian newspaper—all flowed in succession so easily and so gaily from his lips, and all addressed our various curiosities and various interests so directly and so delicately, that Laura and I listened to him with as much attention, and, inconsistent as it may seem, with as much admiration also, as Madame Fosco herself. Women can resist a man's love, a man's fame, a man's personal appearance, and a man's money; but they cannot resist a man's tongue, when he knows how to talk to them.

After dinner, while the favourable impression which he had produced on us was still vivid in our minds, the Count modestly withdrew to read in the library. Laura proposed a stroll in the grounds to enjoy the close of the long evening. It was necessary, in common politeness, to ask Madame Fosco to join us; but, this time, she had apparently received her orders beforehand, and she begged we would kindly excuse her. "The Count will probably want a fresh supply of cigarettes," she remarked, by way of apology; "and nobody can make them to his satisfaction, but myself." Her cold blue eyes almost warmed as she spoke the words—she looked actually proud of being the officiating medium through which her lord and master composed himself with tobacco-smoke!

Laura and I went out together alone.

It was a misty, heavy evening. There was a sense of blight in the air; the flowers were drooping in the garden, and the ground was parched and dewless. The western heaven, as

we saw it over the quiet trees, was of a pale yellow hue, and the sun was setting faintly in a haze. Coming rain seemed near: it would fall probably with the fall of night.

"Which way shall we go?" I asked.

"Towards the lake, Marian, if you like," she answered.

"You seem unaccountably fond, Laura, of that dismal lake."

"No; not of the lake, but of the scenery about it. The sand and heath, and the fir-trees, are the only objects I can discover, in all this large place, to remind me of Limmeridge. But we will walk in some other direction, if you prefer it."

"I have no favourite walks at Blackwater Park, my love. One is the same as another to me. Let us go to the lake—we may find it cooler in the open space than we find it here."

We walked through the shadowy plantation in silence. The heaviness in the evening air oppressed us both; and, when we reached the boat-house, we were glad to sit down and rest, inside.

A white fog hung low over the lake. The dense brown line of the trees on the opposite bank, appeared above it, like a dwarf forest floating in the sky. The sandy ground, shelving downward from where we sat, was lost mysteriously in the outward layers of the fog. The silence was horrible. No rustling of the leaves—no bird's note in the wood—no cry of water-fowl from the pools of the hidden lake. Even the croaking of the frogs had ceased tonight.

"It is very desolate and gloomy," said Laura. "But we can be more alone here than anywhere else."

She spoke quietly, and looked at the wilderness of sand and mist with steady, thoughtful eyes. I could see that her mind was too much occupied with its own thoughts to feel the dreary impressions from without, which had fastened themselves already on mine.

"I promised, Marian, to tell you the truth about my married life, instead of leaving you any longer to guess it for yourself," she began. "That secret is the first I have ever had from you, love, and I am determined it shall be the last. I was silent, as you know, for your sake—and perhaps a little for my own sake as well. It is very hard for a woman to confess that the man to whom she has given her whole life, is

the man of all others who cares least for the gift. If you were married yourself, Marian—and especially if you were happily married—you would feel for me as no single woman *can* feel, however kind and true she may be.”

What answer could I make? I could only take her hand, and look at her with my whole heart, as well as my eyes would let me.

“How often,” she went on, “I have heard you laughing over what you used to call your ‘poverty!’ how often you have made me mock-speeches of congratulation on my wealth! Oh, Marian, never laugh again. Thank God for your poverty—it has made you your own mistress, and has saved you from the lot that has fallen on *me*.”

A sad beginning on the lips of a young wife!—sad, in its quiet, plain-spoken truth. The few days we had all passed together at Blackwater Park, had been many enough to show me—to show any one—what her husband had married her for.

“You shall not be distressed,” she said, “by hearing how soon my disappointments and my trials began—or, even by knowing what they were. It is bad enough to have them on *my* memory. If I tell you how he received the first, and last, attempt at remonstrance that I ever made, you will know how he has always treated me, as well as if I had described it in so many words. It was one day at Rome, when we had ridden out together to the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The sky was calm and lovely—and the grand old ruin looked beautiful—and the remembrance that a husband’s love had raised it in the old time to a wife’s memory, made me feel more tenderly and more anxiously towards *my* husband than I had ever felt yet. ‘Would you build such a tomb for *me*, Percival?’ I asked him. ‘You said you loved me dearly, before we were married; and yet, since that time—’ I could get no farther. Marian! he was not even looking at me! I pulled down my veil, thinking it best not to let him see that the tears were in my eyes. I fancied he had not paid any attention to me; but he had. He said, ‘Come away,’ and laughed to himself, as he helped me on to my horse. He mounted his own horse; and laughed again, as we rode away. ‘If I do build you a tomb,’ he said, ‘it will be done with your own money. I wonder whether Cecilia Metella had a fortune, and paid for hers.’ I made no reply—how could I, when I was crying behind my veil? ‘Ah, you light-complexioned women are all sulky,’ he said. ‘What do you want? compliments and soft speeches? Well! I’m in a good humour this morning. Consider the compliments paid, and the speeches said.’ Men little know, when they say hard things to us, how well we remember them, and how much harm they do us. It would have been better for me if I had gone on crying; but his contempt dried up my tears, and hardened my heart. From that time, Marian, I never checked myself again in thinking of Walter Hartright. I let the memory of those happy days, when we were so fond of each other in secret, come back,

and comfort me. What else had I to look to for consolation? If we had been together, you would have helped me to better things. I know it was wrong, darling—but tell me if I was wrong, without any excuse.”

I was obliged to turn my face from her. “Don’t ask me!” I said. “Have I suffered as you have suffered? What right have I to decide?”

“I used to think of him,” she pursued, dropping her voice, and moving closer to me—“I used to think of him, when Percival left me alone at night, to go among the Opera people. I used to fancy what I might have been, if it had pleased God to bless me with poverty, and if I had been his wife. I used to see myself in my neat cheap gown, sitting at home and waiting for him, while he was earning our bread—sitting at home and working for him, and loving him all the better because I *had* to work for him—seeing him come in tired, and taking off his hat and coat for him—and, Marian, pleasing him with little dishes at dinner that I had learnt to make for his sake.—Oh! I hope he is never lonely enough and sad enough to think of me, and see me, as I have thought of *him* and seen *him*!”

As she said those melancholy words, all the lost tenderness returned to her voice, and all the lost beauty trembled back into her face. Her eyes rested as lovingly on the blighted, solitary, ill-omened view before us, as if they saw the friendly hills of Cumberland in the dim and threatening sky.

“Don’t speak of Walter any more,” I said, as soon as I could control myself. “Oh, Laura, spare us both the wretchedness of talking of him, now!”

She roused herself, and looked at me tenderly.

“I would rather be silent about him for ever,” she answered, “than cause you a moment’s pain.”

“It is in your interests,” I pleaded; “it is for your sake that I speak. If your husband heard you—”

“It would not surprise him, if he did hear me.”

She made that strange reply with a weary calmness and coldness. The change in her manner, when she gave the answer, startled me almost as much as the answer itself.

“Not surprise him!” I repeated. “Laura! remember what you are saying—you frighten me!”

“It is true,” she said—“it is what I wanted to tell you to-day, when we were talking in your room. My only secret when I opened my heart to him at Limmeridge, was a harmless secret, Marian—you said so yourself. The name was all I kept from him—and he has discovered it.”

I heard her; but I could say nothing. Her last words had killed the little hope that still lived in me.

“It happened at Rome,” she went on, as wearily, calm and cold as ever. “We were at a

little party, given to the English by some friends of Sir Percival's—Mr. and Mrs. Markland. Mrs. Markland had the reputation of sketching very beautifully; and some of the guests prevailed on her to show us her drawings. We all admired them—but something I said attracted her attention particularly to me. "Surely you draw yourself?" she asked. "I used to draw a little once," I answered, "but I have given it up." "If you have once drawn," she said, "you may take to it again one of these days; and, if you do, I wish you would let me recommend you a master." I said nothing—you know why, Marian—and tried to change the conversation. But Mrs. Markland persisted. "I have had all sorts of teachers," she went on; "but the best of all, the most intelligent and the most attentive, was a Mr. Hartright. If you ever take up your drawing again, do try him as a master. He is a young man—modest and gentleman-like—I am sure you will like him. Think of those words being spoken to me publicly, in the presence of strangers—strangers who had been invited to meet the bride and bridegroom!" I did all I could to control myself—I said nothing, and looked down close at the drawings. When I ventured to raise my head again, my eyes and my husband's eyes met; and I knew, by his look, that my face had betrayed me. "We will see about Mr. Hartright," he said, looking at me all the time, "when we get back to England. I agree with you, Mrs. Markland—I think Lady Glyde is sure to like him." He laid an emphasis on the last words which made my cheeks burn, and set my heart beating as if it would stifle me. Nothing more was said—we came away early. He was silent in the carriage, driving back to the hotel. He helped me out, and followed me up-stairs as usual. But the moment we were in the drawing-room, he locked the door; pushed me down into a chair, and stood over me with his hands on my shoulders. "Ever since that morning when you made your audacious confession to me at Limmeridge," he said, "I have wanted to find out the man; and I found him in your face; to-night. Your drawing-master was the man; and his name is Hartright. You shall repent it, and he shall repent it, to the last hour of your lives. Now go to bed, and dream of him, if you like—with the marks of my horsewhip on his shoulders." Whenever he is angry with me now, he refers to what I acknowledged to him in your presence, with a sneer or a threat. I have no power to prevent him from putting his own horrible construction on the confidence I placed in him. I have no influence to make him believe me, or to keep him silent. You looked surprised, to-day, when you heard him tell me that I had made a virtue of necessity in marrying him. You will not be surprised again, when you hear him repeat it, the next time he is out of temper—Oh, Marian! don't! don't! you hurt me!"

I had caught her in my arms; and the sting and torment of my remorse had closed them round her like a vice. Yes! my remorse. The

white despair of Walter's face, when my cruel words struck him to the heart in the summer-house at Limmeridge, rose before me in mute, unendurable reproach. My hand had pointed the way which led the man my sister loved, step by step, far from his country and his friends. Between those two young hearts I had stood, to sunder them for ever, the one from the other—and his life and her life lay wasted before me, alike, in witness of the deed. I had done this; and done it for Sir Percival Glyde.

For Sir Percival Glyde.

I heard her speaking, and I knew by the tone of her voice that she was comforting me—I, who deserved nothing but the reproach of her silence! How long it was before I mastered the absorbing misery of my own thoughts, I cannot tell. I was first conscious that she was kissing me; and then my eyes seemed to wake on a sudden to their sense of outward things, and I knew that I was looking mechanically straight before me at the prospect of the lake.

"It is late," I heard her whisper. "It will be dark in the plantation." She shook my arm, and repeated, "Marian! it will be dark in the plantation."

"Give me a minute longer," I said—"a minute, to get better in."

I was afraid to trust myself to look at her yet; and I kept my eyes fixed on the view.

It *was* late. The dense brown line of trees in the sky had faded in the gathering darkness, to the faint resemblance of a long wreath of smoke. The mist over the lake below had stealthily enlarged, and advanced on us. The silence was as breathless as ever—but the horror of it had gone, and the solemn mystery of its stillness was all that remained.

"We are far from the house," she whispered. "Let us go back."

She stopped suddenly and turned her face from me towards the entrance of the boat-house.

"Marian!" she said, trembling violently. "Do you see nothing? Look!"

"Where?"

"Down there, below us."

She pointed. My eyes followed her hand; and I saw it, too.

A living figure was moving over the waste of heath in the distance. It crossed our range of view from the boat-house, and passed darkly along the outer edge of the mist. It stopped, far off, in front of us—waited—and passed on; moving slowly, with the white cloud of mist behind it and above it—slowly, slowly, till it glided by the edge of the boat-house, and we saw it no more.

We were both unnerved by what had passed between us that evening. Some minutes elapsed before Laura would venture into the plantation, and before I could make up my mind to lead her back to the house.

"Was it a man, or a woman?" she asked, in a whisper, as we moved, at last, into the dark dampness of the outer air.

"I am not certain."

"Which do you think?"

"It looks like a woman."

"I was afraid it was a man in a long cloak."

"It may be a man. In this dim light it is not possible to be certain."

"Wait, Marian! I'm frightened—I don't see the path. Suppose the figure should follow us?"

"Not at all likely, Laura. There is really nothing to be alarmed about. The shores of the lake are not far from the village, and they are free to any one to walk on, by day or night. It is only wonderful we have seen no living creature there before."

We were now in the plantation. It was very dark—so dark, that we found some difficulty in keeping the path. I gave Laura my arm, and we walked as fast as we could on our way back.

Before we were half way through, she stopped, and forced me to stop with her. She was listening.

"Hush!" she whispered. "I hear something behind us."

"Dead leaves," I said, to cheer her, "or a twig blown off the trees."

"It is summer time, Marian; and there is not a breath of wind. Listen!"

I heard the sound, too—a sound like a light footstep following us.

"No matter who it is, or what it is," I said; "let us walk on. In another minute, if there is anything to alarm us, we shall be near enough to the house to be heard."

We went on quickly—so quickly, that Laura was breathless by the time we were nearly through the plantation, and within sight of the lighted windows.

I waited a moment, to give her breathing-time. Just as we were about to proceed, she stopped me again, and signed to me with her hand to listen once more. We both heard distinctly a long, heavy sigh, behind us, in the black depths of the trees.

"Who's there?" I called out.

There was no answer.

"Who's there?" I repeated.

An instant of silence followed; and then we heard the light fall of the footsteps again, fainter and fainter—sinking away into the darkness—sinking, sinking, sinking—till they were lost in the silence.

We hurried out from the trees to the open lawn beyond; crossed it rapidly; and without another word passing between us, reached the house.

In the light of the hall-lamp, Laura looked at me, with white cheeks and startled eyes.

"I am half dead with fear," she said. "Who could it have been?"

"We will try to guess to-morrow," I replied. "In the mean time, say nothing to any one of what we have heard and seen."

"Why not?"

"Because silence is safe—and we have need of safety in this house."

I sent Laura up-stairs immediately—waited a minute to take off my hat, and put my hair smooth—and then went at once to make my

first investigations in the library, on pretence of searching for a book.

There sat the Count, filling out the largest easy-chair in the house; smoking and reading calmly, with his feet on an ottoman, his cravat across his knees, and his shirt collar wide open. And there sat Madame Fosco, like a quiet child, on a stool by his side, making cigarettes. Neither husband nor wife could, by any possibility, have been out late that evening, and have just got back to the house in a hurry. I felt that my object in visiting the library was answered the moment I set eyes on them.

Count Fosco rose in polite confusion, and tied his cravat on, when I entered the room.

"Pray don't let me disturb you," I said. "I have only come here to get a book."

"All unfortunate men of my size suffer from the heat," said the Count, refreshing himself gravely with a large green fan. "I wish I could change places with my excellent wife. She is as cool, at this moment, as a fish in the pond outside."

The Countess allowed herself to thaw under the influence of her husband's quaint comparison. "I am never warm, Miss Halcombe," she remarked, with the modest air of a woman who was confessing to one of her own merits.

"Have you and Lady Glyde been out this evening?" asked the Count, while I was taking a book from the shelves, to preserve appearances.

"Yes; we went out to get a little air."

"May I ask in what direction?"

"In the direction of the lake—as far as the boat-house."

"Aha? As far as the boat-house?"

Under other circumstances, I might have resented his curiosity. But, to-night I hailed it as another proof that neither he nor his wife were connected with the mysterious appearance at the lake.

"No more adventures, I suppose, this evening?" he went on. "No more discoveries, like your discovery of the wounded dog?"

He fixed his unfathomable grey eyes on me, with that cold, clear, irresistible glitter in them, which always forces me to look at him, and always makes me uneasy, while I do look. An unutterable suspicion that his mind is prying into mine, overcomes me at these times; and it overcame me now.

"No," I said, shortly; "no adventures—no discoveries."

I tried to look away from him, and leave the room. Strange as it seems, I hardly think I should have succeeded in the attempt, if Madame Fosco had not helped me by causing him to move and look away first.

"Count, you are keeping Miss Halcombe standing," she said.

The moment he turned round to get me a chair, I seized my opportunity—thanked him—made my excuses—and slipped out.

An hour later, when Laura's maid happened to be in her mistress's room, I took occasion to refer to the closeness of the night, with a view

to ascertaining next how the servants had been passing their time.

"Have you been suffering much from the heat, down stairs?" I asked.

"No, miss," said the girl; "we have not felt it to speak of."

"You have been out in the woods, then, I suppose?"

"Some of us thought of going, miss. But cook said she should take her chair into the cool court-yard, outside the kitchen door; and, on second thoughts, all the rest of us took our chairs out there, too."

The housekeeper was now the only person who remained to be accounted for.

"Is Mrs. Michelson gone to bed yet?" I inquired.

"I should think not, miss," said the girl, smiling. "Mrs. Michelson is more likely to be getting up, just now, than going to bed."

"Why? What do you mean? Has Mrs. Michelson been taking to her bed in the day-time?"

"No, miss; not exactly, but the next thing to it. She's been asleep all the evening, on the sofa in her own room."

Putting together what I observed for myself in the library and what I have just heard from Laura's maid, one conclusion seems inevitable. The figure we saw at the lake, was not the figure of Madame Fosco, of her husband, or of any of the servants. The footsteps we heard behind us, were not the footsteps of any one belonging to the house.

Who could it have been?

It seems useless to inquire. I cannot even decide whether the figure was a man's or a woman's. I can only say that I think it was a woman's.

## THE BAZAARS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE word *bazaar* came to us from the Magi's country, and the English bazaar in its shape and character and purpose, is Eastern from top to toe. In Stamboul as in London, a bazaar means an arcaded covered walk, lined on either side with shops. To convey the character of the Turkish bazaar as definitely as I could to an Englishman, or a Londoner—which is the same thing a little narrowed—I should describe it as in build not unlike a metropolitan arcade, with the shop fronts taken off, the shops themselves narrowed into open-air cobblers' stalls, and piled round with bales of goods, in the centre of which sits the bearded Turks who own them. The bazaar of Turkey has nothing in common, however, with such places as the Pantheon in Oxford-street, London, except that, like that, it is a cluster of shops, collected under one all-embracing roof: there intended to keep out the sun, here to keep the rain out.

The bazaars are also unlike ours in this, that they are divided into districts or parishes of trades; the jewellers keep far from the armourers, the silk merchants from the henna

sellers, the fez makers from the slipper vendors. The same practice of guild subdivision extends even outside the gates of the bazaar, for, now you find yourself deafened by the clattering violence of the coppersmiths' street, and now you stroll into a district of clog-makers or confectioners.

I hardly know what originated this old Eastern custom. It must have been of early origin, for, looking back on England, one finds that Saxon-London had its Bread and Milk streets, its Corn hill, and its Fish street—"birds of a feather." We suppose early advantages of propinquity and aid, and, above all, the mediæval necessities and jealous secrets of guild association, sent our Jews to Old Jewry, our clothesmen to Holywell-street, our money-lenders to Lombard-street, our clothiers to Watling-street, our butchers to Newgate-street, and our weavers to Spitalfields. In large cities, this classification makes shopping more easy, and in troubled times of Janissary revolt, bales of silk, Persian sapphires, and such valuables, were scarcely ever safe outside the iron gates of the bazaar.

But let us get out of the intolerable sun and off the laming street, and enter the bazaar: round which a perfect irregular cavalry regiment of hack Turkish horses and their impudent boy grooms are clustered, with some ugly veiled women, some blacks, a Hindoo fakir, an Arab, half a dozen Greeks, an Armenian, and some black slaves, who, to judge by their great boxfuls of white teeth, are in a condition to laugh at dentists for many a long masticating year.

A low stone archway, the cumbersome iron doors now flung back, admits us to the busy labyrinthine world of the bazaars—quite a small city of shops, with streets crossing and recrossing, with fountains, coffee-shops, street vendors of its own. Stop here a day, and you will see all the routine of Turkish life gone through: periodical prayer, religious ablutions, buying, selling, love-making, quarrels, thieving, eating. To many hundred Turks these walls are all they ever see of the world. One day a death spasm will seize them, they will turn pale and die, and the next night be run off with to the place of cypresses and forgotten; the day after, a new beard and pipe will reign over the little open shop. So the wheel spins round.

Before I go and buy a handful of pearl seed, a jaunty fez, a Persian pen-case, or aloes wood to fume in my chibouk, let me warn the reader against thinking that all here is cloth of gold and silver, or that "gemmed daggers" and "jewelled hilts" strew the ground, or that the pearls are in sacks, or the diamonds in painfils, as some dazzled travellers of thirty years ago describe the place. Why, the great bossy gold cups and gigantic salvers of a London jeweller's window would outshine all you see in a Turkish bazaar put together. I suppose the false glamour that Byron threw over Eastern wealth gives rise to the tone in which Englishmen get in the habit of talking of everything Oriental. What delighted me in the bazaars was not the splendour of the merchandise, but rather the unusual aspect of everything,



and the quiet, simple, out-of-door life which these laggards in the race of civilisation lead.

Let me describe a single street in the chief bazaar, and it will, in its general features, stand for all streets: though the arms bazaar is more mediaeval, and the drug bazaar with its dim lights and horse-shoe entrance, more intensely Oriental. But I take the Bezestein and its Slipper street because it is Eastern without being exceptional. My street is a plain vaulted tunnel, lighted by small side apertures, its roof is everywhere white-washed, and round the small dungeon-like windows meanders a thready pattern of blue flowers. This is all the ornament. Below, on either side the avenue, run the shops, each shop with its two yards or so wide of counter show-room, and behind, a little inner room for richer goods, entered by a low stone arch, which gives it a dog-kennel look. In and out of this, works a little handsome fat Armenian shop-boy, dragging out bales of poniards, silk purses in heaps, embroidered handkerchiefs, Syrian scarfs, inlaid boxes, or sequin bracelets. But the master sits brooding, and never rises except in the moment's excitement preceding the visitor making the purchase or departing in peace. Between the banks of shops, runs the uneven earth floor of the street, with the slinking wild dogs foraging with their usual idle pertinacity. On the low counters in the next street, breast high in spongy Broussa bath towels, striped silks white and rose colour, bales of Manchester prints brown and purple, sit the Turks, cross-legged, pipe in mouth, slippers parallel before them. But here we have all slippers, and among these stands a lean nimble Greek boy, haranguing on the merits of a pair, fit for a sultana, that he holds on his hands like gloves. They are very dainty—so small that only a fairy queen could wear them, had they heels—and are made of pink and blue satin, starred and banded with seed pearl, in a manner fit for the fair Persian.

"Bono Johnny!" he calls out as he sees a Frank pass, and the words are echoed by a Jew tout, who runs to my elbow; but when he sees I disregard his stacks of yellow leather (canary colour) boots, heavy red slippers, and patent leather shoes, and that I bear towards Zenope's shop, the Armenian general store, he slaps one slipper in the other, and calls out after me in a noisy, taunting, irritating voice:

"Bad man, Zenope, cheat man; no good, no bono, Zenope—you lose piastre—ah, you Johnny! Yah! Allah!" and upon turning round to hear if he has anything more to tell me, I obstruct the road for two Turkish women, who at once slap me in a petulant contemptuous way, and growl out something about "infidel," which I bear patiently, partly from prudential reasons, partly from remembering the gallant Spanish proverb, "White hands do not hurt"—though this hardly applies, for, looking again through their shroud-like yashmaks, I see they are Abyssinian negresses, with the usual blubber lips and scoloped right cheek. At all these slipper shops, among gorgeous slippers sewn with gold thread or spangles, and fringed with silver tissue, I see

everywhere that loose patent leather overshoe which the Turkish gentleman generally wears to slip off at the mosque door.

I pass a marble tank, into which falls a broad silvery web of musical water, and turning down a cross street, find myself at Zenope's. I know the shop, because a little signboard with that Eastern name on it hangs across the street, and also because three fox-eyed Jew touters who have been hanging on my skirts denouncing my certain ruin, now call out with one voice:

"Zenope bono—all good, Zenope; Englishmen all buy Zenope—heads, slippers, daggers—everything Zenope." Indeed, there is no time to retreat, for Zenope, a sleek, short, well-to-do-looking Armenian, with the deep rich darkness in his eye that Armenians have, comes forward, bowing and asking me to enter in the European manner, plus a little not unpleasant Oriental abjectness. No cross-legged Turk here—in fact, no out-of-door display—but only a little well of a room, lighted from the top, and hung with silk robes, camel's-hair cloaks, and trophies of amber-coloured shields, and Janissary maces. No couch to lie on here, no pipes, no touching of breast and brow, for Zenope is as bland and dignified as the richest shopkeeper in Bond-street. He claps his hands—one of my gang of Jews comes smiling in from the outside. He rolls me up two cigarettes in a moment, and praises something he sees my eye resting on. Zenope whispers him—he flies for lemonade. If I were at a Turkish shop, this my friend Haaman, or Lazarus, would interpret, and gain a handsome per-centage; here, too, he will have the per-centage, but he has no need to interpret. Zenope knows I have come chiefly to look at things, and tries to find out my weaknesses. From what I ask about at this first visit, he will lay traps for me twenty visits hence. He lets me have, he says, small things, such as perfumes, &c., for nothing to-day, because he knows I am a rich English effendi, who will go home laden with presents, and because I shall return to-night to Misseri's and tell gentlemen how cheap everything at Zenope's is.

Then, he takes down from the wall, and out of nooks and pigeon-holes, and off shelves, all sorts of rubbish in the worst condition. He takes down an Arab haik of black camel's hair, with rich gold-thread embroideries over the shoulders and hood, which he recommends as indestructible for travelling; he streams out before me coarse ruggy Persian shawls (reds, blues, and yellows), and looking always as if they were turned on the wrong side; he drags out, and dusts with solemn care, crackled old tea-caddies inlaid with chessboard patterns of mother-of-pearl, so old and dry that the lozenge flakes are half loose; he unhooks rusty maces and paltry poniards with clumsy carved handles; he tires me with sequin bracelets, and beautiful twists of silver wire such as the Sinope people have manufactured for generations; he makes me smell the best Albanian otto of roses, and flourishes about great rattlesnake bunches of

sandal-wood rosaries such as are used by dervish and monk; he then, in despair, routs out wooden Persian pen-cases, painted with stag-hunts, and combats, and amorous scenes from the poets, straw-plaited cigar-cases, gilt pastille-burners, and rose-water sprinklers; but I shoulder away all, and buy only some jasmine pipe-stalks, some gold tissue for slippers, and some sequin bracelets: Zenope all the time looking deeply depressed at the low prices he pretends I exact and grind from him. If he smile, he smiles ruefully and with an effort, but I suppose when I am well out of the door he makes up for it. At all events, he will revenge his wrongs on Rocket, who is planning the purchase of an Oriental dressing-gown—for I don't know how many hundred piastres—besides a prayer-carpet of great value, and an ivory chest of Indian work. I observe that everything costs Zenope the Armenian more than he sells it for, and yet that whatever you talk of buying outside—mouthpieces, slippers, fez, or turban—he seems to wish to be the scapegoat of, and to buy for you.

I tear myself from Zenope: two Jew touts fighting about their claims to me just outside his shop: and turn down a cross street to the right and enter the jewellers' bazaar, which shuts at three or four o'clock. The stalls in this quarter differ from those in the other villages of this great Tyre and Sidon under cover. They are not small banked up platforms, with a dog-kennel door behind and shelves all round for goods, but they are small bins, looking like cumbersome pews, or heavy timber sofas, or four-post bedsteads cut down into enclosures. One would think that the Jews who watch you from them expected a rush of turbaned men some day at the diamonds hidden away inside, in chests and treble-locked drawers. Not that there is much visible: nothing but a few upright glass-cases such as country dealers keep lollypops in, of coarse cornelian signet rings, and turquoise earrings, and little talisman triangular gold plates, and a few ill-set brilliants. Though emeralds are the fashion just at present with those rather whimsical beauties the Turkish ladies, I saw none on show except two or three that looked like fragments of chemists' bottles. The emerald, with the essence of eternal spring in its heart—rubies, with undying fire at their cores—opals, with the dawn breaking their mist, yet never piercing quite through—were here, I knew, somewhere, up those sly fellows' loose jugglers' sleeves, or in the centre of those carved cut down bedsteads, but see them I could not. Indeed, the attention of the Shylock merchants seemed entirely taken up by some itinerant, ragged-robed peripatetics, who, holding high over their heads amber mouthpieces filleted with "sparklers," as the English cracksman affectionately calls diamonds, or large, round, embossed silver vessels like metal melons—used, I believe, to contain sweetmeats, or trifle, or syllabub, or Beelzebub knows what—kept pacing through the rows of chattering cross-legged dealers, shouting some imaginary bidding as "Yetmish,"

"Elli," in screeching tones, most vociferous, most intolerable. These stray dealers, whose whole capital had, I suppose, been expended in the saffron mouthpiece or the rough silver melon, seldom obtained any attention, except now and then a robed arm, right or left from either side of the street they threaded, snatched from them the melon or the mouthpiece, and then pushed it back scornfully into the violent talker's hand, at the same time repeating a number very low down in the scale of numerals.

These brokers seem to itinerate the bazaars all day long from prayer to prayer; now with a belt full of pistols, now with an armful of Persian books, now with a sheaf of chibouk stalks, now flourishing a tinny-looking yataghan, now waving a tobe, now making great play with an ambery rhinoceros-hide target, bossed with brass, from Abyssinia. I looked for some time at a Turk at the entrance of the bazaar winnowing a pile of seed pearl, and at another shaking loose diamond sparks about in a drawer. I looked at cameos, and at one little stray oval of Wedgewood's, which the dealer evidently mistook for some Greek work of alarming value. I stayed for a moment to see an engraver working a little lathe with a sort of fiddlestick, while he gouged delicately at the cornelian signet. Presently, before one of the stalls, a Turkish lady, blooming with rouge, came and sat down, and began to cheapen some silver bracelets, upon which her black, motherly-looking duenna frowned me away to the Arms bazaar, where I was bound. Now, as only a day before, Rocket and Windybank had heard a shopkeeper in the bazaars threatened by soldiers for selling to an infidel muslin handkerchiefs with the "Mashallah" embroidered at the corners, I thought I had better go when I saw the shopkeeper's eye turned uncomfortably on me.

The Arms bazaar is dim and eastern, and lighted by dark glass eyes high over head. The first stall you come to, is perhaps a Persian's; he sits moodily among a row of broad poniards and Korans. He is reading. He shows you at your request several daggers, some with handles of agate or of a certain opaque green stone not unlike marble. He brings out a little bit of steel, like an English table-knife, on which he sets fabulous value. He has broad double-edged knives, tapering to a point and grooved down the middle; others, with tinselled handles, worth hundreds of piastres. You begin to get afraid that the solemn man in the black retreating cap is a cheat, all the worse for being plausible, when he suddenly frowns, as if he had discovered that your views of cheap and dear were unworthy of any one; but an infidel, and replaces all the daggers against the wall, and goes on moodily reading. I think he must be a dervish, for there are dervishes in the bazaar, as well as dervish soldiers and dervish sailors.

The next dealer is a bland man, all attention and anxiety—Armenian, I think, for the dealers of that nation are greater rogues than even the Greeks. I buy for a sovereign, a javelin head, needle-shaped at the point, inlaid

with gold. I drive it on trial through a half-crown at one dig. The ripple-mark all over it shows it to be good stuff, if not pure Damascus. So at least I think, until night, when, producing it in triumph after dinner at Misseri's, I am told that such spear-heads are made by thousands in Russia to send to Persia, where they are fitted to cane staves, and used for wild-boar hunting. I also buy a kind of rough butcher's knife with an ivory handle, which I despise, but with which a learned Nimrod at Misseri's cuts two pennies through without injuring the edge, and with which he tells me, if he had a fair slash, he could separate a wild dog at one blow.

Zohrab, the sword-merchant next door, dazzles my volatile imagination with a lathy yataghan in a red velvet sheath, which, I am told, belonged once to nobody less than the Pasha of Tripoli. It is very top-heavy and awkward to me, but I learn that its use does not depend on main force, but on legerdemain, and that one razor-like shave of it, outwards and then inwards, will move off a man's head (provided the man is willing) as gently and neatly as you can tip off a wild rose-shoot with a riding-whip. Zohrab next tries to inflict on me, a bundle of hide whips and a Janissary's helmet. Here I must pause to say that the Cid himself, or Scanderbeg, or Kara George of Servia, could not have worn a more chivalrous and artful head covering. It consisted of a steel cap, spiked at top, and worked so skilfully for lightness that it was not thicker than a cocoa-nut-shell cup. It bore over the brow, a legend from the Koran, worked in gold, and on one side of the spike was a tube to receive the plume that its proud Janissary owner must have carried through the flaming torrent of many a Hungarian battle. From the edge of this steel cap, which was padded thick and soft on the inside with red velvet now faded to yellow, fell a finely woven steel tippet, strong enough to keep out an inquisitive sword-blade, but worse than powerless before the almond-shaped rifle bullet, that, driving into a wound a link or two of this artful steel, would render the injury mortal, and past all probing. Then I was tempted with a sort of chocolate frother of steel, and with a double battle-axe with a dagger in the handle, and other charitable inventions of no commercial utility.

But I had been a month in Constantinople, yet had no fez; that must be remedied. A Jew tout, one Barsabas by name, guided me to the fez store. I have white muslin to buy to wind round my fez, and keep off the pernicious sun.

"In the name of the Prophet, fezes!" "My lord shall be obeyed. England is a paradise, its people are all sultans, and do as seemeth them good."

The dealer slips his hand, accurately as a compositor's, into a pigeon-hole; he draws out a bundle of fezes, folded flat, one tucked in the other. They are of all shades of red, from peony crimson to poppy scarlet, carnation colour, and the hue of a boiled lobster's shell. At the top of

each there is a little stalk, Chinese in effect, where the full blue tassel is to be bound. He tries one on, hands me a mirror, and falls back, as does Barsabas the Jew tout, in sudden spasms of delight, wonder, and astonishment. I look a son of war; it fits me as if I had been a true Mussulman all my life. It is worth, however, three shillings, and he asks me ten. Barsabas wrangles, with anger and vexation, but only to keep up appearances, for he is accustomed to help Franks to bazaar goods at three hundred times their real value. A man with water-skins passing, stops to smile—at which I feel flattered; a raisin-water vendor puts down his tins and gives advice; the dealers all round whisper and laugh together, as much as to say, "How that villain Achmed is plundering that miserable infidel! Allah!"

I buy it, however, resolutely; it fits my head like a skin. I give two shillings for nine penny-worth of muslin with gilt fuzzy ends, and twist them Levantwise round my frizzling brains. Barsabas, who has been twiddling for some time a diplomatic cigarette, now hands it me. I am, indeed, tied and bound in the hands of the Philistines. Still I am lucky, for I have only been slapped once to-day, and spat at twice. I am thirsty and lame, and have been envired by dogs several times. I feel my liver out of order, and I have been much cheated, otherwise I have spent a pleasant Turkish day; though rather plagued by Jews and tormented by guides.

I have come across several old Oriental customs too: for instance, that grated window of the dervish's tomb, where the votive bits of rag tied to the bars fluttered so strangely; then, the khan with the yard full of skins of Syrian tobacco; and the mosque where the porter was praying at the door, while the priest was throwing seed by handfuls to the court-yard pigeons.

Now, I plunge out into the sunshine again, feeling as if I had suddenly emerged from a cave tomb, and dive down another vaulted tube, which is also a bazaar; but of what? pearls of Ormuz, silks of Samarcand? No; but nutmeg-graters, and candlesticks, and Cheap John Birmingham gridirons, half of them evidently such as my country has reason to be proud of producing. Turning back, half frightened at this romance-dispelling vision, I take Barsabas and bid him strike out through the streets for the Egyptian or drug bazaar, staying to look for a moment at a neat ivory spoon shop, and at a goldbeater's, where men beat at little books, from whose red pages oozes gold leaf, drossy and crumpling like sensitive plants at the air.

Now, because I do not people the bazaar defiles with any one but myself, Barsabas, Zenope, Zohrab, or the other dealers I have patronised, you must not suppose that from early morning, when the gates open, till four o'clock, when they shut, this city under cover is not crowded, for it is. It is choke-full all day, as Cheapside when the counting-houses are closing. Black slaves, eunuchs, yellow-booted

ladies slopping along, children, water-carriers with triangular water-skins on their backs, Turkish policemen, soldiers, oil-carriers, hammals with looped ropes hanging over their galled shoulders, and their knots strung like reticules on their swollen arms, Armenians with large fleshy noses and ox eyes, little harlequin bundles of children, Franks sturdy and rapid elbowing the crowd, and itinerant vendors of all kinds, form but a small part of the human congeries.

The Drug bazaar is my favourite, because it is so Oriental and so mysterious. Here the plaited baskets piled with roots and spices, the broad measures full of yellow-brown henna smoothed at the top to a cone and crossed at the top with two clean boxwood spoons, are evidently quite of another region than your own. There are little black lozenges of pastilles, covered with gilt, and intended to beautify the tobacco of your chibouk. The measures and baskets edged with coloured paper (purple to the brown henna, for instance), are ranged in tiers of different sizes, like the nose-gays in Covent-garden, or the roses at a flower-stand; and rather higher up than usual among these, sits the Turkish "lord of drugs," still as death, only the dark waver of his eye telling you that it is not a stuffed figure guarding the roots and gums. Here are poisonous enough to last even a Borgia a lifetime; but I came for perfumes and can find none. Sulphur they have, and senna they have, but oil of jasmine, no.

So again I break out into the sunshine, and make, led by two wrangling Jews, for some yet untrodden district of the bazaars, and I find it in the old-clothes district. This bazaar has an impoverished look about even its buyers and sellers—nay, its very walls and windows are harmoniously suitable to the commodities exposed for sale. Here is a place for Sartor Resartus to moralise in, over the disguises of the pure Adam. The turban, being a home-made article composed of two parts—the eternal fez, or inner kernel, and the outer striped or many-coloured wrapper—is never exposed for sale in the East, the folding being renewed daily, and requiring the knowledge of a lifetime to give it the careless grace that a Mussulman dandy gives it. As for the street vagabond, his turban is but a rag round a sort of sallow brown night-cap, and he slips it off and rebinds it twenty times a day, just as a London costermonger perpetually twirls his "love lock" with his dirty finger. No; no turbans, cream-coloured or leaf-green, or yellow or blue, are here, but great dirty tapestries of greasy robes and dressing-gowns of the stage magician kind, and curtains of red and yellow, and brown Syrian scarfs yards and yards long and tufted at the end with little fly-fishing crimson and yellow knotted silks; and eyeing the dealer and his circle of gossips suspiciously, stroll ruffianly Greeks, with black gaiters gartered with crimson, huge ruffling kilts, and long curved daggers in silver-embossed sheath-sloping across the waist-belt. And this defiant weapon is tucked in over a huge pad of brown leather, which is the Greek's purse and

pistol-holder, though it looks like a small blacksmith's apron. I sit down on a dealer's counter on the right-hand side, and have dealings about some Syrian scarfs and about some skins of lambs from Astracan, which Rocket wants to line a travelling-cloak with. They show me white skins and black skins, fit for an emir in point of luxury, but, alas! fit for that emir too in point of price. Showers of Turkish-numerals assail me as I pass out in search of pastures new.

This time I aim at the Tent bazaar, and I find it after much trouble; and this word "trouble" is my cue for describing how it takes the keenest traveller some weeks before he can be ever sure of getting straight from Misseri's Hotel to the central mass of bazaars. It requires a map-maker's head, and the sagacity of a Columbus, to find the way between the two points. In the first place, Turkish streets, except up in Pera, have no names; they are known, only from the nearest mosque, fountain, or barracks, so that you can ask for no special street, and if you do, the Turk can give you but very generalised and vague answers. Ten to one it is a Persian you ask, or an Armenian, or an Arab, or a Crim Tartar, or an Arnout, and if it be really a Turk, the miserable creature perhaps does not speak *your* Turkish, but some horrible patois and baragouin of his own, substituted, it seems, on purpose to spite you. Then the crippling streets, the thirsty fervid heat, the perplexed lanes, the dangerous crowds, make you so irritable, dry, perspiring, and lame, that you soon get worn to a thread, and have no courage to do anything but walk on by mere animal instinct. You know the bazaars are low down the hill, to the right of St. Sophia and the Seraglio, and under or to the left of the Hippodrome. On the wooden bridge you feel positive that the bazaar is just here. You get in Stamboul, ascend the river-side steps, turn right and turn left, then you are confused and uncertain—you disdain to inquire—you push on—hesitate—are lost! You look round; a hammal sets you right for a street; you come to a house you are sure you remember, because green tendrils of the vine are trained right across the way. You look up a turning to the left, and you see a similar vine at the tobacconist's at the further corner; you are tired, hungry, helpless; you are hopeless, but you are not forsaken. Benjamin and Barsabas have been watching you for half an hour. They fell into your unconscious train at the bridge of boats. They then, unknown to you, hovered about the enemy, and marked the road he took. As you look round, you see the smiling rogues, knowing your helplessness, drinking at a fountain. They come up and accost you. Two turns, and you have shot into the needle's eye. Another hour and you meet Rocket "slanging" a Jew attendant, yet doing all he suggests, and loading him with new purchases of shawls, bags, bracelets, yellow slippers, Janissary pistols, and Turkey carpets. He is a Queen's messenger, remember, and half these things will go back in

his "bags" as "despatches," under the care of the Right Honourable Ignis Fatuus, removed to Vienua.

#### FOLDED HANDS.

SUFFERER! on thy couch of pain,  
Hail the hour of ease again;  
Long by mortal sickness tried,  
By thy sufferings purified,  
Heir of sorrow from thy birth,  
Of the pains and throes of earth,  
Fold thy hands!  
Respite brief of ease and rest,  
Fold them o'er thine aching breast.

Woman! o'er whose sunken eyes,  
The last rushlight glimmer dies,  
Lay thine ill-paid toil away,  
Till the morrow's hungry day;  
Seek the respite and release,  
Heaven will give in dreams of peace.

Fold thy hands!  
Earth denies thee food, not rest,  
Fold them o'er thy patient breast!

Garment of a soul laid by,  
Silent lips and rayless eye,  
Now these mortal hands lay down,  
Spade, or distaff, cross, or crown;  
Freed one! fresh from care and strife,  
Finished is thy sum of life;

Fold thy hands!  
Ere thou seek'st thy long, last rest,  
Fold them o'er thy pulseless breast!

#### THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

Is the sweet little cherub who sits smiling aloft and keeps watch on the life of Poor Jack, commissioned to take charge of Mercantile Jack, as well as Jack of the national navy? If not, who is? What is the cherub about, and what are we all about, when Poor Mercantile Jack is having his brains slowly knocked out by pennyweights, aboard the brig Beelzebub, or the bark Bowie-knife—when he looks his last at that infernal craft, with the first officer's iron boot-heel in his remaining eye, or with his dying body towed overboard in the ship's wake, while the cruel wounds in it do "the multitudinous seas incarnadine"?

Is it unreasonable to entertain a belief that if, aboard the brig Beelzebub or the barque Bowie-knife, the first officer did half the damage to cotton that he does to men, there would presently arise from both sides of the Atlantic so vociferous an invocation of the sweet little cherub who sits calculating aloft, keeping watch on the markets that pay, that such vigilant cherub would, with a winged sword, have that gallant officer's organ of destructiveness out of his head in the space of a flash of lightning?

If it be unreasonable, then am I the most unreasonable of men, for I believe it with all my soul.

This was my thought as I walked the dock-quays at Liverpool, keeping watch on poor Mercantile Jack. Alas for me! I have long outgrown the state of sweet little cherub; but there I was, and there Mercantile Jack was, and very busy he was, and very cold he was: the snow yet lying in the frozen furrows of the

land, and the north-east winds snipping off the tops of the little waves in the Mersey, and rolling them into hailstones to pelt him with. Mercantile Jack was hard at it, in the hard weather, as he mostly is in all weathers, poor Jack. He was girded to ships' masts and funnels of steamers, like a forester to a great oak, scraping and painting; he was lying out on yards, furling sails that tried to beat him off; he was dimly discernible up in a world of giant cobwebs, reefing and splicing; he was faintly audible down in holds, stowing and unshipping cargo; he was winding round and round at captains melodious, monotonous, and drunk; he was at a diabolical aspect, with coaling for the Antipodes; he was washing decks barefoot, with the breast of his red shirt open to the blast, though it was sharper than the knife in his leathern girdle; he was looking over bulwarks, all eyes and hair; he was standing by at the shoot of the Cunard steamer, off to-morrow, as the stocks in trade of several butchers, poulterers, and fishmongers, poured down into the ice-house; he was coming aboard of other vessels, with his kit in a tarpaulin bag, attended by plunderers to the very last moment of his shore-going existence. As though his senses were under obligation to be confused by other turmoil, there was a rattling of wheels, a clattering of hoofs, a clashing of iron, a jolting of cotton and hides and casks and timber, an incessant deafening disturbance, on the quays, that was the very madness of sound. And as, in the midst of it, he stood swaying about, with his hair blown all manner of wild ways, rather crazedly taking leave of his plunderers, all the rigging in the docks was shrill in the wind, and every little steamer coming and going across the Mersey was sharp in its blowing off, and every buoy in the river bobbed spitefully up and down, as if there were a general taunting chorus of "Come along, Mercantile Jack! Ill-lodged, ill-fed, ill-used, hounded, entrapped, anticipated, cleaned out. Come along, Poor Mercantile Jack, and be tempest-tossed till you are drowned!"

The uncommercial transaction which had brought me and Jack together, was this;—I had entered the Liverpool police-force, that I might have a look at the various unlawful traps which are every night set for Jack. As my term of service in that distinguished corps was short, and my personal bias in the capacity of one of its members has ceased, no suspicion will attach to my evidence that it is an admirable force. Besides that it is composed, without favour, of the best men that can be picked, it is directed by an unusual intelligence. Its organisation against Fires, I take to be much better than the metropolitan system, and in all respects it tempers its remarkable vigilance with a still more remarkable discretion.

Jack had knocked off work in the docks some hours, and I had taken, for purposes of identification, a photograph-likeness of a thief, in the portrait-room at our head police-office (on the whole, he seemed rather complimented



by the proceeding), and I had been on police-parade, and the small hand of the clock was moving on to ten, when I took up my lantern to follow Mr. Superintendent to the traps that were set for Jack. In Mr. Superintendent I saw, as anybody might, a tall, well-looking, well set-up man of a soldierly bearing, with a cavalry air, a good chest, and a resolute but not by any means ungentle face. He carried in his hand a plain black walking-stick of hard wood; and whenever and wherever, at any after-time of the night, he struck it on the pavement with a ringing sound, it instantly produced a whistle out of the darkness, and a policeman. To this remarkable stick, I refer an air of mystery and magic which pervaded the whole of my perquisition among the traps that were set for Jack.

We began by diving into the obscurest streets and lanes of the port. Suddenly pausing in a flow of cheerful discourse, before a dead wall, apparently some ten miles long, Mr. Superintendent struck upon the ground, and the wall opened and shot out, with military salute of hand to temple, two policemen—not in the least surprised themselves, not in the least surprising Mr. Superintendent.

"All right, Sharpeye?"

"All right, sir."

"All right, Trampfoot?"

"All right, sir."

"Is Quickear there?"

"Here am I, sir."

"Come with us!"

"Yes, sir."

So, Sharpeye went before, and Mr. Superintendent and I went next, and Trampfoot and Quickear marched as rear-guard. Sharpeye, I soon had occasion to remark, had a skilful and quite professional way of opening doors—touched latches delicately, as if they were keys of muscial instruments—opened every door he touched, as if he were perfectly confident that there was stolen property behind it—instantly insinuated himself, to prevent its being shut.

Sharpeye opened several doors of traps that were set for Jack, but Jack did not happen to be in any of them. They were all such miserable places that really, Jack, if I were you, I would give them a wider berth. In every trap, somebody was sitting over a fire, waiting for Jack. Now, it was a crouching old woman, like the picture of the Norwood Gipsy in the old sixpenny dream-books; now, it was a crimp of the male sex in a checked shirt and without a coat, reading a newspaper; now, it was a man crimp and a woman crimp, who always introduced themselves as united in holy matrimony; now, it was Jack's delight, his (un)lovely Nan; but they were all waiting for Jack, and were all frightfully disappointed to see us.

"Who have you got up-stairs here?" says Sharpeye, generally. (In the Move-on tone.)

"Nobody, surr; sure not a blessed soul!" (Irish feminine reply.)

"What do you mean by nobody? Didn't I hear a woman's step go up-stairs when my hand was on the latch?"

"Ah! sure thin you're rlight, surr, I forgot her! 'Tis on'y Betsy White, surr. Ah! you know Betsy, surr. Come down, Betsy darlin', and say the gentlemintin."

Generally, Betsy looks over the banisters (the steep staircase is in the room) with a forcible expression in her protesting face, of an intention to compensate herself for the present trial by grinding Jack finer than usual when he does come. Generally, Sharpeye turns to Mr. Superintendent, and says, as if the subjects of his remarks were wax-work:

"One of the worst, sir, this house is. This woman has been indicted three times. This man's a regular bad one likewise. His real name is Pegg. Gives himself out as Waterhouse."

"Never had sitch a name as Pegg near me back, thin, since I was in this house, bee the good Lard!" says the woman.

Generally, the man says nothing at all, but becomes exceedingly round-shouldered, and pretends to read his paper with rapt attention. Generally, Sharpeye directs our observation with a look, to the prints and pictures that are invariably numerous on the walls. Always, Trampfoot and Quickear are taking notice on the doorstep. In default of Sharpeye being acquainted with the exact individuality of any gentleman encountered, one of these two is sure to proclaim from the outer air, like a gruff spectre, that Jackson is not Jackson, but knows himself to be Fogle; or that Canon is Walker's brother, against whom there was not sufficient evidence; or that the man who says he never was at sea since he was a boy, came ashore from a voyage last Thursday, or sails to-morrow morning. "And that is a bad class of man, you see," says Mr. Superintendent, when we got out into the dark again, "and very difficult to deal with, who, when he has made this place too hot to hold him, enters himself for a voyage as steward or cook, and is out of knowledge for months, and then turns up again worse than ever."

When we had gone into many such houses, and had come out (always leaving everybody relapsing into waiting for Jack), we started off to a singing-house where Jack was expected to muster strong.

The vocalisation was taking place in a long low room up-stairs; at one end, an orchestra of two performers, and a small platform; across the room, a series of open pews for Jack, with an aisle down the middle; at the other end, a larger pew than the rest, entitled SNUG, and reserved for mates and similar good company. About the room, some amazing coffee-coloured pictures varnished an inch deep, and some stuffed creatures in cases; dotted among the audience, in Snug and out of Snug, the "Professionals;" among them, of course, the celebrated comic favourite Mr. Banjo Bones, looking very hideous with his blackened face and limp sugar-loaf hat; beside him, sipping rum-and-water, Mrs. Banjo Bones, in her natural colours—a little heightened.

It was a Friday night, and Friday night was considered not a good night for Jack. At any



rate, Jack did not show in very great force even here, though the house was one to which he much resorts, and where a good deal of money is taken. There was British Jack, a little maudlin and sleepy, lolling over his emptied glass, as if he were trying to read his fortune at the bottom; there was Loafing Jack of the Stars and Stripes, rather an unpromising customer, with his long nose, lank cheek, high cheek-bones, and nothing soft about him but his cabbage-leaf hat; there was Spanish Jack with curls of black hair, rings in his ears, and a knife not far from his hand, if you got into trouble with him; there were Maltese Jack, and Jack of Sweden, and Jack the Finn, looming through the smoke of their pipes, and turning faces that looked as if they were carved out of dark wood, towards the young lady dancing the hornpipe, who found the platform so exceedingly small for it that I had a nervous expectation of seeing her, in the backward steps, disappear through the window. Still, if all hands had been got together, they would not have more than half filled the room. Observe, however, said Mr. Licensed Victualler, the host, that it was Friday night, and, besides, it was getting on for twelve, and Jack had gone aboard. A sharp and watchful man, Mr. Licensed Victualler the host, with tight lips and a complete edition of Cocker's arithmetic in each eye. Attended to his business himself, he said. Always on the spot. When he heard of talent, trusted nobody's account of it, but went off by rail to see it. If true talent, engaged it. Pounds a week for talent—four pound—five pound. Banjo Bones was undoubted talent. Hear this instrument that was going to play—it was real talent! In truth it was very good; a kind of piano-acordion, played by a young girl of a delicate prettiness of face, figure, and dress, that made the audience look coarser. She sang to the instrument, too; first, a song about village bells, and how they chimed; then a song about how I went to sea; winding up with an imitation of the bagpipes, which Mercantile Jack seemed to understand much the best. A good girl, said Mr. Licensed Victualler. Kept herself select. Sat in Snug, not listening to the blandishments of Mates. Lived with mother. Father dead. Once, a merchant well to do, but over speculated himself. On delicate inquiry as to salary paid for item of talent under consideration, Mr. Victualler's pounds dropped suddenly to shillings—still it was a very comfortable thing for a young person like that, you know; she only went on, six times a night, and was only required to be there from six at night to twelve. What was more conclusive was, Mr. Victualler's assurance that he "never allowed any language, and never suffered any disturbance." Sharpeye confirmed the statement, and the order that prevailed was the best proof of it that could have been cited. So, I came to the conclusion that Poor Mercantile Jack might do (as I am afraid he does) much worse than trust himself to Mr. Victualler, and pass his evenings here.

But we had not yet looked, Mr. Superin-

tendent—said Trampfoot, receiving us in the street again with military salute—for Dark Jack. True, Trampfoot. Ring the wonderful stick, rub the wonderful lantern, and cause the spirits of the stick and lantern to convey us to the Darkies.

There was no disappointment in the matter of Dark Jack; he was producible. The Genii set us down in the little first-floor of a little public-house, and there, in a stifflingly close atmosphere, were Dark Jack and Dark Jack's Delight, his *while* unlovely Nan, sitting against the wall all round the room. More than that: Dark Jack's Delight was the least unlovely Nan, both morally and physically, that I saw that night.

As a fiddle and tambourine band were sitting among the company, Quickear suggested why not strike up? "Ah la'ads!" said a negro sitting by the door, "gib the jebblem a darnse. Tak' yah pardlers, jebblem, for 'um quad-rill."

This was the landlord, in a Greek cap, and a dress half Greek and half English. As master of the ceremonies, he called all the figures, and occasionally addressed himself parenthetically—after this manner: When he was very loud, I use capitals.

"Now den! Hoy! ONE. Right and left. (Put a steam on, gib 'um powder). LA-dies' chail. BAL-loon say. Lemonade! TWO. Ad-warnse and go back (gib 'ell a breakdown, shake it out o' yerselbs, keep a movil). SWING-corners, BAL-loon say, and Lemonade! (Hoy!) THREE. GENT come for'ard with a lady and go back, hoppersite come for'ard with a lady and go back, ALL four come for'ard and do what yer can. (Aeiohoy!) BAL-loon say, and leetle lemonade (Dat hairnigger by um fireplace 'hind a' time, shake it out o' yerselbs, gib 'ell a breakdown). Now den! Hoy! FOUR! Lemonade. BAL-loon say, and swing. FOUR ladies meets in 'um middle, FOUR gents goes round 'um ladies, FOUR gents passes out under 'um ladies' arms, SWING—and Lemonade till 'a moosie can't play no more! (Hoy, Hoy!)"

The male dancers were all blacks, and one was an unusually powerful man of six feet three or four. The sound of their flat feet on the floor was as unlike the sound of white feet as their faces were unlike white faces. They toed and heeled, shuffled, double-shuffled, double-double-shuffled, covered the buckle, and beat the time out, rarely, dancing with a great show of teeth, and with a childish, good-humoured enjoyment that was very prepossessing. They generally kept together, these poor fellows, said Mr. Superintendent, because they were at a disadvantage singly, and liable to slights in the neighbouring streets. But, if I were Light Jack, I should be very slow to interfere oppressively with Dark Jack, for, whenever I have had to do with him I have found him a simple and a gentle fellow. Bearing this in mind I asked his friendly permission to leave him restoration of beer, in wishing him good night, and thus it fell out that the last words I heard him say as I blundered down the worn stairs, were, "Jebblem's elth! Ladies drinks fust!"

The night was now well on into the morning, but, for miles and hours we explored a strange

world, where nobody ever goes to bed; but everybody is eternally sitting up, waiting for Jack. This exploration was among a labyrinth of dismal courts and blind alleys, called Entries, kept in wonderful order by the police, and in much better order than by the corporation: the want of gaslight in the most dangerous and infamous of these places being quite unworthy of so spirited a town. I need describe but two or three of the houses in which Jack was waited for, as specimens of the rest. Many we attained by noisome passages so profoundly dark that we felt our way with our hands. Not one of the whole number we visited, was without its show of prints and ornamental crockery; the quantity of the latter set forth on little shelves and in little cases, in otherwise wretched rooms, indicating that Mercantile Jack must have an extraordinary fondness for crockery, to necessitate so much of that bait in his traps.

Among such garniture, in one front parlour in the dead of the night, four women were sitting by a fire. One of them had a male child in her arms. On a stool among them was a swarthy youth with a guitar, who had evidently stopped playing when our footsteps were heard.

"Well! how do *you* do?" says Mr. Superintendent, looking about him.

"Pretty well, sir, and hope you gentlemen are going to treat us ladies, now you have come to see us."

"Order there!" says Sharpey.

"None of that!" says Quickear.

Trampfoot, outside, is heard to confide to himself, "Meggisson's lot this is. And a bad 'un!"

"Well!" says Mr. Superintendent, laying his hand on the shoulder of the swarthy youth, "and who's this?"

"Antonio, sir."

"And what does *he* do here?"

"Come to give us a bit of music. No harm in that, I suppose?"

"A young foreign sailor?"

"Yes. He's a Spaniard. You're a Spaniard, aint you, Antonio?"

"Me Spanish."

"And he don't know a word you say, not he, not if you was to talk to him till doomsday." (Triumphantly, as if it redounded to the credit of the house.)

"Will he play something?"

"Oh, yes, if you like. Play something, Antonio. *You* aint ashamed to play something; are you?"

The cracked guitar raises the feeblest ghost of a tune, and three of the women keep time to it with their heads, and the fourth with the child. If Antonio has brought any money in with him, I am afraid he will never take it out, and it even strikes me that his jacket and guitar may be in a bad way. But, the look of the young man and the tinkling of the instrument so change the place in a moment to a leaf out of Don Quixote, that I wonder where his mule is stabled, until he leaves off.

I am bound to acknowledge (as it tends rather

to my uncommercial confusion), that I occasioned a difficulty in this establishment, by having taken the child in my arms. For, on my offering to restore it to a ferocious joker not unstimulated by rum, who claimed to be its mother, that unnatural parent put her hands behind her, and declined to accept it; backing into the fireplace, and very shrilly declaring, regardless of remonstrance from her friends, that she knewed it to be Law, that whoever took a child from its mother of his own will, was bound to stick to it. The uncommercial sense of being in a rather ridiculous position with the poor little child beginning to be frightened, was relieved by my worthy friend and fellow constable, Trampfoot; who, laying hands on the article as if it were a Bottle, passed it on to the nearest woman, and bade her "take hold of that." As we came out, the Bottle was passed to the ferocious joker, and they all sat down as before, including Antonio and the guitar. It was clear that there was no such thing as a nightcap to this baby's head, and that even he never went to bed, but was always kept up—and would grow up, kept up—waiting for Jack.

Later still in the night, we came (by the court "where the man was murdered," and by the other court across the street, into which his body was dragged) to another parlour in another Entry, where several people were sitting round a fire in just the same way. It was a dirty and offensive place, with some ragged clothes drying in it; but there was a high shelf over the entrance-door (to be out of the reach of marauding hands, possibly), with two large white loaves on it, and a great piece of Cheshire cheese.

"Well!" says Mr. Superintendent, with a comprehensive look all round. "How do *you* do?"

"Not much to boast of, sir." From the curtsying woman of the house. "This is my good man, sir."

"You are not registered as a common Lodging House?"

"No, sir."

Sharpey (in the Move-on tone) puts in the pertinent inquiry, "Then why ain't you?"

"Ain't got no one here, Mr. Sharpey," rejoins the woman and my good man together, "but our own family."

"How many are you in family?"

The woman takes time to count, under pretence of coughing, and adds, as one scant of breath, "Seven, sir."

But she has missed one, so Sharpey, who knows all about it, says:

"Here's a young man here makes eight, who ain't of your family?"

"No, Mr. Sharpey, he's a weekly lodger."

"What does he do for a living?"

The young man here, takes the reply upon himself, and shortly answers, "Ain't got nothing to do."

The young man here, is modestly brooding behind a damp apron pendent from a clothes-line. As I glance at him I become—but I don't know why—vaguely reminded of Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, and Dover. When we get out, my

respected fellow-constable Sharpeye addressing Mr. Superintendent, says:

"You noticed that young man, sir, in at Darby's?"

"Yes. What is he?"

"Deserter, sir."

Mr. Sharpeye further intimates that when we have done with his services, he will step back and take that young man. Which in course of time he does: feeling at perfect ease about finding him, and knowing for a moral certainty that nobody in that region will be gone to bed.

Later still in the night, we came to another parlour up a step or two from the street, which was very cleanly, neatly, even tastefully, kept, and in which, set forth on a draped chest of drawers masking the staircase, was such a profusion of ornamental crockery, that it would have furnished forth a handsome sale-booth at a fair. It backed up a stout old lady—HOGARTH drew her exact likeness more than once—and a boy who was carefully writing a copy in a copybook.

"Well, ma'am, how do *you* do?"

Sweetly, she can assure the dear gentlemen, sweetly. Charming, charmingly. And overjoyed to see us.

"Why, this is a strange time for this boy to be writing his copy. In the middle of the night!"

"So it is, dear gentlemen, Heaven bless your welcome faces and send ye prosperous, but he has been to the Play with a young friend for his diversion, and he combines his improvement with entertainment by doing his school-writhing afterwards, God be good to ye!"

The copy admonished human nature, to subjugate the fire of every fierce desire. One might have thought it recommended stirring the fire, the old lady so approved it. There she sat, rosiely beaming at the copy-book and the boy, and invoking showers of blessings on our heads, when we left her in the middle of the night, waiting for Jack.

Later still in the night, we came to a nauseous room with an earth floor, into which the refuse scum of an alley trickled. The stench of this habitation was abominable; the seeming poverty of it, diseased and dire. Yet, here again, was visitor or lodger—a man sitting before the fire, like the rest of them elsewhere, and apparently not distasteful to the mistress's niece, who was also before the fire. The mistress herself had the misfortune of being in jail.

Three weird old women of transcendent ghastliness, were at needlework at a table in this room. Says Trampfoot to First Witch, "What are you making?" Says she, "Money-bags."

"What are you making?" retorts Trampfoot, a little off his balance.

"Bags to hold your money," says the witch shaking her head, and setting her teeth; "you as has got it."

She holds up a common cash-bag, and on the table is a heap of such bags. Witch Two laughs at us. Witch Three scowls at us. Witch sisterhood all, stitch, stitch. First Witch has a red circle round each eye. I fancy it like the beginning of the development of a perverted

diabolical halo, and that when it spreads all round her head, she will die in the odour of devility.

Trampfoot wishes to be informed what First Witch has got behind the table, down by the side of her, there? Witches Two and Three croak angrily, "Show him the child!"

She drags out a skinny little arm from a brown dust-heap on the ground. Adjured not to disturb the child, she lets it drop again. Thus we find at last that there is one child in the world of Entries who goes to bed—if this be bed.

Mr. Superintendent asks how long are they going to work at those bags?

How long? First Witch repeats. Going to have supper presently. See the cups and saucers, and the plates.

Mr. Superintendent opines, it is rather late for supper, surely?

"Late? Ay! But we has to 'arn our supper afore we eats it!" Both the other witches repeat this after First Witch, and take the Uncommercial measurement with their eyes, as for a charmed winding-sheet. Some grim discourse ensues, referring to the mistress of the cave, who will be released from jail to-morrow. Witches pronounce Trampfoot "right there," when he deems it a trying distance for the old lady to walk; she shall be fetched by niece in a spring-cart.

As I took a parting look at First Witch in turning away, the red marks round her eyes seemed to have already grown larger, and she hungrily and thirstily looked out beyond me into the dark doorway, to see if Jack were there. For, Jack came even here, and the mistress had got into jail through deluding Jack.

When I at last ended this night of travel and got to bed, I failed to keep my mind on comfortable thoughts of Seaman's Homes (not overdone with strictness), and improved dock regulations giving Jack greater benefit of fire and candle aboard ship, through my mind's wandering among the vermin I had seen. Afterwards the same vermin ran all over my sleep. Evermore, when on a breezy day I see Poor Mercantile Jack running into port with a fair wind under all sail, I shall think of the unsleeping host of devourers who never go to bed, and are always in their set traps waiting for him.

#### FRANCE AND FREE TRADE.

If our ancestors were to rise from their tombs, were to be boiled down young again, and were to mix with their fellow-men as of old, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, what would most astonish them in this nineteenth century? Mr. Silk Buckingham has declared that teetotalism is the great fact of the age—the mightiest revolution that has been achieved since the disciples went forth from Jerusalem to convert the Gentiles to Christianity. Another authority maintains that chloroform, abrogating, as it does, the curse of pain under which man has suffered ever since he

was banished from Eden, must be regarded as much more wonderful. If we read the mottoes that are inscribed on boxes of lucifer-matches, it will be evident that in the opinion of the manufacturers it is still more difficult to find a parallel to their performances, for we must go back to the creation of the world, when the Almighty said, "Let there be light, and there was light." So I might go on mentioning all sorts of things, from the railroad and the telegraph, which have annihilated space and time, to the pannus corium, which has abolished corns, and to the stove which has the glory of being smokeless; but in enumerating all these novelties, great and small, a greater than any of them would most likely be forgotten, because of the silence and the slowness of its growth. Up to a very late period it was thought that there was something despicable in trade. It was not for a gentleman to engage in trade. Traders accepted the position, and felt that there was something mean in their occupation. Lord Stanhope tells us, that in the last century it was understood in Scotland that the only business in which a gentleman could be employed was that of a wine-merchant. The selection and distribution of wines was a matter of such overwhelming importance in those drinking days, that this, and this alone, in the way of merchandise, could deserve the attention of any one who claimed to be well born. All through history, we find the merchant regarded in the same way as a low fellow, actuated by selfish motives, and always enriching himself at the expense of his customers. In the middle of the last century, men began to study trade for the first time as a science, and not until that science was perfected and universally accredited, was the true dignity of the merchant's calling understood. Then it appeared that if trade were good for the merchant, it was even better for the customer; that if it made private fortunes, it also performed a public service; that if it were attractive to individuals, it was also essential to the state. It was a grand thing for the merchant to have the stigma of selfishness removed from his name; it was a grand thing for him to feel that he was no grasping wretch engaged only in serving himself, but that, doing his duty over his ledgers, he was as much a philanthropist, a patriot, and a gentleman, as if he were born to harangue in parliament, or educated to write for posterity.

There is no more striking revolution in the whole history of human affairs than this by which mercantile questions have ceased to be purely mercantile, and are regarded not less as moral and political. We laugh at the magniloquent advertisements in which some small invention is described as pregnant with the mightiest results for the regeneration of the world; but, perhaps, we would laugh less if, behind all the farce and puffery of advertising, we saw the moral interests that are really involved—if we saw that besides the twopence-halfpenny of profit which the trader is anxious to make out of his trifling improvement, he is really

benefit on doing a service to the public, and is able to do it. In the last few years we have engaged in public works of prodigious magnitude, that have moved the world, and given a new character to civilisation. Is it by the simple leverage of a five or ten per cent. profit that we have been induced to embark in these undertakings? Not so. There is a romance as well as profit in them. Imagination is the strongest faculty in man, and we have been carried away by the love of perfection and the delight in enterprise, even more than by the hope of gain. Trade is now-a-days more than trade. It is a weapon of enormous power—it is enterprise in which the mightiest issues are at stake—it is a science of such vast importance that he who can best expound it becomes naturally the dominating minister of the greatest nations. It is perfectly well known on both sides of the Atlantic that trade has rendered a war between this country and the United States of America an impossibility. We have become necessary to each other's existence, and in this way trade has been able to produce a moral effect which our kindred origin, our mother tongue, our similar institutions, and our mutual admiration, have not of themselves been able to ensure. It is now suggested that more intimate commercial dealings with France may have the like effect, in consolidating an alliance between the two countries, and making us, who have been eternal enemies, eternal friends. To any one who has the slightest acquaintance with history and with the political philosophy of our fathers, the novelty and strangeness of such a proposal will be apparent. The merchant elevated into a diplomatist, and the argosy substituted for the man-of-war—in every past age of the world such an idea would have been laughed to scorn. So little is a policy in which mercantile considerations are involved, understood to this day on the Continent, that we are still described, in the phrase of Napoleon, as a nation of shopkeepers, and people cannot see that there is anything more in it than a sordid devotion to money.

The fallacy which lies at the root of all our old contempt for trade and our present distrust of free trade—the fallacy which infects the reasoning of all those Frenchmen who declare that France is going to be ruined because the emperor is to release the restrictions upon its trade and to abolish the absurd prohibitions that have hitherto prevented Monsieur from purchasing English manufactures—is this, that the profit of the seller is a loss to the buyer. If I sell tea, and get a shilling of profit on every pound that I dispose of, that shilling must come out of my customer's pocket, and he thinks it rather hard that if the tea costs me no more than three shillings and sixpence it should cost him four shillings and sixpence. I rob him of a shilling. He does not ask whether the article which I sell is worth the money. He simply sees that I make more in the way of profit than covers the necessary expenses of my business, and he grudges me that little bait which induces me to

stand behind the counter from morning to night engaged in the not very delightful task of doing up small parcels of tea and sugar. Buyers are far more numerous than sellers, and it is the buyers that give this bad account of the tradesman. If the seller were allowed to have his say, we should hear a very different story. "Yes," he would say, "I profit by my sales, but so also do you. What would you do without the articles that I sell at the lowest market price? You would be miserable without them. They are worth to you, all and even more than you pay. What the article has cost me is no more to the point than if I were to ask what your money has cost you. I sell the pound of tea because it is less valuable to me than four shillings and sixpence, and you give me that sum of money because it is less valuable to you than a pound of tea. You know precisely what my gain is, because it is measured in the current coin of the realm; but it does not follow that because your gain is more indefinite, therefore it is none at all. In paying me that four shillings and sixpence, you simply paid me in a convenient form the bottle of wine which I wanted to have for dinner to-day. I have exchanged my pound of tea which cost me three shillings and sixpence, for a bottle of wine which cost the wine merchant no more. That is surely quite fair. That is surely not robbery. Yet he and I are both enriched by the transaction, in obtaining what we value more, for what we value less; and are you, the medium of exchange, the only person who reaps no benefit? I said that I would not ask what your money has cost you, what it represents of corn and wine, the fruit of your own labour. Therefore I will not ask whether your money does not represent a considerable profit obtained by your own labour, and which you have simply exchanged against my profit. I am content to rest my case on the simple fact, that your four-and-sixpence is of less value to you than my pound of tea, or you would not have purchased it, and that you too, therefore, have a profit on the transaction. If you reply that my profit is greater than yours, it is possible that you are right, but it is nothing to the point. The question raised was, not whether you and I ought to have equal profits, but whether my profit is not your loss; whether I have not robbed you of a shilling. It appears that you are not a loser, and that I am not a robber." To most persons it is a great mystery where all this profit comes from, and they cannot understand how two people can profit by the same transaction. The only sort of profit which is generally understood, is that which comes from the kindly increase of nature. If a bushel of corn yield ten bushels in the harvest, it is taken as a matter of course. But if a bushel in one market realise double the price which it costs in another market, there are people who think the advance of price must be a swindle, and who cannot understand that the energy and foresight which are able to command it in a season of scarcity, are fully entitled to their reward. The fallacy is of the same

kind as one not long since exploded. It was considered injurious, and, indeed, criminal, to demand interest on money. The usurer was a wrong-doer who violated the scriptural precept. If I remember rightly, it is stated in no less than three of Lord Bacon's Essays, certainly in two, that the charge of breaking the Fourth Commandment is also to be brought against the usurer. He counts interest for the Sundays as well as other days, and, therefore, virtually works upon the Sabbath.

An error on a small scale looks very absurd, when nothing can be more imposing on a grand scale. I have dwelt on the absurdity of objecting to the tradesman's profit as if it were the customer's loss, because this is precisely the absurdity which is committed by those who are troubled at the prospect of importing too much of our neighbours' goods. Our friends over the Straits are distressed at the idea of being inundated with Sheffield ware, Manchester cotton, Redditch needles, and Staffordshire pottery. We were in our time alarmed at the thought of being dependent on the corn of Odessa and the wheat flour of France, of wearing the silks of Lyons, and drinking the vintages of the Gironde. We look at our imports and our exports. Our exports are what the nation sells, our imports are what the nation buys, and we like the former much more than the latter. People fancy that there is something profitable in the exports, but that there is a loss on the imports; that it is good for the nation to sell, not good for the nation to buy. At the end of the year we sum up our imports and our exports; we set the one against the other. If we have sold more than we have bought, we say that the balance of trade is favourable to us; if we have bought more than we have sold, that is to say, if the imports are more than the exports, then we pull long faces, and say that the balance of trade is unfavourable to us.

Let no one suppose that it is only determined Protectionists who maintain this theory. It is a theory which but the other day was fully accepted in the great Whig Review. Sir Archibald Alison, consistent Protectionist as he is, had declared that we are going to ruin, and adduced long lines of figures to show that ever since free trade, we were as a nation buying far more than we were selling, the inevitable result of which must be an imperial bankruptcy. The answer of the Whig Review is, that the figures are scarcely so bad as Sir Archibald Alison represents them to be, that in point of fact our exports exceed our imports, and that, therefore, we are not on the road to bankruptcy, but are getting on very well indeed. The principle is then admitted that it is by our sales we are to profit, and not by our purchases; that we may export as much as we like, but that it is not necessary for us to import. It is supposed that if we export more than we import, the balance must be paid to us in gold; while, on the other hand, if we import more than we export, we must discharge our debt in gold, thus impoverishing ourselves. For many long years this doctrine of the balance



of trade has held its ground in the face of the most obvious facts, on the strength of the current belief that there is profit in selling, and none in buying. Against that doctrine we have to set down, as matters of fact, that the imports of England, France, and the United States, not to mention other countries, do annually exceed their exports, and that, consequently, the three most flourishing nations in the world are driving on to bankruptcy. Can it be so? Are the three greatest nations of the world going down the rapids and on to the brink of doom? One would fancy that even Chowler would not venture on such an assertion. He might condemn any one of them "to everlasting redemption" of a morning, but to declare that all three are equally forlorn, is rather too much of a good thing. In case, however, that Chowler may be obdurate, and sad but stern may pronounce our fate, I will try to show in a few sentences that there is just as much profit in imports as in exports, and that, indeed, if our buying did not exceed our selling, we should be very badly off.

France has always had a profound distrust of cotton umbrellas made in England. France has indeed prohibited the importation of this interesting article. Now, I confess to an admiration of cotton umbrellas. It is pleasant to see an old lady hobbling about on pattens, with the tremendous cotton canopy overhead. It is not unpleasant to see her descending from the omnibus with the cotton protector dressed up according to the strictest laws of the fashion—the tape tied tight about the middle so as to give it a slender waist, while the cotton folds bulge above and below the waist with an amplitude which seems to imitate the expansive provision of nature in the lady herself. Surely, I have said to myself, there are ladies in France who will not despise the cotton umbrella. Surely a patriot, desirous of propagating English ideas, would wish to indoctrinate the French female into the mysteries of the cotton umbrella. I have therefore invested one thousand pounds in the purchase of cotton umbrellas, waiting for the alteration in the French tariff, the result of which will probably be, that instead of these articles being absolutely prohibited they will only be saddled with a protective duty of thirty per cent. At the end of the year, when our trade returns are made up, it will be seen that our exports in the article of cotton umbrellas have been increased by at least the one thousand pounds which I have invested. Follow my adventure to France. It will go by Havre to a wholesale house in Paris. What with commission, insurance, and the cost of transport, I have to pay fifty pounds for the conveyance of my goods to the Parisian warehouse, besides three hundred pounds to the French custom-house. As the duty is so high I have to be content with a small profit—ten per cent, or one hundred pounds, upon the whole. My customer in Paris, therefore, will have to pay me one thousand four hundred and fifty pounds for the umbrellas: of which three hundred and fifty pounds goes to pay expenses and duty, leaving me for my own

use one thousand one hundred pounds. What do I do with this one thousand one hundred pounds? Do I take bills, which I turn into cash to send to my banker's? I can do much better. I am going to do more good to my species. I am a lover of punctuality. I shall propagate watches among English men, as I have propagated cotton umbrellas among French women. I look at our trade returns, and see that we take annually from France about one hundred thousand watches, of which the average value is between two pounds and three pounds apiece. I mean to increase those returns, as my friends will see when Mr. Fonblanque issues his blue-book. My one thousand one hundred pounds is to be invested in French watches. It will cost me sixty pounds to carry them to the port of London, in commission, insurance, and transport. The duty I have to pay on them at the custom-house is two hundred and forty pounds, and I expect to make a profit on them of at least ten per cent, or one hundred and ten pounds in all. My goods will therefore be sold for one thousand five hundred and ten pounds, and two hundred and forty pounds of this sum having been out of malice aforethought laid on at the custom-house, the officers will declare in the returns that I have imported watches to the value of one thousand two hundred and seventy pounds, on which they have charged so much duty. As sixty pounds of this sum has been disbursed in freight and other charges, the money that finds its way into my pocket is in all one thousand two hundred and ten pounds. On the double transaction, therefore, I am a gainer of two hundred and ten pounds, while in the great ledger of the nation it is recorded that, whereas I exported one thousand pounds worth of goods, I have imported one thousand two hundred and seventy pounds worth. Is it not quite evident that if my imports were not larger than my exports I should be a loser? Is it not equally evident that if the national exports exceed the national imports, England, France, or the United States, which ever may be the unhappy country, must be a loser? Suppose the vessel that conveyed my cotton umbrellas, were wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, and all the umbrellas lost, I myself would not be a loser, for the cargo would be insured, but the money would be lost to the country; and yet the one thousand pounds having gone out of our ports would go to swell the sum of the national exports, and jolly Protectionists would rub their hands as they read this gratifying evidence of the prosperity of the nation.

In such a transaction as the foregoing, one can measure distinctly the profit that accrues to the buyer. The country is the buyer, and in the person of one of its citizens has profited to the extent of two hundred and ten pounds. Goods have been transferred from the places where they are least valuable to the places where they are most valuable, and in the simple process of transference, both countries have gained. Prohibit me by heavy duties from importing, and you also prohibit me from exporting. The



Frenchman to whom I consigned my umbrellas would probably not have been able to take them if I had demanded cash from him. It would not have been easy for him to have sent me eleven hundred pounds. But, when I chose to ask him for eleven hundred pounds' worth of watches, it was a different affair, for, as the watches cost him only one thousand pounds—he had practically one hundred pounds less to pay to me. There is a certain logic in the system which prohibits exports as well as imports, but none in the system which prohibits either imports only or exports alone. Merchants must have their exchange, and that exchange will not be paid in gold—or at all events it will not be paid long. When I think of the horror which Frenchmen have, of receiving imports from us, and the horror which Englishmen express at the bare idea of sending coal out of the country to supply all the world, I am reminded of the alarm created in Scotland about two centuries and a half ago, at the exportation of eggs: an alarm so powerful that the privy council felt themselves bound to issue an act forbidding the traffic. The act commences in this way: "Among the many abuses whilk the iniquity of the time and private respect of filthy lucre and gain has produced within the commonwealth, there is of late discoverit a most unlawful and pernicious tred of transporting of eggs furth of the kingdom. Certain avaritious and godless persons, void of modesty and discretion, preferring their awn private commodity to the commonweal, has gone and goes athort the country and buys the hail eggs that they can get, barrels the same, and transports them at their pleasure." The consequence of this iniquity is, that eggs have "risen to such extraordinary and heich prices as are not to be sufferit in a weel governit commonwealth;" and, moreover, it is feared that "if this unlawful tred be sufferit to be of ony longer continuance, it will fall out that in a very short time there will no eggs nor poultry be funden within the country." Therefore, on pain of heavy fines, the export of eggs is forbidden. As we take about a hundred millions of eggs from France every year, the illustration has a direct bearing on our mercantile connexions with the French. We can see the absurdity of France refusing to export eggs for fear of a deficiency of omelettes. These millions of French eggs are chiefly sold in London, Brighton, and the watering-places on the south coast, where they cost the consumer from a shilling to eighteenpence a dozen, the price even mounting up to two shillings a dozen when the eggs are sold as fresh English eggs. They cost in France, on the average, about fourpence a dozen, or about one hundred and forty thousand pounds in all. Why are the eggs exported, but because the peasant with his flocks of poultry which French artists are so fond of painting, gets perhaps a farthing a dozen more for them from the exporter, than he would get if the eggs were allowed to rot in the land of their nativity? If the eggs be one farthing a dozen less valuable in France, the country loses nearly

nine thousand pounds by refusing to export them. In the one case, France has the pleasure of laying her own eggs and then consuming them to the value of one hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds; in the other case she has the pleasure of receiving from us, provisions of precisely that value to replace her lost eggs, together with a little present of machinery, or woollen clothing, or horses, or whatever else she likes best, to the value of nine thousand pounds. Suppose, again, that we refuse to import these millions of French eggs. The Gallic cocks and hens will no doubt languish for lack of our encouragement, but shall we not do as much injury to ourselves as to the French poultry? English barn-door fowls will set to work and lay more eggs, and more eggs, and the cry will be still they come! but each egg will cost more, and the country will be a loser to that extent. The British hen declines to lay for nothing. If the Gallic hen gives me a dozen of eggs for fourpence, while the British bird demands sixpence for the same number, I am a loser of twopence in going to the British nest for my supply.

Here comes in the Protectionist reply, that though the consumer loses by such a state of things, yet the producer profits, and it is right for a country to encourage its own manufactures, and to purchase them at a dead loss to itself. Take the case of iron, which is just now vexing the soul of the French Protectionist. He declares that French industry will be discouraged if the duty on English iron be lowered. Let us see. The duty on iron is so varying, according to the description of it—its admission being in some cases absolutely free, in others absolutely prohibited—that for the sake of simplicity and round numbers, I shall suppose a duty of only thirty per cent, raising the price of English iron by one-third its value; so that if a hundred-weight of unwrought iron cost twelve shillings in Belgium or England, it would cost eighteen shillings or a pound in France, and all because the French iron-masters cannot produce the material under that figure. The French iron-master says: "It is extremely important that I should be protected. There are an immense number of persons dependent on me; I give them labour, I give them wages, and in my prosperity they prosper also." This is all very well, until we examine the matter more closely, and it behoves us, therefore, to follow the fortunes of the Frenchman who has to purchase the iron. Suppose the French blacksmith, or nailer, or tool-maker, buying a hundred-weight of iron from the French iron-master. He has to pay eighteen shillings for it. He has, at a heavy price to himself, to put money into the pockets of the French iron trade in all its dependencies. If English iron were admitted free, he might get it for twelve or thirteen shillings, and might keep in his own pocket the extra six shillings, to purchase with it a pair of boots or some worsted clothing. Compelled to purchase French iron, he simply gets for his money a hundred-weight of iron. Permitted to purchase

English iron, he obtains for the same money a hundred-weight of iron, together with some good woollen stockings (and, by the way, it is so difficult to get woollen clothing in France, owing to the high rate of duty imposed on foreign combed wool, that it is announced, after an inquiry of the Council of State, that ten millions of the French are unable to afford themselves this luxury). Which is the more natural state of things? That the man who uses the iron should be fined six shillings for the benefit of the man who produces it, or that he should be allowed peaceable possession of his half-dozen shillings to spend as he pleases—be it in eau sucrée, in a new hat, or in a journey on the railway? The national industry must not be invoked for a doubtful cause. The national industry is, in the former case, benefited only to the extent of twelve shillings: for the extra six shillings make no addition to the national wealth. Peter is robbed of that sum, to pay Paul. There is nothing to show for it that could not equally be shown for the simple twelve shillings, if the English or Belgian iron were admitted to market.

It may be replied that in this latter case, although the Frenchman got his iron a third cheaper, still the twelve shillings would be paid out of the country, would be paid to England or Belgium, and only the six shillings would be expended in France. But this is quite a mistake. The debts of a nation are not paid in gold, but in material. The twelve shillings would be paid to the Englishman, in silk or in wine, in bronzes, or in gloves, in furniture, or in lace. Or, if the debt were actually paid in money, then the means of paying it must first have been derived from exports to some other country. The Frenchman wanting a hundred-weight of iron would virtually perform an operation of this sort. He would say to the French iron-master, "You are too dear for me; with all my desire to serve you, I must encourage some other species of industry among my countrymen which taxes my resources less: I will purchase silk at Lyons; I will take it to Turin. Although they make good velvets and silks in Italy, they have an extraordinary admiration of the French stuffs, and will give me a good price for my goods. The price I obtain I will give to the English merchant for his iron, and I will in effect exchange French silk for the English metal." Or again: "It is easier for me to encourage French millers than French iron-masters. Whether it is that the millstones of La Brie are wonderfully good, or that the French wheat being uncommonly hard is more adapted for fine grinding, I am not learned enough to tell; but I know that the English like our flour, and in 1858 bought from us to the value of a million and a half of their money. I will offer French flour for English iron, and I think I study in that way French interests, while at the same time I have in my pocket that extra six shillings to devote to some other species of French industry. I will invest it in walnut-wood. The English make guns for all the world, have a large rifle

manufactory at Enfield, but have no walnut-wood for the stocks of their guns. Towards the end of last war, the price of this wood rose from two shillings and three shillings, to eight shillings and ten shillings, for each stock. I will encourage with my six shillings the French walnut-tree plantations, and will exchange it against lambswool stockings or Sheffield razors." The Frenchman's argument in this case would be perfectly sound, though, in a small matter of fact, he would be reckoning without his host. It would not be possible for him to export the walnut-wood for gun-stocks. The French government, learning that our walnut plantations are exhausted, and that we have been procuring our gun-stocks from France, have laid a prohibition on the export. It is proposed to import English iron for French gun-barrels; will it also be proposed to allow the exportation of French wood for English gun-stocks?

Unfortunately, one cannot in these matters consider the cases of individuals. It was very hard for the watermen, when bridges were built over the Thames. It was very hard for the link-boys, when the streets were welllighted with gas. It was very hard for the chairmen, when cabs came into universal use. It was very hard for the coachmen, when railroads were established. It will be very hard for the thousands of Parisian water-carriers, when Paris is supplied with water in pipes. The world moves on, forgetful of individuals, and the point to be chiefly considered is, what is most for the general good. Now, the general rule to be laid down with regard to exports and imports is this, that the cheapening of any valuable commodity in a particular place, is a benefit conferred on all places: and that wealth acquired by my neighbour is not to be grudged, but is good for me as well as for him. Take any article of merchandise whatsoever—as gloves; in the last analysis, each pair of gloves represents a certain amount of labour, let us say a day's labour of the artisan. If the Frenchman be able, through superiority of climate, or help of machinery, or by any known means, to cheapen gloves, to reduce the quantity of labour which a pair represents, he benefits me, provided I have the means of exchanging an equivalent of my labour for his. By employing him to make the gloves, I do not require to expend so much of my strength in order to procure a pair. Half a day is enough, whereas previously a whole day was necessary. The cheapness thus made possible in France, is a direct benefit to England and the world. Suppose the French glove is one hour, or half an hour cheaper than the English glove. Multiply this by the three and a half millions of pairs that find their way from France to England, and estimate the gain to us. What a gain of hours to what number of Englishmen does this represent! And in like manner the wealth of France is a gain to England, as the wealth of my neighbour is in a sense also mine. Wealth is nothing if it be not employed. Superabundant wealth means superabundant power of purchasing. I must share to some extent in the good that flows from that ex-

penditure. No man can be rich for himself alone. As water finds its level, money will descend from the heights of society where it is stored, to give some share of blessing to the lowest of the low. There cannot be a greater blunder than the supposition that it is the interest of England to have poor neighbours, and that by the previous accumulation of resources we are able to draw all the wealth from less fortunate countries. It is England's interest, on the contrary, to have prosperous neighbours, who, with many superfluities on their hands, will be able to purchase what we have to offer; and it is the poor, far more than the rich, countries, that profit by the freedom of trade. If England were a poor country with few advantages, she could desire nothing better than to have a rich friend at hand with many advantages. Our natural advantages are so few that we waste our strength for nought, in attempting to produce a certain article, say wine. If France, through her natural advantages, is able to supply the wine better at half the price which it would cost us to produce it in this country, we share in the natural advantages enjoyed by France. So, if we can, by our unlimited supply of coal and iron, produce machinery, or cotton goods, or woollen clothes, much cheaper than the Frenchman, it is a positive benefit to him, apart from all questions of reciprocity. The point on which Protectionists dwell, is the fact that in such a case we should undersell the French manufacturers. The French manufacturers of, let us say, cotton goods, are limited in number, whereas the French people who require those goods are almost unlimited. The benefit we should confer on the French people by selling them our calicoes and prints, would be spread over a vast multitude, while the damage we should do to the French manufacturer would be confined to comparatively a few. It is these few who cry out, because they suffer severely, while, on the other hand, the millions do not shout the other way with sufficient loudness, because the positive gain to each is small in comparison.

It does not come within the scope of this periodical to handle vexed political questions, and to touch upon the details of the commercial treaty which the French Emperor has negotiated with the English Government. But who that keeps most aloof from politics is not interested in the good fortune of his friends, and in any measure that is likely to make those who have been friends before, faster friends than ever? We have prospered in this country by the freedom of our trade assisting our natural energy, and we are glad to think that France also is likely to prosper by following in our footsteps. As hitherto France has been the stronghold of protection on the Continent, it is to be hoped that all Europe will mark the example, and reap the benefit of the change. It will be a strange result if war be repressed among civilised nations, not by the precepts of mercy and the commands of the moral law, but by the necessities of trade and the attractions of

material gain. For nearly two thousand years the blessed Sermon on the Mount has been before the world, and nations have set it at nought whenever they thought that it stood in the way of their material interests. An effort is now being made, which, if fairly carried out, will go far to make these material interests coincide with the obligations of moral law, and thus far tend to make war an impossibility. It used to be said, "If you wish to make men prosperous and happy, make them good—begin with their morals." It is now said, "If you wish to make men good and happy, make them comfortable—begin with their material prosperity." Both are right, and both are wrong. We must begin at both ends. We shall beat our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning-hooks, all the sooner, if, to assist our sentimental dislike of swords and spears, we feel that we have the utmost need of ploughshares and pruning-hooks—that it is more profitable to war with nature than with nations—that it is better to shed the blood of the grape, than of our fellow-creatures.

### OUR EYE-WITNESS AT A FRIENDLY LEAD.

SOME weeks ago, a gentleman—whose position as the owner of a factory in the neighbourhood of Bethnal-green had made him acquainted with certain customs obtaining among those in his employ—this gentleman, a stranger to your Eye-witness, but kindly anxious to direct his attention to a condition of affairs well worthy of notice, forwarded to him a card, of which a copy is subjoined.

A Friend-in-Need is a Friend-in-Deed.

#### A FRIENDLY LEAD.

Will take place on Saturday, January 28th, at Mr. Blake's White Horse, Hare Street, Bethnal Green, for the benefit of Mr. C. Norton, whose Daughter destroyed herself last Friday, and being in a poor position himself, your aid will greatly oblige... Tickets 1d. each.

C. Hall, Sen. Chairman. J. Spencer, Deputy.

Now a card such as this is just the kind of document which a man—on coming in contact with it for the first time—would read through twice or thrice, would turn round and round with his finger and thumb, would examine the back of, would endeavour to split with his nail, would scratch his chin with, looking absently out of window the while, would read through once more, and, finally, would so far favour with his confidence as to determine to look into the matter to which it made allusion.

Your Eye-witness will pass over certain preliminary matters connected with his undertaking, and will merely state that he set off alone on the evening of the 28th of January for Bethnal-green, Hare-street, the White Horse, and the Friendly Lead.

If your Eye-witness were brought for a few

minutes in contact with a certain branch of our metropolitan government, called the Lighting and Paving, he would reverently inquire: what was the precise nature of the motives which induced it (the Lighting and Paving) to keep all the West-end and well-regulated neighbourhoods in a blaze of illumination, and to leave in Stygian darkness all those parts of our metropolis which are known to be haunted by disreputable characters, and which are unmistakably the head-quarters of pickpockets and other marauders. It is invariably the case that in those regions where danger is to be apprehended, the lights are dimmest and farthest apart, while in a thoroughfare like Portland-place you could see to read this article, standing between two gas-lamps at an equal distance from both.

A discovery of the exact principle on which the Lighting and Paving acts in this matter would be the more interesting, because it is evidently the same which influences the authorities connected with the ordering of our police arrangements. The policeman and the gas-lamp go together, and our constables are ever to be found rallying round each other in situations where there is plenty of light and life, while in cut-throat neighbourhoods you shall look for them in vain.

These audacious sentiments asserted themselves very strongly in the breast of your servant as, leaving behind him the crowded thoroughfare of Bishopsgate-street Without, he penetrated more and more into the remote intricacies of Bethnal-green. The farther he advanced, the fainter the illumination became, until at last he looked about some time before he could persuade himself that there were any lamps at all, and that there was any other feeble light than such as came from the few and melancholy shops, which were thinly scattered, here and there, on either side of the street.

But, if a dark street be a gloomy and depressing thing, what is a dark public-house. Accustomed to think of a gin-palace as a blazing temple which sheds a brilliant gleam across the street, and half-way up and down it, too, it is a dismal thing to have to do with a public-house which makes so little mark that it is difficult to find, and which, when found, looks black, and secret, and forbidding.

It must be acknowledged that when your Eye-witness arrived at the door of the House of Entertainment at which the Friendly Lead was to come off, the aspect of affairs was not inviting. Though there was little light emitted into the street by the tavern in question, the same complaint could not be made in the matter of noise. Nor were the sounds which emanated from the White Horse altogether of an amiable kind; the Friendly Lead might be going on upstairs, but it seemed not at all unlikely to lead to unfriendly followings below. There was no time, however, to be lost; your Eye-witness mounted a wooden staircase which led to the regions above, and, passing through an open door, found himself in a large upper apartment, with a fair

sprinkling of persons of both sexes seated round it, and with a very fair allowance of tobacco-smoke, correcting any undue freshness and clearness of the atmospheric air.

Your Eye-witness gained much obliging information from a gentleman who was sitting at a table close to the door of the room, with two plates before him, one upon the top of the other. When anybody, entering the apartment, put a penny or twopence into the upper plate, this gentleman, who appeared to be a sort of treasurer, slid the sum into the under receptacle—a soup-plate—and covered it up again as before. The treasurer's discourse was explanatory and terse in its phraseology. It was of this sort:

"You see, sir, a Friendly Lead is this here: when a poor man—being a factory worker, a jynner, a clockmaker, or what not—which this 'ere man himself is in the alarum business—his daughter being in the factory works at Gimp and Twister's round the corner—well sir, this poor man, not being this one particlularly, but as it might be you or me, being a factory man, a clockmaker, or what not, say he falls into distress, gets behind, 'as a doctor's bill to pay, 'as to bury a child, leastways 'as some hextra payment to come down with which he did not look for—what is he, being a pore man, to do? Well, he comes to some friend as knows him, as it might be you or me, and he says, 'Simmons,' he says, 'here's a bundle of tickets,' he says, 'for a Lead; will you take a few and see if you can work 'em off?' he says. Well, I takes some, you takes some, and so does others of his friends, and we agin works 'em among our friends (promulging while we does so that this pore man is in exigency and want), and these makes it known agin to *their* friends, till at last a tidy lot is sold, being at a penny, tuppence, or what not. Very well; he comes next to this 'ouse, 'spectable 'ouse, or it might be any other, and he says to the landlord, 'Mr. Blake,' he says—as it might be you, or me—'I want your room for this night or that night, for a Lead amongst friends and in a friendly style, as it might be here or there or anywhere.' Then they meets together, and each man as he comes in, puts in his penny or tuppence, or what not, into the plate. Well, sir, the hobject of all this 'ere, is to hease him—being but a pore man, a factory worker, a clockmaker, or what not—to hease him a little; and first one comes in, and then another, and sometimes he makes a pretty good thing of it, and sometimes not so much; and then, being met together, perhaps some gentleman, as it might be you, or any one present, he obliges the society with a song; and first one sings, or it may be another—anybody, in short, as is willing to oblige—and so the hevening passes till it gets to be twelve o'clock, and the company being about to go, the party who receives the money, as it might be myself this night, he says a few words thanking 'em for their pincuriary assistance, or what not; and so, the money being reckoned up, is handed over to the man as the Lead is for, as it might be you or me, and then we breaks up for the night, and

perhaps one will stop a little, and another will stop a little, and take his threepennorth at the bar or what not, depending on when it is or which it might be, wot you understand; but this 'ere being Saturday night, they will go the sooner, the 'ouse being closed at twelve."

"And why is it called a 'Lead'?"

"Well, don't you see that this pore man *being* but a pore man—a factory worker, a clockmaker, or what not—this is got up for to hease him," was the triumphant reply.

"Yes, I see that, but why 'Lead'? I don't see what it means."

"Why just you look 'ere, sir," says the treasurer, leaning over the table, and gesticulating demonstratively with his hands: smiling the while in patient pity—"just look 'ere: it means what I have just been explaining. Here is a pore man—being a factory worker, a clockmaker, or what not—he comes to one of his friends; as it might be you or me——"

Thrown back on his own resources for the means of discovering the derivation of this word "Lead," your Eye-witness could only conclude that it derived its origin from the fact that those who get the thing up take the lead in helping the indigent person, or lead the way in the matter of his relief.

The case to which this mode of relief was applied at the White Horse Tavern, was a peculiarly distressing one. A young girl, sixteen or seventeen years old, had committed suicide in a paroxysm of jealousy. It seemed that she and a lad of about her own age had been brought up almost always together, had been playmates and constant associates. An attachment had sprung up between them, and it was simply because she had seen this youngster in conversation with some other girl, that she determined to destroy herself: a resolution which she carried out by swallowing a quantity of a certain deadly acid used by her father in his trade. This case may remind the reader of one reported in the daily papers not long ago, in which a girl destroyed herself by jumping down the shaft of a disused mine; having merely seen her lover talking to a woman of whom she felt jealous. It is impossible to say whether the one tragedy, or rather the account of it which appeared in the newspapers, may have had any share in producing the other; it is far from impossible. One thing is quite certain: that such a suicide is often attributable to the thought of the effect it will produce on the person whose misconduct, real or supposed, has led to it: "He will hear of it, it will make him miserable—he will know at last how fond I was of him!"

We hardly know what persons of this class suffer, and how helpless they are under a great affliction. What do they know of the healing effects of time? They see no way out of the difficulty. They are miserable now, and that they will always be so is their present conviction. The balance is upset, they are puzzled, the small domain of thought—a narrow region with them—is rent by this moral earthquake:

"There is one remedy for all," says the bad voice within—and they take it.

The father of the unhappy girl in question in this instance, was present at this "Lead," and betrayed an interest of no common order in the contents of the soup-plates, in which the contributions of the visitors were collected. This personage was the hero of the evening. There is no one well acquainted with the lower classes of our countrymen who has not observed how their importance among their own circle of acquaintances is increased by a death. They regard their affliction with a sense of proprietorship, and look upon it as highly creditable to the family generally. There is in this class some small entertainment of this feeling when *any* misfortune gives them a temporary prominence, but still a death is the great card of all. What a property a corpse is to them—and a funeral what a glory!

Such boy and girl attachments as this which had ended so terribly are extremely common among these factory workers; and others of the same order. Indeed, it was curious to observe the large number of young boys who were present on the occasion of this "Lead," and to notice the prominent part taken by these mere children, as well as the readiness of their seniors to give way to them. Is this a characteristic of our day? The old men seem almost afraid of the youngsters, who awe and surprise them into submission by their blasé, knowing airs. These little men and their sweethearts were to be seen in all parts of the room, and were smoking their pipes and drinking their beer with great gravity and importance; but such early and precocious beginnings are not favourable to the structural development of these boys, and they so rarely attain to any size that it seems as if Nature had determined to punish them for their presumption, and had decreed that since these small creatures had offended her by pretending that they were grown up, they should be made to take the consequences, and should find that at least, in the one respect of having "done growing," they should be men to their hearts' content.

Nor is this precocity of the youth of both sexes in this peculiar locality and grade of life at all surprising to those who have observed the early introduction of children and babies "into society," which prevails among our labouring classes. A baby has no sooner been carried across the parental threshold than it finds its way into the public, the penny gaff, the theatre gallery. Among the numerous babies present at the Friendly Lead, there was every indication of a nascent and dawning tendency to conviviality. To get down upon the floor among the feet of the company and grub in the sawdust of a spittoon, to sit upon the edge of a Windsor chair gnawing a petitoe—vendors of this delicacy pervaded the apartment throughout the evening—or to produce a partial nose eclipse by secreting of the tip of that feature in the bowl of a tobacco-pipe,—is the nursery play of your Bethnal-green baby.

"Nothing," said the mother of one of these



precocious infants, which had a pettitoe in one hand, and a long clay pipe in the other; "nothing," said the good woman, picking up the pettitoe for the seventh time, and restoring the glistening morsel now profusely adorned with sawdust, to her offspring; "will keep him good, like giving him a 'bacco-pipe to play with. It will keep him quiet for hours." And indeed the chief object of this child appeared to be the thrusting of the sharp end of his plaything by turns into every one of those orifices in the anatomy of the face and head, which Nature has beneficently intended as the apertures by which the things of the external world shall be brought to bear upon the brain.

By this time the room had begun to fill to an almost inconvenient extent, and the more convivial aspects of the evening's entertainment to develop themselves. The amusements were entirely of a musical, and mainly of a vocal, nature. The chairman led the way; and, producing a great order and silence by a free use of his hammer, proceeded to enliven the company with a performance which had the great charm of leaving a great deal to the imagination: both the words and tune being characterised by a certain vagueness which made it possible for any gentleman or lady present to suppose that the ballad in course of delivery was his or her own especial favourite: it being as impossible to define what the song was *not* as to come to any conclusion as to what it *was*. This effort (which was extremely popular) was followed by an amiable discussion between the "chair" and a tall and obstinate person at the other end of the room, who rejoiced in the name of 'Arry, as to why he ('Arry) should not be the next to promote the enjoyment of the evening. This controversy having ended in the defeat of the chair, as far as logical argument was concerned, and another gentleman having consented to sing, in order to put an end to strife, it happened next that this last-named person had no sooner opened his mouth, than the unmanageable 'Arry, who was a species of vice-chair, and was also provided with a hammer, availed himself of that instrument to put down the volunteer gentleman, and himself began singing that very song with which he had just before been in vain entreated to "oblige." This obstinate gentleman was endowed by nature with an organ with which it was useless to attempt to contend, and bellowed away for about twenty minutes, much to the satisfaction of the audience. This done, the boys began to come forward, and some remarkable phenomena became developed. One of these young gentlemen was a touchy youth, and, leaving off if anybody made a noise, was not to be persuaded to recommence; without much apologising and administration of soothing and pacificatory compliments from the chair. There was also an undecided personage, who resembled an ill-wound musical-box, and who, getting on very tolerably through two or three verses, would then begin to run down, would wax fainter, and finally stop, and who, being wound up again by the comfort and applause of the

public, went at it once more, performed another verse or two, and again needing and receiving stimulus, went on to the end. The vocalist who kept guard over his mouth by holding the sealing-waxed end of his pipe before his lips, as if it were a musical instrument, favoured the company at such length that your Eye-witness, leaving him, at the end of his sixth verse, to go out and breathe a little fresh air, and returning after a brisk walk of half a mile, found him still at it, and with the pipe certainly—and the song apparently—exactly where he had left it.

There was a great choice and variety of singers, who were yet in one respect all alike, and all labouring under a common difficulty—they none of them knew what to do with their eyes. It was in this, as in many other matters, that the wisdom of age was very apparent. The "chair," a gentleman somewhat advanced in years, had no sooner suspended the action of his hammer, with which he proclaimed that he was about to begin, than he closed his eyes firmly, and opened them no more until his vocal exercise had ceased. It was wonderful that this obvious way of getting out of a great difficulty did not suggest itself to any of the younger members of the company. Every other optical resource was resorted to. There was the faint vocalist who looked down at his hands while he performed, as in a retrospective calculation touching the exact period of his youth when they had last been washed; there was the loud vocalist, who "fixed" an opposite friend during his song, till the friend—it was a very long performance—actually writhed under the steadiness of the singer's glare. Then there was the gentleman who looked at the wall just over the public head: a proceeding which caused him to wear a very dreadful and sinister aspect indeed, and which threw a chill upon all the company. Lastly, there were the two great classes, or divisions, of the vocalists who looked up, and the vocalists who looked down. These last—except in the instance given above of the gentleman with the hands—would commonly direct a searching gaze into the depths of a pint-pot, or would engage to all appearance in an analytical examination of the calcined contents of an extinct tobacco-pipe. They were but a limited number, in comparison with the up-looking portion of the company, for certainly out of six vocalists the ocular refuge of five was in the stained and blackened ceiling of the concert-room.

For some time after the commencement of the musical proceedings a great degree of order was maintained. There was a long period during which not more than one gentleman sang at once, and, even after this desirable state of things could be counted upon no longer, there was still half an hour or so of comparative discipline when the president's hammer was so far respected that only two or three vocalists would be found enlivening the company with different songs at the same moment. Gradually, however, with the increased number of the guests, a corresponding increase of singers was observable, and the philanthropic desire of these gentlemen to con-



tribute to the evening's entertainment became so irrepressible, that the difficulty became at last to discover who was *not* singing. The members of the company, indeed, who were "willing to oblige," seemed not only to derive no discouragement from a consideration of the fact that several other harmonists were already in full tongue, but they even appeared to find in this circumstance an additional stimulus to greater exertion; and so one after another would add his voice to those previously in operation, and as each had a tune and words of his own, the effect was very striking indeed. Meantime the hammer of the chairman was not idle, but was busily and incessantly worked by its possessor as a restorative of order; nor was this instrument left wholly unsupported and alone. In various other parts of the room, other, and hitherto silent, hammers sprang into view, and while the chair at one end of this hall of harmony, and the vice at the other, battered away at their respective tables, the treasurer, suddenly shutting the room-door, probably to keep the sound in, began to hammer away at the panels in a workmanlike style, roaring the while to a distant friend to stand up and address the society on their disorderly conduct. The friend thus conjured, responded to the appeal, and, mounting on a bench, commenced a speech which was wholly inaudible, but which would doubtless, in spite of this circumstance, have attained to considerable length, had not the orator suddenly missed his footing, and lost himself in an abyss of pint-pots and spittoons underneath the table. It was at this time that a band of three performers, which suddenly appeared in the room, struck up a lively air; while several babies, dispersed in different quarters of the apartment, lifted up their voices in bitter but justifiable complainings.

The climax was attained; it was nearly twelve o'clock, the house had to be cleared by midnight; so the treasurer (there being no more halfpence in prospect) rose upon a table to report progress and dissolve the meeting, in a brief speech. There was a pause while this oration was delivered, but afterwards the din broke out again more furiously than before.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the treasurer—and his speech is a model on which it would be well if some diffuse orators would build their style—"beg to say—very much obliged—support—sum collected amounts to THREE POUNDS TWO SHILLINGS—thank you all round."

This announcement, which was received with much applause, was the signal for the gradual breaking up of the assembly. In the midst of all the jollification and riot, it was curious to think what it was that had brought it all about. Reminded constantly by the deep mourning band on the hat of the poor suicide's father of the real nature of this orgie, it was strange and painful to contrast the scene with the circumstance which had preceded it. To think of the girl coming home from her work, appearing a little "odd like" to her friends; of her leaving the

room, and presently returning to announce that she HAD DONE IT; to think of the brief interval of incredulity, the season when no one—perhaps hardly the girl herself—could realise what had happened; to think of the symptoms that told the truth too plainly, of the flight to the hospital, of the eager medical questionings, the antidotes, the remedies applied in vain; to think of the death, the inquest, the squalid funeral, but just over; to think of these things, and then to look round and note the frantic mirth of the company assembled to do honour to this Friendly Lead, and their apparent oblivion of its origin, was surely to compare and bring together two ghastly phases of human existence.

"In proportion as you descend in the social scale, the indifference to death seems to become more strongly developed," was the remark made a few days since in the writer's hearing by one of the greatest of our medical authorities. At the last of these "Leads" in Bethnal-green, before this which was attended by your Eye-witness, the proceeds of the occasion were dedicated to the use of a woman who had lost her husband. The widow herself attended the festival, and joined to such purpose in the conviviality of the meeting, that at last she jumped upon a bench to sing a song, which came to an untimely end because she was too drunk to finish it.

And yet, however occasionally grotesque and terrible in the manner of its carrying out, a "Lead" of this kind is, in the main, good in its intention and useful in its results. It is one more instance of the poor appealing to the poor, of the needy assisting the needy. The writer, sitting at his post of observation near the door of the room, felt something akin to shame, as he watched the rapid filling of the plate, as he noted the obvious poverty of those who dropped a portion of their small and hardly earned wages into it, and as the staunchness with which these poor people stick by each other forced itself more and more strongly on his attention. Not only did every person who entered the room place a contribution in the plate, not only did those who had taken the trouble to dispose of tickets among their friends arrive with the proceeds of their sale, but afterwards and throughout the evening more contributions would come in from the workmen and workwomen assembled in the room, and one among them—invariably a woman—would be sent by the others to put sixpence or a shilling in the plate. The woman would at such times be asked whom the money came from, and would answer "she didn't know, it had been given to her to bring—some of them had made it up among themselves, she supposed."

"Our web of life is of a mingled yarn, the good and ill together."

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The Fifth Journey of  
**THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER,**  
 A SERIES OF OCCASIONAL JOURNEYS,  
 BY CHARLES DICKENS,  
 Will appear in No. 48.

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# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N<sup>o</sup>. 47.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1860.

[PRICE 2d.]

## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

JULY 4TH. The misery of self-reproach which I suffered, yesterday evening, on hearing what Laura told me in the boat-house, returned in the loneliness of the night, and kept me waking and wretched for hours.

I lighted the candle at last, and searched through my old journals to see what my share in the fatal error of her marriage had really been, and what I might have once done to save her from it. The result soothed me a little—for it showed that, however blindly and ignorantly I acted, I acted for the best. Crying generally does me harm; but it was not so last night—I think it relieved me. I rose this morning with a settled resolution and a quiet mind. Nothing Sir Percival can say or do shall ever irritate me again, or make me forget, for one moment, that I am staying here, in defiance of mortifications, insults, and threats, for Laura's service and for Laura's sake.

The speculations in which we might have indulged, this morning, on the subject of the figure at the lake and the footsteps in the plantation, have been all suspended by a trifling accident which has caused Laura great regret. She has lost the little brooch I gave her for a keepsake, on the day before her marriage. As she wore it when we went out yesterday evening, we can only suppose that it must have dropped from her dress, either in the boat-house, or on our way back. The servants have been sent to search, and have returned unsuccessful. And now Laura herself has just gone to look for it. Whether she finds it, or not, the loss will help to excuse her absence from the house, if Sir Percival returns before the letter from Mr. Gilmore's partner is placed in my hands.

One o'clock has just struck. I am considering whether I had better wait here for the arrival of the messenger from London, or slip away quietly, and watch for him outside the lodge gate.

My suspicion of everybody and everything in this house inclines me to think that the second plan may be the best. The Count is safe in the breakfast-room. I heard him, through the door, as I ran up-stairs, ten minutes since, exercising his canary-birds at their tricks:—"Come out on my little finger, my pret-pret-

pretties! Come out, and hop up-stairs! One, two, three—and up! Three, two, one—and down! One, two, three—twit-twit-twit-tweet!" The birds burst into their usual ecstacy of singing, and the Count chirruped and whistled at them in return, as if he was a bird himself. My room door is open, and I can hear the shrill singing and whistling at this moment. If I am really to slip out, without being observed—now is my time.

*Four o'clock.* I come back to this journal, with sensations filling my mind which it would be useless for any woman to attempt to describe. The three hours that have passed since I made my last entry, have turned the whole march of events at Blackwater Park in a new direction. Whether for good or for evil, I cannot and dare not decide.

Let me get back first to the place at which I left off—or I shall lose myself in the confusion of my own thoughts.

I went out, as I had proposed, to meet the messenger with my letter from London, at the lodge gate. On the stairs I saw no one. In the hall I heard the Count still exercising his birds. But on crossing the quadrangle outside, I passed Madame Fosco, walking by herself in her favourite circle, round and round the great fish-pond. I at once slackened my pace, so as to avoid all appearance of being in a hurry; and even went the length, for caution's sake, of inquiring if she thought of going out before lunch. She smiled at me in the friendliest manner—said she preferred remaining near the house—nodded pleasantly—and re-entered the hall. I looked back, and saw that she had closed the door before I had opened the wicket by the side of the carriage gates.

In less than a quarter of an hour, I reached the lodge.

The lane outside took a sudden turn to the left, ran on straight for a hundred yards or so, and then took another sharp turn to the right to join the high road. Between these two turns, hidden from the lodge on one side and from the way to the station on the other, I waited, walking backwards and forwards. High hedges were on either side of me; and, for twenty minutes by my watch, I neither saw nor heard anything. At the end of that time, the sound of a carriage caught my ear; and I was met, as I advanced towards the second turning, by a fly from the

railway. I made a sign to the driver to stop. As he obeyed me, a respectable-looking man put his head out of the window to see what was the matter.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "but am I right in supposing that you are going to Blackwater Park?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"With a letter for any one?"

"With a letter for Miss Halcombe, ma'am."

"You may give me the letter. I am Miss Halcombe."

The man touched his hat, got out of the fly immediately, and gave me the letter.

I opened it at once; and read these lines. I copy them here (without the address to me, or the writer's signature); thinking it best to destroy the original for caution's sake.

"DEAR MADAM. Your letter, received this morning, has caused me very great anxiety. I will reply to it as briefly and plainly as possible.

"My careful consideration of the statement made by yourself, and my knowledge of Lady Glyde's position, as defined in the settlement, lead me, I regret to say, to the conclusion that a loan of the trust money to Sir Percival (or, in other words, a loan of some portion of the twenty thousand pounds of Lady Glyde's fortune), is in contemplation, and that she is made a party to the deed, in order to secure her approval of a flagrant breach of trust, and to have her signature produced against her, if she should complain hereafter. It is impossible, on any other supposition, to account, situated as she is, for her execution to a deed of any kind being wanted at all.

"In the event of Lady Glyde's signing such a document as I am compelled to suppose the deed in question to be, her trustees would be at liberty to advance money to Sir Percival out of her twenty thousand pounds. If the amount so lent should not be paid back, and if Lady Glyde should have children, their fortune would then be diminished by the sum, large or small, so advanced. In plainer terms still, the transaction, for anything Lady Glyde knows to the contrary, may be a fraud upon her unborn children.

"Under these serious circumstances, I would recommend Lady Glyde to assign as a reason for withholding her signature, that she wishes the deed to be first submitted to myself, as her family solicitor (in the absence of my partner, Mr. Gilmore). No reasonable objection can be made to taking this course—for, if the transaction is an honourable one, there will necessarily be no difficulty in my giving my approval.

"Sincerely assuring you of my readiness to afford any additional help or advice that may be wanted, I beg to remain, Madam, your faithful servant,

"—————"

I read this kind and sensible letter very thankfully. It supplied Laura with a reason for objecting to the signature which was unan-

swerable, and which we could both of us understand. The messenger waited near me while I was reading, to receive his directions when I had done.

"Will you be good enough to say that I understand the letter, and that I am very much obliged?" I said. "There is no other reply necessary at present."

Exactly at the moment when I was speaking those words, holding the letter open in my hand, Count Fosco turned the corner of the lane from the high road, and stood before me as if he had sprung up out of the earth.

The suddenness of his appearance, in the very last place under heaven in which I should have expected to see him, took me completely by surprise. The messenger wished me good morning, and got into the fly again. I could not say a word to him—I was not even able to return his bow. The conviction that I was discovered—and by that man, of all others—absolutely petrified me.

"Are you going back to the house, Miss Halcombe?" he inquired, without showing the least surprise on his side, and without even looking after the fly, which drove off while he was speaking to me.

I collected myself sufficiently to make a sign in the affirmative.

"I am going back, too," he said. "Pray allow me the pleasure of accompanying you. Will you take my arm? You look surprised at seeing me!"

I took his arm. The first of my scattered senses that came back, was the sense that warned me to sacrifice anything rather than make an enemy of him.

"You look surprised at seeing me!" he repeated, in his quietly pertinacious way.

"I thought, Count, I heard you with your birds in the breakfast-room," I answered, as quietly and firmly as I could.

"Surely. But my little feathered children, dear lady, are only too like other children. They have their days of perversity; and this morning was one of them. My wife came in, as I was putting them back in their cage, and said she had left you going out alone for a walk. You told her so, did you not?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Miss Halcombe, the pleasure of accompanying you was too great a temptation for me to resist. At my age there is no harm in confessing so much as that, is there? I seized my hat, and set off to offer myself as your escort. Even so fat an old man as Fosco is surely better than no escort at all? I took the wrong path—I came back, in despair—and here I am arrived (may I say it?) at the height of my wishes."

He talked on, in this complimentary strain, with a fluency which left me no exertion to make beyond the effort of maintaining my composure. He never referred in the most distant manner to what he had seen in the lane, or to the letter which I still had in my hand. This ominous discretion helped to convince me that

he must have surprised, by the most dishonourable means, the secret of my application in Laura's interests, to the lawyer; and that, having now assured himself of the private manner in which I had received the answer, he had discovered enough to suit his purposes, and was only bent on trying to quiet the suspicions which he knew he must have aroused in my mind. I was wise enough, under these circumstances, not to attempt to deceive him by plausible explanations—and woman enough, notwithstanding my dread of him, to feel as if my hand was tainted by resting on his arm.

On the drive in front of the house we met the dog-cart being taken round to the stables. Sir Percival had just returned. He came out to meet us at the house-door. Whatever other results his journey might have had, it had not ended in softening his savage temper.

"Oh! here are two of you come back," he said, with a lowering face. "What is the meaning of the house being deserted in this way? Where is Lady Glyde?"

I told him of the loss of the brooch, and said that Laura had gone into the plantation to look for it.

"Brooch or no brooch," he growled, sulkily, "I recommend her not to forget her appointment in the library, this afternoon. I shall expect to see her in half an hour."

I took my hand from the Count's arm, and slowly ascended the steps. He honoured me with one of his magnificent bows; and then addressed himself gaily to the scowling master of the house.

"Tell me, Percival," he said, "have you had a pleasant drive? And has your pretty shining Brown Molly come back at all tired?"

"Brown Molly be hanged—and the drive, too! I want my lunch."

"And I want five minutes' talk with you, Percival, first," returned the Count. "Five minutes' talk, my friend, here on the grass."

"What about?"

"About business that very much concerns you."

I lingered long enough, in passing through the hall-door, to hear this question and answer, and to see Sir Percival thrust his hands into his pockets, in sullen hesitation.

"If you want to badger me with any more of your infernal scruples," he said, "I, for one, won't hear them. I want my lunch!"

"Come out here, and speak to me," repeated the Count, still perfectly uninfluenced by the rudest speech that his friend could make to him.

Sir Percival descended the steps. The Count took him by the arm, and walked him away gently. The "business," I was sure, referred to the question of the signature. They were speaking of Laura and of me, beyond a doubt. I felt heart-sick and faint with anxiety. It might be of the last importance to both of us to know what they were saying to each other at that moment—and not one word of it could, by any possibility, reach my ears.

I walked about the house, from room to room, with the lawyer's letter in my bosom (I was afraid, by this time, even to trust it under lock and key), till the oppression of my suspense half maddened me. There were no signs of Laura's return; and I thought of going out to look for her. But my strength was so exhausted by the trials and anxieties of the morning, that the heat of the day quite overpowered me; and, after an attempt to get to the door, I was obliged to return to the drawing-room, and lie down on the nearest sofa to recover.

I was just composing myself, when the door opened softly, and the Count looked in.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Halcombe," he said; "I only venture to disturb you because I am the bearer of good news. Percival—who is capricious in everything, as you know—has seen fit to alter his mind, at the last moment; and the business of the signature is put off for the present. A great relief to all of us, Miss Halcombe, as I see with pleasure in your face. Pray present my best respects and felicitations, when you mention this pleasant change of circumstances to Lady Glyde."

He left me before I had recovered my astonishment. There could be no doubt that this extraordinary alteration of purpose in the matter of the signature, was due to his influence; and that his discovery of my application to London yesterday, and of my having received an answer to it to-day, had offered him the means of interfering with certain success.

I felt these impressions; but my mind seemed to share the exhaustion of my body, and I was in no condition to dwell on them, with any useful reference to the doubtful present, or the threatening future. I tried a second time to run out, and find Laura; but my head was giddy, and my knees trembled under me. There was no choice but to give it up again, and return to the sofa, sorely against my will.

The quiet in the house, and the low murmuring hum of summer insects outside the open window, soothed me. My eyes closed of themselves; and I passed gradually into a strange condition, which was not waking—for I knew nothing of what was going on about me; and not sleeping—for I was conscious of my own repose. In this state, my fevered mind broke loose from me, while my weary body was at rest; and, in a trance, or day-dream of my fancy—I know not what to call it—I saw Walter Hart-right. I had not thought of him, since I rose that morning; Laura had not said one word to me either directly or indirectly referring to him—and yet, I saw him now, as plainly as if the past time had returned, and we were both together again at Limmeridge House.

He appeared to me as one among many other men, none of whose faces I could plainly discern. They were all lying on the steps of an immense ruined temple. Colossal tropical trees—with rank creepers twining endlessly about their trunks, and hideous stone idols glimmering and grinning at intervals behind leaves and stalks and branches—surrounded the temple, and shut

out the sky, and threw a dismal shadow over the forlorn band of men on the steps. White exhalations twisted and curled up stealthily from the ground; approached the men in wreaths, like smoke; touched them; and stretched them out dead, one by one, in the places where they lay. An agony of pity and fear for Walter loosened my tongue, and I implored him to escape. "Come back! come back!" I said. "Remember your promise to *her* and to *me*. Come back to us, before the Pestilence reaches you, and lays you dead like the rest!"

He looked at me, with an unearthly quiet in his face. "Wait," he said. "I shall come back. The night, when I met the lost Woman on the highway, was the night which set my life apart to be the instrument of a Design that is yet unseen. Here, lost in the wilderness, or there, welcomed back in the land of my birth, I am still walking on the dark road which leads me, and you, and the sister of your love and mine, to the unknown Retribution and the inevitable End. Wait and look. The Pestilence which touches the rest, will pass *me*."

I saw him again. He was still in the forest; and the numbers of his lost companions had dwindled to very few. The temple was gone, and the idols were gone—and, in their place, the figures of dark, dwarfish men lurked murderously among the trees, with bows in their hands, and arrows fitted to the string. Once more, I feared for Walter, and cried out to warn him. Once more, he turned to me, with the immovable quiet in his face. "Another step," he said, "on the dark road. Wait and look. The arrows that strike the rest, will spare *me*."

I saw him for the third time, in a wrecked ship, stranded on a wild, sandy shore. The overloaded boats were making away from him for the land, and he alone was left, to sink with the ship. I cried to him to hail the hindmost boat, and to make a last effort for his life. The quiet face looked at me in return, and the unmoved voice gave me back the changeless reply. "Another step on the journey. Wait and look. The Sea which drowns the rest, will spare *me*."

I saw him for the last time. He was kneeling by a tomb of white marble; and the shadow of a veiled woman rose out of the grave beneath, and waited by his side. The unearthly quiet of his face had changed to an unearthly sorrow. But the terrible certainty of his words remained the same. "Darker and darker," he said; "farther and farther yet. Death takes the good, the beautiful, and the young—and spares *me*. The Pestilence that wastes, the Arrow that strikes, the Sea that drowns, the Grave that closes over Love and Hope, are steps of my journey, and take me nearer and nearer to the End."

My heart sank under a dread beyond words, under a grief beyond tears. The darkness closed round the pilgrim at the marble tomb; closed round the veiled woman from the grave; closed round the dreamer who looked on them. I saw and heard no more.

I was aroused by a hand laid on my shoulder. It was Laura's.

She had dropped on her knees by the side of the sofa. Her face was flushed and agitated; and her eyes met mine in a wild bewildered manner. I started up the instant I saw her.

"What has happened?" I asked. "What has frightened you?"

She looked round at the half-open door—put her lips close to my ear—and answered in a whisper:

"Marian!—the figure at the lake—the footsteps last night—I've just seen her! I've just spoken to her!"

"Who, for Heaven's sake?"

"Anne Catherick."

## WHISTOLOGY.

—the *Play's* the thing

To touch the conscience of the king.

PROBABLY human ingenuity has not displayed itself in any discovery more than by the various modes it has invented to read the character, and detect the temperament, of individuals. This has been a favourite study from the very earliest ages—chiromancy existed amongst the Chaldeans, phrenology is of our own day—while sect after sect preferred their claim to attention, founding their several systems, now upon physical attribute, now upon some apparently adventitious element; so that, from the facial angle or the occipital ridge, to the shape of a man's nails, there is nothing which has not been admitted as evidence of his moral tendencies, or his intellectual capacity.

We have given years of patient thought and labour to this theme, we have revolved it long and arduously, discussing much with the learned of many lands, and our triumph it is at length to declare, that we believe success has crowned our life toil, and that we have arrived at the test of all temperament, the gauge of morals and the measure of mind. That we have, in short, established an ordeal which no subtlety can evade, no astuteness escape from; an ordeal, too, so comprehensive as to include the whole nation of men subjected to it, giving the measure of greatness and goodness, littleness or incapacity, as unerringly as the balance decides upon weight, and thus supplying to the world, bored with competitive trials and civil service commissions, one sure and safe measure by which it shall select its public men.

Amongst the many objections which will be started against his plan, there will be none more constantly put forward than its extreme simplicity—the old stumbling-block of weak minds, who require that truth not only should see at the bottom of the well, but that the water should be muddy besides. To such persons, however, he makes no appeal. To them, he says, "Lovers of the inexplicably confused—ye men who worship complexity without consistency, and moderation without a purpose—go hence! *Your* teachers are members of Parliament! *Your* school-house is

the British House of Commons, or a botanical lecture-room. The audience I seek is of those eager for truth, even though it come in the humblest garb, and with the smallest parade of pretension. To them, then, do I declare, that whist is the touchstone of humanity—the gauge and measure of man.” “Whist!” exclaims some rash objector, “why, whist is a game—a mere game.” Doubtless it is; but is not law a game? Is not medicine a game? Is not public life in its very highest walks a game? Is not literature a game, a mere game, with all its accidents of good and ill, its opportunities gained or lost, its poor hands occasionally played fortunately, and its trumps as often squandered? To suppose that by the word “game” depreciation must be understood, is to make a gross mistake. All the world is a vast play-table, with the heaviest stake that can be played for on the board. In the same way, but in a far more applicable sense, that the chase is said to be mimic war, a game may be the counterfeit of life, with all its vacillating changes, its failures and successes, its short-comings and its triumphs, its struggles and its accomplishments.

“I concede also this,” cries another and more eager opponent; “but what becomes of your theory in the case of those—and a large majority of people they make—who do not play, never played, and probably never will play it?” To that I reply, that where a watch has no dial-plate I do not pretend to tell the hour. For the sake of that large and benighted class, I am ready with my sympathy and my sorrow. I regret heartfully that so much of intellectual culture has been denied them, even to the pitying expression of Prince Talleyrand to the unhappy man who confessed he had never learned the game: “Ah, my friend, what a wretched old age awaits you!” To tell me that the test is a fallacy, because it is not of universal application, is absurd; for what test is there that has such conditions? School experience, for instance, make sad work of one’s occipital ridge. I myself had four of them before I was on the “fifth form.” Single-stick will do as much or more for your facial angle. A rowing-match against time will contribute generously to the characteristic indications of the palm of your hand; and as to the shape of your hat, if you wear a Gibus or a Jim Crow, you may defy all the “experts” of Europe.

I go no further, remember, than saying that whist is the test of those who play it; and I no more apply it to the outer barbarians who do not, than I would prescribe the ascent of Mont Blanc to a bishop. I am ready, as I told you above, to deplore fearfully that the number is not millions. I’d be pleased to think that even in our own colonies, scattered as they are over the universe, a rubber could always be found; and that while I write these lines—it is now nearing midnight—men were scoring the honours at Newfoundland, and marking the trick at Auckland.

Let no rash opponent burst in by saying, “Is

it thus he speaks of a frivolous pastime? Does he want to dignify as a science a vulgar amusement, or establish as a test of capacity mere skill at a game?” Nothing of the kind, most hasty and intemperate of critics. With the amount of skill or ignorance a man may display at whist I have little concern. It is not of whist as a game I am treating, though I may add, in a parenthesis, that when I shall have addressed myself to the subject, Hoyle and Major A. will figure at a low mark in cheap catalogues, and even Dechapel be had for the “binding.”

No; my present business is with whist ethically considered—whist regarded as the emblem of the man whisting—and it is in the elimination of this as theory that I lay claim to the honour of a discoverer. There may be some who will not accord me the patience, slight though it be, I crave; some are already throwing down this paper; some have arrived at the condemnatory “Pshaw, what folly!” But you, dear and valued reader, are not like these men—you will hear me for “my cause.”

Let me, then, start with the declaration that whist includes a large range of high qualities, and a great extent of acquirement. The great whist-player must have patience, charity, forgiveness, forbearance, promptitude, considerable readiness in emergency, fortitude under calamity, a clear faculty to calculate probabilities, an admirable memory, and a spirit at once self-reliant and trustful. Not alone must he be graced by these bright endowments, but be bland in manner, and a courtier in demeanour, and be able to exercise every one of these qualities at the moment of requirement, showing himself at the self-same instant of time mature in thought, quiet in action—a Murat in pursuit, a Massena in resistance, and a D’Orsay in politeness! Whist, you are aware, is a perfect illustration of the law of evidence. You are given certain facts as the basis by which others are to be elicited. Your partner—I am speaking, of course, of one deserving of that name, one versed in the game, educated in its wisest precepts, himself a man of capacity, and animated by that spirit of responsibility which is the very essence of a player, and which whispers to him at each moment, “It is not my own fate that is alone at stake, there is a fellow-creature associated with me here; shall I by this knave bring joy to his heart, or will that club add another white hair to his whiskers?” Such a man as this, I say, gravely arranging his cards with a mingled caution and quickness, leads a card, as the French say, “invites.” From that moment the issue of the cause opens: his card is the first witness on the table; that witness may be a person of mark or note, he may be one of the middle rank of life, or some humble creature, some deuce of diamonds, merely sent forward, like a picket, to fire a shot and fall back. Whatever be the card, the question of evidence is opened, and as speedily do you ask yourself, “What does this imply?” The resources of your own hand aid you in the



answer, and you are in an instant in possession of the motive. Now it may be, that, fully appreciating the intention, and rightfully estimating all your partner's resources, yet still the amount of support he expects from *you* is not available. Your object is, therefore, at once to show him that you cannot come up to his aid, that you are weak in that arm of the service, and that the order of attack must be altered.

You were a chief justice a moment back—you are a general in command now. The adversary has played, and what a flood of light breaks in upon you! You perceive immediately the indication of strength in a certain colour, consequently, the likelihood of weakness in some other suit, since Fortune generally deals in these caprices; and thus thinking, your imagination soars upward on the speculation of that strength and that weakness. He has this, but not that; he wishes for a club; he is afraid of the diamonds. The fancy thus exercised attains an ease and pliancy you have not experienced before, and you see, almost without knowing it, a pack! Now comes the strong attack—or is it really strong? Is not that king led out so boldly a single card? and is this pretended strength not weakness, a mere bid of the opposition, which cannot deceive an old habitué of the Treasury benches? Ah, crafty politician that you are, how you have detected the clever bid for popular favour! but you are not to be the dupe of such an artifice. You are called on to reply; and now what a demand is suddenly made upon your memory, not alone for every card that has been played—that is a slight effort—but for every motive and impulse that suggested the play, and where the intention had met success, where failure; why your partner discontinued this or persisted in that; from what cause did he slight that advance, why seem to encourage that apparent failure. To your gifts of Lord Campbell, Napier, and Disraeli, you now add the calculating powers of a Babbage, all shrouded under the benevolence of a bishop, and the bland urbanity of a lord in waiting.

As I must not rob my other and magnum opus of details of this sort, you will excuse my pressing this theme any further. I merely mean, by these few and passing remarks, to call your attention to the true nature of the game, and the qualities it requires. If you see by this that the great player must of necessity be a man of varied and remarkable gifts, you will also perceive how, in the deficiency of such qualities, inferior performers exhibit manifold traits of this nature, the wants of the intellectual man being, so to say, eked out and supplied by the resources of the moral man. The great artist, perfect and complete, answering to every demand, ready at any emergency, is a grand and a very imposing spectacle. He stands out like some faultless statue that you walk around with ever-increasing admiration. Still, in the high exercise of his genius, his true nature is little revealed, for neither successes elate, nor

reverses surprise him, and *he* is not the profitable subject of contemplation.

It is your erring mortal, your whister, "not too good for human nature's daily food," your man of weaknesses and frailties, yielding to temptation here, trustful to rashness there; now credulous, now doubting; over-confident at one moment, over-cowardly the next; spendthrift to-day, miserly to-morrow; rash with his ace, and a niggard of some beggarly small trump, that might have spared his partner an "honour." This is the man for our purpose; watch him, mark him, even for one rubber, and you'll know more of his real innate actual nature than his wife knows, who has been solacing and scolding him for five-and-twenty years. Look at the very manual indecision with which he extricates that card from his hand, and seems, even as he plays, half to recal it. Mark how his eyes follow it—his own card—not the adversary's, nor his partner's, but his own blessed four of spades, and a worthless adventure, of no value to any one, but a whole argosie to him, for it was once *his*, and *he* played it. That man's heart is all selfishness. I know it. I see it. You may argue till you are blue, but you'll not persuade me to the contrary. Place him in a cabinet to-morrow, and he'll only have a thought for the measure he initiates himself—a measure probably of equal pretension with his four of spades. He is a one-idea'd creature, and the one idea is himself. "Who led that card? How is all this? What's to play?" exclaims the sandy eyebrowed man, with the long upper lip, and you see one who is always asking his way in life: begging this man to explain that leader in the Times, and beseeching every one to guide him somewhere. He is a bore, too, of that terrible category, the lackadaisical, making physical cold-bloodedness stand for breeding, and thinking himself the pink of fashion when supremely impertinent. Well, he'll meet his reward from that sharp-nosed old gentleman with the up-standing hair, and who has just turned the trick, as he would turn the key on a prisoner. Watch the unrelenting severity of that wicked old face as he leads out his trumps. Wouldn't he burn heretics! Wouldn't he thrash his nigger, think ye! No, he'll not leave you one—not one, sir; his memory has not begun to fail him yet, and he remembers you have the ten, though you have just played the knave. There is a savage sort of haste, too, in the way he gathers up the tricks—he is afraid your sufferings might have even a second's respite. And oh, poor benighted little man with the large cravat and the mosaic pin, what possessed you to keep all your good cards to be trumped, holding back your notes till the bank broke? You were a miser, that's the secret of it, and you thought to carry off your wealth with you at last. At all events, you couldn't part with it. It was so pleasant to turn it over and look at it, and mutter, "Oh, I could make a show if I would; but I won't. I'll leave it to those silly fools there to squander their substance; but I'll die rich!"

We now come to the distrustful player, the man who has no faith in his partner, and who, forgetful that his efficiency is entirely dependent upon a thorough good understanding with his colleague, bores along alone and unseconded. This is a lamentable spectacle, and full of its moral teaching. You see such a man exactly as he would figure in the real world of life, ever encountering difficulties which only need the slightest amount of assistance to combat, but which, unaided, were insurmountable. You see him marring and deranging what might have proved skilful combinations but for his dogged and stubborn self-reliance. Next in order of hopelessness is the uncertain, wavering player; the man deterred by every chance obstacle, and continually altering his plans to suit some supposed necessity. He flies from hearts to spades, and from spades to diamonds; and if you watch him in the actual world, you will see such a man desert his party in the House, or his friends out of it, whenever an adverse incident seems to threaten them with misfortune.

Look at that careless fellow with the merry eye and the laughing mouth, and tell me, as he plays out all his best cards one after the other, if you do not recognise the spendthrift, that only lives on the present, and takes no heed for the future? One half of that abundance he is dissipating would have achieved a victory if only expended with judgment and discretion; but he doesn't care for that; doesn't care when his melancholy partner explains how and why they have been beaten, but, with some wise saw about being jolly under difficulties, is quite ready to begin again, and be worsted, as he was before.

Is there a mood of man, is there an element of mind, or quality of temper, we have not here before us? The sanguine, the hopeless, the rash, the timid, the impetuous, the patient, the forgiving, the relentless, the easily baffled, and the stubbornly courageous man, are all there; and there is also the man of memory and the man of none. The man playing out his game—just as he lives—from hand to mouth; no calculation, no foresight, no care for the future in his heart; and there is, sad spectacle! the wretched creature who loses his game rather than play some paltry trump; and that man—take my word for it—would not spend sixpence in a cordial to restore life to the poor fellow rescued from drowning. Don't tell me this judgment of him is harsh, hasty, or cruel. I have made these men my study. I have tracked them home at night, and seen them walk drearily back to their lodgings in the rain, rather than bestow a shilling for a cab, though the rheumatism and the cough will turn out to be a costlier luxury afterwards.

Another variety also deserves mention, and it is one with which every whister must be familiar. The man who cares nothing about the game and everything for the stake; the man who has no interest in the changeable fortunes of the fight, but is intently interested in the result, and everlastingly inquiring, "What was the

amount of the rubber?" as if the arithmetic was the real subject for anxiety. Such are, I grieve to own, the class who form successful men in the world. They look only to "what pays," and in this one idea'd pursuit of the profitable, they always beat out of the field those poor souls who have notions of credit, character, and distinction.

As for that sanguine but not strong-headed individual who never suspects the adversary's strength, in the suit he has just led, because it has been suffered to go round once unmolested, I see the germs of an unfortunate speculator, the victim of Spanish "Threes"—"Poyais preference shares."

But as "there are manners of men," so are there whist-players, and it would only be to catalogue the moods of the one to enumerate the types of the other: The blindly hopeful creature, that will play his game out without the faintest shadow of a chance in his favour, true emblem of the fellow who actually does not know he is ruined till he reads his name as bankrupt in the Gazette; and his antitype, the melancholy, despondent man, who, with four by honours, expects defeat, portraying the rich annuitant, who awakes every morning with the horror that he is to end his days in a poor-house. And let us not forget the plodding, hesitating, long-meditating player, who will not lay down on the table some miserable deuce of clubs without five minutes of what he fancies to be consideration. Go not to that man with a subscription-list for a poor family, ask not him to join you in a little effort to buy winter clothing for the naked, or firing for the shivering and destitute; he will listen to you for an hour, if you like, but he will never give you a farthing.

I have taken all the dark sides of the medal here, as my readers will perceive. I have recorded none of those grand, heroic, self-devoting traits with which whist abounds; I have said nothing about those noble bursts of confidence with which this man will sacrifice his all that his partner may be triumphant; as little mention have I made of those beautiful little episodes of charity, those touching instances of tender pity with which your great player overlooks the irregularities of some weak and erring adversary. Wonderfully affecting incidents, too, when one remembers that they come out in the very ardour of conflict: it is giving quarter in the thick of the battle, and amidst the dead and the dying. In fact, I am only fearful that if I but venture out farther on the vast ocean of Illustration, I may never see land again. Perhaps, however, I have set the stone in motion, and other stronger hands will now lend it the impulse of a push. Perhaps the great moralist of the age, whoever he be, will revolve this theory in his mind, and render its application popular and easy. Perhaps who knows but the wise men they call Civil Service Commissioners may introduce whist into the list of subjects for examination, and tide-waiters be questioned on the "odd trick?"

At all events, I trust that I have shown that whilst has its ethical phase: that no man playing it can, no matter what his proficiency or his ignorance, no matter how eager or indifferent he may be, no matter how subtle to subdue emotion, or how guarded to cloak his wishes,—no man, I repeat, can shroud his real nature in obscurity, but must stand out revealed, and declared in his true character. The test is one that no subterfuge can escape from, no ingenuity evade.

“*Le style c'est l'homme*,” was the old maxim of a once famed philosopher, but a wiser age repudiates the adage, and proclaims that it is “*whist is the man*.” With this declaration I have done. “*Exegi monumentum*,” to others I bequeath all the benefit of my researches, all the profit of my labours. The rubber is over. Good night!

### THE BREATH OF LIFE.

Of the family of Monsieur Turgot, the finance minister of Louis XVI., no member had lived beyond the age of fifty. Turgot himself was, while he lived, a vigorous and healthy man, but he died at the age of fifty-three. On the other hand, we rarely meet with an octogenarian who has not long-lived people in his family, and almost every man can find within the circle of his own private acquaintance some family in which long life appears to have been hereditary. Why does the gnat live for a day, the raven for a century? Is it a difference of flesh only that gives to the horse more years of life than to the dog? Why does one seed produce a plant that has but a year's life, and another grow into a tree, which is said to have lived four thousand years? The breath of life is an unpenetrated mystery, still to be referred humbly to the simple exercise of the Creator's will. We cannot, by any search, lay bare the source of life in the fresh seed; we cannot tell how life was breathed into the infant, or account for the decay by which a season of maturity is followed. There is nothing in the substance of any creature out of which the assigned limit of its life could be found. Apart from the higher soul of man, there is a breath of life exerting its force on the machinery presented by the structure of each living thing. A nursing mother, suddenly depressed by a shock of profound terror, put her infant to her breast. At the first draught of her milk its limbs became rigid and it died. The structure of the child was what it had been, but the principle of life was gone. Daily experience and practice recognise the existence of this vital force. We speak of husbanding our strength, of powers reduced by sickness or privation, recognise in some neighbours a vigour of life that enables them to get safely through fatigues and risks that would kill weaker men. We know the value of this force in helping men to get over all bodily ailments, yet, when sickness comes, the popular superstition still is to betake ourselves to cruel and purgation, and all ways of lowering

the principle of life within us that is best able to fight our battle.

Popular superstition consists almost wholly in the longer retention by the untaught million of errors, during many generations maintained and diffused, abandoned by the educated few. Not fifty years ago, Doctor John Armstrong strongly urged free bleeding in typhus fever. To this day there are many who, if they do not bleed men sinking under typhus, have recourse to purging, or the use of antimony and depressing drugs. But the wholesome rule of the profession now, is, to use wine, quinine, and whatever can support the patient's strength. Marsh fevers were made fatal by bleeding, in the days of the Walcheren expedition, and this practice was supported by high authority, even so late as thirty years ago. When bleeding was abandoned, mercury was used; six thousand grains of mercury were given in one case by Doctor Chisholm. The mortality was very great under this system of depression. Large doses of quinine are now used, and four in every five of the lives that would have been sacrificed under the old method are saved. It is found that pulmonary disease is the chief cause of mortality under the age of fifty; but above the age of fifty, apoplexy. Impending strokes of that chief associate of the period of declining vital force, used of old to be converted into fatal attacks by indiscriminate use of the lancet, the cupping-glass, the calomel purge, and low diet. Now, these are seldom used, and particular care is paid to the sustaining of the powers of life. Violent mania used to be regarded as a display of energy to be abated by free bleeding, depression with tartar emetic, and low diet. “Now,” says the medical proprietor of a lunatic asylum, who has fifty years' experience, “we treat our maniacal cases with abundance of food, six or seven meals a day of mutton-chops, beefsteaks, porter, wine, &c., and it generally sends them to sleep in thirty-six hours or two days. They can't stand out against the food; it regularly knocks them down; it calms them completely, and we rarely now lose a case.”

The whole march of medical experience and practice during our own generation has been steadily in this direction. Once upon a time surgeons did not believe that wounds were to be healed properly without vulneraries, balsams, and charpics. That it was good simply to bring the edges of a wound together, sustain general health to the utmost, and leave the result to “the healing power of nature,” was a simple truth, now universally accepted as a principle in surgery, but then unknown. The tendency of modern practice is to the recognition of a like principle among physicians. The professional patriarch who began practice with the belief that he had twenty remedies for every disease, now owns that he has twenty diseases with no remedy; but, at the same time, his strong reliance on the marvellous construction of the living frame increases year by year as he sees terrible diseases conquered by an effort of nature,

which he has only taken care to free from the impediment of unwise meddling, and to aid, as far as possible, by strengthening the natural force, the all-pervading life itself, fighting against the disease by which it is enfeebled.

A physician, well esteemed among his brethren, teacher of Medicine in the Liverpool Medical School, has written a brave book, which fairly advances to the rank of a general principle, the truth towards which all professional experience has of late years confessedly been marching. This writer, Doctor Thomas Inman, of Liverpool, disclaims all credit for originality; but, as he founds upon the knowledge of our day a distinct argument that in combating with disease the physician should give his first attention to a support of the powers of life, and his second attention to the particular structure that may be diseased, and, as this is a reversal of the old rule, he ventures to entitle his book "A Foundation for a New Theory of Medicine." The title is big, but the book itself is free from all extravagant pretension. It is in harmony with the present temper of professional experience and practice, but is full of new and valuable truth; for one, who feeds his cold upon thin gruel when he ought to knock it down with a rump-steak; for another, who likes to be bled every spring; or a third, "continually refining his blood," as he supposes, with antibilious pills. We draw, therefore, on the book, not for speculations but for a few suggestive facts. It is of no matter whether we recognise, with Doctor Inman, vital force as a distinct power, or define it with Mr. Bain "as a collocation of the forces of inorganic matter for the purpose of keeping up a living structure." Whatever life may be, we know the conditions of its sustenance; we know that the powers of life are impaired by all diseases; we know that often, if not always, their tendency is to a curative effect, and we care only to show here, by many instances, that the success of this effort is very commonly proportioned to the degree in which those powers of life are sustained and strengthened.

A gentleman married at the age of eighty, and had five children. Two died before the age of thirty, as it seemed, of pure debility; the others appeared likely to follow. There are many reasons for the obvious difference in the degrees of vital force which children bring into the world.

When a child is at the breast, it is a common household proverb that a weakly mother makes a crying baby. Instead of giving Daffy's Elixir and other poisons to the child, the custom should be to nourish the mother well with ample food, and give her all possible peace of mind. To secure a still night to a nursing infant, there are few medicines so effectual as a full dose, to be taken by the mother before bed-time, of good soup, and some wine or beer. A sick infant should, of course, as far as possible, be supplied with the requisites of healthy life; and the first of these is good air. A child of eighteen months, weak from its birth, and threatened with water on the brain, was dieted care-

fully in Liverpool without success. He steadily got worse, and was unable to digest even milk and water. As a last resort he was taken across the Mersey to New Brighton, a watering-place round the corner of the opposite shore, facing the Irish Channel. "No alteration was apparent until he had turned the angle between the river bank and the open sea; but the instant he had done so, a change was perceptible in his features—the haggard look of suffering was replaced by the placid look of ordinary repose. As soon as he arrived at the lodging taken, he was ready for a meal, and digested with perfect ease a small basinful of bread and milk. The vomiting and purging ceased at once, and the recovery was complete."

A child, aged twenty-five months, had convulsions that resisted all treatment. She was sent into the country and they ceased immediately. She was brought back to town in a few days, and they returned. She was taken back into the country, kept there for some months, and came home quite well.

Lancing of gums, purging, calomel, blistering, used to be the old fatal artillery brought to bear against children in convulsions. Under the contrary system now prevailing, the mortality has been greatly reduced.

We have all read and known many examples of the sustaining power of hope, and of the depression of the vital force under despair. A man receives a hurt, which is by accident overestimated, and his doctor says in his hearing that it must be mortal. He lies still in bed, eating nothing, silently expecting and assuring himself of death. Somebody else, in whom he has full confidence, happens to see that he is not seriously hurt, orders him chops and porter; his eyes brighten, his tongue is loosed, and next day he is well.

As we have seen of the strength of mania, so we may find of all forms of unsoundness of mind, that there is deterioration, not increase of vital force. A lady, subject only at certain times to aberration of mind, with a sleeplessness that was not to be conquered by narcotics, recovered by the help of steel medicine, good diet, a slight daily walk, and carriage exercise. An overworked young surgeon, whose mind wavered, and whose sleepless nights were haunted with wild visions, recovered by the use of liberal food, steel, and cod oil. A sister or daughter, wearied with watching by the sick, whose eyes are darkened with black spots, and whose ears sing, takes wine, with the support of frequent food, and is freed from those distresses. An elderly lady had an attack which she feared boded apoplexy. The surgeon who first saw her, finding her pale, weak, and badly nourished, prescribed tonics and good living. She was well in a week. Subsequently she had a similar attack, and was seen by a practitioner of the old school, who leeches and purges her. She was dead in two days.

A stout woman who lived freely, used purgatives, and suffered now and then from giddiness, was seized with apoplexy. There was

clear debility of constitution with a fatty heart. Tonics were strongly recommended by the consulting physician; but, on the other hand, it was urged that the patient was so wedded to purgatives that she would take them surreptitiously if they were not prescribed. They were prescribed, and the woman lived only a fortnight.

Another woman of the same age and like constitution, apoplexy being imminent, was treated only with quiet and tonics, and has been for years in perfect health. A short, stout, florid man, whose father and grandfather had died of apoplexy, was not held to be the stronger for the aspect of his face, was strengthened with rest, tonics, and good diet, and recovered. A man of twenty stone, steadily sinking under purgatives, recovered upon the reversal of his treatment. Seamen, after exposure and privation, come sometimes into the Liverpool Northern Hospital with their speech lost, and one side paralysed. Quinine, or a quiet stimulant, with good living and wine, cure them.

A burly coachman, very temperate in habits, had an apoplectic stroke. Two surgeons in succession saw him; the first cupped him, and the second bled him, after which he lost the use of his right side and the power of speech. He lay six weeks without amendment, was then treated with steel and alcohol. In a week he began to mend. In three months, he could walk and talk, and use his arm.

Unquestionably there are cases in which blood should be taken, but even in these it is taken for the removal of an instant peril, and that being once averted, maintenance of the vital force strengthens the curative power that is most to be relied on.

We look to the chest. Quiet as healthy breathing is, it implies the exercise of as much strength by muscles of the chest, as in twelve hours would equal the exertions necessary to carry a weight of one hundred pounds up a tower sixty yards high. It needs some energy of life to do this work, and they who blow at various times into the spirometer, do in fact find that they can move the index farther when they are fresh, than when they are fatigued. The coughing that is necessary for the clearance of clogged air-passages demands a great deal of exertion, and in proportion to the force of life in the body will be the ease and efficacy of this sort of work. When children die of croup, they die of the debility which has destroyed the power of the muscles by which air was to be breathed in. Croup, when the majority of ailments used to be treated by reduction of the patient's strength, was one of the terrible diseases from which a recovery was hardly to be hoped. Now, it has lost many of its terrors.

Disease of the heart has always been a common consequence of an attack of acute rheumatic fever. The existence of much fibrin in the blood, now known to be a symptom of debility, was formerly regarded as a sure sign of necessity for bleeding, and reduction of the strength. In acute rheumatism there is a solid crust formed

on the blood after removal from the body. Certainly, therefore, it was said, bleed and give mercury. But, under this practice, strength was reduced, and the heart became the more liable to suffer. It is now found that under mild treatment and attention to the general health, recovery is at the least as rapid, and the risk of heart disease considerably lessened.

We look to the stomach, and what is more obvious than the debility attendant upon indigestion? We know that, after too long waiting for dinner, or under excess of fatigue, exhaustion takes the appetite away, but that a glass of wine, reviving for a time the force of life, promptly restores it. A merchant advanced in life, breakfasted at eight, went from a country suburb to his business in town, ate nothing there, walked home at four o'clock to give himself an appetite for his five o'clock dinner, and found, first, that after any harassing business or addition of fatigue, but afterwards habitually, his dinner produced vomiting. He was compelled to rest, dieted on milk and cream mixed with well-pounded blanched sweet almonds—which Liebig finds to be as nourishing as milk—and took steel as a tonic. In two days he improved. In a fortnight he took exercise in the open air, but at first always tired himself and brought the sickness back: the stomach being found to sustain less fatigue than the rest of the body, and to have its strength exhausted before weariness was felt in the legs. That is, by-the-by, a point worth the notice of all people whose stomachs are delicate, the fact being not an isolated peculiarity but common truth. Strict attention to rule, and avoidance of fatigue beyond the powers of the frame, restored, in the case of the merchant, health, and a freer enjoyment for the usual family dinner than had been experienced for years. But, afterwards, when hearty breakfasts and dinners could be eaten, and long walks taken without hurt, the old habits of business were obstinately resumed, and an exhaustion produced that proved fatal.

As it is through the stomach mainly, that the powers of life have to be supported, something ought to be said here about appetite. A very large number of patients are unduly starved because they cannot eat what is presented to them. If some of the thought bestowed upon combinations and changes of drug were spent upon diet; if the hours at which sick people can eat, were in each case carefully watched for, and experiments made of many ways of nourishment until the right one had been found; some lives would be saved every year. We are still too much disposed to believe that a sick person whose powers of life are low, cannot only swallow with impunity drugs in such doses as would peril the life and most surely put an end to the health of a sound person, but can at the same time live on an amount of food that would not keep a skeleton. There *may* be some reason for the opinion; but, that in innumerable cases patients die of drugs given to them in heroic doses, and waste into the grave for want of food enough to sustain nature in her conflict, we are



absolutely sure. Fifty years ago, the mortality among patients suffering from a great many diseases, used to be more than double what it now is; the improvement is to be ascribed wholly to increased care for the securing of healthy conditions of life for the sick, and to increased care that (according to Sydenham's motto) the physician do no hurt. The effect of a drug upon the constitution is now considered by the good practitioner not less than its effect on the disease.

Appetite being lost through excess of weakness, may, therefore, often be recovered slowly by a diet that increases strength. Where solid food cannot be taken, liquid food may be made nourishing. If milk can be borne in any form, that is good food; and there is nourishment as well as stimulus in spirit wisely taken. A gentleman very consumptive and extraordinarily weak, kept weak by use of "mild aperients," loathed solid food. The mild aperients were stopped, medicine was abandoned, cream with brandy, and milk with rum, were used as diet. He recovered health and strength and good digestion. A cup of cream containing half an ounce of brandy, three or four times a day, is a prescription much to be preferred in many cases to the self-prescribed physic with which many weak people make themselves weaker. Some need frequent support of sustenance, others bear longer intervals; but all should seek to meet diminishing of force of life with that by which true natural strength is revived—judicious food and rest. A lady, become bloodless and weak, required food half-hourly; she was unfortunately allowed to sleep too long, and she awoke to die.

Rest has been named in conjunction with food. Exercise beyond certain limits defined by the strength of an invalid, produces fatigue and depression. One of the commonest of errors is to lay stress indiscriminately on the strengthening power of exercise.

A gentleman, thin, weakly, and with a distressing impediment of speech, had been compelled by ill health to relinquish business. He could not recover health. It was found that he was in the habit of walking six hours a day "for the benefit of air and exercise." He was recommended to stay at home, lie on the sofa, and read novels, for a week. At the end of the week the alteration in his appearance, voice, manner, and even in the stammer, was most remarkable. Having found out his mistake, he became fat and flourishing, retaining very little of his stammer.

The mind of a spare and active man of business gave way, after a harassing career. He returned from a few weeks of confinement in a state of deplorable weakness, unable to stand without tottering. Upon liberal diet, steel, and cod oil, he gained flesh and strength. He was then allowed to be out of doors for ten minutes at a time. He ate hourly, and the exercise was taken between meals. Everything went well, until one day he walked a mile and a half to a concert, sat it out, and then returned up hill to

his house. For three days afterwards his life was despaired of, and it was a month before he had recovered the lost ground. We might add here an alphabet of cases. Mr. A. looks healthy, but is always painfully exhausted by half an hour's walk. Mrs. B. found her digestion destroyed by the exercise of talking, and recovered only partially by help of champagne. Mr. C. was so weak that he lost appetite and digestion, and was for some hours unable to think or write clearly after a walk of thirty yards. Mr. D. was exhausted by putting coals on the fire. Miss E., an overgrown, delicate girl, had influenza, and took Epsom salts. Her friends visited her; she sat up in bed chatting actively, ate heartily of chicken, and died when she laid her head back on the pillow. Mary F., intemperate, with fatty heart, died during the exertion of a fit of laughter. Mrs. G. is free from all organic disease, but the exertion of going up one pair of stairs confines her to her room for a week. She ascribes her debility to the exercise she was recommended to take while at a fashionable watering-place. A consumptive young lady who died under the care of a fashionable physician at a favourite spa, had been carried out by him ostensibly for a drive in his carriage, set down three miles from the town, and left on the road, under orders to walk home. That physician pinned his faith upon mutton and exercise, without considering that healthy exercise is a relative term; that what is light, healthy exercise for one, is for another dangerous if not fatal exertion; that the powers of the weak have to be husbanded, and that a sick or weakly person cannot fail to be harmed by exercise that reaches the point of fatigue.

Our account may close with two curious examples of what may be done by giving impulse to the natural order of life against any disorder in the system. A child was ill. The medical attendant, a remarkably shrewd and observant man, had done all in the power of his art, and the child steadily got worse. One evening the doctor called while the father sat over his whisky toddy, and he administered some to the child. It was taken with evident relish, and upon this hint the doctor acted. For three months the child, about two years old, lived almost entirely upon whisky toddy. By the end of that time the disease had given way, and healthy appetite returned. While the disease lasted, the child had enjoyed his mixture so much that he would not go to sleep without a small bottle of it that he nursed like a doll. But when recovery was complete, he loathed the sight and smell of it. In the second similar case, wine-and-water, spirits-and-water, and beer, were tried vainly, till it was found that the child fastened eagerly upon a particular kind of Scotch ale. Upon this it began to mend directly, taking a pint daily, and for the first fortnight nothing else. At the end of the fortnight there was appetite for solid food, and in six weeks the child was well, after which it disliked the ale so much that it could not even endure the sight of the bottle.



Neither we nor the physician from whose volume we derive our suggestions, mean for a moment to assert that food can be taken generally as a substitute for medicine. There must exist in the stomach the power to turn meat into nutriment; as there must be the power to sustain fatigue when the prescription is exercise. To order Devonshire cream and brandy to an ineffectual digestion, would be as irrational as to force long walks upon weak legs and panting lungs. It is now, however, certain that the powers of nature in the human body commonly labour to effect recovery from any disorder that befalls the frame, and that to reduce those powers, is to starve the garrison by which our fortress is held for us, to disarm our own troops rather than those of the enemy. A popular prejudice on behalf of measures that go to the sustaining and the husbanding of life and strength whenever sickness comes, would save much of the waste of health that now comes of domestic faith in household purgatives and water gruel.

### HOW LONG WILL OUR COAL LAST?

WHEN we are told by competent authorities that some eighty millions of tons weight of coal are every year raised and used within the compass of our narrow island, it is impossible not to feel something approaching alarm as we contemplate the possibility of at least a partial exhaustion of the supply for which the demand is so vast. It is not at all easy to realise the meaning of so large a quantity as eighty millions of tons, but we may approach at least to some idea concerning it if, instead of mere weight, we reduce it to some other dimension. Let us first see how large a building would be required to house a single year's consumption.

Coal weighs, in the compact state in which it is found in the earth, something less than a ton to the cubic yard; in order to contain eighty millions of cubic yards of coal unbroken, our building must cover a square mile of ground, and have a clear height of about eighty feet. In the state, however, in which coal is sent to market, much more space would be needed. In order to bring this coal to our store, which, for convenience' sake, we may consider to be placed in the neighbourhood of London, let us see how the three main lines of railroad coming through coal districts, would manage to carry the load. Regarding a train drawn by one engine as carrying about one hundred and fifty tons, and assuming that six such trains could be despatched every hour, day and night, without intermission, it appears that about a thousand tons could be delivered per hour by each line, making a grand total of seventy-two thousand tons per day. At this rate, however, we should only have delivered at the end of the year a little more than twenty-six millions of tons. In other words, not one-third part of the year's consumption of coal could be conveyed to a central point if the whole business of three complete railways was devoted to that purpose. Or, if we suppose the coal transported

by ships and carried by screw colliers, each of a thousand tons burden, and performing the round trip in ten days, it would require a fleet of upwards of two thousand such ships (not allowing anything for repairs and accidents) to carry the coal from the mine to the store.

Next, let us consider how much space this quantity of coal occupies in the earth, before extraction. An average thickness of workable coal in a very profitable coal-field is about six feet; but it must not be supposed that the whole of this can be taken. Even under the most favourable circumstances there is a loss of twenty per cent, and it is seldom that any large extent of coal exists without some of these fractures and troubles which greatly diminish its value. It would require, therefore, at least fifty millions of square yards, equal to about seventeen thousand five hundred acres, or not far short of thirty square miles, of a single bed two yards thick to supply the annual demand.

These are large figures, and may be considered to justify the alarm of some of our legislators, who would have us at least retain the power of checking any greatly increased demand which may arise among our neighbours on the other side the Channel. This is a case in which a little sound practical knowledge of geology is required: lest, on the one hand, we should permit our country to be deprived of the fountain of all her wealth: or, on the other, we should prevent the carrying on of a fair trade in a raw material which we possess in greater abundance, and can sell cheaper, than our neighbours.

Looking at the question from the first point of view, we are bound to remark that our share of this kind of mineral wealth is limited. It is a great patrimony bequeathed to England, Wales, and Scotland, by the races that preceded us in the occupation of the country—an inheritance of personal property, if we may be allowed the expression, consisting of capital that can be spent: not like an entail of landed property that we can only occupy; we are, therefore, responsible morally to those who may come after us for the proper use of it. We have no right to waste or destroy it, nor in any way to interfere with the value of what we do not immediately require.

As property, it is difficult—perhaps impossible—to exaggerate its importance. It is at present strictly and absolutely the source of all mechanical power. With it we can do and obtain anything that requires power—locomotion by land and sea, manufactures and manufacturing implements of all kinds—heat, and light. All our domestic arrangements are dependent on it. Without it we should hardly be able to call ourselves a people. We have no other sources of fuel, and, therefore, no other means of obtaining steam, which, at the present day, is a necessity of our existence. And we have no means of replacing from our large profits in the use of it, one particle of this magnificent capital. We can use, but we cannot create it. How coal was formed, is still to some extent a

mystery; but, that it has taken far longer to elaborate than the human race has done to complete thus far its history on the earth, there can be no doubt. If coal be now forming, man is not assisting, and knows not how to assist, in the operation. Nor is there any great probability that large deposits of undiscovered mineral fuel exist near the surface of the earth in any part of our country. Doubtless there is coal, and perhaps in large quantity, under certain of the rocks that have not yet been sunk through. The general limits, however, even of these unseen stores are pretty well known, and they form a reserve which will not be touched till the cost of extraction of known deposits is much increased, or the expense of opening out a coal-field at considerable depth much reduced.

Keeping these considerations in view, we may proceed to consider the extent of our known resources and the prospect they offer of permanence. For this purpose let us estimate the area of country occupied by those rocks amongst which coal may be expected to be found. The districts of this kind are called coal-fields, and in all of them coal-husbandry has advanced pretty rapidly within the last few years.

These districts are numerous and extensive. The most important are thus described: 1. The Newcastle coal-field in the counties of Northumberland and Durham. 2. The Lancashire, including Flintshire and North Staffordshire. 3. The Yorkshire (East Riding), including Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. 4. The South Staffordshire. 5. The Somersetshire and Gloucestershire, including the Forest of Dean. 6. The South Wales. Besides these, coal underlies parts of the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, the West Riding of Yorkshire, Shropshire and Worcestershire, Warwickshire and Leicestershire. There are in Scotland a number of detached coal-fields, of which that in the valley of the Clyde and Lanarkshire is the chief. Ireland is not without coal, but the quality is poor, and the position of most of the fields inconvenient.

The Northumberland and Durham district of coal-fields is a compact area of half a million of acres, in which as many as eighteen beds are known which are thick enough to pay for working; but they are not all present on the same spot, and the thickest does not exceed seven feet. It is calculated, and with some approach to precision, that the average thickness of coal over the whole field is about twelve feet (including all the seams), giving a total estimated content of about ten thousand millions of tons. If only one fourth of this be obtainable, there should still be two thousand five hundred millions of tons, of which, perhaps, five hundred millions are already taken: leaving thus in this one field about two thousand millions, or twenty-five years' supply for the whole kingdom.

But, the Newcastle coal-field is neither the largest nor the most productive of our districts, although it is the one that has been longest opened. The Lancashire district is as large, and has a far greater thickness of coal. The Yorkshire is larger, but the coal-beds are not so

numerous, though some are thicker. The South Staffordshire is small, but the thickness of the coal exceedingly great, amounting in the same mine to between thirty and forty feet. The Somersetshire contains a large number of beds, and the total thickness of the coal is very great, but the area is only one half that of the Newcastle: while the South Wales, with a much greater available area, has thicker beds, more of them, and altogether a much larger supply. The Scotch coal-fields occupy together at least three times the space of the Newcastle, and the thickness of available coal in them is more than double; the thick seams being also double.

Bringing these figures together we shall find that the whole area of known coal-fields in England, Wales, and Scotland exceeds four millions of acres, or six thousand two hundred and fifty square miles; that, over this area, there is an average thickness of coal which cannot be estimated at much less than fifteen feet, or five yards, and that, therefore, the estimated quantity of coal is equivalent to a bed whose surface occupies thirty-one thousand two hundred and fifty square miles, one yard thick.

The eighty millions of tons annually consumed at present, would be equivalent to an area of nearly fifty square miles, one yard thick; and thus an estimate of six hundred years for the duration of our coal, at the present rates of consumption, would seem to be justified.

But, there are certain very important deductions that require to be made. One, indeed, has already been allowed for in our estimate, as the actual extent of country shown on our geological maps as coal-bearing amounts to about twelve thousand square miles, and the calculations of acreage made do not much exceed half that amount. Fifty per cent, therefore, has already been deducted for unproductive portions of the fields where the coal is injured and unobtainable, whether from faulted ground, inconvenient depth, or patches of bad quality.

We must, however, make a further large deduction, if we would fairly approach to a solution of the practical question. From the total acreage of coal lands, a coal surveyor, in estimating the value of a district, would deem it fair, not only to strike off fifty per cent for the injured and faulted coal, and the deep parts of the beds, but he must make a further allowance for what is left underground to support the roof, and for the loss of upper beds when the lower ones are first extracted. Our thirty-one thousand two hundred and fifty square miles of coal one yard thick, will thus dwindle down to twenty thousand.

Still, there remains a supply equivalent to four hundred times that which is now annually extracted; but, as all these calculations are made on the assumption that no coal has been removed, and, as our coalowners have been doing their best, not only in the way of fair extraction, but very unfair destruction, for many years, we fear that at least a century more must be struck off from this period if we would fairly estimate our resources. The consumption, how-

ever, is not fixed at eighty millions, and if we go on manufacturing and exporting coal and iron at an increased rate, it is obvious that the annual extraction must increase also.

What, then, is our security that we shall not really be drained of our coal within a comparatively brief period? A few centuries form but a small part of the history of a nation, and Englishmen will hardly be satisfied to feel that the days of their country's glory are numbered, and that if they look forward only just so many years as have elapsed since Elizabeth reigned and Shakespeare wrote, their great patrimony will be spent and their source of power at an end. To satisfy ourselves on this point, we must compare the resources of other countries in this respect, with those of our own.

Belgium, France, Prussia (both on the Rhine and in her eastern provinces), Russia, Spain, and even Portugal and Turkey, all possess coal-fields as well as England. Belgium and Prussia are producing countries in this respect, and though they do not compete with England in the open market, they are enabled, by their coal, to undersell us in some branches of manufacture. France is opening out her coal-fields; but France, like all the other countries of Europe, whether provided by nature or not, is chiefly a consumer of her neighbours' stock. Belgium and Rhenish Prussia are the only countries out of England that really work coal-mines on a large scale.

But not only is there coal thus reserved in various parts of Europe; Asia contains it, Africa has its share, Australia and the islands of the Eastern Archipelago possess large stores, and North America has resources so large and so conveniently situated, that time only can be needed to bring her openly into competition with England on very favourable terms. For every square mile of coal-field England contains, North America contains at least twelve; and for the most part the North American coal is thicker, more easily worked, and a larger proportion of the whole would be obtained.

So far, then, as the world is concerned, there is no fear that coal will perish out of the lands. Parodying the words of our great laureate, we may say,

Men may come and men may go,  
But coal burns on for ever.

Practically, there is no fear of exhausting the patrimony which nature has been storing up for man during countless centuries; and we may even greatly increase the general consumption without danger, so far as the interests of mankind are concerned.

But, still the question recurs, How is England affected? To this question, the reply is brief and satisfactory. So long as England can raise and sell coal, and make iron cheaper than other nations, so long will her coal-fields be the chief sources of supply; and there is no good reason why they should not be. The day, however, will come, and cannot be far distant, when a continued demand will enforce a more costly mode of extraction, and the price of coal—and, as a necessary consequence, that of

iron, of all means of transport, and of manufactures—will rise also. Up to a certain point, the different people who purchase our coal, iron, and manufactures, will pay the increased price; but, as the gradual exhaustion of our resources renders the remainder more expensive to obtain, the time must arrive when our present customers will use their own coal, make their own iron, and, to a certain extent, manufacture for themselves, or buy in a cheaper market. The exhaustion of our coal-fields will thus be indefinitely delayed, as there will be amply sufficient for our own purposes at prices which, though higher than at present, will not do other stimulate our ingenuity, and induce future discoverers to find some substitute for coal, in regard to many purposes for which coal is now largely used. Even should we find it economical to import coal for certain purposes, there is no need to fear that we cannot employ our people with advantage, and retain that position among the nations which we have succeeded in gaining. In North America, in India, and in Australia, we have children who, while they profit by their own wealth, will, with advantage, interchange productions with us, and, so long as the old English feeling prevails, there will be no difficulty in finding the right direction for English industry.

#### THE VALLEY OF THE SWEET WATERS.

I SHOULD, perhaps, rather say *valleys*, for Constantinople has two parks of this name, the one the valley of the Sweet Waters of Asia, the other that of the Sweet Waters of Europe—the one the resort of pleasure-seeking Turks, the other chiefly of pleasure-loving Greeks.

The first is far up the windings of the Bosphorus, and just opposite the ivy-wreathed Castle of Europe; the other is far up the Golden Horn, in Roumania, and is on the Scutari side. To both, you must go by boat, which, in Constantinople, where the caiques number, not by hundreds, but by thousands, is as ordinary and fashionable a mode of transport as it was in London in Elizabeth's time, when you could not see the bear-baiting in the Borough, or Shakespeare's *As You Like It* acted, or the Queen passing from Whitehall to Greenwich, without taking boat.

I had heard much from those "gushing" and imaginative travellers—who are always stopping away from dinner (after a heavy lunch) listening to the "bull-bull's" lamentation for the picking of the rose—of the ravishing loveliness of the Turkish ladies; of the Sultan's seven hundred houis, of their slippers of seed pearl, of their black hair flowing in dark cascades down their backs, of their complexion soft and clear as rose-leaves, of the diamond flowers upon their turbans, of their grace and of their spangled trousers. I do not believe in polygamy or in slavery, and I cannot think beauty of the mind can spring from either, though the skin be white, and the nails a red-orange colour. So I put the subject on a high

shelf in my dark brain-cupboard, and waited till I could see for myself. On the Turkish Sabbath I would go to the Sweet Waters of Asia; on the Greek Sunday to the Sweet Waters of Europe. "There," I said to myself, "I shall see all the Greek and Turkish beauties, and will judge for myself." My inner impression was that they were wax-works hideously blanched, with cheeks ruddled red, and thick corked eyebrows.

I was told the right day and hour for each place. A thousand of the most beautiful Turkish ladies (wives of pashas) and Sultan's daughters-in-law, &c., were to astonish my eyes when I had got over the first dazzle of a thousand different coloured satins, and a thousand sprays and clasps of diamonds. I half resolved to prepare for the sight, by stopping two previous days in the dark.

I must start for the Sweet Waters of Asia; for it is only on a certain day (Friday, the Turkish Sabbath) and at certain hours (from about three to six) that the full concourse of ladies is to be seen. Escaping being torn to pieces by the rival boatmen of Tophana, avoiding a boat that has for its cushions a dirty old feather-bed, and another with a dirty door-mat rug, I tumble down into the cradle of "Pull away Joe's" neat caique, which, because it is a pattern boat, I will describe. It is long, and sharp at both ends, and at both ends boarded over, to prevent shipping seas, with varnished planks, crossed at the top with little crowning rails of gilt carving, very dainty and very smart. The cradle where I lie, my back against where the coxswain would be seated in our English wherry, is lined with neat red cushions and white lamb-skins. There are two boatmen, because the Sweet Waters lie far up the Bosphorus. Windybank, the projector, is with me, holding forth on the stock subjects of the white minarets and dark cypress-trees of Constantinople, of the blueness of the water, and of the Neapolitan look those whales' backs of islands out in the Sea of Marmora have, reminding us of Capri, the den of Tiberius.

Windybank, who affects the cicerone, bids me observe how the caiquejee (boatman) fastens his oars by a leather loop to a peg on the side of the boat, which has no rowlocks—a simple plan, sometimes adopted in our own navy, that prevents their being lost, unless they break in some of the whirling and impetuous currents of the Bosphorus. Every time I look, Pull away Joe laughs with all his teeth, and says affirmatively, "Bono Johnny;" upon which, I call out, authoritatively, "Chapuk!" (quick! quick!), and to which he invariably replies by saying, "Yawash—yawash" (by degrees—by degrees), meaning, "No hurry—all in good time." I should mention that the caique is not painted, but is lined inside with clean-shaved planks of plane-tree, grey with perpetual sun-seorch; the ornamented parts are covered with a brown glaze, such as you see on the crust of a pigeon pie. Pull away Joe is proud of his boat, and whenever I touch part of it, and say anything

to Windybank, he furls up the striped Broussa silk gauze of his dandy shirt-sleeves, and says, "Bono Johnny—pek ayi" (very good).

Past the Maiden's Tower, a sort of legendary lighthouse that stands on a rock at the entrance of the Golden Horn, opposite Scutari; past long lines of vessels and rows of dark-red wooden houses, with broad-brimmed flat roofs, and cellar-like boat-houses; past half a dozen tinselly Italian palaces of the Sultan; past plane-trees, and cypresses, and fishermen, and coffee-houses, and other caiques, flying by like swallows, with here and there a dead lump of carrion, swollen and horrible. We reach the Sweet Water meadows, where the caiques are gathering. Some are ambassadors' and consuls' barques; for, the boatmen wear red fezes and a sort of uniform; and on every seat is a pad of white lambskin, and much gilding lines and studs the gunwales.

"We are in grand time," says Windybank, who has been boring me about the Tanzimat, and the Hatti-Scheriff, and how this pasha was a butcher's boy, and that a bazaar shopman, and how universal corruption reigns among public men in Turkey, quite different from England, where the profits of place are never thought of, and where nothing but merit can secure promotion. (You know the man who has always just come from a chat with a cabinet minister? That was Windybank.) We land amidst a cluster of coaches waiting for ladies who are gone to sit under the plane-trees and drink coffee, or hear the itinerant musicians. Poor slaves, this is their only out-of-door amusement, except shopping in fine weather.

Before I go further into the trampled meadow of the first or second valley on the shores of the Bosphorus, let me stop to describe the teleki, or ordinary Turkish carriage, which has been well compared to Cinderella's pumpkin carriage. It is literally a small brougham, only that, instead of being on the box, where a Christian coachman would be, the Turkish coachman, generally in a tight blue frock-coat stiff with gold lace, and a red fez, walks on one side of the horses, holding the red reins. Then, the teleki is not a glossy dark green, or hidden claret, with padded drab lining, and gravely brilliant silver-plated harness, and on the centre door panel just one shield of azures or gules. It is smaller, more rounded, and much more of the "gimcrack," pinchbeck, and ormolu style. It seems shaped out of French plum-boxes; sometimes a gilt bird flutters on the top, sometimes roses and tulips are painted upon white in borders and garlands, in a sunny, rather theatrical, and meretricious air. To me the telekis never seem real, but only fit to pass across the stage in Cinderella or Bluebeard, when Sister Anne's brothers arrive in the nick of time. They are not for our dull, fitful, scowling, torpid climate, but suffice for a people who are two hundred years behind us. They are, however, fitting egg-shells to box up Zuleika and Katinka, and such white and red beauties with shrouded faces, with bodies shapeless bundles of violet and gold-coloured satin ferigees, between folds

of which here and there peep our sprays of diamond and bosses of emerald.

Barouches, broad and sweeping in their graceful curves, and holding bouquets of beauties as flower-pots hold nosegays, there are none here; snug broughams (in our sense), quiet and trim, there are none here; high-poised, swift gigs, there are none here; fleshy-legged footmen, hanging on in bunches behind blazoned carriages, there are none here. Instead of our John Thomas with the corpulent calves, I see only black eunuuchs with crescent sabres, scowling faces, and immense lips. There are rude, coarsely-painted red and yellow telekis, not like the others, but I suppose hack ones, with daubed landscapes on the roofs, and no windows, on blinds, and no doors: so that you have to take a harlequin leap in, knocking your head against the wooden top. The teleki has no springs, and a dreadful life you lead inside it upon a stony Turkish road.

Peacock-fans, with your emerald eyes, get ye behind me till I have described the third and most barbarous and fantastic of Turkish conveyances—that is the araba, in which ladies, all rose-colour, satin, and apple-green, and mulberry, and silver sprigs, take the air, though I should imagine that Tamerlane's grandmother and Amurath's great-aunt were tormented in just such cumbrous Tartar vehicles. I think I have heard that the Sultan's mother herself, or some lady of equal rank, used to ride in such a caravan. It is, in shape, something between a pleasure-van and a dung-cart, with a queer scaffolding of poles about it. It is drawn at the funeral rate of never more than three miles and a half an hour by white oxen, whose foreheads are dabbed red with some sort of rouge or pinkish dye. The wooden collars of this stolid, meek-eyed pair, antagonistic to railways, rise three or four feet high, and are covered with red and black tassels of great weight and length. Sometimes, a black flood of tassels and steel ornaments, sways down from the yoke, and sometimes red cords run from it to the oxen's tails, which they loop up. At the four corners of the ox-waggon, are four poles supporting a clumsy canopy of red cloth or velvet, and within, on gold-fringed cushions, (the bruising araba need be wadded), lie, in a heap of colours, negress duennas, children in red fezes, and veiled ladies lovely as Aurora when she wears a gauzy veil of mist: white feather fans, and a sense of jewels everywhere, only partially concealed. French parasols, looking as if they were made of flower leaves sewn together, also crop out, for France always leads the van of fashionable civilisation in flimsy essentials and charming unessentials. A very unreal, fantastic, degrading, debasing life is that of the Turkish slave wife, with no amusement but the bath, the ribald jokes of dwarfs and jesters, and this senseless one day's exercise in the week.

Windybank, like Admiral Slade, praises everything about Stamboul, being in good humour at some successful negotiation about his railway through the Andes and over Chimborazo; says the Turkish women are beautiful and happy; that

it is all nonsense about the Sultan's seven hundred slaves, he having only seven real wives; that he is, in fact, a mild, melancholy angel of a man, but that, sad to say, his troubles and distractions, and the ambassadors, and all together, "are making him drink champagne and brandy too freely, *even for a Frank*." Simple-hearted Windybank!

But we have now got far from the Bosporus, and the little stone quay where the caïques lie, their gilt mouths nibbling at the wall, like a shoal of monster fish; far from the Sultan's over-decorated Italian kiosk, gay monument of national bankruptcy and ruin; far from the square, broad-roofed fountain, with the long slabs of blue and gilt inscriptions in Turkish, telling you that "the water that poured below into the tanks is sweet as the Zemzem well that Abraham drank of, and delicious to the hot and thirsty as the rivers of Paradise;" far from the plane-trees with the jagged leaf and the white dappled bark. I and Windybank stroll up the valley. The place is more curious than beautiful. I would rather have a green, nestling, hill-girt Devonshire valley any day, but for the strange sights and associations here, and the Bluebeards and Camaralzamans, who sit cross-legged on the dry turf, or patrol in jolting telekis, or in the clumsy state of the unwieldy arabas. We get tired of the laborious idleness of the gala day, of seeing people one must not talk to under pain of a blow from a eunuuch's sabre, and of the dreary mill-horse grind of carriages, and we push on down an intolerable lane deeply banked, making for the inner valley, where the Sweet Waters that feed the fountain on the shore wind and whisper.

The lane that connects this Hyde Park with this Green Park—to use a simile that realises the position of the two places at once to most Englishmen—is not a model lane. It is a medley of dust and mud, and is walled in by brambles and the snaky roots of old fig-trees. Its ruts are as deep as those of a country by-lane in England after harvest or a wet summer. They half bury the wheels of those painted egg-shells of telekis: and as for the ox-waggons, they are so wide that they fill it up altogether, and drive the pedestrians to the prickly hedge, and the fig-trees and the elevated bank. Windybank and I escape with difficulty being Juggernauted to death by the ponderous wheels of the ox-waggons and the toe-crushing circumference of the more volatile telekis, and by elongating and compressing ourselves against the brambly bank, get at last into the inner valley, to find nothing but more tulip crowds of shining satin ferigees, flaunting negresses, Nubian musicians, painted veiled ladies, with more moored-up carriages, with Turks smoking composedly out of the windows, more rows of hack horses and noisy groom-boys.

When I dare to confess that I think even Rotten-row and its slow daily procession, insanely tedious, need I say that I thought the Sweet Waters by no means lively? To fish up boiled Indian corn from a caldron, to listen to Nubians' screeching songs, to see cross-legged men smoking, and



veiled Jezabels sitting under walnut and plane trees, taking coffee and talking frivolous and mischievous scandal, can be only amusing for the first time. To see the poor women slouching along in loose, soft, yellow boots; to see Turkish babies, in pink jackets and trousers (skeleton suit) and tiny fezes, tumbling about in a negress's lap; to see Croat gardeners, Crim Tartars in grey wool caps and pink trousers, Hindoo fakirs swinging hollow pumpkin alms-dishes, hideous beggars with elephantiasis arms as large as brown bolsters, Montenegrins, Bulgarian vine-dressers, Anatolian shepherds in black sheepskins, boatmen, Circassians, Armenians, sherbet sellers, dervishes royal in their rags, Persians in receding black caps, pashas with beards dyed a ruddy brown with henna, boys smeared between the eyes with black to keep off the evil eye, fat captains on horses grand with gold-embroidered saddle-cloths,—to see these things, was to see the sights which alone redeem this insufferably dull place of amusement.

Was I then in that valley of Sweet Waters, thinking only of the mottle of sun on the hills around, on cypress-trees and red kiosk, and stream and fountain? Was I rejoicing, like the mere Pepys of travel, alone in the rolling satins and the heaps of diamonds that, spread out, would have covered that valley all over, from blue Bosphorus to mountain? Had I no thoughts of anything but the strolling-player look of everybody, and of those gazelle eyes which I was absurd enough to think just now brightened and dilated as I stared at them in abstracted wonder, careless of black footmen and eunuchs' swords? Well; I was dreaming that I saw pale, dripping spectres, with clinging cerements of white, with paint washed off and undiamonded hair, gliding about among those groups of slaves and wives, wandering and gliding round the circles of negresses who listen to the Nubian flutes, passing unseen among the water-sellers and past the plane-trees; with restless unhappy vague search, as for some child or sister that might be here; with a look of tender, heart-broken reproach in their pale eyes, gliding round each ox-waggon, and looking into every teleki, still on the same endless search!

A ghost in sunshine? Why not? Is not this the land of crime and horror? Have not friends, whom I trust as my own soul, seen over and over again poor dead women, murdered, floating here on the Bosphorus in open day? Have we not record, some years ago, of women being drowned in this fatal water, in open daylight, with crowds looking on? Are not the hareems perpetual scenes of poisonings and stranglings, the result of the accursed system of polygamy? It is because I am fresh from true stories such as these, that I see these ghosts in the sunshine mingling with the brilliant crowds.

But, to return to the women; must I say what I thought of them, after scanning with the care of a portrait-painter some thousand faces; and must my reply be ungallant and unfavourable? Truth says, "Yes; and speak out

like a man." The lower order of Turkish women are almost invariably ugly, always dwarfish in stature, with staring dark eyes, fleshy stupid bowsprit noses that protrude through the often dusty yashmak, and "hog mouths," as an old Stamboul resident characterises them to me. In walking, what with their sloppy boots and their awkward dress, their gait is a slatternly shuffle, painful to see, and ungraceful as the waddle of a swan.

The higher classes, especially the Circassians, in extreme youth are often as lovely as imagination can conceive; but they soon get old, and then their white skin becomes of a soft nankeen leather colour. What with the tons of sweetmeats they eat, the want of exercise, and the trying vicissitudes of the climate, they are often unhealthy, and the state of medicine (still even in Europe rather empirical, in Turkey barbarous) is such, that most of the serious diseases become chronic. Painting is now fashionable in Turkey, and every face I saw shadowing through a thin white cloud of yashmak, was hideously ruddled with rouge up to the very brows, which were charcoaled with some black pigment—perhaps the kohl that Eastern ladies use to dye the eyelashes and eyelids with. The very lips seemed stiff with cerement, and the skins that were not hard red, were of a ghastly cosmeticised whiteness. I saw all degrees of horror in rouge, from a becoming perpetual hot blush, to that sort of fiery dab that a butcher rubs upon a doomed sheep's side. I am told, however, that naturally the Turkish girl has skin of alabaster whiteness, with just a pale tinge of pink such as there is on the cold leaves of a winter rose. I am sadly afraid, poor creatures, that generally their best beauty is of a sickly and artificial character, inconsistent with all our ideas of sound health and cultivated mind. The yashmak has a strong tendency to drop off the face, as it has really done in the last few years with most of the Armenian women at Broussa; during the Crimean war I am told that it got so alarmingly thin, that the police at last arrested all women who went about the streets or bazaars without the old mask of the conventional thickness. I do not deny that I saw certain hours of grace and loveliness, with wonderful eyes of the "first water" peeping through the vizors of their yashmaks, but I think they were exceptional, and I believe that, on a fine day in London, Oxford-street alone would present more beauty than was gathered together in all that Asian valley.

But I must tear myself away from Zobeide and Scheherazade; the frowning, rolling-eyed blacks; the merry, good-tempered, motherly negresses; the terrible tom-tom players; the flutes and lutes; the water-sellers and the chestnut-vendors: to take boat, and go back, quite the opposite way, up the Golden Horn, to the other park of Constantinople—the Sweet Waters of Europe—where we must suppose ourselves, not on the same day, but on the next Sunday, or on one of the ever-recurring Greek festivals.

You may go there in three ways: either by caïque



up the Horn, or over the Pera hill, or across the bridge of boats; then, turning to the right, past the poultry shops and the fish market, and the timber stores and boat-builders, who live opposite the arsenal, and so on through the Greek quarter, through Eyub and its potteries, along dusty roads, and across a bridge at the upper end of the Golden Horn, following a little stream that appears suddenly and offers to guide you with its clue of silver thread, till you reach the Valley of Pleasure with its solitary fountain, coffee-shops, and shady trees. When I was there, there were no flowers anywhere about the city, but a sort of leafless yellow crocus, that sprang up in the burial-grounds, and a few scented tufts of some sort of mimosa, which boys offered you for sale in the streets; but I dare say, in early spring, this hill-girt valley is an amaranthine field of blossoming hyacinth, and gold-spiked and gold-starred crocus. Now, it was a brown-hide-bound meadow, with a treeless brown stream (not boatless) severing it in two. The same people seemed to fill the place—Levantine, bedizened in vulgar and ill-understood French dress, instead of the piquant national fez, set sideways on the head, and the plaits of hair wound like a turban round the classical, but silly numskull. No flaunting white fustanella kilts on the men; no pouch full of arms, forming a threatening fan of silver handles. I see and detest the false, stealthy eye; the large, caricature nose; the bragging, cowardly face,—in a word, the vulgarity, insolence, pretension, and impudence of the Levantine generally; I see telekis full of veiled ladies, and satins, and fans; no ox-waggons with looking-glass ornaments on the oxen's brows, and festoons of steel crescents, but one or two ridiculous painted sedans from Pera, and some cockney-looking pedestrians out for the day from some Galata Greek store. Under those plain folds of satin in the telekis, just wrapped together like a dressing-gown, and otherwise unornamented, I suppose lie hidden the diamond-studded turbans, the ponderous emerald earrings, the wide-eleeved selmas, the embroidered scarfs, the striped gauzes, the Cashmere fur-lined jackets, that I am told Turkish ladies wear in their fountained rooms above the Bosphorus, where perhaps they may one day rest as thousands of murdered women have done before, and nothing said. But, lo! as I am looking at the beautiful itinerant wax-works, a teleki, that seems hammered out of gold and silver, it is so gay, drawn by four horses, sweeps down into the valley! It contains the Sultan's daughter, whom he married to his favourite page and pipe-bearer. You may know the royal carriage by the red braided reins, and the blue and silver livery of the kawasses, drivers, and eunuchs, the stiff half-European dress of the negro guard and the attendant eunuchs. Of the attendant carriages some are like blue boxes without doors, and one has a silver bird with outstretched wings quivering on the top.

Tired of the incessant patrolling of carriages, and the monotony of seeing Greeks galloping hack horses, we go and take coffee. Windybank, who is with me here also, is soon writing a

ledger row of figures in the dust, and then casting them up with his umbrella, hoping to show that the stone procured from tunnelling the Andes for a railway, would pay the expenses of its making. We are near a great plane-tree, and opposite a sort of blacksmith's shop, where coffee, black, hot, and half grounds, is sold. At the door sit some Greeks, taking sherbet, and one or two poor Turks smoking water-bottle narghilés, the glass jars of which are painted with red and blue flowers. The Sultan, who has been in the valley, has just left; I can see, winding up a distant hill, the red and white flags of his tawdry body-guard of lancers, emerging from a thick rolling cloud of dust.

We were sitting meditating on I know not what trifles, which were rising in our brains, thick as motes in and out of the Jacob's ladders of sunshine, when a teleki belonging to the Seraglio drove up and stopped at the coffee stall where we were. There were no court ladies in it (court ladies were just then in such bad commercial odour in Stamboul that they were refused credit at the bazaars), but a kawass, coming to the door, opened it respectfully, and indeed timidly, and out stepped a very tall thin eunuch, of great rank and of gigantic (self-) consequence. As a type of his favoured class, he must be sketched. He wore a fez of the finest scarlet cloth: the tassels, of the bluest and the fullest. His robes were of the costliest amber Cashmere, and his boots and overalls of the glossiest patent leather. He had a broad nose, and swollen pale black lips, black lustreless eyes, and an imbecile forehead; and when he spoke it was like a fife out of tune. The sickliest dandy to be caught in Bond-street at a fashionable hour, could not have put on such an exquisite air of languor, indecision, and weariness, of all the elements and life in general as the head eunuch: who, I believe, can bastinado and strap whom he will in the palace. He stood—not condescending to rest his eyes on us “forty-pig power of infidels”—one small patent leather foot on the carriage-step and one on the ground, a perfect example of fashionable indecision. With slavish servility, came out the dirty blacksmith cafgee whom no entreaties could have brought near us, and asked his eminence what he would have? He scarcely knew; it was too warm and oppressive to decide; perhaps he would wait and have coffee, perhaps he would follow his lord the Sultan. Allah! let the slaves wait till he can think. No, Satan, he will go back to the palace without anything. Satan, slap up the steps; Satan, drive quick; Satan, flog the horses, fast. Away! curses on all coffee-shops, and this one in the Sweet Waters of Europe in particular. Satan, away! The cafgee makes a gesture of hatred and disgust, and goes back to his fire and his coffee-pots, while the irresolute great man's carriage bounds off across the turf, already sharp-lined with pattern-cutting wheels.

And now, in their wake, Windybank and I, mounting two hack horses, followed the Sultan's flags and gingerbread carriages. When I thought of the Dying Man, and the fading race and rot-

ting religion, I felt as if I were following a funeral, and, as we mounted and mounted, entangled in a train of dusty carriages and curveting horses of pure Arab and Turcoman origin, Windybank, who had just been triumphant with his somewhat confused sums in compound addition, got warmed by his coffee, and became communicative. He told me a story relating to Monsieur Valencini, dragoman to the Kamschatkan Embassy, very illustrative of Turkish jealousy and the flower-beds of beauties we had lately been viewing :

It was about a year ago, it seemed from the story, that a jolting silver-studded teleki, gay and gilt, and brimful of veiled Seraglio beauties, came bumping and tumbling along a crowded street of Pera, not very far from the Dutch Embassy. The ladies were attended by the usual grooms on foot, a negress duenna, and a mounted black eunuch of rather fierce temper, very new and zealous in discharging the onerous labours of his guardianship. The carriage bounced and trundled along, now nearly killing a Greek priest, now threatening with death a Roman Catholic Sister of Mercy, now scraping a French perfumer's door-post, now crushing a vagrant melon at a Greek fruiterer's door, or disturbing a butcher-boy who with a horse-tail brush was flapping the flies from a newly killed kid, opposite an open-windowed café, where English sailors were dividing a pillow-case full of Syrian (jibili) tobacco, with many well-intended expetives. On waggled the carriage, the ladies staring at everything, and ogling and whispering as much as they dared, the grooms clearing the way insolently, the eunuch frowning and clattering his long sabre, as violent and cynical a misanthrope as you could meet on a summer's day. As they passed a sweetmeat shop near the theatre, a newly-arrived Frenchman held out a handful of red and white "tens and thousands," and smirked some ill-timed compliments : at which the eunuch clutched his sword-hilt, rolled his eyes till they became all white and yellow, and beat the horses on, faster out of the infidel's way. At this unlucky crisis, who should step out of a barber's shop and appear on the scene, but poor, ill-fated, innocent M. Valencini, who, seeing a Turkish carriage jerking fast towards him, drew himself up close against the wall, to prevent being driven over. So little room, however, had he, that unavoidably his face, as the carriage passed, approached near the window. The angry eunuch, looking round, and seeing a second Frank, as he thought, trying to speak to his charge, began to think that the Mussulman religion was being defiled, the Koran spat on, and generally that the end of the world was come ; so he at once drew his sabre, and rushed at poor Valencini, who, with great presence of mind, seized his hand and managed to wrest the sabre out of it ; thereupon the eunuch prayed for mercy, and entreated, as did several of the bystanders, that the noble Frank would return his weapon, and let him ride on with the ladies of the harem. Suspecting no harm, Valencini generously gave the black his

sword : upon which the villain instantly flashed it in the air, and pursued Valencini, who ran down the street alarmed, being now perfectly defenceless. Valencini's body was half in a shop when the eunuch came up, and, missing his enemy's head, slashed him across the loins, and then suddenly followed the carriage containing the ladies. Had that sweeping blow fallen on the poor unoffending man's head, he would have fallen lifeless. As it was, his brother came by soon after ; the dangerous wound was bound up ; and Valencini in due time recovered.

"But, Windybank," said I, "do you forget how the great Kamschatkan ambassador himself was horsewhipped by a Turkish coachman who had jostled against the driver of the potentate's carriage ?"

## WOMAN IN FRANCE.

THE Bird, The Insect, and Love by Michelet, were much too clever and telling books—became much too notorious—not to be followed by a successor in due course of time, if their author only retained the strength to hold a pen. Happily, his hand is not paralysed, and the sequel to *L'Amour* has been given to the world under the title of *La Femme, or Woman*, which is equally idealist, anatomical, fantastical, and generally unpresentable with its predecessor. However questionable as to its views and theories, *La Femme* is a sad and a true book in regard to certain facts—as every one acquainted with France must admit with regret. It lays bare the causes of the facts, that the population of *La Belle France* is diminishing in numbers and decreasing in stature. Whether M. Michelet's "lucubration will do much good, or induce any efforts to remedy the evils, is very doubtful ; possibly, it may prove more instructive to "the stranger" than to the French themselves ; who are apt to consider everything belonging to them models to imitate, rather than as examples to avoid. It is by the faults of others, more frequently than by their own, that wise people are taught to straighten whatever may be awry in their conduct. Besides, a moral teacher, like a prophet, is apt to be lightly esteemed at home. Still, it is good that this bundle of verities, speculations, and whimsies, should have been put together by a Frenchman ; for, if any foreign visitor, or resident, had ventured to print a like libellus, there would have arisen forthwith, from the Gallic press, a unanimous chorus to the strain of "calumny, prejudice, envy, and destruction."

No one but Michelet would dare to proclaim what he calls the capital fact of the times ; namely, that in France, by a singular concurrence of social, religious, and economical circumstances, man lives separated from woman ; and that more and more. They are not only journeying on two distinct and parallel roads ; they resemble a couple of travellers who have started from the same station, one with all the steam on, the other at a parliamentary pace, and on divergent rail-

roads. The man, however weak he may be morally, nevertheless advances so rapidly on a line of ideas, inventions, and discoveries, that the heated rail scatters sparks. The woman, left behind through a sort of fatality, remains in the wheel-rut of a past of which she herself is but slightly cognisant. To our sorrow, she is distanced; but she will not, or she cannot, travel faster.

The worst is, that they do not seem in any hurry to approach each other. They appear to have nothing to say to each other. The hearth is cold, the table silent, and the chamber icy. People, they say, are not expected to put themselves out for the sake of folks that belong to them. But they don't take a bit more trouble in the company of strangers, where politeness would oblige them to act differently. Everybody can see, any evening, how a drawing-room divides into two drawing-rooms, one of men and another of women. What is not seen often enough, and what can be made the subject of experiment, is that, in a small friendly party of a dozen persons, if the lady of the house by a gentle violence compel the two circles to mix and combine, by obliging the gentlemen to converse with the ladies, silence is induced; there is an end of conversation.

The fact must be stated plainly, as it exists. They have neither ideas in common, nor a common language; and even on subjects which might interest both parties, they do not know how to talk. They have too much lost sight of each other. Shortly, unless great care is taken, in spite of accidental meetings, they will constitute not two sexes, but two peoples. If the French laws of succession did not make the women rich, marriages would cease—at least, in the large towns.

The motives which, at the present day, not only cause matrimony to be feared, but which keep men away from female society, are diverse and complicated. The first, incontestably, is the increasing poverty of multitudes of young women, who are left without sufficient resources obtainable by honest employment. Next, the energetic and brilliant personality of French young ladies, who too often take the upper hand the day after the wedding, frightens the bachelor. There is no joking in the matter: a Frenchwoman is somebody. It gives you the chance of great happiness, but sometimes, also, of a wretched life. The excellent French civil laws (which are those of future ages, and towards which the world is gravitating) have not the less increased this difficulty, which is inherent in the national character. The Frenchwoman can inherit, and she knows it; she has a dowry, and she knows it. The case is quite different to that of certain neighbouring countries, where the daughter, if she has a portion, receives it in money only (a fluid which leaks away into the husband's business or property). In France, she possesses houses and lands; and even if her brothers wish to pay her the value, the national jurisprudence is opposed

to it, and maintains her rich in houses and lands, guaranteed by the Régime Dotal, or by certain stipulations. Her fortune is mostly tangible. Her farms do not fly away, her tenements do not tumble about her ears; there they remain, immovable, giving her a voice in the chapter, and keeping up a degree of personal importance which is scarcely known to English or to German ladies.

These latter are absorbed, as it were, by their husband; they are lost in him, body and goods (if they have any goods). Consequently, they are more completely uprooted than Frenchwomen are from their natal family, which would not care to have them back again. The bride is reckoned as good as dead to her relations, who are glad to have provided for a daughter of whose future maintenance they are entirely relieved. Happen what may, and go where he will, she will follow her husband, and will remain with him. On such conditions, matrimony is a much less formidable affair.

A curious thing in France, contradictory in appearance, but not really so is that "matrimonial ties are very weak, and family ties are very strong." It will happen (especially amongst the middle classes in the country) that a woman, some time after marriage, when once she has children, divides her heart and soul into two portions; one she gives to her children, the other to her relations, to the objects of her early affections. What is left for the husband? Nothing. The marriage is virtually annulled by the *esprit de famille*. It is difficult to conceive how wearisome such a woman is, barricading herself up behind a retrograde past, reducing herself to the level of her mother, whose mind is full of superannuated notions, completely imbued with bygone things. The husband "leads a quiet life," but he soon sinks discouraged, heavy, good for nothing. He loses every progressive idea he had gained during his studies and in young men's society. He is soon extinguished by the Dame Propriétaire, by the heavy suffocation of the old family hearth.

One thing hinders some bachelors from getting married; all workers are poor in France. They live on their salary, they live on their clients or patients, and so on; they just live. Suppose a man earns six thousand francs a year; many a woman whom he might think would suit him, spends as much as that in dress. Women are brought up to it by their mothers. Even if they consent to give him one of these fine young ladies, what is to become of him the day afterwards, when she discovers that she has left a rich house for a poor one? If her husband really love her—which is possible—imagine the wretchedness and basenesses to which he might be tempted, for the sake of becoming just a little rich, and of displeasing his fair one just a little less.

For others, the grand impediment is the lady's religion. Yes, really; her religion. Frenchwomen are brought up to dogmas which are

not the dogmas of Frenchmen. The mothers, who are so anxious to marry their daughters, give them exactly the education which is likely to lead to a divorce. What is the national dogma of France? This; that, with apparent change and movement, she changes not. She resembles one of her own intermittent light-houses; she alternately displays and conceals the flame, but the light in the focus is always identical. And what focus? The Voltairean spirit—long anterior to Voltaire himself—in the first place; secondly, '89, or the grand laws of the first Revolution; thirdly, the canons of her scientific pope, the Académie des Sciences. This is the faith of universal France, and is the reason why foreigners condemn her in the lump, and without distinction of parties.

But the daughters of France are trained to hate and despise what every Frenchman loves and believes. They are devoted to the past, without being too well acquainted with what it is. They readily listen to those who say with Pascal, "Nothing is certain; therefore, let us believe in the absurd." In France, women are rich, they are exceedingly clever, and they have every means of learning. But they choose not to learn anything, nor to create a faith of their own. If they meet with a man who holds a serious faith, a man of heart who believes and loves all ascertained truths, they say with a smile, "This gentleman believes in nothing."

And now, to speak only of the first obstacle alleged—the unbridled pride of women, their madness after dress, and so forth—it would seem that this is especially addressed to the upper classes, to rich ladies, or to those who have occasion to mix with the rich world—to some two or three hundred thousand ladies. But do you know how many marriageable women there are in France? Eighteen million eighteen hundred thousand. It would be unjust to accuse all these in a body, of the errors and absurdities of high society. If they copy them at a distance, it is not always of their own free will. The great ladies, by their example, and often heedlessly by their contempt and ridicule, are the cause of great sorrow in this respect. They impose an impossible degree of luxury upon poor women who sometimes care nothing about it, but who, from their position, on account of serious interests, are obliged to make a certain show, and who, in order to shine, rush headlong into the most hazardous positions. But women who have a common destiny of their own, and an extensive community of secrets, ought to love and sustain each other a little, instead of waging an internecine war. They injure each other in a thousand things, indirectly. The rich lady, whose splendour alters the style of dress of the poorer classes, does great injury to the young girl. She prevents her marrying; no worker cares to espouse a doll who costs such a deal of money to dress. Remaining single, she becomes, perhaps, a shopwoman, or something of that kind; but even here the great lady injures her again, preferring

to have to do with a shopman in a black coat, with a flattering tongue, and more effeminate than a woman.

The barbarism of our Western World! Woman has ceased to be valued as constituting the love, the happiness of man, and still less for her maternal qualities as the sustainer of a race of men; she is reckoned as an *ouvrière*—a workwoman! *Ouvrière*! Impious and sordid word, which no language would have ever possessed, and no epoch would have understood, before this iron age, and which alone suffices to outweigh all our pretended progress. At this enter the crowded bands of economists and doctors of net profits, remonstrating, "But, sir, consider the high social and economical necessity! Manufactures, if shackled, must cease. In the name of the indigent classes themselves!"—etcetera.

The highest of all necessities is, to exist; and, visibly, the nation is perishing. The population does not increase in numbers, and it does decline in quality. The peasant woman is dying of hard labour, and the workwoman of starvation. What children can you expect from mothers like these? Abortions, more and more abortive. "But a people does not perish entirely!" Several peoples—even those who still figure on the map—are no longer in existence.

Two peoples are to be seen in the towns of France; the one, clad in cloth: that's man; the other, in wretched printed calico: that's woman. The one—we will take the lowest labourer—the worst paid, the hodman, the servant of other workmen—will contrive to eat meat for breakfast (a slice of smoked sausage or something else as a thumb-piece on bread). In the evening he steps into his *gargote*, or eating-house, where he will have a plate of meat, and even some bad wine. A woman of the same condition will take a sou's (halfpenny) worth of milk in the morning, some bread at noon, and some bread at night, hardly a sou's worth of cheese. You don't believe it? It is certain, as shall shortly be proved. Her day's work produces ten sous, "and cannot produce eleven," for a reason which shall be explained. Why are things come to this wretched state? The man does not choose to marry; he does not choose to protect and be burdened with the woman. He lives in gluttonous solitude. Does he, therefore, lead a life of abstinence? He abstains from nothing. It makes one blush to be a man.

"I do not earn enough," he says. He earns four or five times more than the woman, in the majority of trades. He earns forty or fifty sous, and she ten. The poverty of the workman would be for the workwoman wealth, abundance, and luxury. When bread is dear, a woman cannot pinch, she cannot descend lower in the dietary scale; by dropping a single degree, she must die of inanition. "It is all their own fault," says the economist. "Why were they so crazy as to leave the country, and perish of hunger in the towns?"

My dear sir, do you know anything about the country in France? How terrible, excessive, and

rigorous the labour is there? In England, women are not employed to do the hard work of agriculture. They may be very badly off, but still they wear hats to cover their heads, and are not exposed to wind and rain. Germany, with her forests and her pastures, with an easy kind of labour and her national gentleness, does not crush women as they are crushed in France. It is there only that the durus arator, the hard ploughman of the poet, finds his ideal. Why? Because he is a landed proprietor. A proprietor of little, a proprietor of a mere nothing, and a proprietor over head and ears in debt. With blind and furious hard work, with excessively bad farming, he struggles to keep the wolf from the door. His patch of land threatens to slip through his fingers. Sooner than that, he will bury himself in it alive, if need be; but he will first bury his wife there. That's why he gets married—to have a labourer. At the Antilles, you buy a negro; in France, you marry a wife. You select one with a small appetite and of slight and low stature, in the supposition that such a help-mate will consume less food. [Historical.]

She has a stout heart has this poor French woman; she does all that is required of her, and more. She harnesses herself side by side with a donkey (on light lands) while the man holds the plough. In everything, the hardest part falls to her share. He prunes the vines, standing at ease; she, stooping with her head to the ground, scratches with the hoe and grubs with the mattock. He has respites, she has none. He has his fête-days and his friends. He goes alone to the public-house. She goes to church for a moment, and drops asleep there. At night, if he comes home drunk, she is beaten, and often, which is worse, when she is about to give birth to a child. For a twelvemonth, there she is, dragging about her double sufferance through heat and cold, frozen by the wind and pelted by the rain all day long.

The majority die of consumption, especially in the north. (See the statistics.) No constitution can stand such a life. A mother is surely excusable if she wish that her daughter should suffer less, and if she send her to the factory (where at least she will have a roof over her head), or to domestic service in town, where she will share some of the comforts of city life. The girl is only too well inclined to the change. Every woman feels in her heart little cravings after elegance, smartness, and aristocratical ways. She is immediately punished for her ambitious desires. She is deprived of the light of the sun. The mistress of the house is often very harsh, especially if the girl be pretty. She is immolated to spoiled children, to cunning monkeys, to cruel little cats. Or if not that, she is accused, scolded, vexed, maltreated. At that point she would gladly lie down and die. She pines after her home; but she knows that her father would never take her back again. She loses her colour, and wastes away. Her master alone is kind to her. He would console her, if he dare. At some

accidental occasion he does dare. A grand storm in the household; the husband, abashed, hangs his head. She is driven into the streets, without a morsel of bread, till she finds her way to the hospital.

The workwomen of France, who are endowed with such cleverness, taste, and dexterity, are mostly physically distinguished by natural elegance and delicacy. In what respect do they differ from the ladies of the upper classes? In the foot? No. In the figure? No. The hand makes the only difference; because the poor work-girl, obliged to be constantly washing, passing the winter in a garret with nothing to warm her but a charcoal pot, has her hands, her only instrument of labour and livelihood, painfully swollen and cracked by chilblains. With this exception, the same woman, if she be only properly dressed, is Madame la Comtesse as much as any in the fashionable Faubourg. She has not the jargon of the world; she is much more romantic, more vivacious. Only let a gleam of happiness shine upon her, and she will eclipse all the rest.

Within the course of the last few years, two immense events have changed the lot of European women. Woman has only two grand trades to follow, *spinning* and *sewing*. The others (embroidery, flower-making, &c.) are hardly worth reckoning. Woman is a *spinster*, woman is a *seamstress*. That is her work, in all ages; that is her universal history. Well, such is no longer the case; a change has lately taken place. Firstly, flax-spinning by machinery has suppressed the spinster. It is not her wages only that she has thereby lost, but a whole world of habitudes. The peasant woman used to spin as she attended to her children and her cottage cookery. She spun at winter evening meetings. She spun as she walked, grazing her cow or her sheep. The seamstress was the workwoman of towns. She worked at home, either continually, or alternating her work with domestic duties. For any important undertaking, this state of things has ceased to exist. In the first place, prisons and convents offered a terrible competition with the isolated workwoman; and now, the sewing-machine annihilates her. The increasing employment of these two machines, the cheapness and perfection of their work, will force their products into every market, in spite of every obstacle. There is nothing to be said against the machines, nothing to be done. These grand inventions are, in the end, and in the totality of their effects, a benefit to the human race. But those effects are cruel during the moments of transition.

Man is not content with inventing machines which suppress woman's two grand trades; he directly usurps secondary industries by which she used to gain a living, and descends to the employments of the weaker sex. Can woman, at will, rise to the trades requiring strength, and practise those which belong specially to man? By no means. Nonchalant and leisurly dames,



sinking back on their sofas, may say as often as they please, "Woman is not an ailing creature." An ailment which is nothing when you can nurse yourself up for two or three days at a time, is frequently overwhelming for the female who is unable to take repose.

In reality, woman is unable to perform long-continued labour, either in a standing or a sitting posture. If she remain constantly seated, her chest is irritated, her stomach oppressed, her head injected with blood. If she be kept continually standing, as in ironing, or in composing type in a printing-house, other derangements of the system take place. She is able to do a great deal of work, but it must be by varying her attitude, as she does in her household, going and coming. She ought to have a household; she ought to be a married woman.

The well-educated young person, as she is called, who is able to teach and to act as governess in a family, the professor of certain arts—is she likely to manage better? M. Michelet would be glad if he could answer, "Yes." There is nothing but difficulty for the single woman; her every step goes either to a blind alley or to a precipice. The worst destiny that can befall a woman is to live alone. The "single woman" may be recognised at the first glance. Take her in her own neighbourhood, wherever she is subject to observation, and you will notice in her the easy, free, elegantly unconstrained bearing which is peculiar to the women of France. But in a quarter where she thinks that no attention is paid to her, and where she unmarks herself, what sadness, what visible depression!

What annoyances beset a single woman! She can hardly go out in the evening, for fear of being mistaken for a disreputable person. There are a thousand places where men only are seen, and if her business takes her to one of them, people are astonished, and laugh like fools. For instance, if she happens to be detained late at one extremity of Paris, however hungry she may be, she dares not enter a restaurant. It would be an event, and would be looked upon as a wonderful sight. Every eye would be constantly fixed on her, she would overhear hazardous and unpolite conjectures. She is, therefore, obliged to walk back a league, and, after her late arrival, to light her fire and prepare her little meal. She avoids making any noise, for an inquisitive neighbour (a harebrained student, perhaps, or a young official) would clap his eye to the keyhole, or would indiscreetly offer some service as an excuse for entering. The vexatious circumstances of community, or rather of servitude, inseparable from the big, ugly barracks which the French call houses, make her timid in innumerable things, and cause her to hesitate at every step. Everything is constraint for her, and liberty for the man. How, for instance, she shuts herself up, if, on Sunday, her young and noisy neighbours club together to have what is called a bachelor's dinner!

Let us examine this house. She lives on the fourth story, and she makes so little noise, that the occupant of the third story for some time believed he had no one over him. He is scarcely less unhappy than she is. He is a gentleman whom weak health and a moderate competence forbid to take up any employment. Without being old, he has already acquired the prudent habits of a man who is always occupied with the conservation of his precious self. A piano, which woke him a little earlier than he had a mind to, revealed the solitary person. And then, he once caught a glimpse of an amiable female countenance on the stairs, a little pale, and of a graceful figure, and his curiosity was excited. Nothing more easy. Porters are not deaf and dumb, and her life is so transparent! Except when she is giving lessons, she is always at home, and always studying. She is preparing for examination, preferring to be a governess, and to find a shelter in a family. In short, she is so well spoken of, that the gentleman becomes quite thoughtful. "Ah! if I were not a poor man!" he says. "It is very agreeable to have the society of a pretty woman, who understands everything, who saves you from dragging out your evenings at the theatre or at the café. But when one has only ten thousand francs (four hundred pounds) a year, 'as I have, it is impossible to marry.'"

He then makes a calculation, reckoning everything double, as men do in such a case, combining the probable expenses of the married man with those of the bachelor who should go on with his café, his theatres, and the rest of it. In this way, one of the most talented journalists in Paris came to the conclusion that for two persons to live, without a servant, in a cottage in the suburbs, thirty thousand francs a year were required.

This lamentable existence of honourable solitude and desperate ennui, is the life that is led by the wandering shadows who are called in England members of clubs. It is also beginning to be the fashion in France. Very well fed, very well warmed in these splendid establishments, with all the journals and extensive libraries, living together like well-bred, polished corpses, they progress with the spleen, and prepare for suicide. Everything is so well organised, that speech is a useless faculty; they have no need even to make signs. On certain days in the year their tailor visits them, and takes their measure, without their having to utter a word.

Occasionally you may meet, in an omnibus, a young girl modestly dressed, with her eyes constantly fixed on a book. Most frequently, the book is a grammar, or one of the manuals which prepare candidates for examination. Small books, thick and compact, in which every science is concentrated into a dry, indigestible state, very nearly to the consistency of a bit of flint-stone. She loads her stomach with all that, the young victim. Visibly, she exerts herself to the utmost, to swallow the greatest quantity possible. She devotes to it her days and her



nights, and even the moments of repose which the omnibus offers between the lessons she gives at opposite ends of the town.

The temptation is natural for a young, proud, and pure mind, courageously struggling to improve her lot, to free herself from dependence on individuals, to address herself to all, to take one sole patron, the public, and believe that it will be possible to live on the fruits of her thought. What revelations women could make on this subject! One only has ventured to do so in a very powerful novel, whose only fault is its brevity, so that the situations are not worked out to their full effect. This book, *Une Fausse Position*, came out fifteen years ago, and immediately disappeared. It is the exact itinerary, the road-book of a poor literary lady, the summary of the tolls, and duties, and taxes exacted from her to allow her to set a few steps within the barrier; the bitterness, the irritation which her resistance created all around her, so that she was entirely surrounded by obstacles—nay, deadly obstacles. Did you ever see the children in Provence persecute an insect which they believed to be venomous? They surround it with bits of stick and straw, to which they set fire. Whichever way the poor creature rushes, it is stopped by flame. It cannot pass the circle of fire. Camille, the woman of letters, surrounded by fire, and finding no issue, longs for death.

With these sympathetic feelings towards the female sex, M. Michelet administers to his bachelor friends the following good trimming, italicising himself the sharpest strokes of his rod: "My dear sirs, after what I have told you, the reason why you ought all to get married, the strongest argument which your hearts can urge is that *Woman does not live without Man*. And can man live without woman? You yourselves confess that your life is *sombre and bitter*. In the midst of amusements and vain shadows, you possess no wife, neither happiness nor repose. You have not the steady position, the harmonious equilibrium, which is of such service in the production of important works. Nature has drawn life tight together into a triple and absolute knot; man, woman, and the child. Apart, they are sure to perish; their only safety lies in union and fellowship. All the disputes between the two sexes, and their respective pride, go for nothing. We must have done with everything of the kind. In the only book of this century in which there is a grand poetical conception (the poem of the Last Man—*Le Dernier Homme*), the author believes the world exhausted, and the earth on the point of coming to an end. But there is a sublime obstacle: *the earth cannot come to an end, so long as one*

*single man still loves*. Take pity on the worn-out earth, which, without love, would have no further right to exist. Love, for the salvation of the world!

"Your grand objection in respect to the opposition of your creeds and the difficulty of bringing woman to adopt yours, does not seem to me very valid for any one who will look that difficulty in the face coolly and practically. The fusion of creeds will not be completely effected till after two marriages, in two successive generations. The woman whom you ought to espouse, is the one whom I have pictured in my book on *L'Amour*; the one who, simple in mind and affectionate in disposition, having not yet received any definite imprint, will be less inclined to repulse modern ideas; the one who does not come to you the prepossessed enemy of science and of truth. I prefer that she should be poor, isolated, with but few and slight family connexions. Her rank and education are of very secondary importance. Every Frenchwoman is born a queen, or ready to become one. Give me, as a spouse, the *simple woman*, whom I can elevate to a certain degree; and give me, as a daughter, the confiding and *believing woman*, whom I can raise to the highest stage of female nature. Thus will be broken up the miserable circle in which we go round and round, wherein woman prevents our making woman what she might and ought to be.

"With this good spouse, who shares, at least in heart, her husband's faith, he, following the very easy path of nature, will exercise over his child an incredible ascendant of authority and tenderness. A daughter has such faith in her father! He can make of her whatever he will. The strength of this second love," so lofty, so pure, must evolve the *woman* in her, the adorable ideal of grace combined with wisdom, by whom alone future family life and future society are to be recommenced and regenerated."

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

JULY 4TH. I was so startled by the disturbance in Laura's face and manner, and so dismayed by the first waking impressions of my dream, that I was not fit to bear the revelation which burst upon me, when the name of Anne Catherick passed her lips. I could only stand rooted to the floor, looking at her in breathless silence.

She was too much absorbed by what had happened to notice the effect which her reply had produced on me. "I have seen Anne Catherick! I have spoken to Anne Catherick!" she repeated, as if I had not heard her. "Oh, Marian, I have such things to tell you! Come away—we may be interrupted here—come at once into my room!"

With those eager words, she caught me by the hand, and led me through the library, to the end room on the ground floor, which had been fitted up for her own especial use. No third person, except her maid, could have any excuse for surprising us here. She pushed me in before her, locked the door, and drew the chintz curtains that hung over the inside.

The strange, stunned feeling which had taken possession of me still remained. But a growing conviction that the complications which had long threatened to gather about her, and to gather about me, had suddenly closed fast round us both, was now beginning to penetrate my mind. I could not express it in words—I could hardly even realise it dimly in my own thoughts. "Anne Catherick!" I whispered to myself, with useless, helpless reiteration—"Anne Catherick!"

Laura drew me to the nearest seat, an ottoman in the middle of the room. "Look!" she said; "look here!"—and pointed to the bosom of her dress.

I saw, for the first time, that the lost brooch was pinned in its place again. There was something real in the sight of it, something real in the touching of it afterwards, which seemed to steady the whirl and confusion in my thoughts, and to help me to compose myself.

"Where did you find your brooch?" The first words I could say to her were the words which put that trivial question at that important moment.

"*She found it, Marian.*"

"Where?"

"On the floor of the boat-house. Oh, how shall I begin—how shall I tell you about it! She talked to me so strangely—she looked so fearfully ill—she left me so suddenly——!"

Her voice rose as the tumult of her recollections pressed upon her mind. The inveterate distrust which weighs, night and day, on my spirits in this house, instantly roused me to warn her—just as the sight of the brooch had roused me to question her, the moment before.

"Speak low," I said. "The window is open, and the garden path runs beneath it. Begin at the beginning, Laura. Tell me, word for word, what passed between that woman and you."

"Shall I close the window first?"

"No; only speak low: only remember that Anne Catherick is a dangerous subject under your husband's roof. Where did you first see her?"

"At the boat-house, Marian. I went out, as you know, to find my brooch; and I walked along the path through the plantation, looking down on the ground carefully at every step. In that way I got on, after a long time, to the boat-house; and, as soon as I was inside it, I went on my knees to hunt over the floor. I was still searching, with my back to the doorway, when I heard a soft, strange voice, behind me, say, 'Miss Fairlie.'"

"Miss Fairlie!"

"Yes—my old name—the dear, familiar name that I thought I had parted from for ever. I started up—not frightened, the voice was too kind and gentle to frighten anybody—but very much surprised. There, looking at me from the doorway, stood a woman, whose face I never remembered to have seen before——"

"How was she dressed?"

"She had a neat, pretty white gown on, and over it a poor worn thin dark shawl. Her bonnet was of brown straw, as poor and worn as the shawl. I was struck by the difference between her gown and the rest of her dress, and she saw that I noticed it. 'Don't look at my bonnet and shawl,' she said, speaking in a quick, breathless, sudden way; 'if I mustn't wear white, I don't care what I wear. Look at my gown, as much as you please; I'm not ashamed of that.' Very strange, was it not? Before I could say anything to soothe her, she held out one of her hands, and I saw my brooch in it. I was so pleased and so grateful, that I went quite close

to her to say what I really felt. 'Are you thankful enough to do me one little kindness?' she asked. 'Yes, indeed,' I answered; 'any kindness in my power I shall be glad to show you.' 'Then let me pin your brooch on for you, now I have found it.' Her request was so unexpected, Marian, and she made it with such extraordinary eagerness, that I drew back a step or two, not well knowing what to do. 'Ah!' she said, 'your mother would have let me pin on the brooch.' There was something in her voice and her look, as well as in her mentioning my mother in that reproachful manner, which made me ashamed of my distrust. I took her hand with the brooch in it, and put it up gently on the bosom of my dress. 'You knew my mother?' I said. 'Was it very long ago? have I ever seen you before?' Her hands were busy fastening the brooch: she stopped and pressed them against my breast. 'You don't remember a fine spring day at Limmeridge,' she said, 'and your mother walking down the path that led to the school, with a little girl on each side of her? I have had nothing else to think of since; and I remember it. You were one of the little girls, and I was the other. Pretty, clever Miss Fairlie, and poor dazed Anne Catherick were nearer to each other, then, than they are now!'—"

"Did you remember her, Laura, when she told you her name?"

"Yes—I remembered your asking me about Anne Catherick at Limmeridge, and your saying that she had once been considered like me."

"What reminded you of that, Laura?"

"She reminded me. While I was looking at her, while she was very close to me, it came over my mind suddenly that we were like each other! Her face was pale and thin and weary—but the sight of it startled me, as if it had been the sight of my own face in the glass after a long illness. The discovery—I don't know why—gave me such a shock, that I was perfectly incapable of speaking to her, for the moment."

"Did she seem hurt by your silence?"

"I am afraid she was hurt by it," she said, 'or your mother's face,' she said, 'or your mother's heart. Your mother's face was dark; and your mother's heart, Miss Fairlie, was the heart of an angel.' 'I am sure I feel kindly towards you,' I said, 'though I may not be able to express it as I ought. Why do you call me Miss Fairlie?' 'Because I love the name of Fairlie and hate the name of Glyde,' she broke out, violently. 'I had seen nothing like madness in her before this; but I fancied I saw it now in her eyes. 'I only thought you might not know I was married,' I said, remembering the wild letter she wrote to me at Limmeridge, and trying to quiet her. She sighed bitterly, and turned away from me. 'Not know you were married!' she repeated. 'I am here because you are married. I am here to make atonement to you, before I meet your mother in the world beyond the grave.' She drew farther and farther away

from me, till she was out of the boat-house—and, then, she watched and listened for a little while. When she turned round to speak again, instead of coming back, she stopped where she was, looking in at me, with a hand on each side of the entrance. 'Did you see me at the lake last night?' she said. 'Did you hear me following you in the wood? I have been waiting for days together to speak to you alone—I have left the only friend I have in the world, anxious and frightened about me—I have risked being shut up again in the madhouse—and all for your sake, Miss Fairlie, all for your sake.' Her words alarmed me, Marian; and yet, there was something in the way she spoke, that made me pity her with all my heart. I am sure my pity must have been sincere, for it made me bold enough to ask the poor creature to come in, and sit down in the boat-house, by my side."

"Did she do so?"

"No. She shook her head, and told me she must stop where she was, to watch and listen, and see that no third person surprised us. And from first to last, there she waited at the entrance, with a hand on each side of it; sometimes bending in suddenly to speak to me; sometimes drawing back suddenly to look about her. 'I was here yesterday,' she said, 'before it came dark; and I heard you, and the lady with you, talking together. I heard you tell her about your husband. I heard you say you had no influence to make him believe you, and no influence to keep him silent. Ah! I knew what those words meant; my conscience told me while I was listening. Why did I ever let you marry him! Oh, my fear—my mad, miserable, wicked fear!'—" She covered up her face in her poor worn shawl, and moaned and murmured to herself behind it. I began to be afraid she might break out into some terrible despair which neither she nor I could master. 'Try to quiet yourself,' I said; 'try to tell me how you might have prevented my marriage.' She took the shawl from her face, and looked at me vacantly. 'I ought to have had heart enough to stop at Limmeridge,' she answered. 'I ought never to have let the news of his coming there frighten me away. I ought to have warned you and saved you before it was too late. Why did I only have courage enough to write you that letter? Why did I only do harm, when I wanted and meant to do good? Oh, my fear—my mad, miserable, wicked fear!' She repeated those words again, and hid her face again in the end of her poor worn shawl. It was dreadful to see her, and dreadful to hear her."

"Surely, Laura, you asked what the fear was which she dwelt on so earnestly?"

"Yes; I asked that."

"And what did she say?"

"She asked me, in return, if I should not be afraid of a man who had shut me up in a madhouse, and who would shut me up again, if he could? I said, 'Are you afraid still? Surely you would not be here, if you were afraid now!'

'No,' she said, 'I am not afraid now.' I asked why not. She suddenly bent forward into the boat-house, and said, 'Can't you guess why?' I shook my head. 'Look at me,' she went on. I told her I was grieved to see that she looked very sorrowful and very ill. She smiled, for the first time. 'Ill?' she repeated; 'I'm dying. You know why I'm not afraid of him now. Do you think I shall meet your mother in heaven? Will she forgive me, if I do?' I was so shocked and so startled, that I could make no reply. 'I have been thinking of it,' she went on, 'all the time I have been in hiding from your husband, all the time I lay ill. My thoughts have driven me here—I want to make atonement—I want to undo all I can of the harm I once did.' I begged her as earnestly as I could to tell me what she meant. She still looked at me with fixed, vacant eyes. 'Shall I undo the harm?' she said to herself, doubtfully. 'You have friends to take your part. If you know his wicked secret, he will be afraid of you; he won't dare use you as he used me. He must treat you mercifully for his own sake, if he is afraid of you and your friends. And if he treats you mercifully, and if I can say it was my doing——' I listened eagerly for more; but she stopped at those words.

"You tried to make her go on?"

"I tried; but she only drew herself away from me again, and leaned her face and arms against the side of the boat-house. 'Oh!' I heard her say, with a dreadful, distracted tenderness in her voice, 'oh! if I could only be buried with your mother! If I could only wake at her side, when the angel's trumpet sounds, and the graves give up their dead at the resurrection!'—Marian! I trembled from head to foot—it was horrible to hear her. 'But there is no hope of that,' she said, moving a little, so as to look at me again; 'no hope for a poor stranger like me. I shall not rest under the marble cross that I washed with my own hands, and made so white and pure for her sake. Oh no! oh no! God's mercy, not man's, will take me to her, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' She spoke those words quietly and sorrowfully, with a heavy, hopeless sigh; and then waited a little. Her face was confused and troubled; she seemed to be thinking, or trying to think. 'What was it I said just now?' she asked, after a while. 'When your mother is in my mind, everything else goes out of it. What was I saying? what was I saying?' I reminded the poor creature, as kindly and delicately as I could. 'Ah, yes, yes,' she said, still in a vacant, perplexed manner. 'You are helpless with your wicked husband. Yes. And I must do what I have come to do here—I must make it up to you for having been afraid to speak out at a better time.' 'What is it you have to tell me?' I asked. 'A Secret,' she answered. 'The Secret—that your cruel husband is afraid of.' Her face darkened; and a hard, angry stare fixed herself in her eyes. She began waving her hand at me in a strange, unmeaning manner.

'My mother knows the Secret,' she said, speaking slowly for the first time; weighing every word as she uttered it. 'My mother has wasted and worn away under the Secret half her lifetime. One day, when I was grown up, she told it to me. And your husband knew she told it. Knew, to my cost. Ah, poor me! knew, knew, knew she told it.'"

"Yes! yes! What did she say next?"

"She stopped again, Marian, at that point——"

"And said no more?"

"And listened eagerly. 'Hush!' she whispered, still waving her hand at me. 'Hush!' She moved aside out of the doorway, moved slowly and stealthily, step by step, till I lost her past the edge of the boat-house."

"Surely, you followed her?"

"Yes; my anxiety made me bold enough to rise and follow her. Just as I reached the entrance, she appeared again, suddenly, round the side of the boat-house. 'The secret,' I whispered to her—'wait and tell me the secret!' She caught hold of my arm, and looked at me, with wild, frightened eyes. 'Not now,' she said; 'we are not alone—we are watched. Come here to-morrow, at this time—by yourself—mind—by yourself.' She pushed me roughly into the boat-house again; and I saw her no more."

"Oh, Laura, Laura, another chance lost! If I had only been near you, she should not have escaped us. On which side did you lose sight of her?"

"On the left side, where the ground sinks and the wood is thickest."

"Did you run out again? did you call after her?"

"How could I? I was too terrified to move or speak."

"But when you *did* move—when you came out——?"

"I ran back here, to tell you what had happened."

"Did you see any one, or hear any one in the plantation?"

"No—it seemed to be all still and quiet, when I passed through it."

I waited for a moment, to consider. Was this third person, supposed to have been secretly present at the interview, a reality, or the creature of Anne Catherick's excited fancy? It was impossible to determine. The one thing certain was, that we had failed again on the very brink of discovery—failed utterly and irretrievably, unless Anne Catherick kept her appointment at the boat-house, for the next day.

"Are you quite sure you have told me everything that passed. Every word that was said?" I inquired.

"I think so," she answered. "My powers of memory, Marian, are not like yours. But I was so strongly impressed, so deeply interested, that nothing of any importance can possibly have escaped me."

"My dear Laura, the merest trifles are of importance where Anne Catherick is concerned. Think again. Did no chance reference escape

her as to the place in which she is living at the present time?"

"None that I can remember."

"Did she not mention a companion and friend—a woman named Mrs. Clements?"

"Oh, yes! yes! I forgot that. She told me Mrs. Clements wanted sadly to go with her to the lake, and take care of her, and begged and prayed that she would not venture into this neighbourhood alone."

"Was that all she said about Mrs. Clements?"

"Yes, that was all."

"She told you nothing about the place in which she took refuge after leaving Todd's Corner?"

"Nothing—I am quite sure."

"Nor where she has lived since? Nor what her illness had been?"

"No, Marian; not a word. Tell me, pray tell me, what you think about it. I don't know what to think, or what to do next."

"You must do this, my love: You must carefully keep the appointment at the boat-house, to-morrow. It is impossible to say what interests may not depend on your seeing that woman again. You shall not be left to yourself a second time. I will follow you, at a safe distance. Nobody shall see me; but I will keep within hearing of your voice, if anything happens. Anne Catherick has escaped Walter Hartright, and has escaped *you*. Whatever happens, she shall not escape *me*."

Laura's eyes read mine attentively while I was speaking.

"You believe," she said, "in this secret that my husband is afraid of?"

"I do believe in it."

"Anne Catherick's manner, Marian, was wild, her eyes were wandering and vacant, when she said those words. Would you trust her in other things?"

"I trust nothing, Laura, but my own observation of your husband's conduct. I judge Anne Catherick's words by his actions—and I believe there *is* a secret."

I said no more, and got up to leave the room. Thoughts were troubling me, which I might have told her if we had spoken together longer, and which it might have been dangerous for her to know. The influence of the terrible dream from which she had awakened me, hung darkly and heavily over every fresh impression which the progress of her narrative produced on my mind. I felt the ominous Future, coming close; chilling me, with an unutterable awe; forcing on me the conviction of an unseen Design in the long series of complications which had now fastened round us. I thought of Hartright—as I saw him, in the body, when he said farewell; as I saw him, in the spirit, in my dream—and I, too, began to doubt now whether we were not advancing, blindfold, to an appointed and an inevitable End.

Leaving Laura to go up-stairs alone, I went out to look about me in the walks near the

house. The circumstances under which Anne Catherick had parted from her, had made me secretly anxious to know how Count Fosco was passing the afternoon; and had rendered me secretly distrustful of the results of that solitary journey from which Sir Percival had returned but a few hours since.

After looking for them in every direction, and discovering nothing, I returned to the house, and entered the different rooms on the ground floor, one after another. They were all empty. I came out again into the hall, and went up-stairs to return to Laura. Madame Fosco opened her door, as I passed it in my way along the passage; and I stopped to see if she could inform me of the whereabouts of her husband and Sir Percival. Yes; she had seen them both from her window more than an hour since. The Count had looked up, with his customary kindness, and had mentioned, with his habitual attention to her in the smallest trifles, that he and his friend were going out together for a long walk.

For a long walk! They had never yet been in each other's company with that object in my experience of them. Sir Percival cared for no exercise but riding: and the Count (except when he was polite enough to be my escort) cared for no exercise at all.

When I joined Laura again, I found that she had called to mind, in my absence, the impending question of the signature to the deed, which, in the interest of discussing her interview with Anne Catherick, we had hitherto overlooked. Her first words when I saw her, expressed her surprise at the absence of the expected summons to attend Sir Percival in the library.

"You may make your mind easy on that subject," I said. "For the present, at least, neither your resolution nor mine will be exposed to any further trial. Sir Percival has altered his plans: the business of the signature is put off."

"Put off?" Laura repeated, amazedly. "Who told you so?"

"My authority is Count Fosco. I believe it is to his interference that we are indebted for your husband's sudden change of purpose."

"It seems impossible, Marian. If the object of my signing was, as we suppose, to obtain money for Sir Percival that he urgently wanted, how can the matter be put off?"

"I think, Laura, we have the means at hand of setting that doubt at rest. Have you forgotten the conversation that I heard between Sir Percival and the lawyer, as they were crossing the hall?"

"No; but I don't remember—"

"I do. There were two alternatives proposed. One, was to obtain your signature to the parchment. The other, was to gain time by giving bills at three months. The last resource is evidently the resource now adopted—and we may fairly hope to be relieved from our share in Sir Percival's embarrassments for some time to come."

"Oh, Marian, it sounds too good to be true!"

"Does it, my love? You complimented me

on my ready memory not long since—but you seem to doubt it now. I will get my journal, and you shall see if I am right or wrong.”

I went away and got the book at once. On looking back to the entry referring to the lawyer's visit, we found that my recollection of the two alternatives presented was accurately correct. It was almost as great a relief to my mind as to Laura's, to find that my memory had served me, on this occasion, as faithfully as usual. In the perilous uncertainty of our present situation, it is hard to say what future interests may not depend upon the regularity of the entries in my journal, and upon the reliability of my recollection at the time when I make them.

Laura's face and manner suggested to me that this last consideration had occurred to her as well as to myself. Any way, it is only a trifling matter; and I am almost ashamed to put it down here in writing—it seems to set the forlornness of our situation in such a miserably vivid light. We must have little indeed to depend on, when the discovery that my memory can still be trusted to serve us, is hailed as if it was the discovery of a new friend!

The first bell for dinner separated us. Just as it had done ringing, Sir Percival and the Count returned from their walk. We heard the master of the house storming at the servant for being five minutes late; and the master's guest interposing, as usual, in the interests of propriety, patience, and peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

The evening has come and gone. No extraordinary event has happened. But I have noticed certain peculiarities in the conduct of Sir Percival and the Count, which have sent me to my bed, feeling very anxious and uneasy about Anne Catherick, and about the results which to-morrow may produce.

I know enough by this time, to be sure that the aspect of Sir Percival which is the most false, and which, therefore, means the worst, is his polite aspect. That long walk with his friend had ended in improving his manners, especially towards his wife. To Laura's secret surprise and to my secret alarm, he called her by her Christian name, asked if she had heard lately from her uncle, inquired when Mrs. Vesey was to receive her invitation to Blackwater, and showed her so many other little attentions, that he almost recalled the days of his hateful courtship at Limmeridge House. This was a bad sign, to begin with; and I thought it more ominous still, that he should pretend, after dinner, to fall asleep in the drawing-room, and that his eyes should cunningly follow Laura and me, when he thought we neither of us suspected him. I have never had any doubt that his sudden journey by himself took him to Wellingham to question Mrs. Catherick—but the experience of to-night has made me fear that the expedition was not undertaken in vain, and that he has got the information which he unquestionably left us to collect. If I knew where

Anne Catherick was to be found, I would be up to-morrow with sunrise, and warn her.

While the aspect under which Sir Percival presented himself, to-night, was unhappily but too familiar to me, the aspect under which the Count appeared was, on the other hand, entirely new in my experience of him. He permitted me, this evening, to make his acquaintance, for the first time, in the character of a Man of Sentiment—of sentiment, as I believe, really felt, not assumed for the occasion.

For instance, he was quiet and subdued; his eyes and his voice expressed a restrained sensibility. He wore (as if there was some hidden connexion between his showiest finery and his deepest feeling) the most magnificent waistcoat he had yet appeared in—it was made of pale sea-green silk, and delicately trimmed with fine silver braid. His voice sank into the tenderest inflections, his smile expressed a thoughtful, fatherly admiration, whenever he spoke to Laura or to me. He pressed his wife's hand under the table, when she thanked him for trifling little attentions at dinner. He took wine with her. “Your health and happiness, my angel!” he said, with fond, glistening eyes. He eat little or nothing; and sighed, and said “Good Percival!” when his friend laughed at him. After dinner, he took Laura by the hand, and asked her if she would be “so sweet as to play to him.” She complied, through sheer astonishment. He sat by the piano, with his watch-chain resting in folds, like a golden serpent, on the sea-green protuberance of his waistcoat. His immense head lay languidly on one side; and he gently beat time with two of his yellow-white fingers. He highly approved of the music, and tenderly admired Laura's manner of playing—not as poor Hartwright used to praise it, with an innocent enjoyment of the sweet sounds, but with a clear, cultivated, practical knowledge of the merits of the composition, in the first place, and of the merits of the player's touch, in the second. As the evening closed in, he begged that the lovely dying light might not be profaned, just yet, by the appearance of the lamps. He came, with his horribly silent tread, to the distant window at which I was standing, to be out of his way and to avoid the very sight of him—he came to ask me to support his protest against the lamps. If any one of them could only have burnt him up, at that moment, I would have gone down to the kitchen, and fetched it myself.

“Surely you like this modest, trembling English twilight?” he said, softly. “Ah! I love it. I feel my inborn admiration of all that is noble and great and good, purified by the breath of Heaven, on an evening like this. Nature has such imperishable charms, such inextinguishable tendernesses for me!—I am an old, fat man: talk which would become your lips, Miss Halcombe, sounds like a derision and a mockery on mine. It is hard to be laughed at in my moments of sentiment, as if my soul was like myself, old and overgrown. Observe, dear lady, what a light is dying on the trees! Does it penetrate your heart, as it penetrates mine?”



He paused—looked at me—and repeated the famous lines of Dante on the Evening-time, with a melody and tenderness which added a charm of their own to the matchless beauty of the poetry itself.

“Bah!” he cried suddenly, as the last cadence of those noble Italian words died away on his lips; “I make an old fool of myself, and only weary you all! Let us shut up the window in our bosoms and get back to the matter-of-fact world. Percival! I sanction the admission of the lamps. Lady Glyde—Miss Halcombe—Eleanor, my good wife—which of you will indulge me with a game at dominoes?”

He addressed us all; but he looked especially at Laura. She had learnt to feel my dread of offending him, and she accepted his proposal. It was more than I could have done, at that moment. I could not have sat down at the same table with him, for any consideration. His eyes seemed to reach my inmost soul through the thickening obscurity of the twilight. His voice trembled along every nerve in my body, and turned me hot and cold alternately. The mystery and terror of my dream, which had haunted me, at intervals, all through the evening, now oppressed my mind with an unendurable foreboding and an unutterable awe. I saw the white tomb again, and the veiled woman rising out of it, by Hartlight's side. The thought of Laura welled up like a spring in the depths of my heart, and filled it with waters of bitterness, never, never known to it before. I caught her by the hand, as she passed me on her way to the table, and kissed her as if that night was to part us for ever. While they were all gazing at me in astonishment, I ran out through the low window which was open before me to the ground—ran out to hide from them in the darkness; to hide even from myself.

We separated, that evening, later than usual. Towards midnight, the summer silence was broken by the shuddering of a low, melancholy wind among the trees. We all felt the sudden chill in the atmosphere; but the Count was the first to notice the stealthy rising of the wind. He stopped while he was lighting my candle for me, and held up his hand warningly:

“Listen!” he said. “There will be a change to-morrow.”

### LIFE IN DANGER.

WE take up the pen to plead for a human life in danger.

There is a man now living, and in the full enjoyment of health and strength, whose life will be sacrificed unless a certain point, now under discussion, is rightly decided upon. The scales are hanging at present pretty evenly; official delay and routine in one scale—extra-weighted at Whitehall, by back-stair influence and jobbing (both heavy commodities): the other scale at the Serpentine, containing reason and life and health, but its very metal corroded with the foul gases rising beneath it. Surely it behoves every one

who has any access to the reason scale, to cast into it his weightiest wares in that line, and to hang on to it with all his might, and with all the tenacity of which he is capable.

There is something unimpressive about the sound of “the Serpentine.” We have got to look upon that piece of water in a contemptuous manner. It is probably because of its unbusiness-like qualities. We see a broad sheet of shining water, wholly devoted to amusement. We see it covered with unimportant (and water-logged) wherries, with ornamental fowls, and with those over-masted toy schooners, which seedy adults appear to get a living by sending from one side of the river to the other. We see people in the summer months amusing themselves by *not* catching fish in these waters, and in winter by tumbling about upon their frozen surface. What! Attach importance to the Serpentine—why, it is a mere trifle, a thing that lends itself to our amusements, and nothing more. Now, there is a class of men who appear to be triflers on the surface, and who are really attending to the main chance more than many a solemn and business-like commercialist; men who will joke and laugh with you, and who will, in the course of a morning's chat, do an uncommonly good stroke of business with you, almost without your knowing it. The Serpentine is like these jovial workers, and with its holiday outside does an amount of business—in the undertaking line—which would astonish you. Beneath that broad sheet of water, with its gimcrack wherries and its topsy-turvy water-fowl, there are treachery, and poison, and death, unwholesome and pestilent sewage, cramp-engendering springs, sudden holes, and vast disused gravel-pits, filled up with black and noisome mud. Mud! What says the superintendent at the receiving-house of the Royal Humane Society: a gentleman who, living by the bank of the Serpentine, knows more, perhaps, about that gay and innocuous stream than any one else whom we can consult? He says that the mud in the bed of the Serpentine is in some places ten feet deep—thirteen feet and a half of water, and ten feet of mud and slime beneath it. Mud! Why, there is one place in these waters where the same superintendent, sounding the depth of mud with the poles of drags fastened one to another, has been unable to find a bottom at all!

The mud in the bed of the Serpentine is of so horrible and glutinous a kind that sometimes, when an accident has happened to a bather, the men of the Royal Humane Society, hastening to the spot where it has occurred, have felt on lowering their drags the feet and legs of the sufferer struggling violently, and striking against their instruments. His head and body would at such time be immersed and fixed in this bed of sewage, into which it has been necessary at last to plunge the drag itself in order to rescue the drowning man. The mud, too, will get into the air-passages at such times, and lives, that might otherwise have been saved, have been lost, because the lungs have been choked up

with this loathsome slime. Nay, men will be rescued by the Humane Society, will be taken to the receiving-house and restored to life, and will go away and languish for months afterwards, and die at last from the effects of that immersion in the Hyde Park sewer. What does the reader say to this? Is not this a stroke of business on the part of our sportive friend?

Let us fancy our friend without his gay outside, let us imagine his smooth exterior—there is a little scum upon it—removed, and the real depths of his character revealed, would it not be an astonishing disclosure? What should we see, if the water in the Serpentine could suddenly be drawn off, leaving what lies beneath it now, exposed to view? We should see, first of all, a great black ravine of unequal depth, stretching its pestilent width before us. I fancy that its level would be pretty even, because the holes are so filled up with mud, that, except by a slight depression over them, we should hardly know where they were. Into this ooze of filthiness we should throw the first stone that came to hand, and should watch it as it sank into the fat slime and disappeared from view. There is a long course before it, ere it gets to the bottom. It will travel slowly through that dense medium, and haply may meet with a bone or two before it has done sinking. And it is beside this black valley, it is on the edge of this abyss of pollution, that we are to spend the hot summer afternoons, using the margin of this cesspool for our promenade and daily lounge. It is over this pit that the wherries float with stench at the prow, and sewage at the helm. It is to this place that our ladies come from their perfumed bed-chambers, to TAKE THE AIR!

But, suppose we were to spare ourselves the unpleasant surprise? Suppose we come merely to decorate his exterior a little, and make it even gayer than it was before? Suppose we were to organise some system that should get rid of that trifle of scum just spoken of, which gives some warning of what lies beneath? Suppose we were to establish a laundry where his white waistcoats and his capacious shirt-fronts could continually be freshened up and brightened? Would not this answer every purpose, and enable us to leave his hidden qualities alone?

And what can the system submitted to, and adopted by, a recent administration be but this? It was a plan by which the water which this mud had contaminated, was filtered and cleansed, and sent back to be contaminated again. It is not easy to believe that such an experiment could even be the subject of a moment's consideration: much less that this plan could have been adopted, and the expensive works required for its carrying out, actually commenced.

It was a case, this, of singular aggravation. The difficulty which had to be overcome was not one which we were ignorant how to meet. An experiment had already been made, and had

been found to answer; and yet the success of that experiment was to go for nothing. It is terrible to think of the number of lives that used to be sacrificed in St. James's Park, before the admirable plan adopted by Lord Llanover was put in operation. The bed of the water in that park, though not in so bad a state as that of the Serpentine, was unsafe enough to render some measure necessary that should render it less dangerous. The lake was accordingly drained, the mud was cleaned out, the holes were filled up, the bed of the water was reduced to an uniform depth, and a perfect success achieved. Now a similar system is applicable to the Serpentine. No other will meet the present difficulty, and no other, since this has been found to answer so well, should ever be contemplated.

The plan which it is absolutely necessary should be adopted for the cleansing and reformation of the Serpentine, is simple enough. The water should be drawn off, the mud removed—and this before the hot weather—the holes should be filled up, and the bed of the river reduced to an uniform level, with concrete. There must be a slight increase of depth in the mid-channel, and a slight fall from end to end. From two or three feet of water at the western or Kensington Gardens end, the depth of the Serpentine must increase gradually, to six or seven feet at the eastern or Albert Gate extremity. This is indispensable. A graduated scale of the depths of the different parts of the water should be placed on the banks, and no man who was not an experienced swimmer would, of course, venture into the deeper water. At present, no bather knows where he is going, and the little boys who in the summer months run at the top of their speed into the water—which is a favourite amusement with them—will sometimes scamper into a hole where they may drown, with the little heap of clothes which they have just taken off, not half a dozen yards behind them. Under the plan spoken of above, every one would know where he was going, to half an inch—just as he would in a swimming-bath, and, also, as in a swimming-bath, would keep away from the deep end if he were a bad swimmer. And supposing in that small space of comparatively deep water that an accident *should* happen—which is improbable—the boats of the Royal Humane Society, which are always in the water during the hours appropriated to bathing, would be on the spot, and the drags would act with such certainty on the smooth hard surface that it would hardly be possible for life to become extinct before the sufferer would be rescued.

A tabular statement of the amount of business—in the line hinted at above—which our gay friend the Serpentine has got through in the last fifteen or sixteen years, has been opportunely forwarded to us. We are indebted for these extracts from his commercial "books," to a certain enemy of his, who, living close to him, is always watching him, perpetually cautioning his victims not to approach him

in his more dangerous moments, and who sometimes, when this caution has been administered in vain, will rescue those who have suffered by his duplicity at the last moment, and will help to patch up the wretched resources with which they have escaped from the clutches of our sportive acquaintance. In the course of those sixteen years, no fewer than 4,184,739 persons did business with him—in the bathing line only—not counting skaters. Out of this number 262 got into such difficulties that the services of the Society, whose place of business has been before referred to as looking over our friend's property, were required to extricate them; that 111 were so mauled and impaired in their means that the Society aforesaid had to take them seriously in hand, and afford them professional assistance of a very important kind before they were in a condition to resume business; and that in 32 cases the resources of the association in question were unavailing, and the unhappy victims were lost.

We subjoin the tabular statement from which we get these facts, merely premising that two additional deaths have occurred since it was drawn up: making the entire number 32, as given above.

Date.	ACCIDENTS FROM BATHING.			SUICIDES.		
	Saved.	Brought to Receiving House.	Killed.	Saved.	Prevented.	Killed.
1844	20	14	3	12	4	7
1845	12	14	1	3	8	8
1846	33	9	2	12	4	5
1847	17	7	1	12	3	2
1848	14	4	2	13	1	4
1849	18	9	1	5	...	5
1850	8	5	2	10	4	6
1851	14	10	1	16	3	8
1852	20	5	5	1	3	9
1853	15	6	...	9	4	4
1854	5	8	1	11	3	3
1855	13	7	...	9	3	7
1856	20	7	4	9	...	7
1857	10	3	3	9	...	10
1858	21	...	3	13	...	3
1859	22	3	1	8	2	7
262			30	152	42	95

In this list of disaster and death there is surely furnished a stronger argument than any other that could be urged for the adoption of the one only course which will render such deplorable accidents almost impossible. Had that course been adopted sixteen years ago, the lives here put down as lost, need *not* have been lost; the man drowned in the *Serpentine* this very winter might have been saved; and the injury to health, and the shock to the nervous system, inseparable from many of the worse cases of rescue, might have been averted.

We have purposely omitted to take into calculation the deaths by suicide, because it may be said that any one bent on suicide would, if the *Serpentine* were rendered unavailable for that purpose, find some other means of its accomplishment. Omitting these, then, we yet get an average of two deaths in the *Serpentine* in the twelvemonth, for the last sixteen years. We might then have begun by pleading for more than a single life, but we prefer confining ourselves to the thought of that ONE MAN, friend perhaps of yours or ours, who will be drowned by this time next year, unless the dangerous bed of the *Serpentine* is at once set right. We are that man's advocate. Let us implore his judges, by that black list of deaths which has been given above, to consider how surely a life is hanging on their decision. Let us inform them, by the memory of that last death which is fresh in all our memories, and which might have been avoided, to save our client from a similar fate. We will not dwell upon the other advantages which may be conferred on other persons; we will keep to the point with which we started, and—by the wife whom this man may leave a widow, by the children whom he may leave without a father, by some who depend on him, or at least by some who love him—by all these things, and many more—we implore the jury on whom his very existence depends, that they will grant us a verdict, and give us this man's life.

### NATURE'S PLANTING.

THE means employed by Nature, the great planter, to effect the dispersion of seeds, and by which the young plants are separated and sent out into the world from their seed-cup homes, are as various and curious as the forms of the seed-cups themselves.

So soon as the seed is ripe, Grew quaintly remarks, Nature taketh several methods for its being duly sown. For, first, the seeds of many plants which affect a peculiar soil or seat, as of arum, poppy, &c., are heavy and small enough, without further care, to fall directly down into the ground. But, if they are so large and light as to be exposed to the wind, they are often furnished with one or more hooks to stay them from straying too far from their proper place. So the seeds of avens have one single hook, those of agrimony and goosegrass many; both the former loving a warm bank, the latter a hedge, for its support. On the contrary, many seeds are furnished with wings or feathers; partly with the help of the wind to carry them when ripe from off the plant, as of the ash, sycamore, maple, mahogany, and trumpet flower, and partly to enable them to make good their flight more or less abroad, so that they may not, by falling together, come up too thick, and that if one should miss a good soil or bed another may hit. So the kernels of pine have wings, yet short, whereby they fly not into the air, but only flutter upon the ground. But

those of cat's-tail, dandelion, and most of the thistle kind have long numerous feathers by which they are wafted every way. The cotton-grass is supplied with so much of this feathery material that it gives a character to the fields in which it grows. Mrs. S. C. Hall said she saw scores of bogs in Ireland looking like fields of snow from the immense quantity of cotton-grass down with which it is covered. Hedges in which the traveller's-joy is abundant have a beautiful appearance at seed time, owing to the silvery plume appearing on the fruit.

The wind is especially useful in wafting the minute, impalpable sporules of cryptogamic plants to considerable distances. It has been supposed that two species of lichen found on the coasts of Bretagne have been brought thither from Jamaica by the prevalence of the south-west wind. This is easily explained by the lightness and minuteness of these seeds, some of which are mere dust, while those of the club-moss are but the eighteen thousandth of an inch in thickness. On the 29th of August, 1830, a lichen suddenly appeared among a plantation of pines in the neighbourhood of Dresden, covering the leaves only, however, on the side nearest to the wind; and at another time the sails of a ship at sea, near Stockholm, were in an instant covered with a sort of lichen. This appearance, which has been explained by supposing that the minute germs came floating invisibly upon the breeze, is said to be common in Persia, Armenia, and Tartary, where the people eagerly eat the lichens, saying that they come from heaven.

Other seeds are scattered, not by flying about, but by being spurted or darted away by the plant itself. The wood-sorrel has its seed-vessel constructed in such a way that, when dry, it bursts open, and in a moment is violently turned inside out. When oats are ripe, the grains are thrown from the flower-cup with a crackling noise, which may be heard in passing near an oat-field on a fine dry day. In the succulent fruit of the squirting cucumber, the cells of which it is composed vary in their size and contents in different parts; and some containing thick matter, becoming distended at the expense of others with thinner matter, the force of endosmose ultimately causes rupture of the valves at their weakest point—that is to say, where they join the stem. When this takes place, the elasticity of the valves sends out the seeds and fluid contents with great force through the opening made by the separation of the stalk. If the touch-me-not balsam is touched it instantly fires a discharge of seeds at the intruder, by the five valves of the seed-vessel curving inwards in a spiral manner, in consequence of the distention of the outer large cells. Grew says “the seeds of heart's-tongue is flung or shot away by the curious contrivance of the seed-case as in coddled asmart, only there the spring moves and curls inward, and here outward, viz. every seed-case is of a spheric figure and girded about with a sturdy spring. The surface of this spring resembles a fine screw, and so soon as this spring

is become stark enough, it suddenly breaks the case in two halves like two little cups, and so flings the seed.” Spencer Thomson, in his book on Wild Flowers, says many must have remarked this fact for themselves, when, under the heat of a July sun, their wanderings have led them through some

Path with tangling farze o'errun,  
When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,  
and they have wondered what could be the meaning of the incessant crack, crack, which seems momentarily to occur on every side, as if some fairy folk were firing *feu de joie* to celebrate the fine weather. Verily, too, the tiny soldiers, whoever they be, seem to have loaded with something more than powder, for, after each crack, the attentive ear might catch the sound as of dropping shot among the leaves. At last the eye detects one of the black pods of the broom or of the gorse in the very act of firing; in one moment each pod-valve has twisted itself into a spiral, and sent its seeds, the fairy projectiles, scattering all around. And thus there is an explanation of the fairy fusillade, but we find out that spring-guns are in use in Flora's kingdom instead of Minié rifles.

Derham, in his *Physico-Theology*, says the plants of the ginger family may be added here to those whose pods fly open and dart out their seed upon a small touch of the hand.

Moisture, as well as dryness, operates in the bursting of seed-vessels. The pod of the Rose of Jericho is so striking an example of this, that we must quote an account of it which appeared in *Household Words* (vol. xvii. page 341): “This little plant, scarcely six inches high, after the flowering season, loses its leaves, and dries up into the form of a ball. In this condition it is uprooted by the winds, and is carried, blown or tossed, across the desert into the sea. When the wee rose feels the contact of the water, it unfolds itself, expands its branches, and expels its seeds from their seed-vessels. The seeds, after having become thoroughly saturated with sea-water, are carried by the tide and laid upon the sea-shore. From the sea-shore the seeds are blown back again into the desert, where, sprouting roots and leaves, they grow into fruitful plants, which will in their turns, like their ancestors, be whirled into the sea.” Dr. Sloane, in his *Voyage to Jamaica*, gives an account of a plant which he calls the Spirit Leaf. He says: “The admirable contrivance of Nature in this plant is most plain. For the seed-vessels being the best preserver of the seed is there kept from the injuries of air and earth, till it be rainy, when it is a proper time for it to grow, and then it is thrown round the earth, as grain by a skilful sower. When any wet touches the end of the seed-vessel, with a smart noise and a sudden leap it opens itself, and with a spring scatters its seed to a pretty distance round it, where it grows.”

Nature has several other methods of planting adapted to individual peculiarities. The screw-like appendages of the crane's-bill seeds assist to roll them to some clink in the earth, and then

screw them into it. The poppy has little pores at the summit of the seed-cup; and the pimpernel splits off a little lid and discloses its well-hoarded treasury, while the cross-flowers, like the wallflower, quietly lift up their sides to let the seeds fall. The willow herbs open elegantly at the top to permit their beautifully arranged and winged germs to take their flight. The ivy-leaved toad-flax carefully buries its seed. The subterraneous clover, as the time for planting approaches, surrounds the seed-vessel with spiny projections, which protect the germs while digging their way down into the soil. The mignonette seed escapes easily by the little bell in which they are contained opening and permitting them to fall as they are perfected.

There are several physical circumstances favourable to nature planting, such as the weight which increases at the same time as the power of holding on diminishes, and the shaking of the wind or the beating of the rain.

Seas, rivers, and currents are among the most effectual means of dispersing the seeds of plants. Monsieur Charles Martin, Professor of Botany at the Montpellier Faculty of Medicine, in a letter to Monsieur Flourens, communicated to the Academy of Sciences, states that, after experimenting upon a great variety of seeds taken haphazard, he finds that two-thirds of them float upon the sea; thus explaining how seeds which Humboldt said must have been borne by plants and trees in Jamaica and Cuba, are thrown on the shores of the Hebrides. The Gulf Stream is supposed to be the principal agent in the diffusion of European plants in the islands of Shetland, Feroe, and Iceland. Many seeds growing near the sea-shore, like the cocoa-nuts of the tropics, are washed away by the waves and carried by the currents, until, becoming heavy and saturated with sea-water, they are left to germinate on far-distant coasts and newly formed islands.

Sea-weeds produce their seeds in a strange manner, assuming rather the character of animals than of plants. The seeds are crowded together in cells on the tough leaf of the plant. These extremely minute seeds are surrounded with little hairs gifted with vibratory motion, which in due time, when the cell bursts, row each seed away to a proper resting-place. An old observer, Dr. Tancered Robinson, says the sudden emptying of the bags of seed causes a great commotion of the water in their neighbourhood; and the departure of the flocks appears to take place at fixed periods, generally betimes in the morning; one sea-weed choosing the hour of eight, and another daybreak.

Animals, even, are to a great extent employed by Nature to assist her in her planting. Seeds often become entangled in their hair and wool; the seeds of agrimony being thus disseminated by sheep. The hooks of the burdock cling to the passing animal, and are carried often miles away. All sorts of animals, including monkeys, squirrels, mice, and birds, carry away, and sometimes hide, seeds, either voluntarily or involuntarily, to serve as food. Gilbert

White says, "Many horse-beans sprang up in my field-walks in the autumn, and are now grown to a considerable height. As the Ewel was in beans last summer, it is most likely that these seeds came from thence; but then the distance is too considerable for them to have been conveyed by mice. It is most probable, therefore, that they were brought by birds, and, in particular, by jays and pies, who seem to have hid them among the grass and moss, and then to have forgotten where they had stowed them. Some peas are growing also in the same situation, and probably under the same circumstances."

But more especially those seeds which are furnished with hard bony coverings to the kernel (as in stone fruit), and are capable of resisting the digestive action of the juice of the stomach, are conveyed by animals in a state fitted for germination. Among our native plants there are the cherry, sloe, haw, and mistletoe, whose seeds are eaten by birds with the pulp. Indeed, the ancient naturalists generally agree in thinking that the mistletoe can only be propagated by its seeds being carried about by, and passing through the bodies of, birds.

Sir T. Pope Blunt, in his *Natural History*, remarks: "Nutmegs are said to be fertilised after the same manner as Tavernier saith was confirmed to him by persons that lived many years in those parts, whose relation was, 'The nutmeg being ripe, several birds come from the islands towards the south, and devour it whole, but are forced to throw it up again, before it is digested. That the nutmeg, then besmeared with a viscous matter, falling to the ground, takes root, and produces a tree which would never thrive was it planted.'" And M. Thèvenot, in his *Travels to the Indies*, gives this account: "The trees produced after this manner. There is a kind of birds in the island, that, having picked off the green husk, swallow the nuts, which, having been some time in their stomach, they void by the ordinary way; and they fail not to take root in the place where they fall, and in time to grow up to a tree. This bird is shaped like a cuckoo, and the Dutch prohibit their subjects, under pain of death, to kill any of them."

Ivy berries afford a noble and providential supply for birds in winter and spring, says Gilbert White, for the first severe frost freezes and spoils all the haws, sometimes by the middle of November; but ivy berries do not seem to freeze. And Mr. R. C. Norman remarks that the seeds of ivy are not in general found to grow well, however carefully planted; while that which is self-sown, or sown by birds, under trees and walls, will grow abundantly; from which fact it has been supposed that such mucilaginous seeds require to be passed through some digestive process to render them fruitful.

Yet, notwithstanding, a great many seeds escape all these influences, and either wither or rot, or are totally destroyed by insects.

However, Nature has ensured the preservation of many vegetable species by the truly astonish-

ing number of seeds which she produces. It has been calculated that there are about thirty thousand seeds in every single head of poppy, and if all were to come up, the whole of our globe would in a few years be covered with poppies. One of our native thistles would by the second year of its growth, if all its seeds were to take root, be the progenitor of about five hundred and eighty millions of thistles. In the great cat's-tail (*Typha major*), the seeds, being blown off by the wind, are often lost, but this is made up for by each spike bearing about forty thousand seeds, so that upon the three spikes which every plant commonly produces, there are every year more than a hundred and twenty thousand seeds. The majestic Norfolk Island pine (*Araucaria*) bears on every tree from twenty to thirty fruits, and each fruit contains about three hundred kernels. In some parts of the country in which they grow, when left to themselves, these trees form immense forests, extending north and south for eight hundred miles. The tobacco (*Nicotiana tabacum*) has been known to produce on one plant three hundred and sixty thousand seeds; and the annual produce of a single stalk of spleenwort has been estimated at a million.

Many plants in their wild state propagate themselves by shoots. The care taken by Nature to ensure the production of grass is truly wonderful. Even when the leaves are trodden down or consumed, the roots still increase; and the stalks which support the flowers are seldom eaten by cattle, so that the seeds are always allowed to ripen. Some of the grasses growing on the very high mountains, where the heat is not sufficient to ripen the seeds, are propagated by shoots or suckers, which, rising from the root, spread along the ground and then take root themselves. And these grasses, deriving their name from their peculiar structure, are called sucker-bearing (*Stoloniferous*). Other grasses are propagated in a not less remarkable manner: the seeds begin growing within the flower-cup itself (which in grasses is called the husk), until diminutive plants are formed with leaves and roots, and these falling to the ground take root, and then continue to grow like the parent plant. In such cases the grass is called live-born (*Viviparous*). There is a native kind called viviparous fescue-grass, which grows in perfection in Scotland on dry walls, and in the moist crevices of rocks. The lily of the valley spreads itself by means of creepers under the soil, and the verbenas by throwing out long shoots which produce roots at their joints. Strawberry seeds are always eaten along with the pulp, therefore the plant is easily made to grow from suckers or young shoots. The mango-trees, which grow in very damp and marshy soil upon the tropical sea-shore, bear their fruit and seeds at the tips of their branches. The seeds do not fall when ripe, but sprout out their roots three or four feet long from the parent tree until they reach the ground. They then fix themselves into the earth, and each plant multiplying in turn in the same way, the progeny of a single

tree will sometimes spread themselves until they may be found covering an area of more than sixty miles.

### MY MAID MARIAN.

SPRING comes, with violet eyes unveiled,  
Her fragrant lips apart;  
And Earth smiles up as tho' she held,  
Most honeyed thoughts at heart.  
But never more will Spring arise,  
Dancing in sparkles of her eyes.

A gracious wind, low-breathing, comes  
As from the fields of God;  
The old lost Eden newly blooms  
From out the sunny sod.  
My buried joy stirs with the Earth,  
And tries to sun its sweetness forth.

The trees move in their slumbering,  
Dreaming of one that's near—  
Put forth their feelers for the Spring,  
To wake and find her here.  
My spirit on the threshold stands,  
And stretches out its waiting hands;

Then floweth from me in a stream  
Of yearning! wave on wave  
Slides thro' the stillness of a dream,  
By little Marian's grave.  
For all the miracle of Spring,  
My long-lost babe will never bring.

Where blooms the golden crocus-burst,  
And Winter's tenderling,  
There lies my little snowdrop! first  
Of flowers in our love's Spring.  
How all the year's young beauties blow  
About her there, I know, I know.

The blackbird with his warble wet,  
The thrush with reedy thrill,  
Open their hearts to Spring, and let  
The influence have its will.  
On all around the Spring hath smiled,  
But seems to have kissed where lies my child

In purple shadow, and golden shine,  
Old Arthur's Seat stands crowned;  
Like shapes of silence crystalline,  
The great white clouds sail round.  
The dead at rest the long day thro',  
Lie calm against the pictured blue.

O Marian! my maid Marian!  
So strange it seems to me,  
That you, the household's darling one,  
So soon should cease to be.  
Ah, was it that our praying breath  
Might kindle heavenward fires of faith?

So much forgiven for your sake,  
When bitter words were said!  
And little arms about the neck,  
With blessings bowed the head.  
So happy as we might have been,  
Our hearts more close with you between.

Dear, early dewdrop! Such a gleam  
Of sun from heaven you drew;  
We little thought that smiling beam  
Would drink our precious dew.  
But back to heaven our dew was kissed,  
We saw it pass in mournful mist.



My lowly home was lofty-crowned,  
With three sweet budding girls;  
Our sacred marriage-ring set round  
With darling wee love-pearls.  
One jewel from the ring is gone!  
One fills a grave in Warriston.

We bore her beauty in our breast,  
As heaven bears the dawn;  
We brooded over her dear nest,  
With hearts still closer drawn,  
That thrilled and listened, watch'd and throbb'd,  
And strayed not, yet the nest was robbed.

"Stay yet a little while, beloved!"  
In vain our prayerful breath,  
Across Heaven's lighted window moved  
The shadow of black death.  
In vain our hands were stretch'd to save,  
There closed the gateways of the grave.

Could my death-vision have darkened up  
In her sweet face, my child!  
I scarce should see the bitter cup,  
I could have drunk, and smiled,  
Blessing her with my last wrong breath,  
Dear angel in my dream of death.

Her memory is like music we  
Have heard some singer sing,  
That thrills life thro', and echoing,  
Our hearts for ever ring.  
We try it o'er and o'er again,  
But ne'er recal the wondrous strain.

My proud heart like a river runs,  
Lying awake o' nights,  
I see her with the shining ones,  
Upon the shining heights;  
And a wee angel face will peep  
Down, star-like, thro' the veil of sleep.

My yearnings try to get their wings,  
And float me up afar,  
As in the dawn the skylark springs  
To reach some distant star,  
That all night long swam down to him  
In brightness, but at morn grew dim.

She is a spirit of light, that leavens  
The darkness where we wait,  
And star-like opens in the heavens  
A little golden gate!  
Ah, may we wake and find her near,  
When work and sleep are over here.

In some far spring of brighter bloom,  
More life and ampler breath,  
My bud hath burst the folding gloom,  
A flower from dusty death.  
We wonder will she be much grown,  
And how will her new name be known.

I saw her ribboned robe this morn,  
Mine own lost little child;  
Wee shoes her tiny feet had worn,  
And then my heart grew wild.  
We only trust our hearts to peep  
In on them when we want to weep.

But hearts will break, or eyes must weep,  
And so we bend above,  
These treasures of old times that keep  
The fragrance of young love.  
The harvest field, tho' reap'd and bare,  
Hath still a patient gleaner there.

I never think of her sweet eyes,  
In dusty death now dim,  
But waters of my heart arise,  
And there they smile and swim.  
Forget-me-nots, so blue, so dear,  
Swim in the waters of a tear!

How often in the days gone by,  
She lifted her dear head,  
And stretch'd wee arms for me to lie  
Down in her little bed,  
And cradled in my happy breast,  
Was softly carried into rest.

And now when life is sore oppressed,  
And runs with weary wave,  
I long to lay me down and rest  
In little Marian's grave;  
To smile as peaceful as she smiled,  
For I am now the nestling child.

The patient calm that comes with years,  
Hath made us cease to fret;  
Tho' often in the sudden tears,  
Dumb hearts will quiver yet!  
And each one turns the face, and tries  
To hide *who* looks through parent eyes.

### THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

IN the late high winds I was blown to a great many places—and indeed, wind or no wind, I generally have extensive transactions on hand in the article of Air—but I have not been blown to any English place lately, and I very seldom have been blown to any English place in my life, where I could get anything good to eat and drink in five minutes, or where, if I sought it, I was received with a welcome.

This is a curious thing to consider. But before (stimulated by my own experiences and the representations of many fellow-travellers of every uncommercial and commercial degree) I consider it further, I must utter a passing word of wonder concerning high winds.

I wonder why metropolitan gales always blow so hard at Walworth. I cannot imagine what Walworth has done, to bring such windy punishment upon itself, as I never fail to find recorded in the newspapers when the wind has blown at all hard. Brixton seems to have something on its conscience; Peckham suffers more than a virtuous Peckham might be supposed to deserve; the howling neighbourhood of Deptford figures largely in the accounts of the ingenious gentlemen who are out in every wind that blows, and to whom it is an ill high wind that blows no good; but, there can hardly be any Walworth left by this time. It must surely be blown away. I have read of more chimney-stacks and house-copings coming down with terrific smashes at Walworth, and of more sacred edifices being nearly (not quite) blown out to sea from the same accursed locality, than I have read of practised thieves with the appearance and manners of gentlemen—a popular phenomenon which never existed on earth out of fiction and a police report. Again: I wonder why people are always blown into the Surrey Canal, and into no other piece of water? Why do people get up early and go

out in groups, to be blown into the Surrey Canal? Do they say to one another, "Welcome Death, so that we get into the newspapers"? Even that would be an insufficient explanation, because even then they might sometimes put themselves in the way of being blown into the Regent's Canal, instead of always saddling Surrey for the field. Some nameless policeman, too, is constantly, on the slightest provocation, getting himself blown into this same Surrey Canal. Will SIR RICHARD MAYNE see to it, and restrain that weak-minded and feeble-bodied constable?

To resume the consideration of the curious question of Refreshment. I am a Briton, and, as such, I am aware that I never will be a slave—and yet I have a latent suspicion that there must be some slavery of wrong custom in this matter.

I travel by railroad. I start from home at seven or eight in the morning, after breakfasting hurriedly. What with skimming over the open landscape, what with mining in the damp bowels of the earth, what with banging booming and shrieking the scores of miles away, I am hungry when I arrive at the "Refreshment" station where I am expected. Please to observe, expected. I have said, I am hungry; perhaps I might say, with greater point and force, that I am to some extent exhausted, and that I need—in the expressive French sense of the word—to be restored. What is provided for my restoration? The apartment that is to restore me, is a wind-trap, cunningly set to inveigle all the draughts in that country-side, and to communicate a special intensity and velocity to them as they rotate in two hurricanes: one, about my wretched head: one, about my wretched legs. The training of the young ladies behind the counter who are to restore me, has been from their infancy directed to the assumption of a defiant dramatic show that I am *not* expected. It is in vain for me to represent to them by my humble and conciliatory manners, that I wish to be liberal. It is in vain for me to represent to myself, for the encouragement of my sinking soul, that the young ladies have a pecuniary interest in my arrival. Neither my reason nor my feelings can make head against the cold glazed glare of eye with which I am assured that I am not expected, and not wanted. The solitary man among the bottles would sometimes take pity on me, if he dared, but he is powerless against the rights and might of Woman. (Of the page I make no account, for, he is a boy, and therefore the natural enemy of Creation.) Chilling fast, in the deadly tornadoes to which my upper and lower extremities are exposed, and subdued by the moral disadvantage at which I stand, I turn my disconsolate eyes on the refreshments that are to restore me. I find that I must either scald my throat by insanely lading into it, against time and for no wager, brown hot water stiffened with flour; or, I must make myself flaky and sick with Banbury cake; or, I must stuff into my delicate organisation, a currant pincushion which I know will swell into immeasurable dimensions when it has got there;

or, I must extort from an iron-bound quarry, with a fork, as if I were farming an inhospitable soil, some glutinous lumps of gristle and grease, called pork-pie. While thus forlornly occupied, I find that the depressing banquet on the table is, in every phase of its profoundly unsatisfactory character, so like the banquet at the meanest and shabbiest of evening parties, that I begin to think I must have "brought down" to supper, the old lady unknown, blue with cold, who is setting her teeth on edge with a cool orange, at my elbow—that the pastrycook who has compounded for the company on the lowest terms per head, is a fraudulent bankrupt, redeeming his contract with the stale stock from his window—that, for some unexplained reason, the family giving the party have become my mortal foes, and have given it on purpose to affront me. Or, I fancy that I am "breaking up" again, at the evening conversation at school, charged two-and-sixpence in the half-year's bill; or breaking down again at that celebrated evening party given at Mrs. Boggles's boarding-house when I was a boarder there, on which occasion Mrs. Boggles was taken in execution by a branch of the legal profession who got in as the harp, and was removed (with the keys and subscribed capital) to a place of durance, half an hour prior to the commencement of the festivities.

Take another case.

Mr. Grazinglands, of the Midland Counties, came to London by railroad one morning last week, accompanied by the amiable and fascinating Mrs. Grazinglands. Mr. G. is a gentleman of a comfortable property, and had a little business to transact at the Bank of England, which required the concurrence and signature of Mrs. G. Their business disposed of, Mr. and Mrs. Grazinglands viewed the Royal Exchange, and the exterior of St. Paul's Cathedral. The spirits of Mrs. Grazinglands then gradually beginning to flag, Mr. Grazinglands (who is the tenderest of husbands) remarked with sympathy, "Arabella, my dear, I fear you are faint." Mrs. Grazinglands replied, "Alexander, I am rather faint; but don't mind me, I shall be better presently." Touched by the feminine meekness of this answer, Mr. Grazinglands looked in at a pastrycook's window, hesitating as to the expediency of lunching at that establishment. He beheld nothing to eat, but butter in various forms, slightly charged with jam, and languidly frizzling over tepid water. Two ancient turtle-shells, on which was inscribed the legend, "Soups," decorated a glass partition within, enclosing a stuffy alcove, from which a ghastly mockery of a marriage-breakfast spread on a rickety table, warned the terrified traveller. An oblong box of stale and broken pastry at reduced prices, mounted on a stool, ornamented the doorway; and two high chairs that looked as if they were performing on stilts, embellished the counter. Over the whole, a young lady presided, whose gloomy haughtiness as she surveyed the street, announced a deep-seated grievance against society, and an implacable determination to be avenged. From a beetle-haunted kitchen

below this institution, fumes arose, suggestive of a class of soup which Mr. Grazinglands knew, from painful experience, enfeebles the mind, distends the stomach, forces itself into the complexion, and tries to ooze out at the eyes. As he decided against entering, and turned away, Mrs. Grazinglands, becoming perceptibly weaker, repeated, "I am rather faint, Alexander, but don't mind me." Urged to new efforts by these words of resignation, Mr. Grazinglands looked in at a cold and floury baker's shop, where utilitarian buns unrelieved by a currant consorted with hard biscuits, a stone filter of cold water, a hard pale clock, and a hard little old woman with flaxen hair, of an undeveloped-farinaceous aspect, as if she had been fed upon seeds. He might have entered even here, but for the timely remembrance coming upon him that Jairing's was but round the corner.

Now, Jairing's being an hotel for families and gentlemen, in high repute among the midland counties, Mr. Grazinglands plucked up a great spirit when he told Mrs. Grazinglands she should have a chop there. That lady, likewise, felt that she was going to see Life. Arriving on that gay and festive scene, they found the second waiter, in a flabby undress, cleaning the windows of the empty coffee-room, and the first waiter, denuded of his white tie, making up his cruets behind the Post-office Directory. The latter (who took them in hand) was greatly put out by their patronage, and showed his mind to be troubled by a sense of the pressing necessity of instantly smuggling Mrs. Grazinglands into the obscurest corner of the building. This slighted lady (who is the pride of her division of the county) was immediately conveyed, by several dark passages, and up and down several steps, into a penitential apartment at the back of the house, where five invalidated old plate-warmers leaned up against one another under a discarded old melancholy sideboard, and where the wintry leaves of all the dining-tables in the house lay thick. Also, a sofa, of incomprehensible form regarded from any sofane point of view, murmured "Bed;" while an air of mingled fluffiness and heeltaps, added, "Second Waiter's." Secluded in this dismal hold, objects of a mysterious distrust and suspicion, Mr. Grazinglands and his charming partner waited twenty minutes for the smoke (for it never came to a fire), twenty-five minutes for the sherry, half an hour for the tablecloth, forty minutes for the knives and forks, three-quarters of an hour for the chops, and an hour for the potatoes. On settling the little bill—which was not much more than the day's pay of a Lieutenant in the navy—Mr. Grazinglands took heart to remonstrate against the general quality and cost of his reception. To whom the waiter replied, substantially, that Jairing's made it a merit to have accepted him on any terms; "for," added the waiter (unmistakably coughing at Mrs. Grazinglands, the pride of her division of the county), "when individuals is not staying in the 'Ouse, their favours is not as a rule looked upon as making it worth Mr. Jairing's while; nor is it, indeed, a style of business Mr. Jairing

wishes." Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Grazinglands passed out of Jairing's hotel for Families and Gentlemen, in a state of the greatest depression, scorned by the bar; and did not recover their self-respect for several days.

Or take another case. Take your own case.

You are going off by railway, from any Terminus. You have twenty minutes for dinner, before you go. You want your dinner, and, like Doctor Johnson, sir, you like to dine. You present to your mind, a picture of the refreshment-table at that terminus. The conventional shabby evening party supper—accepted as the model for all termini and all refreshment stations, because it is the last repast known to this state of existence of which any human creature would partake, but in the direst extremity—sickens your contemplation, and your words are these: "I cannot dine on stale sponge-cakes that turn to sand in the mouth. I cannot dine on shining brown patties, composed of unknown animals within, and offering to my view the device of an indigestible star-fish in leaden pie-crust without. I cannot dine on a sandwich that has long been pining under an exhausted receiver. I cannot dine on barley-sugar. I cannot dine on Toffee." You repair to the nearest hotel, and arrive, agitated, in the coffee-room.

It is a most astonishing fact that the waiter is very cold to you. Account for it how you may, smooth it over how you will, you cannot deny that he is cold to you. He is not glad to see you, he does not want you, he would much rather you hadn't come. He opposes to your flushed condition, an immovable composure. As if this were not enough, another waiter, born, as it would seem, expressly to look at you in this passage of your life, stands at a little distance, with his napkin under his arm and his hands folded, looking at you with all his might. You impress on your waiter that you have ten minutes for dinner, and he proposes that you shall begin with a bit of fish which will be ready in twenty. That proposal declined, he suggests—as a neat originality—"a veal or mutton cutlet." You close with either cutlet, any cutlet, any thing. He goes, leisurely, behind a door and calls down some unseen shaft. A ventriloquial dialogue ensues, tending finally to the effect that veal only, is available on the spur of the moment. You anxiously call out, "Veal then!" Your waiter, having settled that point, returns to array your tablecloth, with a table napkin folded cocked-hat-wise (slowly, for something out of window engages his eye), a white wine-glass, a green wine-glass, a blue finger-glass, a tumbler, and a powerful field battery of fourteen castors with nothing in them; or at all events—which is enough for your purpose—with nothing in them that will come out. All this time, the other waiter looks at you—with an air of mental comparison and curiosity, now, as if it had occurred to him that you are rather like his brother. Half your time gone, and nothing come but the jug of ale and the bread, you implore your waiter to "see after

that cutlet, waiter; pray do!" He cannot go at once, for he is carrying in seventeen pounds of American cheese for you to finish with, and a small Landed Estate of celery and watercress. The other waiter changes his leg, and takes a new view of you—doubtfully, now, as if he had rejected the resemblance to his brother, and had begun to think you more like his aunt or his grandmother. Again you beseech your waiter with pathetic indignation, to "see after that cutlet!" He steps out to see after it, and by-and-by, when you are going away without it, comes back with it. Even then, he will not take the sham silver-cover off, without a pause for a flourish, and a look at the musty cutlet as if he were surprised to see it—which cannot possibly be the case, he must have seen it so often before. A sort of fur has been produced upon its surface by the cook's art, and, in a sham silver vessel staggering on two feet instead of three, is a cutaneous kind of sauce, of brown pimples and pickled cucumber. You order the bill, but your waiter cannot bring your bill yet, because he is bringing, instead, three flinty-hearted potatoes and two grim head of brocoli, like the occasional ornaments on area railings, badly boiled. You know that you will never come to this pass, any more than to the cheese and celery, and you imperatively demand your bill; but it takes time to get, even when gone for, because your waiter has to communicate with a lady who lives behind a sash-window in a corner, and who appears to have to refer to several Ledgers before she can make it out—as if you had been staying there a year. You become distracted to get away, and the other waiter, once more changing his leg, still looks at you—but suspiciously, now, as if you had begun to remind him of the party who took the great-coats last winter. Your bill at last brought and paid, at the rate of sixpence a mouthful, your waiter reproachfully reminds you that "attendance is not charged for a single meal," and you have to search in all your pockets for sixpence more. He has a worse opinion of you than ever, when you have given it to him, and lets you out into the street with the air of one saying to himself, as you cannot doubt he is, "I hope we shall never see *you* here again!"

Or, take any other of the numerous travelling instances in which, with more time at your disposal, you are, have been, or may be, equally ill served. Take the old-established Bull's Head with its old-established knife-boxes on its old-established sideboards, its old-established flue under its old-established four-post bedsteads in its old-established airless rooms, its old-established frouziness up-stairs and down stairs, its old-established cookery, and its old-established principles of plunder. Count up your injuries, in its side-dishes of ailing sweetbreads in white poultices, of apothecaries' powders in rice for curry, of pale stewed bits of calf ineffectually relying for an adventitious interest on force-meat balls. You have had experience of the old-established Bull's Head's stringy fowls, with

lower extremities like wooden legs, sticking up out of the dish; of its cannibalistic boiled mutton, gushing horribly among its capers, when carved; of its little dishes of pastry—roofs of spermaceti ointment, erected over half an apple or four gooseberries. Well for you if you have yet forgotten the old-established Bull's Head's fruity port: whose reputation was gained solely by the old-established price the Bull's Head put upon it, and by the old-established air with which the Bull's Head set the glasses and D'Oyleys on, and held that Liquid Gout to the three-and-sixpenny wax-candle, as if its old-established colour hadn't come from the dyer's.

Or lastly, take to finish with, two cases that we all know, every day.

We all know the new hotel near the station, where it is always gusty, going up the lane which is always muddy, where we are sure to arrive at night, and where we make the gas start awfully when we open the front door. We all know the flooring of the passages and staircases that is too new, and the walls that are too new, and the house that is haunted by the ghost of mortar. We all know the doors that have cracked, and the cracked shutters through which we get a glimpse of the disconsolate moon. We all know the new people who have come to keep the new hotel, and who wish they had never come, and who (inevitable result) wish *we* had never come. We all know how much too scant and smooth and bright the new furniture is, and how it has never settled down, and cannot fit itself into right places, and will get into wrong places. We all know how the gas, being lighted, shows maps of Damp upon the walls. We all know how the ghost of mortar passes into our sandwich, stirs our negus, goes up to bed with us, ascends the pale bedroom chimney, and prevents the smoke from following. We all know how a leg of our chair comes off, at breakfast in the morning, and how the dejected waiter attributes the accident to a general greenness pervading the establishment, and informs us, in reply to a local inquiry, that he is thankful to say he is an entire stranger in that part of the country, and is going back to his own connexion on Saturday.

We all know, on the other hand, the great station hotel belonging to the company of proprietors, which has suddenly sprung up in the back outskirts of any place we like to name, and where we look out of our palatial windows, at little back yards and gardens, old summer-houses, fowl-houses, pigeon-traps, and pigsties. We all know this hotel in which we can get anything we want, after its kind, for money; but where nobody is glad to see us, or sorry to see us, or minds (our bill paid) whether we come, or go, or how, or when, or why, or cares about us. We all know this hotel, where we have no individuality, but put ourselves into the general post, as it were, and are sorted and disposed of according to our division. We all know that we can get on very well indeed at such a place, but still not perfectly well; and this may be, because the place is largely wholesale, and there is

a lingering personal retail interest within us that asks to be satisfied.

To sum up. My uncommercial travelling has not yet brought me to the conclusion that we are close to perfection in these matters. And just as I do not believe that the end of the world will ever be near at hand, so long as any of the very tiresome and arrogant people who constantly predict that catastrophe are left in it, so, I shall have small faith in the Hotel Millennium, while any of the uncomfortable superstitions I have glanced at, remain in existence.

### ODD FISH.

MUTE as a fish, is not a true proverb all the world over, and fish out of water is not all the world over the same image of gasping helplessness. The perch we know to be a hardy fish; he swims near the surface, leaps into the air for flies, and can be carried without hurt in damp grass from pond to pond. But how shall the European notion of a hardy perch cover the marvellous performance of some of the perches of the East! Aristotle's pupil, Theophrastus, after treating of a fish called *Exocætus*, that was in the habit of coming ashore to sleep, proceeded to tell of the small fishes that leave rivers of India to wander like frogs on the land, and of others found near Babylon, which, when the streams fail, leave their dry beds and travel off in search of food, "moving themselves along by means of their fins and their tails."

Yarrell relates that eels kept in a garden, when the time came at which they should go to the sea to spawn, left their pond, and were invariably found moving eastward, in the direction of the sea. Anglers observe also that fish newly caught, when placed out of sight of water, always struggle towards it in their efforts to escape. In Kirby's *Bridgewater Treatise* we read of a migratory fish, called *Swampine*, numerous in the fresh waters of Carolina, and in ponds liable to become dry in summer. When caught and placed on the ground, the *Swampines* always directed themselves towards the nearest water, though they could not see it. The *Doras* of Guiana have been caught upon their pilgrimage over dry land in search of water in such numerous companies that negroes have filled baskets with them. *Pallegoix* tells of three kinds of fish which traverse the damp grass in Siam; and Sir John Bowring says that in ascending and descending the river Meinam to Bangkok, he was amused with the sight of fishes which, leaving the river, glided over the wet banks, and disappeared amongst the trees of the jungle.

The fishes who possess this power, generally have the pharyngeal bones which are at the back of the mouth about the gullet, disposed in a labyrinth of plates and cells, whereby moisture is retained for a long time, to exude slowly and keep the gills damp. The fullest account of the walking fish, as well as of the singing fish, to which we shall pay some attention presently,

is given by Sir Emerson Tennent, in his work on Ceylon. Upon that excellent work, therefore, we draw again for information.

The most famous walker among fishes of Ceylon is a perch, closely related to the climbing perch of the zoologists, called by the Singhalese, *Kavaya*. It is about half a foot long, with a round, scaly head, and strongly-toothed edges to its gill-covers. Helped by the moist labyrinth in its gullet-bones, this little fellow boldly leaves his pool, choosing to travel by night, or in the early morning while the grass is damp with dew; but sometimes he is to be met with, in case of urgent necessity, travelling even along a hot and dusty gravel road under the mid-day sun.

In all these travelling fishes, the bony column of the spine is said to be remarkably large. They are not, in Ceylon, perch alone. They were chub that Mr. Morris, government agent of Trincomalee, saw, on the falling of a heavy shower, after the dry season, struggle up through the grass in the rills formed by the trickling of the rain. There was hardly water enough to cover them, nevertheless they made rapid progress up the slope of a knoll that was surmounted by a tank. A pelican had lost no time in taking up her position by the pool, into which fish were swarming, and two bushels of them were collected by the followers of Mr. Morris. The same gentleman tells how, when the tanks shrink into little pools, the fish are to be seen crowding by thousands in the gruelly blue mud, and how, when the drying up advances, and the surface fish are left uncovered, they crawl away in search of water. "In one place," he says, "I saw hundreds diverging in every direction from the tank they had just abandoned, to a distance of fifty or sixty yards, and still travelling onwards. In going this distance, however, they must have used muscular exertion sufficient to have taken them half a mile on level ground, for at these places all the cattle and wild animals of the neighbourhood had latterly come to drink, so that the surface was everywhere indented with footmarks, in addition to the cracks in the surrounding baked mud, into which the fish tumbled in their progress. In these holes, which were deep, and the sides perpendicular, they remained to die, and were carried off by kites and crows." They are these fishes, or others very like them, who descend into the wet mud of drying pools, and, when it is hard-baked, lie torpid until the rains bring a return of water: a strange habit, which we have already described in speaking generally of the animal life of Ceylon. Whether the walking fishes of Ceylon deserve also the name of climbing perch, is doubtful. Beyond the up-hill work to which we have referred, there is no evidence of their possession of a climbing power, except in the fact that at a Singhalese fishing station the staked enclosures for the stoppage of fish were found to be covered with netting, and the purpose of this being asked, it was answered "that some of the fish climbed up the sticks and got over."

On the Ganges, the fish called the climbing perch is remarkable for its tenacity of life. The Ganges boatmen have been known to keep him for five or six days in an earthen pot without water, and, when taking him out for use, they find him as lively and fresh as when caught. Two Danish naturalists, living at Tranquebar, testify that they have seen this fish ascend trees on the coast of Coromandel. Daldorf, who was lieutenant in the Danish East India Company's service, informed Sir Joseph Banks that in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-one he had taken the fish from a moist hollow in the stem of a Palmyra palm that grew near to a lake. He saw him when already five feet from the ground struggling to get still higher; hanging by his toothed gill-covers, bending his tail to the left, fixing his tail fin in the clefts of the bark, and then, by stretching out the body, urging his way up. Why he went up the tree, when there was a whole lake of water at its base, he had no voice to tell, and no man has wit to discover. Nevertheless, even a thousand years ago, the compiler of *The Travels of Two Mahomedans*, says that he was told by Suleyman, who visited India in the ninth century, of a fish which leaving the water climbed cocoa-nut palms to drink their sap, and then returned into the sea.

Of the singing fish, to whose performances we now give ear, Sir Emerson says that on visiting Batticaloa, in September, 1848, he made some inquiries about musical sounds, said to be heard issuing from the bottom of the lake at several places, both above and below the ferry opposite the old Dutch fort, and supposed by the natives to come from a fish. The story was confirmed, and one of the spots whence the sounds proceeded was pointed out between the pier and a certain rock which intersects the channel. They were said to be heard at night, and most distinctly when the moon was nearest the full; and they were said to resemble the faint, sweet notes of an Æolian harp. Here was a romantic creature! Fishermen were sent for, who said that their fathers before them had known of the music that came from that spot. It only came during the dry season, and ceased when the lake was swollen by the freshes after the rain. They believed the voice to proceed from a shell, known by a Taniel name that means the "crying shell," and being sent in search of such a shell, returned with living specimens of different shells, chiefly *Littorina lævis* and *Cerithium palustre*.

In the evening, when the moon had risen, Sir Emerson took a boat and accompanied the fishermen to the spot pointed out. They rowed about two hundred yards north-east of the jetty by the fort gate; there was not a breath of wind nor a ripple, except that caused by the dip of their oars; and on coming to the point mentioned, our countryman distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, the sweetest treble mingling

with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat, the volume of vibration was increased. The sounds varied considerably at different points on the surface of the lake, as if the animals from which they proceeded were more numerous in particular spots; and occasionally the boat rowed out of hearing of them altogether, but on returning to the old place the old sounds were again heard. There could be no doubt, therefore, that the concert of fishes was assembled at a fixed spot under water.

### THE DEMON OF HOMBURG.

IN England, the chief gamblers by profession are considered highly respectable people; the country is proud of them, and they sit amongst our lawgivers. The Stock Exchange is their gambling-house. Nevertheless, we should think it highly improper if the English Government established open gambling-houses for its own advantage. Some of the continental governments, while they prohibit hazard play, not only have their state lotteries carried on under the direct management of governmental officers, but also sanction and protect true gambling dens. In German watering-places, these establishments are licensed by the states, to whom they pay a heavy tax. Yet they are all in countries where a game of hazard is prohibited by the laws. The chief of these places are Baden-Baden, Ems, Homburg, Kissingen, Kœthen, Pyrmont, Wiesbaden, Wilhelmsbad, &c. The governments of these places are so perfectly conscious of the ruin caused by such establishments, that their own subjects are not permitted to make use of them. In Homburg, the law even forbids the inhabitants to live intimately with gamblers and visitors! Trespassers are fined from thirty to one hundred and fifty florins. Thus the gambling dens fairly replace the old robbers' haunts of which the ruins ornament the borders of the Rhine. The German lords, whose ancestors once lived in such frowning castles, have not lost their taste for plundering unwary travellers; only, instead of committing robberies themselves by open force, they sell to professional sharpers the sole right of plunder, thus degrading themselves to become accomplices of greedy rogues. As an excuse for the licensing of gambling-tables, they say that their watering-places could not exist without them; but many Austrian spas are quite as prosperous as any of the places we have named, though not disgraced by any gambling.

The English are great travellers; and perhaps more than other people glad to bet; they are considered very good prey by these thieves, although of late Americans and Russians have been honoured equally as willing victims. How are they dealt with—in Bad Homburg, for example, which is now the foulest plague-spot in all Germany?

The Landgraviat of Hesse-Homburg, with about six thousand inhabitants, is at the foot of



the Taunus mountains, and not far from Frankfort. The capital is Homburg vor der Hoehe (before the hills), so called to distinguish it from other places of the same name. Some twenty years ago this little town was scarcely known to any but its neighbours. Those of its inhabitants who were not employed in the service of the government or of the household of the prince, lived either by farming or by the alms which the Landgraveine distributed. She was a sister of our King George IV., who lived here in great splendour on an allowance which the Homburgs thought very extravagant. Her rooms were lighted up every night by numerous wax candles, of which the remainders were burnt in almost every house in Homburg to the despair of the only chandler, who had his prospects in life darkened by her highness's illuminations. Her end, however, and that of the income she spent, was severely felt by the country, and, yet more, by her husband the Landgrave, whose revenue was not equal to his dignity, and who found it prudent to enter as a general the Austrian army. Having lost his country by Napoleon I., and always taken part with the allies, he managed, at the Congress of Vienna, to get a considerable addition to his territory in the county of Meisenheim, with ten thousand inhabitants. He was, however, only the prince of the country, not its owner, and his revenue was not much increased.

Paris was formerly the Paradise of gamblers. Louis Philippe closed the gambling-houses and expelled their tenants from France. Most of them went to Germany, many of them to Frankfort; but they could not prosper there till the arrival of two brothers Blané, who had been gamblers on 'Change in France, which they had good reason for quitting. At Frankfort they met with two master gamblers and a staff of French croupiers, and then they conceived the idea of establishing a special gambling-place.

Everywhere in the Taunus mountain mineral springs are to be found. Homburg has them also, and some other favourable circumstances led the brothers Blané to select this little innocent town for the seat of their projected gambling hell. They had made the acquaintance of an old friend of the Landgrave of Homburg and an old rich and unprincipled baroness. By these helpers, the transactions with the Homburg Government and the Landgrave were contrived, and at last the prince was induced to grant an audience to our adventurers. A mason, working near the open window of the room where the Landgrave received them, was an unseen witness of the rather curious conversation, and through him the particulars transpired; so, at least, it is said in Homburg. We have only to do with the result. The prince resisted for some time the shameful proposition, but having a small income, he at last consented, and a document was signed by which the brothers Blané were invested with all the exclusive rights they sought.

Experience of Wiesbaden and Baden had proved that this sort of business is very profit-

able. There was no want, therefore, of capital; many, indeed, regretted that the company was limited. In an astonishingly short time there rose before the eyes of the wondering Homburgians a temple of vice, grander than any of their churches. This happened three-and-twenty years ago. The greater part of the inhabitants of the place, dazzled by the prospects of trade pointed out to them, lent themselves to the scheme, and sided for once with their paternal prince. The modest houses of the simple farmers and peasants have vanished, and where they stood palaces have been erected ready to accommodate the rich fools of all nations. The swine which mingled freely with the rustics in the street have been changed into ladies and gentlemen. The Haymarket in the evening, among Londoners, is but a pale reflexion of the aspect of the streets of Homburg during the whole summer, and a part even of winter.

How has the ascendancy of Homburg been secured? Simply by advertising in the papers of Europe and America, and chiefly because of the following little clause in the advertisements: "The game of Trente et Quarante is played with a Quart de Refait, and the Roulette with a Single Zero, which arrangement offers to the players at Trente et Quarante seventy-five per cent more advantage than any other bank, and at Roulette fifty per cent." In other words, the bank of Homburg cheats the gambling public fifty per cent less than those at the other Rhemish watering-places. The ruin of the gambler, who is attracted by this promise, is in Homburg only more protracted, although quite as certain as elsewhere. Yet, the whole gambling world went almost crazy over it. Even old professional gamblers, who supposed they understood trente et quarante and roulette, predicted speedy ruin to the foolish bankers; particularly in face of the unheard-of splendour of the buildings they erected. It was the almost general belief that these advantages would and must be soon revoked, and all the gamblers rushed to Homburg to make hay while such a sun as this was shining. But the result proved that, notwithstanding the immense sums spent in buildings and the laying out of grounds, high wages paid to their obliging prince, and expenses amounting to about one hundred pounds a day, the undertakers did not become bankrupt, but paid to the shareholders a dividend of not less than forty per cent.

An alley of orange-trees—each costing about forty pounds—leads across the park to the famed palace of play. Through a noble portico the victim enters the hall, where he is received by liveried footmen ready to take charge of his hat, stick, and overcoat. It is advisable to use their services, for a good hat or coat left anywhere in the saloons might prove too irresistible a temptation to one of the numberless marquises, counts, and barons prowling hereabout. In front of us, as we enter, is a splendid ball-room; but we turn to the left, and then to the right, straight on: that is the way to the devil's sanctuary. We find a splendid hall longer than it is wide,

and are almost dazzled by the glaring splendour of it. From the ceiling, adorned with pictures, hang dark bronze chandeliers bearing numberless lights, multiplied again and again by the magnificent looking-glasses placed at each end of the gorgeous chamber. A long range of high windows, separated from each other by splendid marble columns, open to a view on the park. All the curtains, draperies, and furniture are of dark red velvet. And there is a little too much gilding, as one might expect.

In the middle of this hall are placed two oblong tables, with a space of fifteen yards between them, both covered with green cloth: one of them is the roulette, the other the trente-et-un table. Let nobody think of a gambling-table as a board surrounded by men in despair. During thirty years' acquaintance with the German gaming haunts, I have not witnessed one violent scene, nor heard even a shriek. What I have seen, has, with a few trifling exceptions, been much more ludicrous than tragical. There do occur shocking catastrophes; but very rarely in the gambling-house itself. The agents of the Spielpächter keep a sharp eye on all desperate people likely to be inconsiderate enough to injure the reputation of the bank by publicly expressing their despair.

The tables are densely crowded by people of both sexes who have the outward appearance of fine ladies and gentlemen. It is true that many of them look pale and worn, but we are at a watering-place to which visitors are supposed to come chiefly for the recruiting of their health. Some have an ugly roguish look, but we know many honest gentlemen afflicted with the same. Some are flushed, but the room is warm, and nobody can help feeling a little excited by a mere following of the chances of the game. Most of the people we observe are smiling, or appear indifferent, and the handsome ladies are coquetting. The highest aim of our education is with many to be able to conceal the passions working in us. It requires a tolerably high talent for observation to be able to look through this curtain of assumed indifference, and get at the agitated minds of these unhappy fools.

In the centre of the table before the four croupiers, facing each other, are piled up small paper rolls of gold, and heaps of gold and silver. The whole tableau is spread with gold and silver, the stakes of the punters. As many of them as have room sit at the table; these are generally the old players, and their game is best worth following. Many of these have before them little printed tickets, upon which they mark with a pin after each coup whether it was red or black. It is a foolish amusement, held to be important as a means of finding out the system upon which accident works in this game, in order to form certain rules for the direction of the speculator. The only sure system of winning is that followed by the bank.

There is no loud talking in this hall, people speak with each other in whispers. There is the stillness of a church with the air of a ball-room. Only the priests of this unhallowed

temple dare to speak aloud, and the ivory ball is to be heard turning in the disk, until it clicks against some metal points in it before falling into its rest. The monotonous "*Faites votre jeu*" (Make your game), "*Rien ne va plus*" (No stake admitted now), "*Trente-deux; noir; pair et passe*," is repeated from morning to night; even the money falls without noise on the green cloth when dexterously thrown to a winner by one of the croupiers.

These croupiers are all alike. They have a tired, hang-dog expression. They are paid either by the day or the year. Those who attend to the roulette received, when the house opened in Homburg, one hundred and twenty pounds a year, and at the trente-et-un, one hundred and sixty pounds. After 1848 their pay was raised to two hundred and two hundred and fifty pounds. Most of them are ruined gamblers; or persons unable to get on in the world, who become hardened to the disgrace of their new calling. They are despised and even hated by the gamblers. Their position as regards the public is that of a player's servant in old times, whose very touch was a pollution. Their masters of course do not trust them more than they can help; they watch them closely, and set over them other rogues as spies. In spite of this vigilance many of these fellows manage to rob the robber. One of them was in the habit of taking a pinch of snuff after each coup, from a snuff-box which was standing before him. At the bottom of the box was some adhesive stuff, so that as often as its owner put it down upon a single or double louis d'or, this was secured. Another wore very high and stiff collars, that one cannot help touching very often if they do not fit exactly. Nobody thought anything about the old croupier's frequent jerking at his uncomfortable collars. At each jerk, however, he contrived to slip behind his high collar a gold piece, which slid down into a belt worn by him over the shirt.

One of the croupiers occasioned a great deal of confusion by counterfeiting the gold rolls used at the bank. He covered a round stick of lead, and sealed it with the signet of the bank, of which he had taken an impression. Since that time the gold rolls are ripped open in the middle to expose the gold inside.

These croupiers form, however, only an inferior part of the staff of the bank; most of them come from Paris. Everybody knows them as servants of the banker, and distrusts them. The more important servants are not recognised so easily. They are to be found not only in Homburg. We may meet them in the saloons and clubs in Paris, London, Vienna, Petersburg, and at other places, where the rich and the idle congregate. They are the pensioners of the bank, paid either by the year or by a share in any plunder obtained by their means. Most of them are ruined gamblers, or other adventurers of either sex. A genteel air is their necessary qualification. In Homburg particularly it is well to distrust fine and amiable gentlemen, and all the more for their high-sounding names

or ribbons in their button-holes. Amongst them are many ruined barons and dismissed military officers, well connected and unsuspected. The female staff is yet more dangerous for foolish men. It includes the most respectable-looking old ladies, having their liveried footmen in attendance, riding, perhaps, in emblazoned carriages. It includes young bewitching widows, of course marchionesses, countesses, or baronesses, with names beginning with Saint, probably because most of them come from the neighbourhood of Notre-Dame de Lorette in Paris. You meet them in all the hotels, and at the promenades, their fresh toilettes exciting the admiration of many a real lady. Some of them have husbands with them at whose appearance one cannot help wondering. They look as if not at home in their clothes. Their hands are not over clean, and a man of the world suspects at once the brilliant rings upon their vulgar fingers. They are, however, rarely seen with their more elegant wives, and keep carefully out of the way if these are in gay company. Many of those ladies may be seen at the gambling-table, piles of gold before them, and playing eagerly. The gold belongs to the bank, and that fellow sitting upon a high stool behind the croupiers of the middle keeps a sharp eye upon their fingers through his tortoiseshell-mounted spectacles. They are decoy-ducks, of course, and they catch many geese.

There are many degrees in this service of the bank. Some of its servants are employed only as spies. It is their business to watch comrades, and to get true information as to the money and the whereabouts of casual visitors to Homburg. Amongst them are hotel-keepers, waiters, commissioners, &c., who have themselves an interest in the same matters.

Since the establishment of the bank the Landgrave gave up his position as lord of the place. The banker is more prince in Homburg than the prince himself. An officer of the state with a hundred pounds of pay is already one of a high rank, and there is, probably, no one employed by the government in Homburg who can boast of a salary of three hundred pounds a year. Before the shameful transformation of the town a family might live in Homburg decently on fifty pounds a year, as it is still the case in many other parts of Germany; but now the place has become more expensive, and the government servants must look out for an addition to their income. Most of them let lodgings; but not all have houses, and they soon find that it is their interest to stick to the bank. The consequence is obvious. Formerly it was the fashion of the subjects to change even their religion when the prince did, and we must not wonder too much if the Homburgians now follow the lead of the Landgrave. It is said that the police is more in the service and pay of the bank than in that of the prince or country, and that it is the same with all the tribunals. Facts seem to prove it. We think high treason against the prince would find in Homburg more merciful judges than any acts or

even words against the bank. If all was right, the bank and not the Landgrave ought to be represented at the Frankfort diet.

The police in Homburg are the most tolerant in the world to those who have money, or at least do not molest the bank by word or deed. Nobody asks for a passport, and the visitor may assume any name or title he may fancy. A fraudulent bankrupt is there safer than in America; the police will shield and protect him as long as there is a louis d'or in his pocket.

Another set of servants of the bank consists of the professors of gaming. Some of these are genuine enthusiasts, shabby and careworn, who believe that there exists some law by which chance is regulated, which, if they once discover it, ensures their winning ever after. Each of them has his system, which he holds to be infallible, but which it requires considerable sums to carry out. There is undeniable truth in most of these systems, for almost all of them are founded on the fact that the colours red and black must change. If I, therefore, lose money on one of them, and double always until it appears, I must win. This is clear, and the bank knows it, of course, perfectly well. But it does not intend to lose, and for this reason the amount of the stakes is limited. That to be put on a single chance—as, for instance, red or black—must not much exceed three hundred pounds. The lowest stake at the roulette is one florin, and at rouge et noir three shillings. The importance of this maximum will be shown by an example. If I stake one florin on red, and double always when losing, my stake will have increased at the eleventh appearance of black to an amount at which I am not permitted to double again. Forced to submit to the laws of the bank, I lose a hundred and thirty florins, even in the case of winning. But if black appears for the twelfth or thirteenth time, as it occurs on the average every ten days, I am a loser of more than seven thousand florins. By following such a system money may be won for several days; but the player once caught cannot recover his losses. Whoever adheres long to such a system will be ruined. This the bank knows, and it patronises, therefore, such professors with the utmost tenderness, taking the cleverest of them into its service. They are sent abroad, and fitted out by the bankers with means to appear as fishermen in good society. Many, however, of these professors are the bitterest enemies of the bank, infatuated believers in their own systems. They have them ready made for small, middling, and large capitals, and are contented with a certain share in the gain made by any who apply to them. The client will, perhaps, win for a week or longer, and rejoice; but the day comes surely when the system fails.

Sometimes large sums are won by punters. This accident, by strengthening the faith of the credulous, only draws more custom and profit to the bank. It is therefore the duty of the servants of the bank to invent stories about persons who have become rich by gambling at the

bank. One case was, however, not invented; it occurred in the year 1859, and in that year the shareholders got only a dividend of thirty per cent, instead of forty. The fortunate man was one of the Bonaparte princes. He came to Homburg when assisting at a scientific meeting in Wiesbaden. He lost, at trente-et-un, about twenty thousand francs: when, leaving the saloon, he felt in his pocket three twenty-franc pieces, and put them à cheval on three different chances on the roulette. In an hour's time he was the winner of thirty thousand francs, and went to breakfast with his adjutant. Before sitting down, the adjutant said to the prince, "I am certain you will lose all again before evening." The prince offered a bet of one thousand francs that he would win eight thousand francs before his friend finished his cutlet. It was accepted. The prince returned to the trente-et-un, and asked one of the croupiers, jokingly, "Well, which will it be, red or black?" "Well, red or—" "Right, you said red," replied the prince, and staked eight thousand francs upon the colour. He won the stake and his bet. In the evening the prince won sixty thousand francs. The next day he was following his run of good luck. The whole neighbourhood was in the greatest agitation, for there never had been such a run of luck before. The prince came off a winner of seven hundred thousand francs, and left when the bank thought it wise to reduce the maximum by half. Out of his winnings he released four Frenchmen from prison and paid their debts; he gave twenty thousand francs to the poor in Homburg, and took with him twenty thousand pounds. General Haynau won also one hundred thousand florins.

Such exceptional cases do a good deal of mischief. Sometimes the bank thinks it wise to get rid of a too lucky fellow. He is, before he knows how it was brought about, entangled in a quarrel in the saloon, and on that account denied future admission. Or the quarrel occurs outside, with one of the bullies of the bank, and a duel is the result, or the police orders the troublesome stranger to leave Homburg to prevent a duel.

Among the noticeable visitors to Homburg there has been an old French marquis, with one of his yellow skeleton hands always under the table, and the other too, as often as he could spare it. In this one hand he held a leaden image of some saint, which he was eagerly caressing with the other as long as the ivory ball was running, or the cards dealing, or after a good hit. There was an old Russian princess resident in the place who, playing constantly and at random, left the bank its regular advantage of the zeros in an average loss to it of half her income, that is to say, of five-and-twenty pounds a day. There was a ruined major, who had gambled away four estates, praying piously for luck, and denying to no beggar a kreutzer, lest the want of charity might lead to the Divine confounding of his game. There was again a lady, once lady of honour to the Queen

of France, who, when retiring from her place, took lodgings in a fashionable hotel of Homburg. She kept a carriage and several servants, and was reported rich by the spies of the bank. She was compelled to part with her carriage at the end of the first year; after the second year she must part even with her chambermaid, and remove to a less expensive hotel. However, she did not part with her habit of gambling. After another half-year all her resources were exhausted, and nothing left but a pension of eight pounds, which she received regularly from Paris on the first day of each month.

This poor old lady was perfectly aware of her folly, but she could neither desist from playing nor decide to leave the place. When reduced to her pension, she took a wretched room, containing but a bed, a table, a chest of drawers, four straw-bottomed chairs, and a looking-glass, and agreed with her landlord to pay him in advance fifty francs every month for lodging, board, and a daily half-chopine of spirits. The remaining one hundred and fifty francs were reserved for the gambling-table. On the second day of the month she took her place there, and began punting with florin-pieces. Her pleasure lasted generally four or five days. When the last florin had been taken in by the raker, she was shut up in her room, playing patience with cards and drinking her allowance of spirits. She associated with nobody, and never spoke about the play.

Commercial travellers here gamble away the money of their firms; clerks rob their masters to try their good luck at the bank; officers lose the funds confided to their care; and it is said that the bank was the cause of several deficits in the treasury of the German Confederation in Frankfort. Farmers and peasants, attracted by the hope to gain a few florins without trouble, lose what they have earned by hard work during years.

Suicides are numerous, although the bankers do all they can either to prevent such cases or to conceal them when occurring. Having ascertained by their spies that some poor fellow is desperate, they give him the means to pay his bill, if not too heavy, and to carry away his despair to any other place. When these spies find a poor wretch hanging in the park, the body is removed by their friends in the police, and the incident kept secret as much as possible. If there are witnesses, money is placed in the pockets of the suicide, in order to prove that he did not kill himself in consequence of gambling, although it may indeed look suspicious enough to find a thousand-franc note in the pocket of a man who has just pawned his watch for a few florins. Very often, even the inhabitants of the little town are not able to ascertain the circumstances attending such a case, and the papers do not publish them.

A person in Homburg had not only lost his fortune and place, but also funds trusted to him. He resolved to enter the saloon of the bank with two loaded pistols in his pocket. As soon as he had lost his last florin he intended to kill with one pistol the "chef de partie," and with the

other blow out his own brains. He communicated this intention to a gentleman almost as poor as himself, who advised him to threaten the administration of the gambling bank with his intention. The young man tried the experiment, and it answered; he did not receive the four hundred florins asked for, but at least three hundred and fifty.

A poor young man from Berlin shot himself behind the Kurhaus. A Homburg demon, who was sitting at his wine after the play had finished for the day, heard the report, and said, "Again some one pops off without taking post-horses."

### MORE VERY COMMON LAW.

Now as to the law of domestics. To speak again in general terms, a hiring is a hiring for a year, but (as Mr. Blank is probably aware) in the case of domestic servants the law construes a hiring to be determinable by payment of a month's wage, or the giving of a month's warning.

Assuming Mr. Blank's information upon this point, however, we are still at liberty to doubt his ability to define who in the eye of the law is a domestic servant liable to dismissal at a month's notice, and who a servant only to be discharged at the expiration of a year's service. It is quite possible that he may consider his governess, for example, to be a domestic servant liable to the former contingency. The law, however, is of a different opinion. "The position which a governess holds," said Chief Baron Pollock, in giving his judgment upon this question, "the station she occupies in a family, and the manner in which such a person is usually treated in society, certainly place her in a very different position from that which mere menial and domestic servants hold. So far, therefore," continued the learned baron—it may be with a touch of irony—"so far as the question is to be treated as a matter of *law*, a governess does not fall within that rule."

Neither, whatever might be Mr. Blank's opinion to the contrary, does a clerk come within the category of a domestic servant. On the other hand, however, as appears from the following reported case, a gardener was adjudged to be a menial servant and treated accordingly. The gardener referred to entered into a gentleman's service as head gardener. On engaging him, his employer inquired "What wages am I to give you?" and received for answer, "I shall not come from Kew without one hundred pounds." This having been agreed to, nothing further was said as to notice, and the florist occupied a house in the grounds, took apprentices, and had five gardeners under him. Not giving satisfaction, however, his master gave him a month's warning, and the courts subsequently confirmed the proceeding, thus treating him as a menial servant.

As a matter of course, this question of dismissal may be materially influenced by the fact of a servant grossly misconducting himself.

Under such circumstances, the master is always at liberty to dismiss the servant, and, moreover, without burdening him with any wage due subsequent to the last day of payment.

It has been decided that if a master has a good ground of dismissal against his servant, and afterwards discharges him for an insufficient cause, the servant cannot object that the offence for which he ostensibly loses his situation is not of sufficient gravity to warrant such a proceeding. As Lord Denman has it, "It is not necessary that a master, having a good ground of dismissal, should either state it to the servant or act upon it. It is sufficient if it exist, and there be improper conduct in fact."

To come to a more particular definition of the offences which will justify Mr. Blank in discharging his servant, we may mention wilful disobedience of orders, moral misconduct, or habitual neglect, with a convenient et cetera, upon which some little light may be thrown by the following cases:

A clerk asserted a claim to be his master's partner, which piece of presumption his master did not agree to. The claim was made in good faith and respectful language, but it resulted in the ambitious clerk's dismissal, and the court confirmed the proceeding.

In giving judgment, Mr. Justice Littledale says, "The plaintiff (the clerk) disclaimed being a servant. If the defendant (the master) had suffered him to go on in the employment after that, the nature of his situation might have been doubtful to those who dealt at the house, and there might have been evidence for a jury that the clerk was really a partner."

Again: the fact of one servant assisting another to leave his master's service, and take ship to America, was held sufficient ground for dismissal.

There is another case, also, in which a clerk who had charge of the minute-books of a company, and being requested to enter a minute of his own dismissal, supplemented a gratuitous protest in the margin of the book. This was deemed sufficient to put the matter of dismissal beyond question.

Occasionally the law is called upon to deal somewhat harshly when treating of this matter, as we may gather from the following leaf culled from the Reports:

A housemaid, hearing that her mother was dangerously ill, asked permission of her master to be absent for one night, in order to visit her. The master refused, but the housemaid, taking that permission which is usually styled French (Notes and Queries must tell us why), absented herself for that night and the following day. On her return the master dismissed her, whereupon she brought an action for wrongful dismissal. The court decided against her. We rather think the court deemed it a hard case, but considered that they had to deal with legal and not moral obligations. "We are to decide," said Baron Alderson, who was one of the judges in court, "according to the

legal rights of the parties. Where is a decision," he continued, "founded upon mere moral obligation, to stop? What degree of sickness, what measure of relationship is sufficient? It is the safest way, therefore," concluded the learned baron, "to adhere to the legal obligation arising out of the contract between the parties. There may, undoubtedly, be cases justifying a wilful disobedience of such an order, as when the servant apprehends danger to her life, or violence to her person from the master, or where from an infectious disorder raging in the house, she must go out for the preservation of her health; but the general rule is obedience, and wilful disobedience is a sufficient ground of dismissal."

This is rather strong language, but we may mention that another case, not alluded to by the learned baron, in which a servant may absent himself without permission from his master, is whilst looking out for another situation, or going to a public hiring to be hired.

So far dismissal. Let us parenthetically address one word on domestic matters, particularly to Mrs. Blank. Possibly that lady, in common with most householders, possesses a cat. We will suppose that the naturally destructive properties of that animal have reached a very aggravating height indeed; that, not content with a reasonable demolition of "willow pattern," the Sèvres china and the "best service" have not been exempt from the ravages of this domestic Moloch. What is the unwarrantable and unreasonable conclusion to which Mrs. B. is driven by this unpleasant illustration of natural history? First, that the cat and the housemaid are synonymous; and second, that it is her (Mrs. B.'s) legitimate right to inform the latter of her intention to deduct the value of the damaged crockery from her wages. Now, such a proceeding is illegal; in the absence of any express agreement to the contrary, Mrs. Blank must pay the delinquent housemaid her full wages, and recover the value of her demolished Sèvres by an action at law if she can. Lord Ellenborough, in a case where a servant brought an action against her master for wages, and this master wished to place the articles broken by the servant as a "set off," ruled that such a proceeding could not be allowed, and was not in accordance with the law.

As to the matter of medical attendance upon a servant, we may mention that a master is not bound to provide a doctor for a sick domestic. A reported case informs us that a maid-servant, who had met with an accident, called in a medical man without mentioning the matter to the master or mistress. The doctor having sent in his account to the master, was refused payment, and (an action at law being the result) it was held that the master was not liable.

Though exempt from payment of a doctor's bill, however, our illustrative Mr. Blank cannot turn away his servant on account of illness. "If a servant, retained for a year," says an old law-book, which has been quoted before the judges without disapprobation, "happen within the term of his service to fall sick

or be hurt, or disabled by the act of God, or in doing his master's business, yet the master must not, therefore, put such servant away, nor abate any part of his wages for such time." In speaking of the "characters" of servants—for attention must next be directed to that branch of our subject—we can state that a master is not legally bound to give a character to his servant at all. In the words of Lord Kenyon, "it may be a duty which the master's feelings prompt him to perform, but there is no law to enforce it." If he do give a character, however, he must take care that it be *bonâ fide*, otherwise he may become liable to the new master of the servant, and to the servant himself: to the one, for introducing an unfit person into his house; to the other, for taking away his livelihood.

A case is reported in which a master knowingly gave a false character to a servant. The servant having subsequently robbed his new master, was hanged, and the person who gave the false character was held liable to the master in an action for damages.

Happily for the lawyers, there is a "fine point" to be discovered in so simple a matter as a servant's character. It is this: if a master *with malice* give a false character to a servant, who is thus prevented from obtaining, or compelled to resign, a situation, the master becomes liable to the servant. If the character is given *bonâ fide* and without malice, it then is treated as a "privileged communication," upon which no action can be brought.

Moreover, should a master subsequently discover that the character which he had given of a servant late in his service was not deserved, it would be his duty to inform the new master of his discovery, and this would be a privileged communication.

The Reports furnishing us with a little domestic drama upon this point, we will quote it:

Dramatis personæ	{	Mr. & Mrs. S. (say Smith).
		Mrs. M. (say Merrylegs).
		Servants, &c.
		Gardiner, cook to Mr. & Mrs.
		S., and afterwards servant to Mrs. Merrylegs.

#### ACT I.

Cook being dissatisfied with her situation under Mr. and Mrs. Smith, hires herself to Mrs. Merrylegs. Mrs. M. requests a character. Mr. Smith (rashly, in the absence of Mrs. Smith, who is sick) furnishes a flourishing catalogue of the cook's qualifications, moral and culinary.

#### ACT II.

Mrs. Smith, convalescent, has occasion to write to Mrs. Merrylegs for the character of another servant, and in the course of her epistle says: "I wish to know whether your servant is economical, and manages well, and obeys her orders, not allowing the other servants to eat out of meal times, or help themselves. I mention this particularly, having discovered that I have been much imposed on in this way a short time ago."

Mrs. Merrylegs smells a rat.



## ACT III.

She determines upon a friendly visit to Mrs. Smith, and in that lady's own house to her thus loquitor: "Then you don't consider her (they were discussing the cook) honest?" — Mrs. Smith, loq.: "Honest? Certainly not. Indeed, I would call it very dishonest."

Conversation reported to Gardiner, the cook, who commences an action at law against Mrs. Smith.

## ACT IV.

Gardiner v. Smith.

## ACT V.

Subsequent letter from Mrs. Smith to Mrs. M., in which the latter reads, "You will remember I imputed no actual dishonesty to Gardiner, for of that I had no actual knowledge."

Held by court that conversation was privileged; consequent defeat of the cook.

A perusal of the police reports will have doubtless shown to most of our readers that to personate a master or mistress, and to furnish a servant with a forged character, are offences which render the person committing them liable to a penalty of twenty pounds, or, failing the payment of that sum, to imprisonment for not less than one or more than three months, with hard labour.

Mr. Blank (to return to that gentleman) is liable for such acts of his servant as are committed at his express or implied command. Mr. Justice Blackstone has it: "What a servant is permitted to do in the usual course of his business is equivalent to a general command. If I pay money to a banker's servant, the banker is liable for it: if I pay it to a clergyman's or physician's servant, whose usual business is not to receive money for his master, and he embezzles it, I must pay it over again."

Mr. Blank is no less responsible for goods bought by his servant of a tradesman, should the course of dealing between Mr. Blank and the tradesman be such as to lead to the supposition that the servant is at liberty to pledge his master's credit. On this point it behoves the tradesman to be cautious. A gentleman, for instance, we find from a reported case, was in the habit of obtaining a certain quantity of porter annually for his family. A bibulous maid-servant in the establishment, thinking the supply small, ordered an extra quantity to be brought secretly, and for which the master refused to pay. Lord Eldon, before whom the question as to who should pay for the increased supply was brought for trial, decided that the master was not liable.

Again: should Mr. Blank give his servant money to purchase goods, and the servant obtain them on credit, it has been held that he is not liable. If he authorises the servant to purchase the goods, however, on credit, and afterwards gives the money to his servant for the purpose of paying for them, but which money the servant embezzles, the case is different.

It appears, too, that to be in a position to claim any exemption whatever, Mr. Blank must pursue some definite course of dealing with his tradesmen. For, as Mr. Justice Blackstone says, "If I send my servant sometimes upon trust and sometimes with ready money, I am answerable for all he takes up: for the tradesman cannot possibly distinguish when he comes by my orders and when he comes upon his own authority."

A lady having ordered her tailor to supply her coachman with two suits of livery in each year, the coachman thought he would prefer having one suit of livery, and one suit of genteel plain clothes. The tailor, in compliance with the coachman's request, made the two suits accordingly; but the matter coming to the ears of the mistress, she refused to pay for the plain suit. The court held that she was quite justified in so doing. "The practice of servants exchanging their livings for plain clothes," said Lord Abinger, in giving judgment, "is a species of fraud upon the master, and it was the duty of the plaintiff (the tailor) to communicate the circumstance to the defendant (the lady) when the coachman proposed to make the exchange; for if a master thinks it right that his servant should have two suits of livery in the year, it is the duty of the servant to wear such livery."

In a case where a master agreed with his servant for so much wage and a suit of clothes, it was held that the servant had no property in the clothes until he had served a year. Mr. Blank need not, therefore, hesitate to discharge Jeames from any fear of losing the livery, even though he may have recently clothed him in a suit of resplendent plush.

We all know that housemaids and cooks entertain a ridiculous partiality for matrimony. It may be satisfactory to Mrs. Blank to know that, supposing this passion should attack either of her domestics above mentioned, they would still be obliged to continue, until proper notice had been given, in her service. "If a woman who is a servant," says the old law-book to which we have before referred, "marry, yet she must serve out her time, and her husband cannot take her out of her master's service."

Mr. Blank, the law rules, is not, in the absence of custom, liable for the expenses incurred by his servant in going to or returning from the place of hiring.

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# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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[PRICE 2d.]

## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

JULY 5TH. The events of yesterday warned me to be ready, sooner or later, to meet the worst. To-day is not yet at an end; and the worst has come.

Judging by the closest calculation of time that Laura and I could make, we arrived at the conclusion that Anne Catherick must have appeared at the boat-house at half-past two o'clock, on the afternoon of yesterday. I accordingly arranged that Laura should just show herself at the luncheon table, to-day, and should then slip out at the first opportunity; leaving me behind to preserve appearances, and to follow her as soon as I could safely do so. This mode of proceeding, if no obstacles occurred to thwart us, would enable her to be at the boat-house before half-past two; and (when I left the table, in my turn) would take me to a safe position in the plantation, before three.

The change in the weather, which last night's wind warned us to expect, came with the morning. It was raining heavily, when I got up; and it continued to rain until twelve o'clock—when the clouds dispersed, the blue sky appeared, and the sun shone again with the bright promise of a fine afternoon.

My anxiety to know how Sir Percival and the Count would occupy the early part of the day, was by no means set at rest, so far as Sir Percival was concerned, by his leaving us immediately after breakfast, and going out by himself, in spite of the rain. He neither told us where he was going, nor when we might expect him back. We saw him pass the breakfast-room window, hastily, with his high boots and his waterproof coat on—and that was all.

The Count passed the morning quietly, indoors; some part of it, in the library; some part, in the drawing-room, playing odds and ends of music on the piano, and humming to himself. Judging by appearances, the sentimental side of his character was persistently inclined to betray itself still. He was silent and sensitive, and ready to sigh and languish ponderously (as only fat men *can* sigh and languish), on the smallest provocation.

Luncheon-time came; and Sir Percival did not return. The Count took his friend's place at the table—plaintively devoured the greater part of a fruit tart, submerged under a whole

jugful of cream—and explained the full merit of the achievement to us, as soon as he had done. "A taste for sweets," he said, in his softest tones and his tenderest manner, "is the innocent taste of women and children. I love to share it with them—it is another bond, dear ladies, between you and me."

Laura left the table in ten minutes' time. I was sorely tempted to accompany her. But if we had both gone out together, we must have excited suspicion; and, worse still, if we allowed Anne Catherick to see Laura accompanied by a second person who was a stranger to her, we should in all probability forfeit her confidence, from that moment, never to regain it again.

I waited, therefore, as patiently as I could, until the servant came in to clear the table. When I quitted the room, there were no signs, in the house or out of it, of Sir Percival's return. I left the Count with a piece of sugar scrambling his lips, and the vicious cockatoo scrambling up his waistcoat to get at it; while Madame Fosco, sitting opposite to her husband, watched the proceedings of his bird and himself, as attentively as if she had never seen anything of the sort before in her life. On my way to the plantation I kept carefully beyond the range of view from the luncheon-room window. Nobody saw me and nobody followed me. It was then a quarter to three o'clock by my watch.

Once among the trees, I walked rapidly, until I had advanced more than half way through the plantation. At that point, I slackened my pace, and proceeded cautiously—but I saw no one, and heard no voices. By little and little, I came within view of the back of the boat-house—stopped and listened—then went on, till I was close behind it, and must have heard any persons who had been talking inside. Still the silence was unbroken: still, far and near, no sign of a living creature appeared anywhere.

After skirting round by the back of the building, first on one side, and then on the other, and making no discoveries, I ventured in front of it, and fairly looked in. The place was empty.

I called, "Laura!"—at first, softly—then louder and louder. No one answered, and no one appeared. For all that I could see and hear, the only human creature in the neighbourhood of the lake and the plantation, was myself.

My heart began to beat violently; but I kept my resolution, and searched, first the boat-house, and then the ground in front of it, for any signs which might show me whether Laura had really reached the place or not. No mark of her presence appeared inside the building; but I found traces of her outside it, in footsteps on the sand.

I detected the footsteps of two persons—large footsteps, like a man's, and small footsteps, which, by putting my own feet into them and testing their size in that manner, I felt certain were Laura's. The ground was confusedly marked in this way, just before the boat-house. Close against one side of it, under shelter of the projecting roof, I discovered a little hole in the sand—a hole artificially made, beyond a doubt. I just noticed it, and then turned away immediately to trace the footsteps as far as I could, and to follow the direction in which they might lead me.

They led me, starting from the left-hand side of the boat-house, along the edge of the trees, a distance, I should think, of between two and three hundred yards—and then, the sandy ground showed no further trace of them. Feeling that the persons whose course I was tracking, must necessarily have entered the plantation at this point, I entered it, too. At first, I could find no path—but I discovered one, afterwards, just faintly traced among the trees; and followed it. It took me, for some distance, in the direction of the village, until I stopped at a point where another foot-track crossed it. The brambles grew thickly on either side of this second path. I stood, looking down it, uncertain which way to take next; and, while I looked, I saw on one thorny branch, some fragments of fringe from a woman's shawl. A closer examination of the fringe satisfied me that it had been torn from a shawl of Laura's; and I instantly followed the second path. It brought me out, at last, to my great relief, at the back of the house. I say to my great relief, because I inferred that Laura must, for some unknown reason, have returned before me by this roundabout way. I went in by the court-yard and the offices. The first person whom I met in crossing the servants'-hall, was Mrs. Michelson, the housekeeper.

"Do you know," I asked, "whether Lady Glyde has come in from her walk or not?"

"My lady came in, a little while ago, with Sir Percival," answered the housekeeper. "I am afraid, Miss Halcombe, something very distressing has happened."

My heart sank within me. "You don't mean an accident!" I said, faintly.

"No, no—thank God, no accident. But my lady ran up-stairs to her own room in tears; and Sir Percival has ordered me to give Fanny warning to leave in an hour's time."

Fanny was Laura's maid; a good, affectionate girl who had been with her for years—the only person in the house, whose fidelity and devotion we could both depend upon.

"Where is Fanny?" I inquired.

"In my room, Miss Halcombe. The young

woman is quite overcome; and I told her to sit down, and try to recover herself."

I went to Mrs. Michelson's room, and found Fanny in a corner, with her box by her side, crying bitterly.

She could give me no explanation whatever of her sudden dismissal. Sir Percival had ordered that she should have a month's wages, in place of a month's warning, and go. No reason had been assigned; no objection had been made to her conduct. She had been forbidden to appeal to her mistress, forbidden even to see her for a moment to say good-by. She was to go without explanations or farewells—and to go at once.

After soothing the poor girl by a few friendly words, I asked where she proposed to sleep that night. She replied that she thought of going to the little inn in the village, the landlady of which was a respectable woman, known to the servants at Blackwater Park. The next morning, by leaving early, she might get back to her friends in Cumberland, without stopping in London, where she was a total stranger.

I felt directly that Fanny's departure offered us a safe means of communication with London and with Limmeridge House, of which it might be very important to avail ourselves. Accordingly, I told her that she might expect to hear from her mistress or from me in the course of the evening, and that she might depend on our both doing all that lay in our power to help her, under the trial of leaving us for the present. Those words said, I shook hands with her, and went up-stairs.

The door which led to Laura's room, was the door of an ante-chamber, opening on to the passage. When I tried it, it was bolted on the inside.

I knocked, and the door was opened by the same heavy, overgrown housemaid, whose lumpish insensibility had tried my patience so severely, on the day when I found the wounded dog. I had, since that time, discovered that her name was Margaret Porcher, and that she was the most awkward, slatternly, and obstinate servant in the house.

On opening the door, she instantly stepped out to the threshold, and stood grinning at me in stolid silence.

"Why do you stand there?" I said. "Don't you see that I want to come in?"

"Ah, but you mustn't come in," was the answer, with another and a broader grin still.

"How dare you talk to me in that way? Stand back instantly!"

She stretched out a great red hand and arm on each side of her, so as to bar the doorway, and slowly nodded her addle head at me.

"Master's orders," she said; and nodded again.

I had need of all my self-control to warn me against contesting the matter with her, and to remind me that the next words I had to say must be addressed to her master. I turned my back on her, and instantly went down stairs to find him. My resolution to keep my temper under all the irritations that Sir Percival could

offer, was, by this time, as completely forgotten—I say so to my shame—as if I had never made it. It did me good—after all I had suffered and suppressed in that house—it actually did me good to feel how angry I was.

The drawing-room and the breakfast-room were both empty. I went on to the library; and there I found Sir Percival, the Count, and Madame Fosco. They were all three standing up, close together, and Sir Percival had a little slip of paper in his hand. As I opened the door, I heard the Count say to him, “No—a thousand times over, No.”

I walked straight up to him, and looked him full in the face.

“Am I to understand, Sir Percival, that your wife’s room is a prison, and that your house-maid is the gaoler who keeps it?” I asked.

“Yes; that is what you are to understand,” he answered. “Take care my gaoler hasn’t got double duty to do—take care your room is not a prison, too.”

“Take *you* care how you treat your wife, and how you threaten *me*,” I broke out, in the heat of my anger. “There are laws in England to protect women from cruelty and outrage. If you hurt a hair of Laura’s head, if you dare to interfere with my freedom, come what come may, to those laws I will appeal.”

Instead of answering me, he turned round to the Count.

“What did I tell you?” he asked. “What do you say now?”

“What I said before,” replied the Count—“No.”

Even in the vehemence of my anger, I felt his calm, cold, grey eyes on my face. They turned away from me, as soon as he had spoken, and looked significantly at his wife. Madame Fosco immediately moved close to my side, and, in that position, addressed Sir Percival before either of us could speak again.

“Favour me with your attention, for one moment,” she said, in her clear, icily-suppressed tones. “I have to thank you, Sir Percival, for your hospitality; and to decline taking advantage of it any longer. I remain in no house in which ladies are treated as your wife and Miss Halcombe have been treated here to-day.”

Sir Percival drew back a step, and stared at her in dead silence. The declaration he had just heard—a declaration which he well knew, as I well knew, Madame Fosco would not have ventured to make without her husband’s permission—seemed to petrify him with surprise. The Count stood by, and looked at his wife with the most enthusiastic admiration.

“She is sublime!” he said to himself. He approached her, while he spoke, and drew her hand through his arm. “I am at your service, Eleanor,” he went on, with a quiet dignity that I had never noticed in him before. “And at Miss Halcombe’s service, if she will honour me by accepting all the assistance I can offer her.”

“Damn it! what do you mean?” cried Sir Percival, as the Count quietly moved away, with his wife, to the door.

“At other times I mean what I say; but, at this time, I mean what my wife says,” replied the impenetrable Italian. “We have changed places, Percival, for once; and Madame Fosco’s opinion is—mine.”

Sir Percival crumpled up the paper in his hand; and, pushing past the Count, with another oath, stood between him and the door.

“Have your own way,” he said, with baffled rage in his low, half-whispering tones. “Have your own way—and see what comes of it.” With those words, he left the room.

Madame Fosco glanced inquiringly at her husband. “He has gone away very suddenly,” she said. “What does it mean?”

“It means that you and I together have brought the worst-tempered man in all England to his senses,” answered the Count. “It means, Miss Halcombe, that Lady Glyde is relieved from a gross indignity, and you from the repetition of an unpardonable insult. Suffer me to express my admiration of your conduct and your courage at a very trying moment.”

“Sincere admiration,” suggested Madame Fosco.

“Sincere admiration,” echoed the Count.

I had no longer the strength of my first angry resistance to outrage and injury to support me. My heart-sick anxiety to see Laura; my sense of my own helpless ignorance of what had happened at the boat-house, pressed on me with an intolerable weight. I tried to keep up appearances, by speaking to the Count and his wife in the tone which they had chosen to adopt in speaking to me. But the words failed on my lips—my breath came short and thick—my eyes looked longingly, in silence, at the door. The Count, understanding my anxiety, opened it, went out, and pulled it to after him. At the same time Sir Percival’s heavy step descended the stairs. I heard them whispering together, outside, while Madame Fosco was assuring me in her calmest and most conventional manner, that she rejoiced, for all our sakes, that Sir Percival’s conduct had not obliged her husband and herself to leave Blackwater Park. Before she had done speaking, the whispering ceased, the door opened, and the Count looked in.

“Miss Halcombe,” he said, “I am happy to inform you that Lady Glyde is mistress again in her own house. I thought it might be more agreeable to you to hear of this change for the better from *me*, than from Sir Percival—and I have, therefore, expressly returned to mention it.”

“Admirable delicacy!” said Madame Fosco, paying back her husband’s tribute of admiration, with the Count’s own coin, in the Count’s own manner. He smiled and bowed as if he had received a formal compliment from a polite stranger, and drew back to let me pass out first.

Sir Percival was standing in the hall. As I hurried to the stairs I heard him call impatiently to the Count, to come out of the library.

“What are you waiting there for?” he said; “I want to speak to you.”

"And I want to think a little by myself," replied the other. "Wait till later, Percival—wait till later."

Neither he nor his friend said any more. I gained the top of the stairs, and ran along the passage. In my haste and my agitation, I left the door of the ante-chamber open—but I closed the door of the bedroom the moment I was inside it.

Laura was sitting alone at the far end of the room; her arms resting wearily on a table, and her face hidden in her hands. She started up, with a cry of delight, when she saw me.

"How did you get here?" she asked. "Who gave you leave? Not Sir Percival?"

In my overpowering anxiety to hear what she had to tell me, I could not answer her—I could only put questions, on my side. Laura's eagerness to know what had passed down stairs proved, however, too strong to be resisted. She persistently repeated her inquiries.

"The Count, of course?" I answered, impatiently. "Whose influence in the house—?"

She stopped me, with a gesture of disgust.

"Don't speak of him," she cried. "The Count is the vilest creature breathing! The Count is a miserable Spy——!"

Before we could either of us say another word, we were alarmed by a soft knocking at the door of the bedroom.

I had not yet sat down; and I went first to see who it was. When I opened the door, Madame Foseo confronted me, with my handkerchief in her hand.

"You dropped this down stairs, Miss Halcombe," she said; "and I thought I could bring it to you, as I was passing by to my own room."

Her face, naturally pale, had turned to such a ghastly whiteness, that I started at the sight of it. Her hands, so sure and steady at all other times, trembled violently; and her eyes looked wolfishly past me through the open door, and fixed on Laura.

She had been listening before she knocked! I saw it in her white face; I saw it in her trembling hands; I saw it in her look at Laura.

After waiting an instant, she turned from me in silence, and slowly walked away.

I closed the door again. "Oh, Laura! Laura! We shall both rue the day when you spoke those words!"

"You would have spoken them yourself, Marian, if you had known what I know. Anne Catherick was right. There *was* a third person watching us in the plantation, yesterday; and that third person——"

"Are you sure it was the Count?"

"I am absolutely certain. He was Sir Percival's spy—he was Sir Percival's informer—he set Sir Percival watching and waiting, all the morning through, for Anne Catherick and for me."

"Is Anne found? Did you see her at the lake?"

"No. She has saved herself by keeping away from the place. When I got to the boat-house, no one was there."

"Yes? yes?"

"I went in, and sat waiting for a few minutes. But my restlessness made me get up again, to walk about a little. As I passed out, I saw some marks on the sand, close under the front of the boat-house. I stooped down to examine them, and discovered a word written in large letters, on the sand. The word was—*LOOK*."

"And you scraped away the sand, and dug a hollow place in it?"

"How do you know that, Marian?"

"I saw the hollow-place myself, when I followed you to the boat-house. Go on—go on!"

"Yes; I scraped away the sand on the surface; and in a little while, I came to a strip of paper hidden beneath, which had writing on it. The writing was signed with Anne Catherick's initials."

"Where is it?"

"Sir Percival has taken it from me."

"Can you remember what the writing was? Do you think you can repeat it to me?"

"In substance I can, Marian. It was very short. You would have remembered it, word for word."

"Try to tell me what the substance was, before we go any further."

She complied. I write the lines down here, exactly as she repeated them to me. They ran thus:

"I was seen with you, yesterday, by a tall stout old man, and had to run to save myself. He was not quick enough on his feet to follow me, and he lost me among the trees. I dare not risk coming back here to-day, at the same time. I write this, and hide it in the sand, at six in the morning, to tell you so. When we speak next of your wicked husband's Secret we must speak safely, or not at all. Try to have patience. I promise you shall see me again; and that soon.—A. C."

The reference to the "tall stout old man" (the terms of which Laura was certain that she had repeated to me correctly), left no doubt as to who the intruder had been. I called to mind that I had told Sir Percival, in the Count's presence, the day before, that Laura had gone to the boat-house to look for her brooch. In all probability he had followed her there, in his officious way, to relieve her mind about the matter of the signature, immediately after he had mentioned the change in Sir Percival's plans to me in the drawing-room. In this case, he could only have got to the neighbourhood of the boat-house, at the very moment when Anne Catherick discovered him. The suspiciously hurried manner in which she parted from Laura, had no doubt prompted his useless attempt to follow her. Of the conversation which had previously taken place between them, he could have heard nothing. The distance between the house and the lake, and the time at which he left me in the drawing-room, as compared with the time at which Laura and Anne Catherick had been speaking together,

proved that fact to us, at any rate, beyond a doubt.

Having arrived at something like a conclusion, so far, my next great interest was to know what discoveries Sir Percival had made, after Count Fosco had given him his information.

"How came you to lose possession of the letter?" I asked. "What did you do with it, when you found it in the sand?"

"After reading it once through," she replied, "I took it into the boat-house with me, to sit down, and look it over a second time. While I was reading, a shadow fell across the paper. I looked up; and saw Sir Percival standing in the doorway watching me."

"Did you try to hide the letter?"

"I tried—but he stopped me. 'You needn't trouble to hide that,' he said. 'I happen to have read it.' I could only look at him, helplessly—I could say nothing. 'You understand?' he went on; 'I have read it. I dug it up out of the sand two hours since, and buried it again, and wrote the word above it again, and left it ready to your hands. You can't lie yourself out of the scrape now. You saw Anne Catherick in secret yesterday; and you have got her letter in your hand at this moment. I have not caught *her* yet; but I have caught *you*. Give me the letter.' He stepped close up to me—I was alone with him, Marian—what could I do?—I gave him the letter."

"What did he say, when you gave it to him?"

"At first, he said nothing. He took me by the arm, and led me out of the boat-house, and looked about him, on all sides, as if he was afraid of our being seen or heard. Then, he clasped his hand fast round my arm, and whispered to me—'What did Anne Catherick say to you yesterday?—I insist on hearing every word, from first to last.'"

"Did you tell him?"

"I was alone with him, Marian—his cruel hand was bruising my arm—what could I do?"

"Is the mark on your arm still? Let me see it?"

"Why do you want to see it?"

"I want to see it, Laura, because our endurance must end, and our resistance must begin, to-day. That mark is a weapon to strike him with. Let me see it now—I may have to swear to it, at some future time."

"Oh, Marian, don't look so! don't talk so! It doesn't hurt me, now!"

"Let me see it!"

She showed me the marks. I was past grieving over them, past crying over them, past shuddering over them. They say we are either better than men, or worse. If the temptation that has fallen in some women's way, and made them worse, had fallen in mine, at that moment—Thank God! my face betrayed nothing that his wife could read. The gentle, innocent, affectionate creature thought I was frightened for her and sorry for her—and thought no more.

"Don't think too seriously of it, Marian," she said, simply, as she pulled her sleeve down again. "It doesn't hurt me, now."

"I will try to think quietly of it, my love, for your sake.—Well! well! And you told him all that Anne Catherick had said to you—all that you told me?"

"Yes; all. He insisted on it—I was alone with him—I could conceal nothing."

"Did he say anything when you had done?"

"He looked at me, and laughed to himself, in a mocking, bitter way. 'I mean to have the rest out of you,' he said; 'do you hear?—the rest.' I declared to him solemnly that I had told him everything I knew. 'Not you!' he answered; 'you know more than you choose to tell. Won't you tell it? You shall! I'll wring it out of you at home, if I can't wring it out of you, here.' He led me away by a strange path through the plantation—a path where there was no hope of our meeting *you*—and he spoke no more, till we came within sight of the house. Then he stopped again, and said, 'Will you take a second chance, if I give it to you? Will you think better of it, and tell me the rest?' I could only repeat the same words I had spoken before. He cursed my obstinacy, and went on, and took me with him to the house."

"You can't deceive me," he said; 'you know more than you choose to tell. I'll have your secret out of you; and I'll have it out of that sister of yours, as well. There shall be no more plotting and whispering between you. Neither you nor she shall see each other again till you have confessed the truth. I'll have you watched morning, noon, and night, till you confess the truth.' He was deaf to everything I could say. He took me straight up-stairs into my own room. Fanny was sitting there, doing some work for me; and he instantly ordered her out. 'I'll take good care *you're* not mixed up in the conspiracy,' he said. 'You shall leave this house to-day. If your mistress wants a maid, she shall have one of my choosing.' He pushed me into the room, and locked the door on me—he set that senseless woman to watch me outside—Marian! he looked and spoke like a madman. You may hardly understand it—he did indeed."

"I do understand it, Laura. He *is* mad—mad with the terrors of a guilty conscience. Every word you have said makes me positively certain that when Anne Catherick left you yesterday, you were on the eve of discovering a secret, which might have been your vile husband's ruin—and he thinks you *have* discovered it. Nothing you can say or do, will quiet that guilty distrust, and convince his false nature of your truth. I don't say this, my love, to alarm you. I say it to open your eyes to your position, and to convince you of the urgent necessity of letting me act, as I best can, for your protection, while the chance is our own. Count Fosco's interference has secured me access to you to-day; but he may withdraw that interference to-morrow. Sir Percival has already dismissed Fanny, because she is a quick-witted girl, and devotedly attached to you; and has chosen a woman to take her place, who cares nothing for your interests, and whose dull intelligence lowers her to the level of the watch-



dog in the yard. It is impossible to say what violent measures he may take next, unless we make the most of our opportunities while we have them."

"What can we do, Marian? Oh, if we could only leave this house, never to see it again!"

"Listen to me, my love—and try to think that you are not quite helpless so long as I am here with you."

"I will think so—I do think so. Don't altogether forget poor Fanny, in thinking of me. She wants help and comfort, too."

"I will not forget her. I saw her before I came up here; and I have arranged to communicate with her to-night. Letters are not safe in the post-bag at Blackwater Park—and I shall have two to write to-day, in your interests, which must pass through no hands but Fanny's."

"What letters?"

"I mean to write first, Laura, to Mr. Gilmore's partner, who has offered to help us in any fresh emergency. Little as I know of the law, I am certain that it can protect a woman from such treatment as that ruffian has inflicted on you to-day. I will go into no details about Anne Catherick, because I have no certain information to give. But the lawyer shall know of those bruises on your arm, and of the violence offered to you in this room—he shall, before I rest to-night!"

"But, think of the exposure, Marian!"

"I am calculating on the exposure. Sir Percival has more to dread from it than you have. The prospect of an exposure may bring him to terms, when nothing else will."

I rose, as I spoke; but Laura entreated me not to leave her.

"You will drive him to desperation," she said, "and increase our dangers tenfold."

I felt the truth—the disheartening truth—of those words. But I could not bring myself plainly to acknowledge it to her. In our dreadful position, there was no help and no hope for us, but in risking the worst. I said so, in guarded terms. She sighed bitterly—but did not contest the matter. She only asked about the second letter that I had proposed writing. To whom was it to be addressed?

"To Mr. Fairlie," I said. "Your uncle is your nearest male relative, and the head of the family. He must and shall interfere."

Laura shook her head sorrowfully.

"Yes, yes," I went on; "your uncle is a weak, selfish, worldly man, I know. But he is not Sir Percival Glyde; and he has no such friend about him as Count Fosco. I expect nothing from his kindness, or his tenderness of feeling towards you, or towards me. But he will do anything to pamper his own indolence, and to secure his own quiet. Let me only persuade him that his interference, at this moment, will save him inevitable trouble, and wretchedness, and responsibility hereafter, and he will bestir himself for his own sake. I know how to deal with him, Laura—I have had some practice."

"If you could only prevail on him to let me

go back to Limmeridge for a little while, and stay there quietly with you, Marian, I could be almost as happy again as I was before I was married!"

Those words set me thinking in a new direction. Would it be possible to place Sir Percival between the two alternatives of either exposing himself to the scandal of legal interference on his wife's behalf, or of allowing her to be quietly separated from him for a time, under pretext of a visit to her uncle's house? And could he, in that case, be reckoned on as likely to accept the last resource? It was doubtful—more than doubtful. And yet, hopeless as the experiment seemed, surely it was worth trying? I resolved to try it, in sheer despair of knowing what better to do.

"Your uncle shall know the wish you have just expressed," I said; "and I will ask the lawyer's advice on the subject, as well. Good may come of it—and will come of it, I hope."

Saying that, I rose again; and again Laura tried to make me resume my seat.

"Don't leave me," she said, uneasily. "My desk is on that table. You can write here."

It tried me to the quick to refuse her, even in her own interests. But we had been too long shut up alone together already. Our chance of seeing each other again might entirely depend on our not exciting any fresh suspicions. It was full time to show myself, quietly and unconcernedly, among the wretches who were, at that very moment, perhaps, thinking of us and talking of us down stairs. I explained the miserable necessity to Laura; and prevailed on her to recognise it, as I did.

"I will come back again, love, in an hour or less," I said. "The worst is over for to-day. Keep yourself quiet, and fear nothing."

"Is the key in the door, Marian? Can I lock it on the inside?"

"Yes; here is the key. Lock the door; and open it to nobody, until I come up-stairs again."

I kissed her, and left her. It was a relief to me, as I walked away, to hear the key turned in the lock, and to know that the door was at her own command.

## GOOD WATER.

FROM the seas, that are the great reservoirs of pickled water warranted to keep unchanged for many thousand years, pure water rises into the warmer atmosphere as thin air. It varies the tints of the sky, contributes to the glories of the sunset and the sunrise, rolls into cloud at the touch of a chill current, and, when more thoroughly chilled, runs into raindrops and descends in life-supporting showers over the dry land. It falls as soft water, that is to say, pure water, of which an imperial gallon weighs ten pounds avoirdupois. This drink and wash for herb and beast and man, is, however, itself one of the most eager of drinkers. If there be impure gases in the air through which it falls, it will absorb them. If there be earthy or mi-

neral salts in the earth through which it soaks, it will absorb them also. Rain-water soaks through porous earths and sands, until it finds a layer, as of clay or rock, through which it cannot filter; over that, it collects and runs underground until it finds an outlet on some lower level of the surface ground, and there it will be poured out as a spring. The water of the springs trickles down hill in runlets determined by the fall of the ground, and, as these descend, the runlets join, to form, in the lowest groove of the land over which they flow, a river-bed. From the soil through which the rain-water has soaked, and from the land over which rivulets and rivers flow, the thirsty water has absorbed all that it could take up. According to the nature of the soils, therefore, will be the nature of the stream.

For domestic uses, water is said to be soft or hard, in proportion to the quantity of lime it has been able to absorb. Absolutely pure water is to be obtained only by distillation in closed vessels; but rain-water is pure water obtained by a sort of open distillation which does not guard against absorption of strange matters from the slight contamination usually present in the air. Much account, however, need not be taken of this: rain-water, before it has soaked into the ground, may be considered pure. If it fall upon granite, clay-slate, and the like formations, upon which it can lie dissolving nothing, it remains pure. A chemist or engineer fairly versed in analysis, could tell from examination of the water of a district what was its geology: or, if he knew the geology of any region, could describe its water. Regions of granite and clay slate usually are covered with moss, peat, or heath; and the soft rain-water, that is so ready to dissolve anything soluble, will give a dark tinge to streams flowing from rocks clothed with this kind of vegetation. Rain falling upon, and rivers flowing over, chalk, the oolites, the new red sandstone, and the like formations, will yield water containing lime, magnesia, iron, sulphur, and thereby made heavier, harder, and less competent to take into solution other things. The dissolving power of water is, of course, much lessened when it has already taken to itself, and has to keep a hold upon, its load of earth. The earths in the water also put a chemical charm on not a few things that come within their touch, and take away some of their readiness to be dissolved.

To a skilled traveller, the simple aspect of a river, dark and vegetable tinged, sparkling or bluish grey, should indicate much of the character of an unexplored region through which its waters may have come. A few simple tests would enable him to decide accurately upon the geology of mountain districts which he wanted time or means to traverse with his feet. Had Doctor Barth and Doctor Livingstone possessed this knowledge and a little pocket-case of chemicals, how much richer in information would have been their accounts of the streams they saw descending from the unknown lands of Africa? A practical geologist can tell of a country from a glance at the surface, nearly

as much as the skilful comparative anatomist can tell of an animal from a glance at a piece of its bone. The outward form of bird, beast, fish, or land, bears always a due relation to the nature of its skeleton. Abrupt steep mountains belong to the old crystalline strata; these are bold sea cliffs of oolite and chalk, but the inland surfaces of these layers are undulated in hill, valley, and plain, and the cliffs have their own smooth, curving upper outline to be recognised even at telescopic distances.

Roughly speaking, the deeper the water sinks, the more it is impregnated with earthly matter in solution; deep well water is, therefore, usually very hard. There is a limit to the depth through which water can soak; in many water-bearing strata this is found at about nine hundred or a thousand feet. Hot springs are exceptional, for they may rise through inverted syphon veins and fissures, from a depth twice or three times as great.

It is wonderful to consider how much rock the rivers carry to the sea; nay, how much rock goes into the stomachs of the Londoners. In Thames water, and most of the waters furnishing the London supply, lime is found in the proportion of about sixteen grains to the gallon. In a million gallons exist a Ton of Lime. The daily supply is about eighty million gallons, so that thirty thousand tons of lime is about the quantity pumped into London with its year's supply of water. A mountain of lime that would make mortar enough to build a suburb!

Lime injures the coats of the stomach when we drink the water that contains it; when we wash with such water, it curdles soap, and takes away the beauty of the skin. Grooms and trainers take good care to give soft water to their horses and dogs. There are training-stables on the chalk downs, for the sake of the turf and the quiet; but large tanks are formed in which to store rain-water for the use of the horses. However far away the animals may go to their races, their soft water is sent with them and supplied to them daily. Even a change of water is avoided. One drink of hard water would put the favourite horse out of condition, make his coat "stare," and destroy his chance of being winner of the Derby.

Yet, knowing all this, we ourselves, with a curious obstinacy, stick by the hard water, drink it, and wash in it; and, to defeat our great lime enemy, let us engage the strong upon our side: ladies should know that pure soft water is the truest beauty wash, and that there is no cosmetic that will counteract the bad effect of hard water on the complexion. Her Majesty's adviser, Sir James Clarke, ordained, some years ago, the use of distilled water at the royal toilet. The hard spring water at many of our summer bathing-places on the coast between Scarborough and Torquay, is a serious drawback to the advantages of a sea holiday, where either no water must be drunk, or we must be content to drink what would almost poison a horse. But a time must come when

luxurious men will be as choice over their water as they now are over their wine, and when no invalid who can obtain the most ordinary comforts of life will ever think of pouring hard water into his stomach.

Water from granites, clay slates, and millstone grits, seldom contains more than two grains, and in some cases but half a grain, of lime to the gallon. The people of Aberdeen and Glasgow, Keswick, Whitehaven, Lancaster, and Manchester, drink water in which the admixture of lime is below four grains to the gallon. Give London something of this kind. Only let us clear about twenty thousand tons of lime out of our yearly supply, and let us use smoke-consuming fires, and the freshened complexions of London ladies will become quite as inspiring to the poets, as the cheeks of the country Chloes. It is said to be a fact that beautiful women most abound in soft-water districts. The poets always knew this. Moore, when he sings of the beauties of Cashmere, calls them, with a pleasant mixture of the lackadaisical and the practical, bright creatures of the valley, who

Drink beams

Of beauty from its founts and streams.

The clay slate valley of the Dee, the clay slate and granite lake regions of Cumberland, and the Scotch Highlands, have a standing credit for the clear-skinned maids who dwell about them. Among the Alpine oolites and limestones, we find pallid faces, wens, and cretinism. Vegetables are of one mind with animals as to the wholesome sort of drinking water. Foxgloves grow seven feet high where they drink sweet water off clay slate; upon limestone, they seldom attain to more than half that height.

Some waters, holding carbonate of lime in solution, may be softened by boiling. This is the case with Thames water, and all water from chalk. Water, hardened by sulphate of lime, becomes yet harder by boiling, in proportion to the extent of the evaporation. Soft waters are rapid and dull to the taste of hard-water-drinkers. Animals of all kinds dislike any change of water. Sudden change may be injurious to men. Armies of hard-water-drinkers have, during a march, had many of their number prostrated by the drinking of soft water; to the great solvent power of which the stomach is unused, and it produces spasms. This does not happen because soft water is unwholesome, but because hard-water-drinking has become, as smoking may become, an established habit, difficult to break off suddenly. Liverpool people object to the peat taint on the pure surface water with which they are now supplied. Of the soft-water-drinking towns already named, Lancaster gets water, nearly pure, from millstone grit, and Keswick, from the clay slate of Skiddaw, which receives water fresh from the clouds almost of the standard softness of distilled water.

Londoners may drink good water if they first boil and then filter what is supplied to them, having set it in pure air to cool. Pure water, as before said, dissolves and absorbs eagerly.

Any water in a foul cistern, or in a cistern near a dustbin, over a drain, or connected by the waste-pipe with a foul drain, must become unwholesome. The old cry of "The wells are poisoned!" in case of an epidemic, is commonly a true cry still; only the poisoning has to be laid no longer on the Jews. Lately, in Salford gaol, a peculiar sickness seized upon a number of the prisoners. The medical officer traced this to the water. A cistern, of which the waste-pipe led to the sewers, had been covered in. During hot and dry weather, the foul gases from the sewers were conveyed by the waste-pipe to the surface of the cistern, and, being retained there by the cistern lid, were absorbed in such quantity as to impregnate the whole contents very nearly up to immediate poisoning point. The connexion between bad water and cholera is known to all. So is, or so should be, the risk of poison incurred by the passage of soft water over lead. Soft water—so hungry that it will even digest stone—has, in short, to be preserved with special care, from contact with whatever is unwholesome.

A glass of spring water is an article turned out by sea, sky, and earth, and worked upon their grandest scale under the eye of the sun. The less it is of the earth earthy, the better for those who require more of it than mere eye service.

### CREAM OF TARTARY.

If the reader will take the trouble to glance at a map of Russia, he will find at the southern extremity of the province Jenisseisk a district called Minussinsk. This district is fertile in stories, which we will agree to call Tartar—or Tatar, if you will—without being too nice as to the propriety of the expression. Dr. Macgowan told me the other day, in one of his lectures on Japan, that there was no such thing as a Tartar, and if he meant that a number of races, each with a proper appellation of its own, have been classified with no rhyme and little reason under the common name of Tartar, I perfectly agree with him. But I think we shall express ourselves more accurately if we say that there was formerly a section of the Mongols to whom the word Tartar properly belonged, and that consequently there was once a real Tartar whose name has been hastily bestowed upon his most distant relations.

From the spot to which we refer, the indefatigable philologist, Alexander Castrén, brought several local stories; and the collection thus formed has since been increased by W. Titow, the agent of the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia. To Western Europe the knowledge attained by these investigations into the varieties of the Altaic family is communicated through the medium of Anton Schiefner, who, in the most loving and reverential spirit, translates all the works of the admirable Castrén into German, and is himself an ardent philologist. Now, in the course of last year, Anton Schiefner published a collection of the Tartar tales discovered

by Castrén and Titow, beautifying them with the metre which is used by Professor Longfellow in his *Hiawatha*, and which is, in fact, the national metre of the Finns, to whom all Tartars, proper and improper, are related, as members of the great Altaic family. He was justified in adopting the metrical form, by the fact that these stories are actually sung by Tartar bards, whose functions strongly resemble those of the Greek rhapsodists.

In presenting one of the stories to the English public, I not only undo the metrical work of Anton Schiefner, but, by clipping off poetical exuberances, greatly reduce the length of the tale without passing over a single incident of importance. If the reader, however, be fanciful, and would make his fancy correspond to reality, he will imagine the story sung by a performer seated on the skin of some beast, and accompanying himself with the sound of an instrument scantily provided with strings.

The noted hero Alten Chan (Gold Prince), who lived at the foot of the White Mountain, on the coast of the White Sea, rose early one fine morning, and put on his mighty armour. When his wife, Alten Areg (Pure Gold), asked him the reason of this extraordinary activity, he replied that he was about to count his subjects and his vast herds of cattle; and, indeed, he expended the whole day in this important operation, kindly bestowing horses and clothes on all the persons who lacked the necessary articles of Tartar existence. The survey proved perfectly satisfactory, and when he returned home at night he was in such a cheerful mood that he ate and drank all the refreshments which his excellent wife set before him: partaking of them so freely that he became not a little inebriated. Nevertheless, his heart was not free from trouble, for he was alike destitute of children and collateral relations; and when his potations had rendered him somewhat maudlin, he began to bewail a state of things which would end in the transfer of his *jurte* (hut) and all his property to some stranger with whom he could feel no natural sympathy. After a bad day's sport on the following day, he was returning sulkily home, when, in the midst of his flocks, he saw a boy who, though only three years of age, was a wonderful personage, inasmuch as the fire from his eyes lighted up the clouds above his head, and the earth around him, with a ruddy glow. So much was Alten Chan displeased by this apparition, that he returned to his *jurte* in a very ill humour, and would neither drink his wine nor taste a morsel of food. Poor Alten Areg, deeply distressed, thought that perhaps one of his horses had received a hurt, or that the cut of one of his garments was not according to his taste; but she was speedily informed that he had found a strange boy, about whom he entertained such uneasy suspicions that he intended to render him harmless by hacking him to pieces. The tender-hearted dame did not at all approve of this project, as she surmised that the child might possibly have been sent by Kudai (the

Tartar deity) as a compensation for their want of natural heirs. Instead of attending to her supplications, Alten Chan snatched up his golden sword, and, walking out of his *jurte*, ordered nine of his heroes to bring the suspicious boy before him without the slightest delay. This command was executed with all promptness, and soon the child was laid across a broad block of stone, and Alten Chan was lifting up his steel sword for the purpose of striking off his head. This horrible spectacle so deeply moved the heart of Alten Areg, that she begged to be slain instead of the child, or, if that request could not be granted, to be killed at the same time; but the stern Alten Chan gave her no answer beyond a severe flogging, which lasted several hours, and left her (as well it might) completely exhausted. Being thus secure, as he fondly imagined, from all interruption, good Alten Chan dealt a smart blow at the nape of the boy's neck; but, behold! the sword would not cut, and an attempt to pierce the child with a spear proved equally abortive. He now resolved to try the effect of an arrow, and, riding on his whity-blue steed to the top of the lofty mountain, while his docile heroes below held the boy in a good target-like position, he drew his bow with such force that the horse sank, stirrup-deep, into the ground—at which fact we cease to wonder when we are informed that the pull lasted from early morning till late in the evening. However, strong and long as the pull was, this method was no more effective than the others, for the arrow rebounded back from the boy's chest as if it had struck against a rock, and Alten Chan, terribly frightened, scampered back towards his *jurte* as fast as his legs could carry him.

The extremely Hard Boy, extricating himself, at last, from the hands of the nine heroes, shouted a few words of explanation after the terrified Alten Chan, informing him that he (the Hard Boy) was the gift of Kudai, and warning him that, in consequence of his cruel behaviour, forty horrible Swan Women from the seventeenth stratum of the earth, accompanied by their ally Katai Alep, from the ninth stratum, would all attack him on the following morning, and that he (the boy) intended quietly to look on, while these numerous foes cut the inhospitable Chan to pieces. Having uttered this disagreeable prediction, the Hard Boy melted away like lead, and sank into the earth.

Here was fresh cause of alarm for Alten Chan, and when he re-entered his *jurte*, his respect for his wife, Alten Areg, had so far increased, that he began to ask her opinion about the Hard Boy's predictions, and graciously tasted the refreshments which that forgiving female set before him as usual.

The dreaded morning came, and brought with it the mighty Katai Alep, who came riding on his chesnut horse, and was followed by the eldest of the Swan Women. Alten Chan sprang upon his whity-blue steed, and, at the first encounter, dealt Katai Alep such a blow on the cheek that he felled him to the ground; but

Katai Alep was soon on his feet again, and now commenced a wrestling match between the two heroes which lasted for nine days, without so much as a pause on either side for breath.

All this time, the Hard Boy, transformed into dust, lay upon the mountain-top, while the Swan Woman sat comfortably on his pulverised remains. However, he was not forgotten by Alten Chan, who swore that if the ill-used innocent could be restored to him he would gladly give all his herds, and all his subjects into the bargain, to the mighty Katai Alep. To such good purpose, indeed, did Alten Chan swear, that the Hard Boy reappeared, in all his integrity, to the no small surprise of the Swan Woman, who wondered whence in the world he had come.

The Hard Boy made short work with Katai Alep, seizing him by the waist, and dashing him against the ground with such violence that he smashed him, in the most extreme sense of the word, for neither a scrap of Katai Alep's flesh, nor a drop of his blood, was discernible. He next flew at the Swan Woman, but before a combat took place a written mandate dropped from the skies, prescribing a three days' truce, as the earth was not at present strong enough to endure an encounter between two such stupendous adversaries.

Nor was the precaution needless; for when, after the expiration of three days, the combat did begin, mountains were overthrown, the sea was shaken as by a storm, Kudai trembled in heaven, and Aina (the demon) quaked in the lower regions, through the violence of the shock. For nine years—not days, mind—did the Hard Boy and the Swan Woman wrestle with each other, when at last the earth fairly gave way beneath them, and down they both tumbled into the seventeenth stratum, the abode of the muscular lady: who now began to drag her adversary towards a den in a huge thick rock, the top of which reached to the earth's surface. After another year's struggle, the Hard Boy grew dizzy, and was lodged in the rock by his adversary, who loaded him with heavy chains, while a rock of copper shot up in the midst of the prison. To this the boy clung, till he seemed absorbed into its substance.

The Swan Woman, active as ever, whetted her sword anew, and administered several severe blows to herself, by way of a stimulant to fresh exertions. Thus prepared, she hastened to the district of Alten Chan. Her object was to find a certain whity-blue foal, which, however, was not to be seen among the Chan's numerous horses. She accordingly leaped over three mountains, and at the foot of a little hill perceived the foot-marks of the foal. Now, commenced a sharp pursuit, in which the Swan Woman was joined by her friend Katendjula (a gentleman of the Katai Alep kind), who rode a blackish-brown horse, but who, as his speed did not nearly approach that of the foal, proved but an inefficient ally. The Swan Woman was forced, therefore, to rely on her own agility, and soon the foal was actually in sight, and would have fallen into her hands had it not piously uttered

a prayer to Kudai, who sent down a thick mist, which rendered further pursuit impossible. For seven days did the evil demon wander about in the unseasonable fog, while Katendjula was groping his way at a considerable distance behind.

By the time that the Swan Woman had made a clear passage, by opening her mouth and gulping down the mist—an operation which lasted three days—the foal had betaken itself to the jurte of Alten Irgäk (Golden Thumb): a worthy chief, who lived in a state of single-blessedness, and was famed for his kindness towards the poor. To visit him was no easy matter, as the road was impeded by a white mountain, which was so high that even the strongest birds were tired out before they could reach the top of it. A single leap, however, sufficed to bring the foal to its summit, and the animal was greatly pleased when, at the foot of the mountain on the other side, it perceived a village extending along the border of the White Sea, and plainly discovered the jurte of Alten Irgäk, with the proper golden post in front, to which a whity-blue horse was attached.

Hastening down to the jurte, and still continuing its flight, the foal, as it passed, contrived to dart a glance at the horse, who, setting up a loud neigh, woke Alten Irgäk out of a deep slumber. This excellent person, coming out of his jurte, could not see anything but the fleeing foal in the distance; but this was enough to show him that there was something wrong, for, as he sagely observed, "the foal was a good foal, and had never harmed anybody." Mounting his horse, and approaching the white peak, he now saw Katendjula, at whom he took so true an aim that he killed both him and his horse with a single arrow. He next encountered the Swan Woman, who was not to be hit at a distance, but at once engaged in a wrestling match which lasted some days, and resulted in the death of Alten Irgäk. Ripping up the bosom of the deceased, and drinking a considerable quantity of his blood, the old lady felt so refreshed and comfortable, that she declared she was prepared, if requisite, to run for forty years.

The foal, in the mean while, had sought the assistance of Kara Môs, the greatest of living heroes, communicating with him, according to the principles of Tartar etiquette, through the medium of the grey horse that was fastened to the golden post in front of the jurte. Kara Môs, who was amusing himself with his harp, came out at the summons of his steed, and at once perceived that the foal was the foal of virtuous repute, and that the boy he carried—

["Stop a moment," says the careful reader, "we did not hear that the foal carried any one. Are we to suppose that the Hard Boy has been riding all this time on the animal's back?" Suppose as thou wilt, good reader, and if thou findest a gap, fill it up according to thine own fancy. I merely tell the tale as it is given me, and undertake no repairs.]

—And that the boy he carried, was the

adopted son of Alten Chan. Mounting his grey horse, he galloped up to the Swan Woman, whom he belaboured, first with his whip, afterwards with his sword, but ultimately both he and his steed were slain by the reinvigorated lady.

Through his enormous journeys, the foal, who left Kara Môs and the Swan Woman fighting, had at length reached the extreme edge of the earth, just where it joins the sky. Direct progress being impossible, it followed the course of the sun, which soon brought it back to the spot whence it had first started. A sea of fire was now before it, and in the midst of the sea a small island, to which it at once proceeded, and setting the boy safely on the ground, changed itself into a girl, with long, luxuriant tresses.

Tough as she was, the Swan Woman could not stand fire so well as the foal, and therefore, when, after despatching Kara Môs, she came to the fiery sea, and, pulling off one of her boots, tried with her toe the nature of the liquid, the inquisitive member was at once burned off. The island was clearly not to be reached either by swimming or fording, but the enterprising dame perceived a convenient rock midway between the coast and the island. Upon this she leaped, and when she had espied the long-haired girl with the boy in her arms, another leap took her into the island without a moment's delay.

The girl—that is to say, the foal—had now no other resource but to change into a pike, and to take the Hard Boy in her mouth to the bottom of the sea, where she converted him into white sand. As for herself, she took the form of a golden duck, and swam quietly about upon the fiery surface.

After searching the island for a long time to no purpose, and burning off the tip of her little finger by a new experiment on the nature of the burning fluid, the Swan Woman burst into tears, and returned to the earth with a flying leap.

When she was fairly out of the way, the golden duck—that is, the long-haired girl, that is, the foal—fished the boy out of his hiding-place, and they both lived so well upon roast birds, that, at the end of a year, the foal had grown into a strong courser, and the boy into a sturdy man.

On the last night of the year the boy slept quietly, and when morning broke he stepped out of his jurte, when behold! there was the white-blue steed, with a mane of gold, accounted in the most costly fashion. The saddle-bow had been inscribed by Kudai with the name Aidôlei (full moon), and this, therefore, was the name that the young hero was destined to bear.

Aidôlei commenced his new career with becoming piety. On quitting the fiery sea, he thanked it for delivering him from the Swan Woman, and he likewise offered his devotions to the sun, the moon, and Kudai. So swift was his courser, that its hoofs never touched the grass, but it ordered him to stop at a black rock, which burst in pieces and liberated the boy of three

years, whose voice, calling on the Swan Woman, was heard by Aidôlei.

["But I thought the boy of three years was himself Aidôlei?" I dare say you did, dear reader, and so did I. But let us go on, for it is hard work, this telling of Tartar tales.]

The energies of Aidôlei were next employed in the chase of a certain black fox, who, as his horse informed him, was Ojendje Kara (the sportive black), the youngest of the forty Swan Women. The steed was so swift, that it outstripped the fox by a day's journey, and the hunter was forced to wait for the arrival of his intended victim, who at last slipped into a black rock, just as the horse was about to snap him up with its teeth. Availing himself, however, of a weighty copper staff that came conveniently to hand, Aidôlei broke open the door of the black rock, and was heedlessly about to enter, without consulting his horse, when the wise beast informed him, not without a mild reproof, that he would first encounter two eagles, that another door would bring him to two lions, a third to a brace of black bears, and a fourth to a company of thirty damsels, to whom he must not speak a word, and whom he most certainly must not take by the hand. Yes, reader, strange as it may appear, *thirty*, not *forty*.

Aidôlei entered the rock on foot, and found that his sagacious horse had been perfectly right with respect to the eagles, the lions, and the bears, who all shrank timidly as he approached; but, notwithstanding this proof of his horse's wisdom, he so far forgot himself as to shake hands with the thirty girls all round—yea, in spite of the renewed admonitions of the horse, who poked his nose through the door to repeat his warnings.

Through that unlucky solution the thirty damsels were at once conglomerated into one, and the one almost as speedily became a wolf, which at once flew at Aidôlei's steed. The rock had vanished, the hero was ignobly seated on the ground in the midst of a broad plain, and the horse, to escape the wolf, leaped into a hole which took him to the seventh stratum of the earth. There, he found the boy of three years old, and invited him to mount, but the boy pointed to the wolf, and expressed his strong suspicions that this must be the crafty Ojendje Kara. He then seized the wolf by the tail, and lashed it till it had resumed the shape of a Swan Woman; and now began a wrestling-match which lasted seven years, and ended in the death of the Swan Woman, or, rather, of the whole family of Swan Women, for it will be remembered they were all conglomerated in the form of Ojendje Kara.

The boy having furnished the horse with a handsome saddle and bridle, was mounted on his back, and went in search of Aidôlei. On his way he was met by another horse, likewise of a white-blue colour, who greeted him as his owner, and bore a saddle inscribed by Kudai with the name Ai Mirgân. This, therefore, was to be the name of the boy, who, quitting Aidôlei's horse, sprang upon the steed awarded



to him by Kudai, and rode on till he came to Aidôlei, whom he found still seated on the ground without ability to rise; this being the result of his ill-advised politeness towards the thirty damsels.

Ai Mirgän was informed by Aidôlei's horse that nothing short of the sacrifice of nine heroes would bring the seated hero to his feet. The remedy was not hard to find, for Ai Mirgän at once fetched the required quantity of heroes from the land formerly ruled by Katendjula, deceased, and killed them offhand. Aidôlei (now an upright man) and Ai Mirgän exchanged vows of eternal friendship, but were soon assaulted by two new enemies, the son of Katendjula and the son of the Swan Woman, who were sworn allies, and had inherited all the hatred of their parents towards Aidôlei. After a short scuffle of three years the two intruders were both killed: Katendjula fils by Aidôlei, and Swan fils by Ai Mirgän.

When the fight was over, they observed that Aidôlei's horse looked very pensive, and on asking that intelligent quadruped what was the matter, they were informed that Aidôlei would be turned to stone, and the steed into the bargain, if he did not take unto himself a wife on that very day. The lady he was bound to marry was named Ai Areg (moon pure), and she lived in a golden room situated between heaven and earth, and totally unprovided with steps. Indeed, so very unapproachable did the lady appear, according to the horse's account, that Aidôlei declared his willingness to be petrified, rather than to undertake an adventure so obviously hopeless. However, the good horse would hear of nothing of the kind, but took the hero on his back to the door of the golden room, having first instructed him as to the manner of wooing.

The courtship of Ai Areg took the form of a wager. She treated the hero very hospitably, and then proposed a game of hide-and-seek. If Aidôlei was caught, he was to forfeit his horse to Ai Areg; if Ai Areg was caught, she was to become the bride of Aidôlei. On hearing this arrangement, the horse wept bitterly—indeed, much more bitterly than became him, for he knew beforehand all that was to happen, and had communicated his knowledge to Aidôlei. Resolved to prevent the lady's challenge from being accepted, he shouted out that Ai Mirgän was in danger, which, inasmuch as friendship among Tartars is infinitely stronger than love, sufficed to bring Aidôlei out of the golden room. Off he galloped on the back of his wise steed, and as Ai Areg would not be deserted, she followed him in the form of a swallow. When they came to Ai Mirgän, they found him well and exceedingly merry, and at once celebrated their wedding by a festival, which lasted nine days. The sage and faithful horses, released from saddle and bridle, were rewarded by a life of freedom on the plain.

On the earth and under heaven,  
There was never one who ventured

To attack those doughty heroes  
Whom Kudai himself created.

The above story, which seems at first sight a mere reckless combination of incongruities, is built, strange to say, upon a system of mythology as complete in itself as that of Ancient Greece. Of this I proceed to give a brief sketch, as I do not believe there is any account of it in the English tongue.

The heroes who figure in the tale, and in fourteen others which now lie before me, are heroes in the Greek sense of the word: that is to say, they belong to a peculiar genus that stands midway between gods and men, and are, therefore, comparable to Hercules and the other monster-killing celebrities of classical antiquity. They generally live on the sea-coast, at the foot of a lofty mountain; and their jurte, or hut, which is usually made of elk-skins, sometimes beams with ornaments of precious metal. A golden post, to which the hero's steed is attached, is an indispensable article, and the hero's wealth, in addition to vast flocks of horses, sheep, and cattle, consists for the most part of costly habiliments, which are safely kept in the jurte.

In his earliest childhood the hero begins his glorious career, and if he does not distinguish himself before he is nine years old, his case is apparently hopeless. When he has come to maturity, he is provided with his steed, which usually bears his name on its saddle; though sometimes heroes have named themselves. His chief occupation, in the piping times of peace, is hunting, and a model hero will always distribute the best portion of his prey among his subjects. When in-doors, he lies on a golden couch, putting feathers upon the shafts of his arrows, or playing on a harp which is fitted with forty or sixty strings.

The hero, by virtue of his calling, is bound to measure his strength with other heroes, and the duels are fought, first with the sword, then with the spear, afterwards with bow and arrow. If these weapons leave the contest still undecided, a wrestling match takes place, which almost always ends fatally—as it is an article of faith that only one peerless hero can exist at the same time. The defeated combatant is so utterly demolished by his adversary, that nothing is left for dogs or birds to devour, and, in cases of extraordinary animosity, the victor cuts the flesh from the conquered foe, and forces him to swallow it.

The hero is also bound to obtain the hand of a lovely virgin, who is generally destined for him by the higher powers, and who is not to be won save by the performance of hard tasks that may remind some readers of the story of Atalanta. When the lady becomes a bride, her hair is put into two plaits, and the wedding is celebrated with great magnificence and with an enormous consumption of airan and kumys—the intoxicating liquors respectively made from the milk of mares and cows.

Intellectually, the hero's wife is generally his

superior, and she is his most sagacious adviser when danger is impending; but her counsel is often slighted, and not unfrequently rewarded with the lash. She rarely mounts a horse, but often possesses a dress with eagle's wings, with which she is able to fly. Still more important is the hero's horse, who is not only swift to the most fabulous degree, and capable of enduring any amount of privation, but talks with a human voice, prophesies future wants, and takes care of the hero's children if they are bereaved of their parent. To the variety of colour that may be found in the equine species, there is apparently no limit whatever.

The gods, or Kudais, of this strange system were originally seven or nine in number, and the mention of one sole Kudai, as in the preceding story, may be ascribed to a Christian influence. They reside in a celestial jurte, and so far resemble the Scandinavian deities, that they contemplate with terror the approaching end of all things. Moreover, they are constantly annoyed by the seven Ainas, or demons, with whom are allied the Swan Women, who live in the lowest (the seventeenth) stratum of the earth, and who, forty in number, can conglomerate themselves at pleasure into one. The rulers of the lower world are the nine Irle Chans, who keep in their employ forty smiths,—not improbably, relations of the Cyclops of the Greeks. There are many other internal beings of monstrous form, whom we, for the present, pass over, but we may mention that death does not necessarily terminate a hero's career, inasmuch as a return from the lower regions is by no means an impossibility.

But the most remarkable feature of the system is the reckless liberality with which the power of self-metamorphosis is conferred, not only upon demons, but upon women and horses. All seem able to turn themselves at pleasure into whatever shape they please without let or hindrance, and we feel that we are in a region where every one is a potent magician.

#### THE CAGED LARK.

"IN vain! Thy sunny fields are far away,  
And those blue vaults that echoed to thy lay  
For ever closed from thee;  
In vain—since never more the lightsome air  
Upon its chartered breath thy wings shall bear—  
Thy struggle to be free!

"Thou whose wide reign was o'er the flowers un-  
blown,  
Thy realm is now a span, and all thy throne  
One hillock of green mould!  
Not thine that kindly earth where sheltered lay  
Thy tender fledglings from the eye of day,  
Soft in its grassy fold.

"Shut out from heaven, confined to duties low,  
Tossed by a restless spirit to and fro,  
Like thee our wings we beat;  
Our hopes, like thine, in fickle skies are shrined;  
Or, turn we to this earth, like thee we find  
Life's greenest spot a cheat!"

Thus spake I, troubled. 'Twas an impious thought,  
Born of sick musing, and a mind o'erwrought:  
True wisdom lieth deeper;  
Nor bolts nor bars, nor power of human wrong,  
Turning life's music to a captive song,  
Can be the great soul's keeper.

Away, away to purer fields it flies,  
Where tells no blossom, while it bleeding dies,  
Of battle's cruel story;  
Where life's true heroes, waking from their rest,  
Shall view this earth, as suns the reddened West,  
From whence they passed in glory.

The weary strife, the beating of the bars,  
The torn limbs trailing 'neath the triumph-cars,  
The mockery and the moan,  
What boots it all to him whose path lies where  
Some conquering day his soul shall mount the air  
Up to a golden throne?

#### BEDSIDE EXPERIMENTS.

NURSING is a faculty, not a science. It is a gift, not an acquirement. There are some worthy, tender-hearted, highly estimable people, who can never make decent nurses. You love them, you are charmed with them in society; you wish them all imaginable prosperity, but would as soon think of introducing a French horn and a dancing bear round about your sick-bed, as of surrendering yourself to their best intentions. Let such people read every manual ever printed, let them walk the hospitals day and night, and they would be no better for the experience. Nature forgot the pinch of kaolin which makes good nursing when she mixed up the clay out of which they were formed; and art cannot always bolster up that which nature has left imperfect. Not that I would undervalue the scientific teaching of nursing. Given improvable conditions, it helps towards perfection in the art; and that means one of the ineffable, inexhaustible, immeasurable blessings of humanity. But nothing comes out of nothing; and if nature laid no foundation, how can art, or science, or anything else, build up a superstructure? Pyramids are not raised from the point downwards.

Doctors themselves are not of more importance than nurses. A nurse can, at any time, make or ruin a doctor's success by her intelligence or stupidity; and yet we let ourselves be messed about by all sorts of incapable nurses, as if guinea fees and vile draughts constituted the whole mystery of healing. There are various kinds of nurses, of course, as there are various kinds of sheep, of wolves, and of angels; and I dare say we have all experienced one or other of the varieties in our lifetime, sometimes to our comfort and languid joy, sometimes to our weariness and sick despair. But of all kinds, the most trying are the non-professional family, or related nurses.

First of these, is the good-natured, unscientific nurse, whose shibboleth is feeding, and who thinks that nothing can go well where there is not cheerful conversation and a busy

kitchen. Such a nurse I have known to insist on a patient with the yellow jaundice taking a rich, thick, chrome-coloured custard, as the best restorative for the disorganised system. Such a nurse will open the curtains, draw up the blinds, and throw wide the windows when a German band or a Punch's show is playing underneath, to relieve the tedium of a patient groaning and flushing under congestion of the brain; such a nurse has, before now, pressed wine and brandy on a patient in the agonies of internal inflammation; and has engaged him in a lively chat, as the finest remedy for a nervous headache. This is the nurse who despises doctors, and puts her trust in old women and the butcher; who shudders at grey-powder and prefers herb tea; who always thinks you are being brought too low, even when your pulse is mad with fever. This nurse is the dearest creature in the world for the drawing-room days of life. Round, bright-eyed, cheery, voluble, warm-hearted, she is the delight of the house, and the jolliest companion in the world: but I pray that none but my critics or my enemies may ever know her when she is under the belief that she is nursing to perfection. She is, herself, blessed with a large volume of life and a strong nervous organisation, with big lungs, a big heart, and a big, but coarsely-textured brain. She is a treasure to the healthy world: I cannot repeat this too often; for I really love her, such a fine noble domestic elephant as it is! But, bright-eyed treasure, stay down in the drawing-room, or rampage about the hay-field, and, when I am ill, never put so much as the tip of that beloved blunt nose inside the lintel of my door!

And take your sister with you: your sister is a Muff, and Muffs are as objectionable as elephants, when the knocker is tied up. Muff, too, is a precious creature for the healthy hours; a tender, clinging, loving soul, full of sensibility and kindness: an universal favourite, who, every one declares, must make one of the best of nurses. Try her, my friend; try her for one week, and surely at the end of it you will give up the ghost—or her. Muff's theory of nursing is comprised in incessant personal attention, and incessant personal caresses. When you are fainting for air, Muff will hang over you, between you and the window, stifling you with her soft warm hands upon your forehead. Muff is always praising your patience, your firmness, your gentleness; exaggerating your sufferings to your face, and making a far mightier fuss about every little occurrence, than even you think, with all your sick selfishness, is warranted by the circumstances. It would take a strong man to live through a month of Muff's bedside practice. She is rarely still, though I am bound to say she is creepy gentleness itself, and does everything in whispers. She softly tells you that your head is too low when it is rather too high, and she drags in another pillow, which she pushes and pats under you in the most irritating manner; or, just as you have found

out a comfortable corner in the bolster, which you have pulled shockingly awry and feebly manipulated into symmetry with your person, Muff tenderly insists that it is uncomfortable, kisses you lovingly, drags up your head, and pushes back the bolster to its mathematical precision of place. She whispers in your ear till she sends you mad; and pets you till you would beat her, if she were anybody else, and you were strong enough. "Poor fellow!" whispers Muff—you are half asleep, in a quiet doze, and in a wonderfully easy position, for her patient—"poor fellow, it is getting time for your nasty medicine; so don't go to sleep, there's a dear." It wants twenty minutes of the time, and you have not really slept for weeks: but you were just then so tranquil and so comfortable! Muff would be bitterly hurt if told that she is worse than useless in a sick-room. Indeed, it is the most aggravating circumstance in her case, that you love her with all your heart, and, to complain (one of the invalid's greatest comforts), would be almost next to murdering her.

Then there is the conscientious nurse, hard and practical: the blind machine which goes on turning its own handle according to the tune set for it by the doctor. Grimbones cannot judge for herself. She can obey orders, can Grimbones, and act faithfully, and with punctuality and precision; but she has no originality, and must work according to the pattern of a master. If the doctor says that certain medicines—sleeping draughts, for instance—are to be given every three hours, and forgets to add "until they take effect," Grimbones, ruthless as death, sits gauntly staring at the clock, and wakes you up at that exact minute your draught is due, although you were in a sweet and dreamless sleep, which was the very effect the medicine was intended to produce. But Grimbones has always held that obedience is the cardinal virtue. There are moral pedantries in nursing as well as anything else. Grimbones is a family pedant; almost invariably with square shoulders, a flat back, and bony hands, who dresses in black made skimp and tight, and usually loves a merino neck-shawl pinned primly to her waist, and a half-mourning—always looking like a half-dirty—cap. Grimbones is a good woman, but an awful nurse; a gaunt being to hover round a sick man's helpless bed. She is usually your mother-in-law. Therefore give Grimbones the keys of the storeroom and the wine-cellar, with perfect confidence; give her also dominion over your servants; but tell her gratefully, kindly (for Mercy's sake don't affront her!), that you would much rather she would not nurse you.

Escape, if you can, from the watching nurse, whose eye is never off you, who won't let you turn or lift your arm, or your leg, or even wink, without her interference; who bores you every five minutes by asking "what you would like now?" who can never let well alone, and has the profoundest contempt for the healing powers of nature; who thinks that constitutions are

babies, and have to be lifted on their legs every second, as they can never get up of themselves.

I think I prefer her, and even Grimbones and Muff, to Aunt Grewsome. When that little grey woman hears that any of her family is ill, she starts by express train from any remote part of the country to take possession of them, as if they were an estate. Oh, those small, cold, stone-coloured eyes; those chiselled, crisp curls; those thin, tight lips; that long, lined, granite-coloured countenance! The sensation of her—for she is less a human being in a house, than a subtle influence—is that skin-creeping which children call goose-flesh. Not only you, but your wife and your children, and your man-servant and your maid-servant, and even the stranger that is within your gates, succumb to her iron will. Everybody obeys her sharp, short directions—snapped off in broken sentences by her teeth—as if subject to a spell. Only one will, one opinion, is allowed to peep out from the screen of timid obedience behind which everybody cowers. Nobody must know anything but Aunt Grewsome; but, alas, of domestic affairs, few know so much. This may be the source and secret of her mysterious power; which she does not owe to graces of person or manner. She is so short and so active (active in a measured, angular way) that she never seems to sit down; the most she can do is to lean her little person against the edge of a seat. Then comes the terrible moment for housemaids. Then it is that Aunt Grewsome darts cutting glances into the corners of rooms and under sofas and beds. Then it is that you, helpless and forlorn, feel that the management of the banished wife of your bosom is being impugned, and your whole establishment mercilessly criticised. Then it is that all hope is shut out; for you know that, in whatever opinion or objection Aunt Grewsome may advance, there lurks the dreadful probability that she is in the right. It gives me, however, inexpressible pleasure to state that this very merit of hers has been her ruin. Since she read Miss Nightingale's book, and found all her own nursing doctrines confirmed in it, she has become—the foundation of her character being conceit—utterly unbearable; and a hunting cousin of ours, who had broken his collar-bone, actually snubbed one of his outdoor servants (no in-door menial would have dared) to do something so indescribably insubordinate, that she left the house, and has never ventured uninvited into any of our sick-rooms since. I dare say Aunt Grewsome is not wholly unknown to some of my readers.

But last and best of all, there is the dear fairy nurse, who is never in the way at the wrong time, and never out of the way at the right time; who, when you wish for her, appears like magic by your side, and, when you want anything else, brings that very thing, by some marvellous intuition, from some unexplained source; who is always cheerful and never tired; who seems fresher after sitting up for two or three nights, than the rest of the household after

seven hours' bed; who, when you can sit up, achieves worlds of ease and comfort with pillows, and bits of board, and cozy footstools; who tells you exactly what you ought to know, and won't let you be bothered with any news that might worry you; whose sympathy, though tender, is invigorating, for she never "poor-fellows!" you, as Muff does a hundred times a day; who does your work for you in a quiet, unostentatious way, and contrives to let you have the impression that it did itself, like the tangled wool or golden web of fairy tales; who makes jellies which no confectioner could approach, and mulls claret as if she had been taught the process by a special secret. This fairy nurse, this ideal of a sick-bed guardian, this exquisite undertaking of nature, reconciles you to nursing womanhood in general, and makes you once more believe in the good gifts of feminality. I know such a nurse; with heart, head, and senses in unfailing harmony. Under her delightful ministrations, it is almost a pleasure to be ill. Such a nurse is like the poet, "born, not made." But even she may be benefited by scientific rules. Indeed, she is almost the only kind of nurse who can be so benefited; for all the rest only add a little scientific pedantry to their other qualifications or disqualifications for their work.

The most sensible book ever written on the subject is Miss Nightingale's *Notes on Nursing*. Her rule of rules, the one which stands as the first commandment on which hang all the rest, is "TO KEEP THE AIR THE PATIENT BREATHEAS AS PURE AS THE EXTERNAL AIR, WITHOUT CHILLING HIM." No airing of a sick-room by means of inside windows, or doors opening into corridors, passages, halls, courts, or any other enclosed space. The outside air, and when it blows freshest and freest, is all that she will admit. With that commandment firmly established, next comes the need of some special and additional external warmth in the chilly hours of early morning, when the patient's vital powers are low, and before the food and warmth of the day have roused him up, either to healthy action or to feverish heat; and at all times—morning, noon, and night alike—in weak, protracted, or collapsed cases, where very often the patient is lost for want of this one matter of simple care and forethought. Hot bottles, hot flannels, warm drinks, a good fire, and perpetual attention to the bodily condition, are needed in such cases; and all this extra external warmth can go on together, with the prescribed amount of ventilation from the outside. "People don't catch cold in bed," says Miss Nightingale: a truth that cannot be too strongly insisted on those who have to attend to the sick or the aged.

In the matter of cleanliness, it is enough to say that nothing can be too fastidiously clean and delicate for the proper management of a sick-room. No dirty rags left fluttering about; no airing of damp linen or steaming towels before the sick-room fire; no superfluous drapery anywhere, and not a rag of carpet, if possible to be

done without; no dirty pots and pans, with hideous Jacobian messes swimming on the hob; no unwashed glasses, with the lip mark left in filthy ripples at the edge, nor spoons with the oil in a clammy cloud about the bowl, or with the dregs of the draught congregated into a mahogany-coloured pool; not the smallest thing about, that could shock the keenest sense of nose or eye, and then, perhaps, you may come up to the mark of the needful amount of sick-room clearliness. Make no noise, or as little as need be; but for the sake of suffering humanity, do not imitate Muff, and think that whispering and creeping about on tiptoes, means sick-room silence. These, are almost worse than our dear elephant's mode of slapping things down with a bang, and of speaking to you from the door, as if she were hailing a man-of-war. "A firm, light, quick step, a steady, quick hand, are the desiderata; not the slow, lingering, shuffling foot, the timid, uncertain hand. Slowness is not gentleness, though it is often mistaken for such. Quickness, lightness, and gentleness, are quite compatible." A rustling nurse is an abomination; a nurse with crinoline, silk petticoats, creaking stays, or squeaking shoes, with keys that jingle in her pocket, with a chain that flaps against her steel buckle, with jingling bracelets or charms, or even with floating ribbons, is absolutely inadmissible in a sick-room, and should be gently shown the door at the earliest opportunity.

Never stand or fidget about, when the patient speaks with you, and always sit where he can see you without turning his head. Be quiet and motionless when you speak to him, and never gesticulate. Speak with an even voice, without undue emphasis, without drawl, and with no hesitation; and never speak from behind the door, or from the fireplace, or with your back turned. Never speak at all, or walk quickly towards him, while your patient is standing or moving about: "a patient in such a state is not going to the East Indies," and if you would but wait ten seconds, or walk ten yards farther, any promenade he could make would be over. Under no pretence whatever, wake him out of his sleep. "He who sleeps, dines," says the hungry Frenchman, gaily; and he who sleeps in sickness is getting all the good which food or medicine could give him. Never tell your patient of any irresolution, doubt, or change in your own mind. "People who think outside their heads," who count aloud every link in the chain of thought, have no business with the sick, for they fatigue them by their changes of imagination, quite as much as if they had carried the poor weak limbs as many yards or miles as they proposed. Leave the sick-room quickly; and come in quickly; not with a rush, not suddenly, and like a bull; but lightly and decidedly; not as if you were leaving half your mind behind you, and the other half were turning round to seek it. "Conciseness and decision in your movements are as necessary in the sick-room as absence of hurry and bustle. To possess yourself entirely will ensure you from either failing, either loiter-

ing or hurrying." Reading aloud to the sick is an exercise to be very rarely followed, and then only under strict charge, of clear, distinct, even toned, and not lengthy trials: taking care that every word is heard distinctly, that there is no mouthing, and no plunging, and that the course is short and unfatiguing.

"Variety of form and brilliancy of colour in the objects presented to patients are actual means of recovery;" wherefore, by all means gather together as much variety as possible. Hang up an engraving where the patient can see it, and change it every day, or week, or month, as may be; have a growing plant or a few cut flowers near the patient; let the light come in freely and lovingly, unless in such cases as make it painful and hurtful; and, if possible, let the bed be so placed that he can look at the view beyond, and gather into his sick soul a little of the health and vigour of the natural world. Let him have bright and cheerful subjects for thought, and win his mind as much as possible from the eternal contemplation of his own miseries, and the terrible self-consciousness which creeps over us all during illness. But this variety must be given temperately and judiciously; care must be taken not to fatigue by a too rapid change, or by the exhibition of colours or of objects, which, through some idiosyncrasy or other, exhaust and depress rather than stimulate and encourage. Again, so soon as the sick can use their hands, let them. Let them have a little needlework, a little netting, a little manual labour of some kind. The doing faculty is so large an instinct with humanity that absolute idleness soon becomes one of the most intolerable of curses.

Never let a patient see his food raw, or smell it in the process of cooking, or know anything about it until it is presented to him, warm, tempting, and at the right moment, when his appetite is most craving. Hours of appetite vary in different individuals, and it is well to study their period of recurrence in the particular case under charge. If twelve be better than two, or four than six, make the principal meal appear at the desired hour. It is mere pedantry to say that one o'clock, or twelve, or two, is to be the hour of dinner, liked or not; and that it is the wholesomest time, and that people must do what is right. People, sick people at least, will only do what they like; and what they like is generally Nature's own mode of expressing her opinion as to what they ought to do and ought to have. Do not leave uneaten food by the patient; and, unless you wish him to eat nothing at all, do not let him "always have something beside him." Be careful that everything about his meals is scrupulously clean, and that every article of food is fresh and in good condition. Be chary of jellies, except as refreshment for a parched mouth, but do not trust to them for nourishment; and with beef-tea, regard it rather as containing a "certain reparative quality, we do not know what," than as so much actual nourishment. Dr. Christison says of beef-tea, that "possibly it belongs to a new de-

nomination of remedies;" for patients can take this who reject everything else, and can maintain life on it into the bargain. Cream, in many long chronic cases, is irreplaceable by any other article whatever: milk stands next to it. Eggs are seldom to be admitted, excepting, perhaps, beaten up with wine; and, save in the case of scorbutic patients, who crave for them, sweets, jams, sugared drinks, or sugared tea, come under the strictest ban. Especially with fever patients, whose furred tongues and parched throats demand something sharp or pungent. Tea and coffee are both good as restoratives, but tea is the best, being the more digestible; yet neither ought to be given after five o'clock in the afternoon, as both help to keep up the excitement which causes sleepless nights. On the other hand, a cup of tea given at five or six in the morning, after one of these sleepless nights, will often tranquillise and compose the patient, and send him off into a sleep of two or three hours. Typhus patients often refuse their tea, and one of the first signs of their recovery is their asking for it again. Some attempts have been made to substitute cocoa for tea and coffee; but independently of the fact that the English sick dislike it, it has no restorative power. It is an oily starchy nut that increases fat: and does no more. "It is pure mockery of the sick to call it a substitute for tea;" and, "for any renovating stimulus it has, you might just as well offer them chesnuts instead of tea," says Miss Nightingale, scornfully. Arrowroot is an excellent vehicle for wine, but has no great nutritive power in itself; buttermilk is often of exceeding service, especially in fevers; even cheese has been found of much value, and that too under circumstances of disease which would seem specially to exclude it. But Nature sometimes plays false to all known science, and asserts her independence in the most extraordinary language.

"Feverishness is generally supposed to be a symptom of fever—in nine cases out of ten it is a symptom of bedding;" a symptom of piles of mattresses, with perhaps a feather-bed or two on the top, never unpicked, never cleansed, never changed or aired, and saturated with the moisture of the patient. Have only an iron bedstead with a thin mattress, light Witney blankets, no counterpane, no valance, no curtains. If possible, have two such beds for the very sick, who are obliged to be always in bed, and change the patient's resting-place every twelve hours. In the mean time, hang up the bed-clothes to air, and throw the bed open for the same purpose. Let the bed be low; if you make it too high the patient feels like a sandwich between floor and ceiling; and let it be even with the throat of the chimney, and that in the current of best air; also let it be small, so that a nurse can easily manage it alone. Do not place it with one side to the wall; never put a tray down on it; let it be set in the lightest part of the room, and where the patient can look out of the window; in case of bed sores, eschew

blankets underneath, for they act as poultices and retain the damp. And let there be light—sunlight purifies, renovates, strengthens; unless in certain acute, nervous, or ophthalmic cases, light is almost always craved by the sick—always and without exception by the weakly convalescent, to whom it acts as a tonic and a stimulant. If possible, have your walls painted with oil paint, which can be washed; cultivate a horror of the ordinary unglazed bedroom papers, which absorb the dirt from the air, cannot be cleansed, and are mostly held to their places by putrid paste. Abolish carpets, and have the floor perpetually swept and washed; but there is no good flooring in England. The Berlin lacquered floor is the only perfect thing of its kind; the English absorbent wood, covered with a wide woollen carpet, the worst. Never offer advice. "Chattering hopes and advices" are moral nuisances that cannot be admitted for a moment. To talk cheerfully is not to exaggerate chances of recovery, or to make light of present danger; sympathy does not mean the proffering of all sorts of wild opinions, when the medical man is in strict attendance and must know best what ought to be done—when, too, the adviser does not know all the facts of the case, nor the circumstances of the patient, and can only judge of the broken leg by looking at the bedclothes. Have immense faith in "baby." Bring in baby for a minute, or a quarter of an hour, as the case may be; and those cool lips, those little fresh unconscious hands, those sweet wondering radiant eyes, will help the poor patient more than all the stupid words of all the foolish people in the world. Baby is a blessed creature in the sick-room, and has its little mission of cheerfulness and good. And a bit of pleasant news, a bit of good fortune happening to any of your friends, is good too, and brings a little of the outside cheerfulness of life flushing like health and youth into the chamber.

The chief mental or intellectual quality in a nurse is, perhaps, the power of observation. An unobservant nurse is as great a mistake as Elephant or Muff, and the rest of the failures I have spoken of; a nurse who confounds, instead of distinguishing between, similar symptoms, is apt to lead her patient with no lagging step into the grave. But this is a knowledge which comes only by experience, actual bedside experience, coupled with superior teaching, and, therefore, the want of it should not be too severely visited. It only helps us to understand the full importance of competent nursing, and to hope, with Miss Nightingale, that this may be made a matter of scientific training and teaching, and that all professional nurses, at least, may be obliged to go through a regular system of instruction which shall qualify them for their work into something very different from Grimbones or Mrs. Gamp.

To this end, and to every other end ever so remotely connected with nurses of every grade, and with nursing of every kind, Miss Nightingale



gale's Notes will conduce more effectually than anything that has ever been written or spoken on the subject.

### OUR EYE-WITNESS AT THE DOCKS.

THE subjoined report of our Eye-witness requires a word or two of explanation.

It was sent in in the usual form, was printed, and corrected for publication, when a letter arrived from our contributor couched in terms of great anxiety and alarm. He trusted it was not too late to cancel his report and substitute another which he enclosed. The first (that which he wished to be destroyed), was written on the evening of the day on which he had passed through the experience it described, and he had reason to fear that it was not so intelligible as might have been wished. He had written this unlucky paper, while suffering from a rather serious attack of indisposition—an indisposition of a very curious and alarming kind—its principal symptoms, a slight giddiness and confusion of the head, a great difficulty in the choice of terms, a singular facility of getting into sentences, an inconceivable inability to get out of them again. Nay, our unhappy contributor went so far as to say that this confusion and giddiness of head had reached so terrible a point at last, that he was unable to find the opening of his ink-stand when he wanted a fresh dip of the fluid which it contained, and that his pens became blunted at the points as fast as he took them up, in consequence of their being brought in violent contact with the rim of his ink-bottle every time he made a plunge at that vessel. He added, that he was wholly unable to explain this attack. He had passed the day in visiting—with Eye-witnessing views—the London Docks with a few friends and a “tasting order;” he had returned in the evening, had written his report of their expedition and had sent it in; but, next day, remembering the severe attack of illness under which he had been suffering while he prepared his article, it had occurred to him that the paper in question must have suffered from his indisposition, and consequently he begged, as above stated, to cancel it. Our E.-W. concluded his letter by saying that he has not been so curiously ill, since the night when his old friend Strongwaters was called to the Bar.

This communication arrived too late. The first report had been printed and irrevocably fixed in its present place; consequently, the only thing left to be done, was, to introduce this word of explanation before it, and to subjoin the second report, at the end of that which had been previously admitted. The first document runs thus:

Your attached servant and Eye-witness is perfectly competent to send in his report.

Who dares to say otherwise? Who dares to say that he is not in a condition to explain lucidly the present state of the Wine Trade?

Who dares to say, or rather insinuate, that your servant, going on a great and responsible mission of calm and judicious inquiry—going, in short, *as* your servant—could so far forget himself as to lose, even for a moment, that deep sense of duty with which let those who are not impressed with the full measure of the responsibility which attaches to the position of a public servant say is other than one calculated to tame and subdue the most mercurial and careless spirits among us, and much more that, or rather those—*those*, let us repeat, of one who at all times and in all places, conscious that his object is the improvement, the instruction, and the amusement of his fellow-men, is never more so, and rarely so much so, as at a moment such as this which he is about to describe when plunging, for the benefit of others, into the bowels of the earth, armed with a lantern, and attended by a ministring gnome provided with a gimlet, wine-glasses, spigots, and an adze (or cooper's axe), he wanders during many hours of a winter afternoon among casks, pipes, butts, and many other appurtenances of the wine trade, as connected with the export and import of that which has been styled by one whom your Eye-witness is *not* the man to disparage the enemy which—Oh! that a man should put it in his mouth to steal away his brains. Not that it *does* steal away the brains of any but those who have but a small and feeble allowance of brains to steal; for has not your Eye-witness passed the whole day in tasting and swallowing—and how should he do otherwise than swallow, it being too good to waste?—the wine which his dear friends Beeswing and Crust furnished him with access to, accompanying him themselves, one on each side, and providing him, as has been already stated, with a gnome who, furnished with a gimlet, would plunge the same into any cask, pipe, or butt, before which your servant chose to stop, and cause a beautiful stream of purple or amber-coloured liquid, as the case might be, to pour forth: which, being caught in a glass of great size and allowed to play upon it for a while in order to clean it outside and in, as the frequenters of drinking fountains cleanse the leaden stoup out of which they are going to drink (only in this case it is cleansed with precious wine and in the other with inexpensive water), and then handing the wine-glass so prepared and filled with wine of inconceivable merit, and not holding it by the stem but by the flat bottom on which it stands when it is put down, and it is impossible to put it down till you have drunk what it holds because there is nothing but round casks to put it down upon, and the wine-glass will not stand upon a round surface, for your Eye-witness tried it and broke four glasses in his attempts to steady them; but what he wishes to say is, that this man handing him incessantly these glasses full of ports, sherries, and Madeiras, which last is the favourite wine of your servant, albeit a liquor which, being but a poor man to whom the luxuries indulged in by the rich and powerful are little known, is one that he seldom tastes, and, indeed, so much the

better, for being of a gouty habit, and his great grandfather by the mother's side, whose name was Chalkstones, died of that disease; and if anybody reading these words and wishing to send a present of wine to the writer will please to make it sherry, he will greatly oblige—this man handing him, as has been said, continually glasses of these wines one after another in rapid succession has yet disproved this which the poet whom your Eye-witness is *not* the man to disparage has called an enemy which steals away the brains of him who puts it in his mouth but which is so little so in reality that though taken into his mouth in such large quantities as hinted at above, it has yet so little stolen away his brains that he is able as your readers see to write his report as usual.

Now to begin a fresh sentence, the above being rather a long one, and to prove more completely that your Eye-witness is in a fit and proper condition for the discharge of his duty, let us go into this matter methodically, and considering the question as one of figures, let us proceed to calculate that since the whole area or surface covered by the vault called the East Vault alone, is at least eleven miles, or rather acres, and that it contains fifty thousand pipes of wine, and that in another department of the same building there are thirty-one vats, one of which, to take a specimen, contains eight thousand two hundred and sixteen gallons, and another ten thousand gallons, and supposing that five parties per day visit these vaults, and that each party consists of four persons, and that each person drinks fifty glasses of wine, and that for each glass of wine drunk there are two wasted in the cleansing of the glass outside and in with wine as before described, and in the quantity which emerges after the withdrawal of the gimlet and before the presentation of the glass, and after the removal of the glass and before the introduction of the spigot, we get a result of two hundred, or four hundred, or perhaps eight hundred glasses of wine wasted per day. And though in the figures just quoted there is a great discrepancy, and it may be asked by the reader whether it is two hundred or eight hundred glasses of wine that are wasted, it is contended that that part of the question is immaterial, the great object being to show that there *is* waste, and the proverb being, Waste not want not, and your servant hopes that Messrs. Firkin and Stoup, or rather Beeswing and Crust, will not want, and that your Eye-witness may ne'er want a friend or a bottle to give him—and may the present moment be the least happy—But this is wandering from our subject, which was one of statistical and numerical, and not a convivial nature, and there must be wine enough wasted here to supply an hospital, and let the authorities look to it and what a good plan it would be to catch it in receptacles placed for the purpose and if your servant was Firkin and Stoup or Beeswing and Crust, or both or either, as he is not—worse luck—but were he, he would organise some such system and taking

care not to mix the wines would bottle them and send them to deserving friends who might or might not be Eye-witnesses and who may or may not be in a low condition as to their cellars but who scorn to give hints and so then the matter drops and we come back again to a practical and calm consideration of the subject once more and a great deal of valuable information your Eye-witness would be able to give but that it unfortunately happens that he is unable for some reason or other, but he does not know what, to decipher the notes which he made at great length while in the bowels of the earth, the writing in which the said notes are recorded being indistinct and illegible which is probably attributable to his having had to hold an umbrella a lamp a pair of gloves and a wine-glass all the time that he was writing and the lamp was a tin one with dints in it placed at the end of a long stick and looking in shape like a flesh-brush, and therefore it is surely not surprising but quite the reverse that the notes of your servant should be difficult to read and that D. 41. 42. 43. should be the only one he is able to make out and he wonders what this means and if any gentleman could help him he would be much obliged and if the wine trade would please to come forward and throw some light were it but the smallest glimmer, upon this subject they would be conferring a favour, also if they would tell him (for he has forgotten) how many million miles of tramway are laid down in these vaults for the casks to roll over, they are very good things too for the visitors to the casks to roll over for they project above the level of the ground, and trip you up just as is the case with the cradles on which the casks are placed and which sticking out at unexpected corners were the cause of several accidents to your Eye-witness.

Your servant is surprised and annoyed to find, what he has never observed in connexion with any of his previous experiences, that there are curious and unaccountable blank spaces in his memory as to some portion of the time which he spent within the walls of the London Docks. It is not as if he had forgotten what took place during those periods, but rather as if they had not been. It appears to your servant that at such moments he was obliterated. He was obliterated opposite the last cask of sherry which he experimented upon. There is probably some miasma in these vaults caused by the fungoid matter overhead, or by the fumes of mingled wine and sawdust under foot, which is the reason of this obliteration. At all events it was so, the giving up of his lamp, the emerging from the vaults, the ascending of the steps which conduct to the level of the earth, all these things are obliterated. After this ascent an extremely interesting discussion took place between your Eye-witness and Messrs. Beeswing and Crust (who argued across your servant) on the derivation of the word "sack," sherry sack. It was contended that it was got from "sec" in the French; but how this was finally decided—is obliterated. Some very valuable wine statistics

were also at this time given to your Eye-witness by his two entertainers; he remembers the fact that they were communicated, that they were interesting, that they were invaluable—but they are obliterated. The number partially remains, but whether they are millions or thousands is the circumstance which is obliterated. The miasma of the East Vault is a terrible and dangerous thing, let the reader beware of it. It is pregnant with vertigo, confusion, blankness, and—in short with obliteration.

The obliterated creature found himself turning up again in the spice department, among bales of cinnamon, and arsenals of nutmegs. The reader will not expect anything on such a subject as spice. What does he care for spice? Your Eye-witness *might* enlighten him with a great deal of information upon this matter, but to what purpose? There was indeed an anecdote related in connexion with certain bales of cinnamon which were packed in some peculiar manner which your E.-W. does not remember, and which were so packed for some particular purpose which has escaped him and with a view to re-exportation to some part of the globe the name of which he is unable to recall. Your servant merely recollects that it was a very amusing story, and that it was told him by an elderly gentleman named Brackenbury or Watts, it is immaterial which but it was one of the two. He recollects all this, but owing to the effects of the atmosphere in the East Vault he remembers nothing more.

And what right has the world to expect more? Are we, the slaves of the Lamp, to be always working and never enjoying ourselves? Are we, I say—I mean the Eye-witness says, for am I not writing in the third person, and I wish I wasn't—are we to be for ever slaving and toiling? . . .

Have not all our great men been at times ready to relax over their wine? was not Sherry-dan fond of a glass? and because thou art virtuous, are there to be no more cakes and ale? . . .

And if your Eye-witness chooses for once in a way . . . it's a poor heart that never rejoices—and what's that? The printer's boy in the passage, is it? Well give him that then and tell him, tell them—tell them to mind how they print it—and—to be partie . . . careful what they are about—and to abstain from fermented liquors . . . and in short there's an end of it—and it's time to go to bed.

Such is the first report sent in by our Eye-witness. We print it without comment, feeling that the severest censure upon the report as it ought *not* to be, is furnished by the report as it ought to be, which we here subjoin.

Ever ready to take a hint, your servant acted on a hint from a friend, and appointed a day for the purpose of repairing to the London Docks, and started for the City on a vinous mission, and with a vague idea pervading his system that he was going to do something remotely connected

in some mysterious manner with the Budget and the Treaty of Commerce. Your Eye-witness began by exploring the private cellarage of Messrs. Beeswing and Crust, the gentlemen by favour of whom his tasting order was provided. To one unaccustomed to such matters, the underground resources possessed by this firm, on their own premises, were sufficiently surprising, and your servant found himself so much interested in the remains of an old convent wall belonging once to the church hard by, and also possibly in a very curious sherry to which his attention was especially solicited, that he experienced a considerable difficulty in persuading himself to leave this pleasant retreat when the moment came for proceeding to the docks. The convent wall just spoken of, now forms an integral portion of Messrs. Beeswing's wine-cellar, and, used as a prop or lean-to for pipes of tawny port to lean their drowsy heads against, is a very remarkable and interesting relic.

Before him who enters the London Docks with credentials from the firm of Beeswing and Crust, the doors of the great vaults fly open, and the servants of the Dock Company do obeisance. To him the gates of the great cellars are thrown wide, and as, when he has descended the requisite number of steps, these gates close behind him again, he feels that a Silenus-like smile is creeping over his countenance, and that his good principles are suddenly being shaken to their very centre. It is an atmosphere of conviviality. The huge professional wine-glasses, solid in the stem, vast in the bowl, but slightly contracted at the mouth, as if to keep in the liquor which unsteady hands might otherwise spill; the smell of acres of sawdust well saturated with wine itself; the aspect of the vault, with its vistas of casks extending in the darkness further than the eye can reach, and its festoons of fungoid cobweb hanging from the roof like a soft and comfortable form of stalactite; the very attendant arming himself briskly with a gimlet and adze, a bundle of spigots, and a bunch of wine-glasses, held downward like a peal of bells; the long flat stick, with the tin oil-lamp at the end of it, which is handed to you, and which itself has a convivial and unprincipled look, the tin of which it is made being full of bulges like a hat which has been in a row; all these things seem in so many words to say, "You are come down here to be jolly, you have shut out the world, my boy, and all your cares along with it, and though these last are extremely affable and will kick their heels outside as long as you like to keep them, rather than not be there to greet you at your exit, you may yet give them the slip now for an hour or two, and have a frisk for once in spite of them."

As you advance and plunge deeper into the bowels of the earth, you are struck with what at this time of year you were not at all prepared for—the warmth. Shivering in the north wind outside, which crept in under his great-coat and nestled among his ribs, your Eye-witness had anticipated with shudders a chill reception

in these vaults. Whereas, the temperature is uniformly kept at from 55° to 65° winter and summer, and is, in spite of the damp, extremely comfortable.

The party of which your Eye-witness formed one, consisted of two friends (both representatives of the distinguished firm to which allusion has already been made), and in whose guidance the E.-W. had placed himself; a man who was one of several inhabiting the vaults, and rarely appearing above the earth level—a kind of Bacchic gnome; and your poor servant and emissary, the compiler of this report. Without guidance, it would be perfectly easy to lose oneself in these vistas of barrels, which are all exactly alike; and though in the case of the East Vault these gangways are dimly lighted with oil lamps and numbered, the case numbers would only be intelligible to the men who are accustomed to them, and would afford little assistance to the uninitiated voyager.

The effects of light and shade in this great crypt of the Temple of Silenus are often very fine. Sometimes you see a peep of daylight stealing through some cranny from above, and sometimes, as you look down one of the side alleys which diverge from the main thoroughfares, you get a glimpse of other groups similar to that of which you form a part, who are probably similarly employed, and who, in the distance, and dimly lighted by their feeble lamps, look like a kind of convivial Guy Fawkeses. Occasionally, too, you meet with a party of the Bacchic gnomes before alluded to, wandering about on some mission the object of which does not appear; perhaps it might be remotely connected with exploits of the kind recently made public in our law courts? The facilities for such transformations as have lately been disclosed, appear to an uninitiated visitor to be very great, and the system of supervision on a singularly slender scale.

But by far the most remarkable thing in connexion with these vaults is the extraordinary growth—spoken of above—of a certain fungoid substance which hangs in the strangest forms and in immense masses from the roof. The men who live in this place seem to be rather proud of this fungus—it is never interfered with, and they point out any larger mass than usual, with some complacency. It begins in an incrustation perfectly white and resembling cotton wool, which forms on the brickwork of the vault, and as it grows descends in irregular forms, hanging down a foot or two in length. Sometimes, also, one of these masses is continued, and either by joining itself to another, or being taken up again to the roof, forms itself into a garland, or festoon. These growths have invariably, by the time they have attained any length, lost their brilliant whiteness, and, being turned to a dingy dirt colour, are wholly without beauty. However large these masses of fungus are, they are always entirely soft and light, so that if you blow at one of them, or fan it with your hat, it will sway and waver in the air like gossamer.

Viewed carelessly and by the extremely dim light, the ceiling of these vaults presents a patchy and bulbous look, which carries out the convivial aspect of the place, and suggests that the vaults themselves have taken to drinking, and have got blotchy and belpimpled in consequence. It is a curious circumstance in connexion with this incrustation, that it never grows in any cellar but one devoted to wine.

Passing down the avenues of casks, all of which are ornamented with numerous hieroglyphics, indicating the names of their proprietors, the date of vintage of the wine inside, the period of its arrival at the docks, and the name of the ship in which it made its voyage—passing down these thoroughfares, one after another, your Eye-witness is presently arrested by his companions before a cask on whose head the letters B. and C., and the figures 8—4—51, are inscribed.

"Let us try this," says Mr. Beeswing.

"It is '50 Port," adds Mr. Crust.

Your Eye-witness has heard of '50 Port, and is anxious to taste it. He looks on in admiration while the gnome who is in attendance performs the following manœuvres, all executed very smartly, and perhaps with a trifle of ostentation. First, he places his lamp upon the ground, then he selects one of the wine-glasses from the "peal" before described, then he looks at the point of his gimlet, then he politely requests the E.-W. to stand on one side, and then he flies at the cask. The gimlet is into it and out again in no time, and the jet of wine, which your servant was told to stand aside that he might avoid, bursts out in a purple arch which has its origin at the gimlet-hole and its termination in the sawdust. Into this beautiful *wine-bow* the gnome now plunges the glass which he has selected. The invaluable liquor plays upon it outside and in, and the vessel is thoroughly rinsed and cleaned with wine. Then, and not till then, the glass is allowed to fill, and the gnome having handed it to your Eye-witness, holding it by the pedestal on which it stands, and never by the stem, proceeds to fill other glasses for Messrs. Beeswing and Crust, and finally choosing (he is in no hurry) a spigot from those in his hand, presses it into the hole, and to the great relief of your servant the stream of wine which has been flowing all this time is at last dammed up.

Your Eye-witness does at Rome what the Romans do, so when the glass of wine is handed to him held by its pedestal, it is the pedestal that he takes it by, and is just putting it to his lips, when he is suddenly checked—

"Stop!" cries Mr. Beeswing, who has been holding his wine with the lamp close behind it.

"Don't drink it!" vociferates Mr. Crust, who has been subjecting his liquor to a similar test.

And before your servant knows what has happened, his glass is taken from him, politely but firmly, and its contents are poured upon the sawdust.

"A little thick," says Mr. Beeswing, mysteriously.

"Decidedly cloudy," adds Mr. Crust. "Try that one," he adds to the gnome, pointing to a cask close by, whose hieroglyphics are precisely similar to those upon the barrel which has just been experimented upon. "Try that one," says Mr. Crust.

"That one" is tried, by the same process which was employed in the case just described, and the wine being pronounced by Messrs. Beeswing and Crust, unanimously, to be in perfect order, your Eye-witness is permitted to become a mouth-witness of its quality, and, on removing the glass empty from his lips, is gently reproved by his entertainers for the irreverent haste with which he has swallowed his liquor, and is initiated by them in the real art of drinking a glass of wine.

Let no man suppose that he knows how to drink a glass of wine till he has passed through a curriculum of dock studies, and has matriculated in the East Vault. There are doubtless those who would tell you that drinking a glass of wine is one of the simplest things conceivable. These misguided persons imagine that all you have to do is to take hold of the glass, convey it promptly to your lips, and drain the contents. Heaven help the innocence of those who imagine this to be all! Let us hasten the work of their enlightenment. He who designs to take his glass of wine in the manner of an amateur or judge, must go to work in a way very different from the flippantly brisk treatment of the subject hinted at just above. He must beware also of any theatrical tendencies in this matter. This is none of your pasteboard flagon affairs. There is no waving of wine-cups above your head, nor subsequent drinking so rapid as to carry out the hideous idea suggested by the waving process, that the flagon itself is empty. The following grave course of proceeding is to be closely attended to. First of all, it is necessary that the wine-taster should look to the attitude of his whole body, which is to be done in this wise. He is to stand with his weight equally divided on both legs, and with his feet close together. He is then to lean his body slightly forward, in the manner of a gentleman who is eating a juicy peach, and who has a regard for the breast of his coat. Next, he is to square his elbows and to take hold of the wine-glass, not by the stem, but, as has been already mentioned, by the pedestal, holding it somewhat loosely between the forefinger and thumb. These things done, he is next to attend to the expression of his countenance, which is to be that of a gentleman of a suspicious nature, and incapable of being taken in. Let us now recommend our wine-taster to apply the light test, and to hold his glass up to lamp or window, as the case may be, in order that he may get a notion of its transparency. Having done this, the monosyllable, *Hum!* may be softly and slowly allowed to pass from the amateur's lips. It is a good phrase, and unless he frowns, which it is not at present desirable that he should,

unless the wine is obviously thick, he commits himself to nothing. The eye test having now been applied, we should next recommend a recourse to the organ of smell, and here (there is no doubt of it) a slight frown may under any circumstances be judiciously allowed to distort the features. At this point, too, he is to put his head a little on one side, to put his nose very near the mouth of his glass, and to sniff sharply and irritably two or three times. Let it be owned that we are working our amateur a little hard, yet this is nothing to what is before him when he once gets the wine to his lips. It is then—it is at the moment of raising his wine-glass to his mouth—that the taster is to commence a system of harassment with regard to the owner of the wine which is to know no limit, and which no humane or friendly considerations are to be allowed to mitigate. Retaining the slight frown used in the nose test, our amateur is now recommended to "fix" his entertainer with a pitiless glare—not, however, turning his face towards him, but, on the contrary, getting it a little away from his victim, and regarding him (even if he be his dearest friend) suspiciously out of the corner of his eye. There will be no harm at this stage in the proceedings, in making two or three "offers" at the wine before sipping it. This is, on the contrary, a course much to be recommended, as it suggests that really your mouth is too serious a property to be treated lightly, and that you must think twice before calling its attention to a wine that *may* be a failure.

At the tremendous moment when the first sip of wine actually passes our amateur's lips, he must, on peril of losing the whole of the prestige he has gained by a careful attention to all that has gone before, withdraw the glass smartly from his mouth and look down at it as if it had offended him. Then, his glance having gained new strength by this relaxation, must be brought swiftly back to his entertainer's countenance, and a look of malignant penetration must be sewed out of it that shall find its way into that sufferer's inmost vitals. The mouth must now be stretched as nearly as possible across the face, the lips being compressed to a degree that renders them invisible and tightly closed. They remain thus, only for a moment, and are almost instantaneously pushed out till they are on a level with the tip of the nose. The lips retained still in this position are next to be moved slowly from side to side, and occasionally by a use of the muscle called "*orbicularis oris*," are to be made to revolve, which it will be found adds great effect to the air of dark mistrust hitherto expressed only by the eyes. The whole of these exercises having been got through, and repeated several times, the wine may at last—if the taster cannot resist it—be swallowed; but it will be more effective if he rejects it after all, and spits it out upon the ground.

The man who can enact the whole of this performance correctly, and can be guaranteed against a smile throughout—this man, and



this man only, can be really said to know how to drink a glass of wine. Let us return to the vaults.

The '50 Port having been satisfactorily disposed of, the little party of which your Eye-witness was one, moved on to other parts of the vaults, and passed to a consideration of those fine dry sherries and rich Madeiras in which the inhabitants of our island especially revel—when they can get them. At every stoppage for tasting purposes, precisely the same ceremonial gone through in connexion with the '50 Port, took place—with the exception of the throwing away the contents of the glasses—over and over again. Your Eye-witness, however, was prudence itself, and knowing that he had duties to attend to after leaving the docks, confined himself to one glass of Madeira (now raging in his left great-toe) and another of a very curious Amontillado called the Queen of Spain: a wine calculated to reconcile one to that monarch in a remarkable degree. Between all these sips, a certain paper of biscuits, brought for the purpose, was resorted to, to keep the mouth in tasting order, and to prevent the fumes of the wine from rising to the head. It was perfectly successful in both these respects—especially the last. How delightful is temperance!

The recent cases which have been brought before the public notice, in which it has been tolerably evident that the wines left in the vaults at the London Docks have been tampered with, may have caused some of your readers to ask how it is that the different wine-merchants in London do not keep their stock in some warehouse of their own, and under their own supervision, in which case such frauds would be impossible? The answer to this question is simple enough. The wine has to be kept for years after its arrival in this country, before it is required; therefore, if the merchant were to pay the duty, which he must if he wants to take his wine away, he would be, during all these years, losing the interest of his money. While the wine remains at the docks, it pays no duty, consequently, during all the time that it lies there going through its maturing process, the possessor of it is able to keep his money, and make use of it. Private bonded warehouses, where the wine would be exempt from duty, are only allowed within four hundred yards from the river. The shipping expenses connected with them are very heavy. There are few merchants whose stock would be enough to fill one, and of course if two or three took one of them together, they would be liable to robbery from each other's servants. There is little doubt but that hereafter, when the duty is reduced to one shilling or eightpence per gallon, instead of five and ninepence, the merchants will keep larger stocks of duty-paid wine than they do at present, as the loss of the interest of the money then would be inconsiderable in proportion to the dock charges. These last are very high, sixpence per week being required for every pipe of wine that lies in the vaults. Some notion

may be formed of what these dock charges amount to, in the course of the year, when it is mentioned that the firm of Beeswing and Crust, to whom the Eye-witness owes his information, pays to the different dock companies a sum varying from 12,000*l.* to 14,000*l.* per annum.

It is a startling thing, and gives one some notion of what commerce is in this country, to visit such places as the London Docks, and see the scale of everything around one. The entire space enclosed within the domains of the company is no less than 91 acres. Of this the water area alone is 34½ acres, while the quay room, alongside which vessels may lie, occupies 11,115 feet. The contents of the different warehouses and sheds amount to 230,000 tons, and there is vault accommodation for wines and spirits capable of holding 87,000 pipes. It remains to give the reader some notion of the wealth contained in the different warehouses and vaults; this may be done, not to frighten the reader with figures, in but one or two quotations. The estimated value of goods of various kinds landed in the London Docks in one year (1850) was thirteen million and a half of sovereigns. The worth of the wines and spirits landed in that year alone was close upon three million; the rest was made up by the value of the tobacco, sugar, tea, coffee, and other goods which entered the docks. Now let us see what government gets out of all this. On those wines and spirits, the estimated value of which has just been given, a duty was at that time exacted amounting to 4,253,977*l.*, which is only nearly twice the worth of the goods themselves, while on the whole contents of the docks the excise reached the enormous sum of 13,727,390*l.* And this, let the reader remember, was the amount of revenue gained from only one of the numerous docks at which excisable goods brought to this country are landed.

The space occupied by the London Docks seems larger than is required. Your Eye-witness was struck with this, both in the vaults dedicated to wine and, subsequently, in the warerooms devoted to tobacco. The men belonging to this latter department when questioned what had become of the stores which used to lie there, replied that they were "down at the Vic," and, indeed, there is no reason to doubt that the New Victoria Docks, for which the abbreviation just quoted is the slang name, must have done considerable injury to the Old Docks. It is not impossible, as has been already hinted, that a reduction of the duty on wines will hurt them still more, and that they may suffer by many of the results of that system of substituting direct for indirect taxation which seems to find favour in the eyes of our modern financialists. In every great change somebody goes to the wall, and what is play to one set of people is death to others.

There is a good deal of waste, as it seems to the observer from outside, in the different departments of the docks. Not only is there a



waste of wine which surely might be easily avoided, and which must amount in the course of the year to hundreds of bottles, but in the tobacco region the same want of economy is remarkable. The amount of liquor saved in the course of the year in a London gin palace by the contrivance there adopted for collecting the *drippings of the glasses* has often been quoted. Were a similar carefulness to make the most of everything, observed in these London Docks, some startling results would doubtless be obtained. The institution called the "Queen's tobacco-pipe" was out of order when your Eye-witness paid his visit to the tobacco region of the docks, but he was told concerning it that it was a great kiln into which the damaged tobacco was thrown to be destroyed by burning. It would be well if our consumers of cheap cigars never got any worse tobacco than this which is burnt up, and it would be well if our poor friends who buy an ounce of tea at a time never took away in their screw of paper a worse article than that which, condemned as "damaged," is sent out in lighters to the mouth of the river and pitched into the sea.

Your Eye-witness in his visit to the docks confined himself to the wine-vaults and the tobacco and spice departments. Concerning the first of these—a legitimate prey to excise—it may be observed that the difference between the value of the thing itself, and the sum charged as duty, is even more remarkable than in the case of the wine and spirit tax. On the 589,780*l.* worth of tobacco imported at the London Docks in the year 1850, no less a sum was exacted than 6,935,812*l.*, before the fumes of this popular drug were allowed to arrive at the nostrils of the public.

There are many things connected with the commercial world, which strike the non-commercial world with astonishment. There are few persons who, entering the spice depôt of the London Docks, would fail to be surprised at the amount of cinnamon and nutmegs imported at this single place of debarkation. Heaven help us! one would suppose one bale of cinnamon enough for the whole of England for ever. There are eight thousand imported here annually. Of these, however, about seven thousand five hundred are re-exported again, and principally to Spain. The Spaniards make an enormous use of cinnamon in the manufacture of chocolate; and as they are—like other foreign nations—extremely averse to parting with money, they prefer coming to this country for their cinnamon, to importing it themselves from Ceylon: the reason being that in the latter case they would have to pay for it in coin, while here they get it in exchange for wines and fruits, and other Spanish produce.

After wandering for some time among the cinnamon groves, the attention of your Eye-witness was attracted to certain bales, differently

packed from the rest, and of larger and more cumbersome proportions. On asking the superintendent of the department—a very intelligent and humorous old gentleman—what was the destination of these bales, and why they were packed differently from the others, your Eye-witness was put in possession of the following particulars, to which he begs to call the attention of those foreign authorities whom the matter concerns:

"These, sir," said the superintendent, pointing to the packages in question, "these are some bales of cinnamon done up ready to be shipped for Pernambuco or Mexico; and you wouldn't believe, unless you was to see it, how those bales are packed. The South Americans, who are under a very heavy duty on imported cinnamon, send over to us in a private way an order for a certain number of bales, each of which is to be rolled up, first of all in a blanket, then in two tarpaulins, and then in matting over all. Well, sir, I obey the order, and it isn't for me to inquire *why* the cinnamon is to be so packed. I know, certainly, that in the course of the voyage, with the heat and one thing and another, those tarpaulins get fused into a kind of solid waterproof case round the cinnamon; but it isn't for me to suppose that when the ship gets near land, these bales are chucked overboard, and that then the Pernambucans, or Mexicans, or whoever they may be, go out quietly in boats and pick them up. It isn't for me to think that the bales are carefully packed, and that the tarpaulins are clapped on over all, in order that the cinnamon mayn't be spoiled when the packages are thrown into the sea. Blankets are very much wanted over there, and so, maybe, is tarpaulin. I only do as I'm bid, and if they sent word over, that the cinnamon was to be wrapped up in ladies' ball dresses—and if they paid their money—why, I should obey 'em, sir."

There is, surely, all over the world an innate sympathy with smuggling. Even the gentleman whose half-notes the Chancellor of the Exchequer is always acknowledging in the Times, would, doubtless, on his return from the Rhine, use every trick in his power to hide his eau-de-Cologne from the Custom-house officers.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

JULY 5TH. I had only got as far as the top of the stairs, when the locking of Laura's door suggested to me the precaution of also locking my own door, and keeping the key safely about me while I was out of the room. My journal was already secured, with other papers, in the table-drawer, but my writing materials were left out. These included a seal, bearing the common device of two doves drinking out of the same cup; and some sheets of blotting-paper, which had the impression on them of the closing lines of my writing in these pages, traced during the past night. Distorted by the suspicion which had now become a part of myself, even such trifles as these looked too dangerous to be trusted without a guard—even the locked table-drawer seemed to be not sufficiently protected, in my absence, until the means of access to it had been carefully secured as well.

I found no appearance of any one having entered the room while I had been talking with Laura. My writing materials (which I had given the servant instructions never to meddle with) were scattered over the table much as usual. The only circumstance in connexion with them that at all struck me was, that the seal lay tidily in the tray with the pencils and the wax. It was not in my careless habits (I am sorry to say) to put it there; neither did I remember putting it there. But, as I could not call to mind, on the other hand, where else I had thrown it down, and as I was also doubtful whether I might not, for once, have laid it mechanically in the right place, I abstained from adding to the perplexity with which the day's events had filled my mind, by troubling it afresh about a trifle. I locked the door; put the key in my pocket; and went down stairs.

Madame Fosco was alone in the hall, looking at the weather-glass.

"Still falling," she said. "I am afraid we must expect more rain."

Her face was composed again to its customary expression and its customary colour. But the hand with which she pointed to the dial of the weather-glass still trembled. Could she have told her husband already, that she had overheard Laura reviling him, in my company, as a "Spy?" My strong suspicion that she must have told

him; my irresistible dread (all the more overpowering from its very vagueness) of the consequences which might follow; my fixed conviction, derived from various little self-betrays which women notice in each other, that Madame Fosco, in spite of her well-assumed external civility, had not forgiven her niece for innocently standing between her and the legacy of ten thousand pounds—all rushed upon my mind together; all impelled me to speak, in the vain hope of using my own influence and my own powers of persuasion for the atonement of Laura's offence.

"May I trust to your kindness to excuse me, Madame Fosco, if I venture to speak to you on an exceedingly painful subject?"

She crossed her hands in front of her, and bowed her head solemnly, without uttering a word, and without taking her eyes off mine for a moment.

"When you were so good as to bring me back my handkerchief," I went on, "I am very, very much afraid you must have accidentally heard Laura say something which I am unwilling to repeat, and which I will not attempt to defend. I will only venture to hope that you have not thought it of sufficient importance to be mentioned to the Count?"

"I think it of no importance whatever," said Madame Fosco, sharply and suddenly. "But," she added, resuming her icy manner in a moment, "I have no secrets from my husband, even in trifles. When he noticed, just now, that I looked distressed, it was my painful duty to tell him why I was distressed; and I frankly acknowledge to you, Miss Halcombe, that I have told him."

I was prepared to hear it, and yet she turned me cold all over when she said those words.

"Let me earnestly entreat you, Madame Fosco—let me earnestly entreat the Count—to make some allowances for the sad position in which my sister is placed. She spoke while she was smarting under the insult and injustice inflicted on her by her husband—and she was not herself when she said those rash words. May I hope that they will be considerably and generously forgiven?"

"Most assuredly," said the Count's quiet voice, behind me. He had stolen on us, with his noiseless tread, and his book in his hand, from the library.

"When Lady Glyde said those hasty words,"

he went on, "she did me an injustice, which I lament—and forgive. Let us never return to the subject, Miss Halcombe; let us all comfortably combine to forget it, from this moment."

"You are very kind," I said; "you relieve me inexpressibly——"

I tried to continue—but his eyes were on me; his deadly smile, that hides everything, was set, hard and unwavering, on his broad, smooth face. My distrust of his unfathomable falseness, my sense of my own degradation in stooping to conciliate his wife and himself, so disturbed and confused me, that the next words failed on my lips, and I stood there in silence.

"I beg you on my knees to say no more, Miss Halcombe—I am truly shocked that you should have thought it necessary to say so much." With that polite speech, he took my hand—oh, how I despise myself! oh, how little comfort there is, even in knowing that I submitted to it for Laura's sake!—he took my hand, and put it to his poisonous lips. Never did I know all my horror of him till then. That innocent familiarity turned my blood, as if it had been the vilest insult that a man could offer me. Yet I hid my disgust from him—I tried to smile—I, who once mercilessly despised deceit in other women, was as false as the worst of them, as false as the Judas whose lips had touched my hand.

I could not have maintained my degrading self-control—it is all that redeems me in my own estimation to know that I could not—if he had still continued to keep his eyes on my face. His wife's tigerish jealousy came to my rescue, and forced his attention away from me, the moment he possessed himself of my hand. Her cold blue eyes caught light; her dull white cheeks flushed into bright colour; she looked years younger than her age, in an instant.

"Count!" she said. "Your foreign forms of politeness are not understood by Englishwomen."

"Pardon me, my angel! The best and dearest Englishwoman in the world understands them." With those words, he dropped my hand, and quietly raised his wife's hand to his lips, in place of it.

I ran back up the stairs, to take refuge in my own room. If there had been time to think, my thoughts, when I was alone again, would have caused me bitter suffering. But there was no time to think. Happily for the preservation of my calmness and my courage, there was time for nothing but action.

The letters to the lawyer and to Mr. Fairlie, were still to be written; and I sat down at once, without a moment's hesitation, to devote myself to them. There was no multitude of resources to perplex me—there was absolutely no one to depend on, in the first instance, but myself. Sir Percival had neither friends nor relatives in the neighbourhood whose intercession I could attempt to employ. He was on the coldest terms—in some cases, on the worst terms—with the families of his own rank and

station who lived near him. We two women had neither father, nor brother, to come to the house, and take our parts. There was no choice, but to write those two doubtful letters—or to put Laura in the wrong and myself in the wrong, and to make all peaceable negotiation in the future impossible, by secretly escaping from Blackwater Park. Nothing but the most imminent personal peril could justify our taking that second course. The letters must be tried first; and I wrote them.

I said nothing to the lawyer about Anne Catherick; because (as I had already hinted to Laura) that topic was connected with a mystery which we could not yet explain, and which it would therefore be useless to write about to a professional man. I left my correspondent to attribute Sir Percival's disgraceful conduct, if he pleased, to fresh disputes about money matters; and simply consulted him on the possibility of taking legal proceedings for Laura's protection, in the event of her husband's refusal to allow her to leave Blackwater Park for a time, and return with me to Limmeridge. I referred him to Mr. Fairlie for the details of this last arrangement—I assured him that I wrote with Laura's authority—and I ended by entreating him to act in her name, to the utmost extent of his power, and with the least possible loss of time.

The letter to Mr. Fairlie occupied me next. I appealed to him on the terms which I had mentioned to Laura as the most likely to make him bestir himself; I enclosed a copy of my letter to the lawyer, to show him how serious the case was; and I represented our removal to Limmeridge as the only compromise which would prevent the danger and distress of Laura's present position from inevitably affecting her uncle as well as herself, at no very distant time.

When I had done, and had sealed and directed the two envelopes, I went back with the letters to Laura's room, to show her that they were written.

"Has anybody disturbed you?" I asked, when she opened the door to me.

"Nobody has knocked," she replied. "But I heard some one in the outer room."

"Was it a man or a woman?"

"A woman. I heard the rustling of her gown."

"A rustling like silk?"

"Yes; like silk."

Madame Fosco had evidently been watching outside. The mischief she might do by herself, was little to be feared. But the mischief she might do, as a willing instrument in her husband's hands, was too formidable to be overlooked.

"What became of the rustling of the gown when you no longer heard it in the ante-room?" I inquired. "Did you hear it go past your wall, along the passage?"

"Yes. I kept still, and listened; and just heard it."

"Which way did it go?"

"Towards your room."

I considered again. The sound had not caught my ears. But, then, I was deeply absorbed in my letters; and I write with a heavy hand, and a quill pen, scraping and scratching noisily over the paper. It was more likely that Madame Fosco would hear the scraping of my pen than that I should hear the rustling of her dress. Another reason (if I had wanted one) for not trusting my letters to the post-bag in the hall.

Laura saw me thinking. "More difficulties!" she said, wearily; "more difficulties and more dangers!"

"No dangers," I replied. "Some little difficulty, perhaps. I am thinking of the safest way of putting my two letters into Fanny's hands."

"You have really written them, then? Oh, Marian, run no risks—pray, pray run no risks!"

"No, no—no fear. Let me see—what o'clock is it now?"

It was a quarter to six. There would be time for me to get to the village inn, and to come back again, before dinner. If I waited till the evening, I might find no second opportunity of safely leaving the house.

"Keep the key turned in the lock, Laura," I said, "and don't be afraid about me. If you hear any inquiries made, call through the door, and say that I am gone out for a walk."

"When shall you be back?"

"Before dinner, without fail. Courage, my love. By this time to-morrow, you will have a clear-headed, trustworthy man acting for your good. Mr. Gilmore's partner is our next best friend to Mr. Gilmore himself."

A moment's reflection, as soon as I was alone, convinced me that I had better not appear in my walking-dress, until I had first discovered what was going on in the lower part of the house. I had not ascertained yet whether Sir Percival was in-doors-or out.

The singing of the canaries in the library, and the smell of tobacco-smoke that came through the door, which was not closed, told me at once where the Count was. I looked over my shoulder, as I passed the doorway; and saw, to my surprise, that he was exhibiting the docility of the birds, in his most engagingly polite manner, to the housekeeper. He must have specially invited her to see them—for she would never have thought of going into the library of her own accord. The man's slightest actions had a purpose of some kind at the bottom of every one of them. What could be his purpose here?

It was no time then to inquire into his motives. I looked about for Madame Fosco, next; and found her following her favourite circle, round and round the fish-pond. I was a little doubtful how she would meet me, after the outbreak of jealousy, of which I had been the cause so short a time since. But her husband had tamed her in the interval; and she now spoke to me with the same civility as usual. My only object in addressing myself to her was

to ascertain if she knew what had become of Sir Percival. I contrived to refer to him indirectly; and, after a little fencing on either side, she at last mentioned that he had gone out.

"Which of the horses has he taken?" I asked, carelessly.

"None of them," she replied. "He went away, two hours since, on foot. As I understood it, his object was to make fresh inquiries about the woman named Anne Catherick. He appears to be unreasonably anxious about tracing her. Do you happen to know if she is dangerously mad, Miss Halcombe?"

"I do not, Countess."

"Are you going in?"

"Yes, I think so. I suppose it will soon be time to dress for dinner."

We entered the house together. Madame Fosco strolled into the library, and closed the door. I went at once to fetch my hat and shawl. Every moment was of importance, if I was to get to Fanny at the inn and be back before dinner.

When I crossed the hall again, no one was there; and the singing of the birds in the library had ceased. I could not stop to make any fresh investigations. I could only assure myself that the way was clear, and then leave the house, with the two letters safe in my pocket.

On my way to the village, I prepared myself for the possibility of meeting Sir Percival. As long as I had him to deal with alone, I felt certain of not losing my presence of mind. Any woman who is sure of her own wits, is a match, at any time, for a man who is not sure of his own temper. I had no such fear of Sir Percival as I had of the Count. Instead of fluttering, it had composed me, to hear of the errand on which he had gone out. While the tracing of Anne Catherick was the great anxiety that occupied him, Laura and I might hope for some cessation of any active persecution at his hands. For our sakes now, as well as for hers, I hoped and prayed fervently that she might still escape him.

I walked on as briskly as the heat would let me, till I reached the cross-road which led to the village; looking back, from time to time, to make sure that I was not followed by any one. Nothing was behind me, all the way, but an empty country waggon. The noise made by the lumbering wheels annoyed me; and when I found that the waggon took the road to the village, as well as myself, I stopped to let it go by, and pass out of hearing. As I looked towards it, more attentively than before, I thought I detected, at intervals, the feet of a man walking close behind it; the carter being in front, by the side of his horses. The part of the cross-road which I had just passed over was so narrow, that the waggon coming after me brushed the trees and thickets on either side; and I had to wait until it went by, before I could test the correctness of my impression. Apparently, that impression was wrong, for when the waggon

had passed me, the road behind it was quite clear.

I reached the inn without meeting Sir Percival, and without noticing anything more; and was glad to find that the landlady had received Fanny with all possible kindness. The girl had a little parlour to sit in, away from the noise of the tap-room, and a clean bed-chamber at the top of the house. She began crying again, at the sight of me; and said, poor soul, truly enough, that it was dreadful to feel herself turned out into the world, as if she had committed some unpardonable fault, when no blame could be laid at her door by anybody—not even by her master who had sent her away.

"Try to make the best of it, Fanny," I said. "Your mistress and I will stand your friends, and will take care that your character shall not suffer. Now, listen to me. I have very little time to spare, and I am going to put a great trust in your hands. I wish you to take care of these two letters. The one with the stamp on it you are to put into the post, when you reach London, to-morrow. The other, directed to Mr. Fairlie, you are to deliver to him yourself, as soon as you get home. Keep both the letters about you, and give them up to no one. They are of the last importance to your mistress's interests."

Fanny put the letters into the bosom of her dress. "There they shall stop, miss," she said, "till I have done what you tell me."

"Mind you are at the station in good time to-morrow morning," I continued. "And, when you see the housekeeper at Limmeridge, give her my compliments, and say that you are in my service, until Lady Glyde is able to take you back. We may meet again sooner than you think. So keep a good heart, and don't miss the seven o'clock train."

"Thank you, miss—thank you kindly. It gives one courage to hear your voice again. Please to offer my duty to my lady; and say I left all the things as tidy as I could in the time. Oh, dear! dear! who will dress her for dinner to-day? It really breaks my heart, miss, to think of it."

When I got back to the house, I had only a quarter of an hour to spare, to put myself in order for dinner, and to say two words to Laura before I went down stairs.

"The letters are in Fanny's hands," I whispered to her, at the door. "Do you mean to join us at dinner?"

"Oh, no, no—not for the world!"

"Has anything happened? Has any one disturbed you?"

"Yes—just now—Sir Percival——"

"Did he come in?"

"No: he frightened me by a thump on the door, outside. I said, 'Who's there?' 'You know,' he answered. 'Will you alter your mind, and tell me the rest? You shall! Sooner or later, I'll wring it out of you. You know where Anne Catherick is, at this moment?' 'Indeed, indeed,' I said, 'I don't.' 'You do!' he called back.

'I'll crush your obstinacy—mind that!—I'll wring it out of you!' He went away, with those words—went away, Marian, hardly five minutes ago."

He had not found her. We were safe for that night—he had not found her yet.

"You are going down stairs, Marian? Come up again in the evening."

"Yes, yes. Don't be uneasy, if I am a little late—I must be careful not to give offence by leaving them too soon."

The dinner-bell rang; and I hastened away.

Sir Percival took Madame Fosco into the dining-room; and the Count gave me his arm. He was hot and flushed, and was not dressed with his customary care and completeness. Had he, too, been out before dinner, and been late in getting back? or was he only suffering from the heat a little more severely than usual?

However this might be, he was unquestionably troubled by some secret annoyance or anxiety, which, with all his powers of deception, he was not able entirely to conceal. Through the whole of dinner, he was almost as silent as Sir Percival himself; and he, every now and then, looked at his wife with an expression of furtive uneasiness, which was quite new in my experience of him. The one social obligation which he seemed to be self-possessed enough to perform as carefully as ever, was the obligation of being persistently civil and attentive to me. What vile object he has in view, I cannot still discover; but, be the design what it may, invariable politeness towards myself, invariable humility towards Laura, and invariable suppression (at any cost) of Sir Percival's clumsy violence, have been the means he has resolutely and impenetrably used to get to his end, ever since he set foot in this house. I suspected it, when he first interfered in our favour, on the day when the deed was produced in the library, and I feel certain of it, now.

When Madame Fosco and I rose to leave the table, the Count rose also to accompany us back to the drawing-room.

"What are you going away for?" asked Sir Percival—"I mean *you*, Fosco."

"I am going away, because I have had dinner enough, and wine enough," answered the Count. "Be so kind, Percival, as to make allowances for my foreign habit of going out with the ladies, as well as coming in with them."

"Nonsense! Another glass of claret won't hurt you. Sit down again like an Englishman. I want half an hour's quiet talk with you over our wine."

"A quiet talk, Percival, with all my heart, but not now, and not over the wine. Later in the evening, if you please—later in the evening."

"Civil!" said Sir Percival, savagely. "Civil behaviour, upon my soul, to a man in his own house!"

I had more than once seen him look at the Count uneasily during dinner-time, and had observed that the Count carefully abstained from looking at him in return. This circumstance,

coupled with the host's anxiety for a little quiet talk over the wine and the guest's obstinate resolution not to sit down again at the table, revived in my memory the request which Sir Percival had vainly addressed to his friend, earlier in the day, to come out of the library and speak to him. The Count had deferred granting that private interview, when it was first asked for in the afternoon, and had again deferred granting it, when it was a second time asked for at the dinner-table. Whatever the coming subject of discussion between them might be, it was clearly an important subject in Sir Percival's estimation—and perhaps (judging from his evident reluctance to approach it), a dangerous subject as well, in the estimation of the Count.

These considerations occurred to me while we were passing from the dining-room to the drawing-room. Sir Percival's angry commentary on his friend's desertion of him had not produced the slightest effect. The Count obstinately accompanied us to the tea-table—waited a minute or two in the room—then went out into the hall and returned with the post-bag in his hands. It was then eight o'clock—the hour at which the letters were always despatched from Blackwater Park.

"Have you any letter for the post, Miss Halcombe?" he asked, approaching me, with the bag.

I saw Madame Fosco, who was making the tea, pause, with the sugar-tongs in her hand, to listen for my answer.

"No, Count, thank you. No letters to-day."

He gave the bag to the servant, who was then in the room; sat down at the piano; and played the air of the lively Neapolitan street-song, "*La mia Carolina*," twice over. His wife, who was usually the most deliberate of women in all her movements, made the tea as quickly as I could have made it myself—finished her own cup in two minutes—and quietly glided out of the room.

I rose to follow her example—partly because I suspected her of attempting some treachery up-stairs with Laura; partly, because I was resolved not to remain alone in the same room with her husband.

Before I could get to the door, the Count stopped me, by a request for a cup of tea. I gave him the cup of tea; and tried a second time to get away. He stopped me again—this time, by going back to the piano, and suddenly appealing to me on a musical question in which he declared that the honour of his country was concerned.

I vainly pleaded my own total ignorance of music, and total want of taste in that direction. He only appealed to me again with a vehemence which set all further protest on my part at defiance. "The English and the Germans (he indignantly declared) were always reviling the Italians for their inability to cultivate the higher kinds of music. We were perpetually talking of our Oratorios; and they were perpetually talking of their Symphonies. Did

we forget and did they forget his immortal friend and countryman, Rossini? What was '*Moses in Egypt*,' but a sublime oratorio, which was acted on the stage, instead of being coldly sung in a concert-room? What was the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, but a symphony under another name? Had I heard *Moses in Egypt*? Would I listen to this, and this, and this, and say if anything more sublimely sacred and grand had ever been composed by mortal man?"—And, without waiting for a word of assent or dissent on my part, looking me hard in the face all the time, he began thundering on the piano, and singing to it with loud and lofty enthusiasm; only interrupting himself, at intervals, to announce to me fiercely the titles of the different pieces of music:—"Chorus of Egyptians, in the *Plague of Darkness*, Miss Halcombe!"—"Recitativo of *Moses*, with the tables of the Law."—"Prayer of Israelites, at the passage of the Red Sea. Aha! Aha! Is that sacred? is that sublime?" The piano trembled under his powerful hands; and the teacups on the table rattled, as his big bass voice thundered out the notes, and his heavy foot beat time on the floor.

There was something horrible—something fierce and devilish, in the outburst of his delight at his own singing and playing, and in the triumph with which he watched its effect upon me, as I shrank nearer and nearer to the door. I was released, at last, not by my own efforts, but by Sir Percival's interposition. He opened the dining-room door, and called out angrily to know what "that infernal noise" meant. The Count instantly got up from the piano. "Ah! if Percival is coming," he said, "harmony and melody are both at an end. The Muse of Music, Miss Halcombe, deserts us in dismay; and I, the fat old minstrel, exhale the rest of my enthusiasm in the open air!" He stalked out into the verandah, put his hands in his pockets, and resumed the "recitativo of *Moses*," sotto voce, in the garden.

I heard Sir Percival call after him, from the dining-room window. But he took no notice: he seemed determined not to hear. That long-deferred quiet talk between them was still to be put off, was still to wait for the Count's absolute will and pleasure.

He had detained me in the drawing-room nearly half an hour from the time when his wife left us. Where had she been, and what had she been doing in that interval?

I went up-stairs to ascertain, but I made no discoveries; and when I questioned Laura, I found that she had not heard anything. Nobody had disturbed her—no faint rustling of the silk dress had been audible, either in the ante-room or in the passage.

It was, then, twenty minutes to nine. After going to my room to get my journal, I returned, and sat with Laura; sometimes writing, sometimes stopping to talk with her. Nobody came near us, and nothing happened. We remained together till ten o'clock. I then rose; said my last cheering words; and wished her good night.



She locked her door again, after we had arranged that I should come in and see her the first thing in the morning.

I had a few sentences more to add to my diary, before going to bed myself; and, as I went down again to the drawing-room, after leaving Laura, for the last time that weary day, I resolved merely to show myself there, to make my excuses, and then to retire an hour earlier than usual, for the night.

Sir Percival, and the Count and his wife, were sitting together. Sir Percival was yawning in an easy-chair; the Count was reading; Madame Fosco was fanning herself. Strange to say, *her* face was flushed, now. She, who never suffered from the heat, was most undoubtedly suffering from it to-night.

"I am afraid, Countess, you are not quite so well as usual?" I said.

"The very remark I was about to make to you," she replied. "You are looking pale, my dear."

"My dear! It was the first time she had ever addressed me with that familiarity! There was an insolent smile, too, on her face when she said the words.

"I am suffering from one of my bad headaches," I answered, coldly.

"Ah, indeed? Want of exercise, I suppose? A walk before dinner would have been just the thing for you." She referred to the "walk" with a strange emphasis. Had she seen me go out? No matter if she had. The letters were safe, now, in Fanny's hands.

"Come, and have a smoke, Fosco," said Sir Percival, rising, with another uneasy look at his friend.

"With pleasure, Percival, when the ladies have gone to bed," replied the Count.

"Excuse me, Countess, if I set you the example of retiring," I said. "The only remedy for such a headache as mine is going to bed."

I took my leave. There was the same insolent smile on the woman's face when I shook hands with her. Sir Percival paid no attention to me. He was looking impatiently at Madame Fosco, who showed no signs of leaving the room with me. The Count smiled to himself behind his book. There was yet another delay to that quiet talk with Sir Percival—and the Countess was the impediment, this time.

Once safely shut into my own room, I opened these pages, and prepared to go on with that part of the day's record which was still left to write.

For ten minutes or more, I sat idle, with the pen in my hand, thinking over the events of the last twelve hours. When I at last addressed myself to my task, I found a difficulty in proceeding with it which I had never experienced before. In spite of my efforts to fix my thoughts on the matter in hand, they wandered away, with the strangest persistency, in the one direction of Sir Percival and the Count; and all the interest which I tried to concentrate on my journal, centred, in-

stead, on that private interview between them, which had been put off all through the day, and which was now to take place in the silence and solitude of the night.

In this perverse state of my mind, the recollection of what had passed since the morning would not come back to me; and there was no resource but to close my journal and to get away from it for a little while.

I opened the door which led from my bedroom into my sitting-room, and, having passed through, pulled it to again, to prevent any accident, in case of draught, with the candle left on the dressing-table. My sitting-room window was wide open; and I leaned out, listlessly, to look at the night.

It was dark and quiet. Neither moon nor stars were visible. There was a smell like rain in the still, heavy air; and I put my hand out of window. No. The rain was only threatening; it had not come yet.

### MORE VERY COMMON LAW.

BEFORE entering upon a further consideration of Mr. Blank's responsibility for the acts of his servants, let us mention one other sufficient cause for dismissal. Should Mr. Blank find his servant, after trial, to be utterly incompetent to perform the duties which he has undertaken, the law will allow Mr. Blank to dismiss him. As Lord Ellenborough has said, "the master is not bound to keep him (the incompetent domestic) on, as a burdensome and useless servant to the end of the year."

Mr. Justice Willes has laid down the law so clearly upon this point, that we have no hesitation in introducing the "*ipsissima verba*" of that learned judge into our pages. "When a skilled labourer, artisan, or artist, is employed, there is, on his part, an implied warranty that he is of skill reasonably competent to the task he undertakes—'*spondes peritiam artis*.' Thus, if an apothecary, a watchmaker, an attorney, be employed for reward, they each impliedly undertake to possess and exercise reasonable skill in their respective arts. The public profession of an art is a representation and undertaking to all the world that the professor possesses the requisite ability and skill. An express promise or express representation in the particular case is not necessary. It may be that if there is no general and no particular representation of ability and skill, the workman undertakes no responsibility. If a gentleman, for example, should employ a man that is known to have never done anything but sweep a crossing, to clean or mend his watch, the employer would probably be held to have incurred all risk himself. The next question is this: supposing that, when the skill and competency of the party employed are tested by the employment, he is found to be utterly incompetent, is the employer bound nevertheless to go on employing him to the end of the term for which he is engaged, notwithstanding his incompetency? It seems very unreasonable that an employer should be

compelled to go on employing a man who, having represented himself to be competent, turns out to be incompetent. An engineer is retained by a railway company to drive an express train for a year, and is found to be utterly unskilful or incompetent to drive or regulate the locomotive: are the railway company still bound, under pain of an action, to entrust the lives of thousands, to his dangerous and demonstrated incapacity? A clerk is retained for a year to keep a merchant's books, and it turns out that he is ignorant not only of book-keeping but of arithmetic: is the merchant bound to continue him in his employment? Misconduct in a servant is, according to every day's experience, a justification of a discharge. The failure to afford the requisite skill expressly or impliedly promised, is a breach of legal duty, and, therefore, misconduct."

"It appears to us," added Mr. Justice Willes, in his judgment, "that there is no material difference between a servant who will not, and a servant who can not, perform the duties for which he was hired."

To go back to the responsibility of Mr. Blank for the acts of his servants. "If a servant," said Lord Cranworth, not very long ago, in the House of Lords, "driving his master's carriage along the highway, carelessly runs over a bystander," another reason why Mr. Blank should be careful in the selection of his coachman, "or if a gamekeeper employed to kill game carelessly fire at a hare so as to shoot a person passing on the ground, or if a workman employed by a builder in building a house negligently throw a brick or stone from the scaffold and so hurt a passer-by, the person injured has a right to treat the wrongful act as the act of the master."

So, Mr. Blank is responsible for damage caused by his servant's carelessness whilst that servant is occupied in doing his business.

If Leggings, the keeper, however, choose to attend a pigeon-shooting for his own private amusement, and be so unfortunate as to put an ounce and a half of shot through a neighbouring conservatory, Mr. Blank will not be responsible for that act of his servant. Moreover, should Leggings (whom we will assume to be an excellent keeper and a crack shot) have the misfortune to damage the under-keeper whilst both are engaged in killing their master's rabbits, no legal penalties will attach to Mr. Blank, although he is the master: unless it can be shown that Leggings is incompetent to fulfil the duties of a gamekeeper, and is not by any means a crack shot.

The responsibility of a master, in fact, does not extend to any damage which one servant may receive from another while both are engaged in a common employment: provided the master take proper precaution to employ servants who understand their work.

Let us take a case recently decided in the House of Lords, and from which we have already quoted.

In that instance, a miner was killed, through

the carelessness of the engine-man, who neglected to stop the engine when the cage, in which the miner was seated, had reached the mouth of the pit. The relatives of the unfortunate man brought an action against the owners of the colliery, but (the question having been referred to the highest tribunal) it was held that they were not liable. Among other reasons adduced, Lord Cranworth said: "When the workman contracts to do work of any particular sort, he knows, or ought to know, to what risks he is exposing himself; he knows, if such be the nature of the risk, that want of care on the part of a fellow-workman may be injurious or fatal to him—that against such want of care his employer cannot by any means protect him."

Let us try a change of subject: say, "shopping." The legal peculiarities attached to this operation are not numerous, but the few which strike us as of consequence shall be faithfully stated.

If a person purchase goods of a greater value than ten pounds, the law requires the bargain to be ratified by a note in writing, signed by the purchaser: "except," as the books have it, "the buyer shall accept part of the goods so sold, and actually receive the same, or give something in earnest to bind the bargain, or in part payment."

As an illustration: Mr. Blank may purchase several articles at one time, which, though individually of less value than ten pounds, amount, in the whole, to more than that sum, may take them home with him, may talk the matter over with Mrs. B, may repent of his bargain, and return the goods to the disappointed shopkeeper, if there have been no written ratification of the transaction.

Thus, a man bought various articles at a linen-draper's, we find from the reports, each of less value than ten pounds, but amounting, in the whole, to seventy pounds. Some of the articles were measured in his presence, others marked by him with a pencil, and assistance rendered by him in cutting other parts of the goods purchased from larger pieces. The whole seventy pounds' worth of haberdashery having been sent to his house, he discovered that the shopkeeper would not allow him more than five per cent discount for cash, and, upon this, returned the whole of them. The courts decided that he was quite justified in so doing, there having been no legal acceptance.

Moreover, if any one of a number of articles purchased by Mr. Blank from a tradesman should prove to be of a different character from that promised by the shopkeeper, he may return the whole: always provided, however, that he do so within a reasonable time.

A very exorbitant individual once upon a time bought a chandelier, kept it for six months, and then returned it, saying that it was too small for his room; but the courts were not going to sanction so unreasonable a proceeding as that, and requested the gentleman to make the best of his bargain.

Again: if Mr. Blank gives an order, which is not executed according to his instructions, he may return all, or a part of, the articles. Take the case of a gentleman who ordered two dozen of port, and a like quantity of sherry, but to whom the enterprising merchant sent four dozen of each. Having tasted a bottle of the sherry, the gentleman found it was not of the quality he expected, and, upon this, sent back the remainder of the sherry, but retained one dozen of the port. You are liable to pay—said the legal authorities before whom the question whether the gentleman was to pay for the whole of the wine sent, or not, was subsequently discussed—for the wine which you retained, and for no more.

It is a different matter, however, if Mr. Blank purchase a specific article under a warranty and has once accepted it. Should he be disappointed with his purchase under these circumstances, he cannot return the article, but, having paid for it, may bring an action for the damage which he has sustained.

Thus (to quote an instance from that most prolific source of litigation, "horse-dealing"), a man bought a horse warranted sound, kept him for one day, sold him the next, and repurchased him the day following: discovering at last that the animal was unsound. Of course, he immediately brought an action against the dealer who had originally warranted the horse, but he could not compel that disingenuous individual to take back the unsound animal. It was said by Lord Tenterden, however, in the course of this case, that "though a person who buys a specific article delivered with a warranty may not have a right to return it, the same does not apply to executory contracts when an article, for instance, is ordered from a manufacturer who contracts that it is of a certain quality"—the wine manufacturer above mentioned no doubt professed that his sherry was a very high flavoured Amon-tillado—"or fit for a certain purpose, and the article is never completely accepted by the person ordering it. In this and similar cases the latter may return it as soon as he discovers the defect, provided he has done nothing more in the mean time than give the article a fair trial."

To carry the doctrine a step further: we find it stated by Mr. Justice Erskine, that, "when a party undertakes to supply an article for a particular purpose, he warrants that it shall be fit and proper for such purpose." And this applies, as will be seen from the following case, even where the person supplying the article is not the actual manufacturer:

A wine-merchant in want of a crane rope sent his clerk to a ropemaker, to purchase one. On the following day, the foreman of the ropemaker called at the merchant's office, and, after inquiring what description of rope was required, and taking dimensions, stated that it would be necessary to manufacture a new rope. The rope having been made accordingly, was sent to the wine-merchant, but broke in the using: causing, at the same time, the loss of a pipe of wine. This led to an action against the man from whom

the rope was purchased. In defence, it was stated that, though calling himself a ropemaker, the person who furnished the rope had not, in fact, actually manufactured it, but had sent it to a ropemaker to be made; that, consequently, there was no implied warranty, and, therefore, he (the seller of the rope) was not liable. This would not do. "Here the defendant," said Mr. Justice Erskine, "did not make the rope, but he selected a person to make it, and he had an opportunity of informing him of the purpose for which the article was wanted. If he did not do so, it was his own fault. Having undertaken to supply a rope for the plaintiff's crane, he is clearly liable to the action, the jury having found that it was not a rope fit for the purpose."

Should the purchaser, however, select any particular article himself, he cannot inflict any legal penalty upon the seller, if it turn out unfit for the purpose for which it was purchased: even though the tradesman knew at the time of sale that it was unfit. The skill and judgment of the vendor, in that case, are not relied on, and there is, by consequence, no implied warranty.

"If a man goes into the stable of a horse-dealer," said Mr. Baron Parke, "and says, 'Send me that bay horse that stands there in the third stall, to draw my carriage,' then the article wanted is defined and ascertained, and the horse-dealer does all he need do, if he sends the horse, whether he will draw the carriage or no."

So, if Mrs. Blank go into a shop and purchase ribbons, asking the shopkeeper, in the first instance, "Are these colours fast?" and if Mrs. Blank be assured that "they are fast," whereas they turn out to be wretchedly fleeting, she, or Mr. Blank on her behalf, will have a remedy against the shopkeeper.

On the other hand, let us suppose that happy couple to be sauntering down Regent-street. Mrs. B is attracted by a lovely bonnet, and, directing Mr. B's attention to it, explains to him that it is mauve—that mauve is a new colour which never fades. Upon the strength of this announcement, and without making further inquiry of the shopkeeper, Mr. B, like an exemplary British husband, purchases the bonnet, which turns out to be a very chameleon for variation of colour. In this case, Mrs. B must wear the bonnet, and make the best of it.

Another important point in shopping law is worth mentioning. If Mr. Blank should give an order for goods which are actually being manufactured at the time, he does not acquire any property in the specific goods, even though he pay for them beforehand. As Mr. Justice Heath has said, "A tradesman often finishes goods which he is making in pursuance of an order given by one person, and sells them to another. If the first customer has other goods made for him within the stipulated time, he has no right to complain."

There are exceptions to this rule. If Mr. Blank were to give his tailor cloth to make him

a coat, then, as the learned judge above quoted has said, "the party who does the work has no right to appropriate the produce of his labour, and your material, to another person." These points are important, for this reason: supposing the workman were to become bankrupt before the goods which Mr. Blank had ordered were finished, then would arise a question of property. If the property in the goods had not passed to him, and he had, unfortunately, paid for them, the assignees would take the goods.

Lastly, there is a maxim to be found in the books which Mr. Blank will do well to remember. Freely translated, it may be rendered, "Purchaser, look out!" In the Latin, it is written, "Caveat emptor." Its meaning is this: unless the seller of any goods "expressly warrants them to be sound and good," or unless he "knew them to be otherwise, and hath used any art to disguise them," the purchaser must make the best of his bargain. Whether "the buyer has paid such a price as is usually given for a sound commodity, does not affect the question." The law simply says in such a case, "Caveat emptor!"

#### WRITTEN IN DUST.

I SAT one morning sadly,  
Upon the ocean's strand;  
And with my staff I figured  
A heart, deep in the sand.

My thoughts were straying wildly  
O'er years long past and gone,  
I marked not that the billows  
Were madly rushing on.

One crested wave came foaming,  
And swept the heart away;  
No trace was left remaining,  
Nought but the watery spray.

My own sad fate I read there,  
And hastened to depart;  
My bitter tears fast streaming  
To think of that lost heart.

#### THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

I GOT into the travelling chariot—it was of German make, roomy, heavy, and unvarnished—I got into the travelling chariot, pulled up the steps after me, shut myself in with a smart bang of the door, and gave the word "Go on!"

Immediately, all that W. and S.W. division of London began to slide away at a pace so lively, that I was over the river, and past the Old Kent-road, and out on Blackheath, and even ascending Shooter's Hill, before I had had time to look about me in the carriage, like a collected traveller.

I had two ample Imperials on the roof, other fitted storage for luggage in front, and other up behind; I had a net for books overhead, great pockets to all the windows, a leathern pouch or two hung up for odds and ends, and a reading-lamp fixed in the back of the chariot, in case I should be benighted. I was amply provided in all respects, and had no idea where I

was going (which was delightful), except that I was going abroad.

So smooth was the old high road, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester, and the widening river was bearing the ships, white-sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"Halloa!" said I, to the very queer small boy, "where do you live?"

"At Chatham," says he.

"What do you do there?" says I.

"I go to school," says he.

I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently, the very queer small boy said, "This is Gadshill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travellers, and ran away."

"You know something about Falstaff, eh?" said I.

"All about him," said the very queer small boy. "I am old (I am nine), and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please!"

"You admire that house?" said I.

"Bless you, sir," said the very queer small boy, "when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now, I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, 'If you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it.' Though that's impossible!" said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of window with all his might.

I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy; for that house happens to be *my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true.

Well! I made no halt there, and I soon dropped the very queer small boy and went on. Over the road where the old Romans used to march, over the road where the old Canterbury pilgrims used to go, over the road where the travelling trains of the old imperious priests and princes used to jingle on horseback between the continent and this Island through the mud and water, over the road where Shakespeare hummed to himself, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," as he sat in the saddle at the gate of the inn yard noticing the carriers; all among the cherry orchards, apple orchards, corn-fields, and hop-gardens; so went I, by Canterbury to Dover. There, the sea was tumbling in, with deep sounds, after dark, and the revolving French light on Cape Grinez was seen regularly bursting out and becoming obscured, as if the head of a gigantic light-keeper in an anxious state of mind were interposed every half minute, to look how it was burning.

Early in the morning I was on the deck of the steam-packet, and we were aiming at the bar in the usual intolerable manner, and the bar was aiming at us in the usual intolerable manner, and the bar got by far the best of it, and we got

by far the worst—all in the usual intolerable manner.

But, when I was clear of the Custom House on the other side, and when I began to make the dust fly on the thirsty French roads, and when the twigsome trees by the wayside (which, I suppose, never will grow leafy, for they never did) guarded here and there a dusty soldier, or field labourer, baking on a heap of broken stones, sound asleep in a fiction of shade, I began to recover my travelling spirits. Coming upon the breaker of the broken stones, in a hard, hot, shining hat, on which the sun played at a distance as on a burning-glass, I felt that now, indeed, I was in the dear old France of my affections. I should have known it, without the well-remembered bottle of rough ordinary wine, the cold roast fowl, the loaf, and the pinch of salt, on which I lunched with unspeakable satisfaction, from one of the stuffed pockets of the chariot.

I must have fallen asleep after lunch, for when a bright face looked in at the window, I started, and said:

"Good God, Louis, I dreamed you were dead!"

My cheerful servant laughed, and answered:

"Me? Not at all, sir."

"How glad I am to wake! What are we doing, Louis?"

"We go to take relay of horses. Will you walk up the hill?"

"Certainly."

Welcome the old French hill, with the old French lunatic (not in the most distant degree related to Sterne's Maria) living in a thatched dog-kennel half way up, and flying out with his crutch and his big head and extended nightcap, to be beforehand with the old men and women exhibiting crippled children, and with the children exhibiting old men and women, ugly and blind, who always seemed by resurrectionary process to be recalled out of the elements for the sudden peopling of the solitude!

"It is well," said I, scattering among them what small coin I had; "here comes Louis, and I am quite roused from my nap."

We journeyed on again, and I welcomed every new assurance that France stood where I had left it. There were the posting-houses, with their archways, dirty stable-yards, and clean post-masters' wives, bright women of business, looking on at the putting-to of the horses; there were the postilions counting what money they got, into their hats, and never making enough of it; there were the standard population of grey horses of Flanders descent, invariably biting one another when they got a chance; there were the fleecy sheepskins, looped on over their uniforms by the postilions, like bibbed aprons, when it blew and rained; there were their jack-boots, and their cracking whips; there were the cathedrals that I got out to see, as under some cruel bondage, in no wise desiring to see them; there were the little towns that appeared to have no reason

for being towns, since most of their houses were to let and nobody could be induced to look at them, except the people who couldn't let them and had nothing else to do but look at them all day. I lay a night upon the road and enjoyed delectable cookery of potatoes, and some other sensible things, adoption of which at home would inevitably be shown to be fraught with ruin, somehow or other, to that rickety national blessing, the British farmer; and at last I was rattled, like a single pill in a box, over leagues of stones, until—madly cracking, plunging, and flourishing two grey tails about—I made my triumphal entry into Paris.

At Paris, I took an upper apartment for a few days in one of the hotels of the Rue de Rivoli: my front windows looking into the garden of the Tuileries (where the principal difference between the nursemaids and the flowers seemed to be that the former were locomotive, and the latter not): my back windows looking at all the other back windows in the hotel, and deep down into a paved yard, where my German chariot had retired under a tight-fitting archway, to all appearance, for life, and where bells rang all day without anybody's minding them but certain chamberlains with feather brooms and green baize caps, who here and there leaned out of some high window placidly looking down, and where neat waiters with trays on their left shoulders passed and repassed from morning to night.

Whenever I am at Paris, I am dragged by invisible force into the Morgue. I never want to go there, but am always pulled there. One Christmas Day, when I would rather have been anywhere else, I was attracted in, to see an old grey man lying all alone on his cold bed, with a tap of water turned on over his grey hair, and running drip, drip, drip, down his wretched face until it got to the corner of his mouth, where it took a turn and made him look sly. One New Year's Morning (by the same token, the sun was shining outside, and there was a mountebank balancing a feather on his nose, within a yard of the gate), I was pulled in again, to look at a flaxen-haired boy of eighteen with a heart hanging on his breast—"from his mother," was engraven on it—who had come into the net across the river, with a bullet-wound in his fair forehead and his hands cut with a knife, but whence or how was a blank mystery. This time, I was forced into the same dread place, to see a large dark man whose disfigurement by water was in a frightful manner, comic, and whose expression was that of a prize-fighter who had closed his eyelids under a heavy blow, but was going immediately to open them, shake his head, and "come up smiling." O what this large dark man cost me in that bright city!

It was very hot weather, and he was none the better for that, and I was much the worse. Indeed, a very neat and pleasant little woman with the key of her lodging on her forefinger, who had been showing him to her little girl while she and the child ate sweetmeats, ob-



served monsieur looking poorly as we came out together, and asked monsieur, with her wondering little eyebrows prettily raised, if there were anything the matter? Faintly replying in the negative, monsieur crossed the road to a wine-shop, got some brandy, and resolved to freshen himself with a dip in the great floating bath on the river.

The bath was crowded in the usual airy manner, by a male population in striped drawers of various gay colours, who walked up and down arm in arm, drank coffee, smoked cigars, sat at little tables, conversed politely with the damsels who dispensed the towels, and every now and then pitched themselves into the river head foremost, and came out again to repeat this social routine. I made haste to participate in the water part of the entertainments, and was in the full enjoyment of a delightful bath, when all in a moment I was seized by an unreasonable idea that the large dark body was floating straight at me.

I was out of the river, and dressing instantly. In the shock I had taken some water into my mouth, and it turned me sick, for I fancied that the contamination of the creature was in it. I had got back to my cool darkened room in the hotel, and was lying on a sofa there, before I began to reason with myself.

Of course, I knew perfectly well that the large dark creature was stone dead, and that I should no more come upon him out of the place where I had seen him dead, than I should come upon the cathedral of Notre-Dame in an entirely new situation. What troubled me was the picture of the creature; and that had so curiously and strongly painted itself upon my brain, that I could not get rid of it until it was worn out.

I noticed the peculiarities of this possession, while it was a real discomfort to me. That very day, at dinner, some morsel on my plate looked like a piece of him, and I was glad to get up and go out. Later in the evening, I was walking along the Rue St. Honoré, when I saw a bill at a public room there, announcing small-sword exercise, broad-sword exercise, wrestling, and other such feats. I went in, and, some of the sword play being very skilful, remained. A specimen of our own national sport, The British Boaxe, was announced to be given at the close of the evening. In an evil hour, I determined to wait for this Boaxe, as became a Briton. It was a clumsy specimen (executed by two English grooms out of place), but, one of the combatants, receiving a straight right-hander with the glove between his eyes, did exactly what the large dark creature in the Morgue had seemed going to do—and finished me for that night.

There was a rather sickly smell (not at all an unusual fragrance in Paris) in the little anteroom of my apartment at the hotel. The large dark creature in the Morgue was by no direct experience associated with my sense of smell, because, when I came to the knowledge of him, he lay behind a wall of thick plate-glass, as good

as a wall of steel or marble for that matter. Yet the whiff of the room never failed to reproduce him. What was more curious was the capriciousness with which his portrait seemed to light itself up in my mind, elsewhere; I might be walking in the Palais Royal, lazily enjoying the shop windows, and might be regaling myself with one of the ready-made clothes shops that are set out there. My eyes, wandering over impossible-waisted dressing-gowns and luminous waistcoats, would fall upon the master, or the shopman, or even the very dummy at the door, and would suggest to me, "Something like him!"—and instantly I was sickened again.

This would happen at the theatre, in the same manner. Often, it would happen in the street, when I certainly was not looking for the likeness, and when probably there was no likeness there. It was not because the creature was dead that I was so haunted, because I know that I might have been (and I know it because I have been) equally attended by the image of a living aversion. This lasted about a week. The picture did not fade by degrees, in the sense that it became a whit less forcible and distinct, but in the sense that it obtruded itself less and less frequently. The experience may be worth considering by some who have the care of children. It would be difficult to overstate the intensity and accuracy of an intelligent child's observation. At that impressive time of life, it must sometimes produce a fixed impression. If the fixed impression be of an object terrible to the child, it will be (for want of reasoning upon) inseparable from great fear. Force the child at such a time, be Spartan with it, send it into the dark against its will, leave it in a lonely bedroom against its will, and you had better murder it.

On a bright morning I rattled away from Paris, in the German chariot, and left the large dark creature behind me for good. I ought to confess, though, that I had been drawn back to the Morgue, after he was put under ground, to look at his clothes, and that I found them frightfully like him—particularly his boots. However, I rattled away for Switzerland, looking forward and not backward, and so we parted company.

Welcome again, the long long spell of France, with the queer country inns, full of vases of flowers and clocks, in the dull little towns, and with the little population not at all dull on the little Boulevard in the evening, under the little trees! Welcome Monsieur the Curé walking alone in the early morning a short way out of the town, reading that eternal Breviary of yours, which surely might be almost read, without book, by this time? Welcome Monsieur the Curé, later in the day, jolting through the highway dust (as if you had already ascended to the cloudy region), in a very big-headed cabriolet, with the dried mud of a dozen winters on it. Welcome again Monsieur the Curé, as we exchange salutations: you, straightening your back to look at the German chariot, while picking in your little village garden a vegetable or two for



the day's soup: I, looking out of the German chariot window in that delicious traveller's-trance which knows no cares, no yesterday, no to-morrows, nothing but the passing objects and the passing scents and sounds! And so I came, in due course of delight, to Strasbourg, where, I passed a wet Sunday evening at a window, while an idle trifle of a vaudeville was played for me at the opposite house.

How such a large house came to have only three people living in it, was its own affair. There were at least a score of windows in its high roof alone; how many in its grotesque front, I soon gave up counting. The owner was a shopkeeper, by name Straudenheim; by trade—I couldn't make out what by trade, for he had forborne to write that up, and his shop was shut.

At first, as I looked at Straudenheim's through the steadily falling rain, I set him up in business in the goose-liver line. But, inspection of Straudenheim, who became visible at a window on the second floor, convinced me that there was something more precious than liver in the case. He wore a black velvet skull-cap, and looked usurious and rich. A large-lipped, pear-nosed old man, with white hair, and keen eyes, though near-sighted. He was writing at a desk, was Straudenheim, and ever and again left off writing, put his pen in his mouth, and went through actions with his right hand, like a man steadying piles of cash. Five-franc pieces, Straudenheim, or golden Napoleons? A jeweller, Straudenheim, a dealer in money, a diamond merchant, or what?

Below Straudenheim, at a window on the first floor, sat his housekeeper—far from young, but of a comely presence, suggestive of a well-matured foot and ankle. She was cheerily dressed, had a fan in her hand, and wore large gold earrings and a large gold cross. She would have been out holiday-making (as I settled it) but for the pestilent rain. Strasbourg had given up holiday-making for that once, as a bad job, because the rain was jerking in gushes out of the old roof-spouts, and running in a brook down the middle of the street. The housekeeper, her arms folded on her bosom and her fan tapping her chin, was bright and smiling at her open window, but otherwise Straudenheim's house front was very dreary. The housekeeper's was the only open window in it; Straudenheim kept himself close, though it was a sultry evening when air is pleasant, and though the rain had brought into the town that vague refreshing smell of grass which rain does bring in the summer-time.

The dim appearance of a man at Straudenheim's shoulder, inspired me with a misgiving that somebody had come to murder that flourishing merchant for the wealth with which I had handsomely endowed him: the rather, as it was an excited man, lean and long of figure, and evidently stealthy of foot. But, he conferred with Straudenheim instead of doing him a mortal injury, and then they both softly opened the

other window of that room—which was immediately over the housekeeper's—and, tried to see her by looking down. And my opinion of Straudenheim was much lowered when I saw that eminent citizen spit out of window, clearly with the hope of spitting on the housekeeper.

The unconscious housekeeper fanned herself, tossed her head, and laughed. Though unconscious of Straudenheim, she was conscious of somebody else—of me?—there was nobody else.

After leaning so far out of window, that I confidently expected to see their heels tilt up, Straudenheim and the lean man drew their heads in and shut the window. Presently, the house door secretly opened, and they slowly and spitefully crept forth into the pouring rain. They were coming over to me (I thought) to demand satisfaction for my looking at the housekeeper, when they plunged into a recess in the architecture under my window, and dragged out the puniest of little soldiers begirt with the most innocent of little swords. The tall glazed head-dress of this warrior, Straudenheim instantly knocked off, and out of it fell two sugar-sticks, and three or four large lumps of sugar.

The warrior made no effort to recover his property, or to pick up his shako, but looked with an expression of attention at Straudenheim when he kicked him five times, and also at the lean man when he kicked him five times, and again at Straudenheim when he tore the breast of his (the warrior's) little coat open, and shook all his ten fingers in his face, as if they were ten thousand. When these outrages had been committed, Straudenheim and his man went into the house again and barred the door. A wonderful circumstance was, that the housekeeper who saw it all (and who could have taken six such warriors to her buxom bosom at once), only fanned herself and laughed as she had laughed before, and seemed to have no opinion about it, one way or other.

But, the chief effect of the drama was the remarkable vengeance taken by the little warrior! Left alone in the rain, he picked up his shako; put it on, all wet and dirty as it was; retired into a court, of which Straudenheim's house formed the corner; wheeled about; and bringing his two forefingers close to the top of his nose, rubbed them over one another, crosswise, in derision, defiance, and contempt of Straudenheim. Although Straudenheim could not possibly be supposed to be conscious of this strange proceeding, it so inflated and comforted the little warrior's soul, that twice he went away, and twice came back into the court to repeat it, as though it must goad his enemy to madness. Not only that, but he afterwards came back with two other small warriors, and they all three did it together. Not only that—as I live to tell the tale!—but just as it was falling quite dark, the three came back, bringing with them a huge, bearded Sapper, whom they moved, by recital of the original wrong,

to go through the same performance, with the same complete absence of all possible knowledge of it on the part of Straudenheim. And then they all went away, arm in arm, singing.

I went away, too, in the German chariot at sunrise, and rattled on, day after day, like one in a sweet dream; with so many clear little bells on the harness of the horses, that the nursery rhyme about Banbury Cross and the venerable lady who rode in state there, was always in my ears. And now I came into the land of wooden houses, innocent cakes, thin batter soup, and spotless little inn bedrooms with a family likeness to Dairies. And now the Swiss marksmen were for ever rifle-shooting at marks across gorges, so exceedingly near my ear, that I felt like a new Gesler in a Canton of Tells, and went in highly-deserved danger of my tyrannical life. The prizes at these shootings, were watches, smart handkerchiefs, hats, spoons, and (above all) tea-trays; and at these contests I came upon a more than usually accomplished and amiable countryman of my own, who had shot himself deaf in whole years of competition, and had won so many tea-trays that he went about the country with his carriage full of them, like a glorified Cheap-Jack.

In the mountain country into which I had now travelled, a yoke of oxen were sometimes hooked on before the post-horses, and I went lumbering up, up, up, through mist and rain, with the roar of falling water for change of music. Of a sudden, mist and rain would clear away, and I would come down into picturesque little towns with gleaming spires and odd towers; and would stroll afoot into market-places in steep winding streets, where a hundred women in bodices, sold eggs and honey, butter and fruit, and suckled their children as they sat by their clean baskets, and had such enormous goitres (or glandular swellings in the throat) that it became a science to know where the nurse ended and the child began. About this time, I deserted my German chariot for the back of a mule (in colour and consistency so very like a dusty old hair trunk I once had at school, that I half expected to see my initials in brass-headed nails on his backbone), and went up a thousand rugged ways, and looked down at a thousand woods of fir and pine, and would on the whole have preferred my mule's keeping a little nearer to the inside, and not usually travelling with a hoof or two over the precipice, though much consoled by explanation that this was to be attributed to his great sagacity, by reason of his carrying broad loads of wood at other times, and not being clear but that I myself belonged to that station of life, and required as much room as they. He brought me safely, in his own wise way, among the passes of the Alps, and here I enjoyed a dozen climates a day; being now (like Don Quixote on the back of the wooden horse) in the region of wind, now in the region of fire, and now in the region of unmelting ice and snow. Here, I passed over trembling domes of ice, beneath which the cataract was roaring; and here was received under arches of icicles, of unspeakable beauty; and here

the sweet air was so bracing and so light, that at halting-times I rolled in the snow when I saw my mule do it, thinking that he must know best. At this part of the journey we would come, at mid-day, into half an hour's thaw: when the rough mountain inn would be found on an island of deep mud in a sea of snow, while the baiting strings of mules, and the carts full of casks and bales, which had been in an Arctic condition a mile off, would steam again. By such ways and means, I would come to the cluster of chalets where I had to turn out of the track to see the waterfall; and then, uttering a howl like a young giant, on espying a traveller—in other words, something to eat—coming up the steep, the idiot lying on the wood-pile who sunned himself and nursed his goitre, would rouse the woman-guide within the hut, who would stream out hastily, throwing her child over one of her shoulders and her goitre over the other, as she came along. I slept at religious houses, and bleak refuges of many kinds, on this journey, and by the stove at night heard stories of travellers who had perished within call, in wreaths and drifts of snow. One night the stove within, and the cold outside, awakened childish associations long forgotten, and I dreamed I was in Russia—the identical serf out of a picture-book I had, before I could read it for myself—and that I was going to be knouted by a noble personage in a fur cap, boots, and earrings, who, I think, must have come out of some melodrama.

Commend me to the beautiful waters among these mountains! Though I was not of their mind: they, being inveterately bent on getting down into the level country, and I ardently desiring to linger where I was. What desperate leaps they took, what dark abysses they plunged into, what rocks they wore away, what echoes they invoked! In one part where I went, they were pressed into the service of carrying wood down; to be burnt next winter, as costly fuel, in Italy. But, their fierce savage nature was not to be easily constrained, and they fought with every limb of the wood; whirling it round and round, stripping its bark away, dashing it against pointed corners, driving it out of the course, and roaring and flying at the peasants who steered it back again from the bank with long stout poles. Alas! concurrent streams of time and water carried me down fast, and I came, on an exquisitely clear day, to the Lausanne shore of the Lake of Geneva, where I stood looking at the bright blue water, the flushed white mountains opposite, and the boats at my feet with their furled Mediterranean sails, showing like enormous magnifications of this goose-quill pen that is now in my hand.

—The sky became overcast without any notice; a wind very like the March east wind of England, blew across me; and a voice said, "How do you like it? Will it do?"

I had merely shut myself, for half a minute, in a German travelling chariot that stood for sale in the Carriage Department of the London Pantechnicon. I had a commission to buy it,

for a friend who was going abroad; and the look and manner of the chariot, as I tried the cushions and the springs, brought all these hints of travelling remembrance before me.

"It will do very well," said I, rather sorrowfully, as I got out at the other door, and shut the carriage up.

### ENGLAND, LONG AND LONG AGO.

IN the days when our little island was young, she was not a beauty; she was merely grand and interesting. Unlike other belles, she began to charm the poet and novelist only at a very mature age; a strange consummation, and one which has required a wonderful series of metamorphoses, each as complete and mysterious as that which transforms the larva into the butterfly.

The mind finds it difficult to realise the idea that a country like England was once a steaming morass, covered with the rank tropical vegetation of the tree-fern groves; its awful silence only broken by the hum of the shardy beetle, the rush of the hideous flying-lizards through lofty woods of ferns and reeds, or the tramp of the giant iguanodons over the plashy wolds. Imagination, left to itself, could scarcely have indulged in so wild a flight as to picture an era when palm-trees waved in Kent and Hampshire, and the plains of Cumnor were the coral reefs of some primeval lagoon; when the tiger and hyena lurked in the thickets of Kirkdale; when the trumpeting of the huge northern elephant was heard on the moors of Yorkshire and the downs of Brighton; when the bison fed on the plains, and the sullen river-horse and rhinoceros browsed by the Thames and the Avon.

Yet these things were. The hammer of the geologist, like the enchanter's wand, has conjured up more than one panorama of Old England, far more weird and wonderful than ever was fabled. The historian only seeks to trace back the annals of our island, to the days when it was first peopled by painted savages, living in wigwams like the Red Indian or the beaver, and hunting with the rude bow and flint-headed arrow; the geologist recalls the times when our island was the home of the dragon, the turtle, and the iguanodon.

How these dreams formed and broke; how the shoreless and stagnant oceans of the primeval world changed into clear seas and rivers; how the monotonous vegetation of kelp-weeds, and, still later, the vast forests of ferns and club-mosses, with all the uncouth actors in the sombre drama of pre-Adamite life, gave way to the beautiful flora and fauna of modern times; we will endeavour to show as succinctly and clearly as we can; first assuring any timid reader that we neither purpose to inflict a theological controversy upon him, nor to bewilder him with a scientific jargon. We cannot wonder at such a reader being terrified when told that "slaty lamina are oblique to the crystallisation;" that "diagonal lamination may be produced by sedimentary deposition;" that "in crystallisation there is something like definite

polarity;" that "cross-joints, combined with cleavage, divide rocks into rhomboidal solids." This is all right and essential in its way; this is all proper in works of reference, but it has deterred thousands from the study of science; we will therefore try if it be not possible to give a few brief sketches of past times without these deterring accompaniments.

The curtain rises upon an interminable ocean of granite, seething and glowing like molten ore, and heaving like the Atlantic in a gale; an impenetrable mist, formed by the heat expelling every drop of water from the granite ocean, its solemn stillness never stirred by a breeze, contrasting strangely with the infernal uproar beneath, overhangs the globe from pole to pole.

As the first great day wears on, the heat gradually passes out into space, and when we next look upon the scene, though the granite still seethes in every cleft and volcano, though every hill and table-land shakes and thunders as the raging flood beneath heaves and falls, and the waters which have fallen from the mists still boil like a pot, yet the fearful turmoil has greatly subsided; the granite is settling down into hills and valleys; and the Great Architect is laying the foundations of the earth in the shape of the igneous rocks.

Even before this part of the task was well completed and the seas had cooled down from boiling heat, the rivers were slowly wearing down the granite, and pouring their mud into every sea and lake, to form the first stratified rocks. Little fucoids, progenitors of the kelp-weeds which the wretched inhabitants of the western highlands have, ever since the memory of man, gathered for their cattle and sheep, lined the iron-bound shores of these early seas; springing up feeble and few at the outset, until at last they grew so thick and rank, that beds of anthracite are found in Dumfries, composed solely of them, and flagstones are met with so full of bitumen from the same cause, that they burn more brightly than cannel coal. Sea-worms, and zoophytes, creatures like little bundles of twigs tied on a common stalk, without the sense of sight and smell, alone peopled the waters.

Now and then, a volcano would pour its lava over the mud of some inland sea, and bake it into gneiss, and, later on, when the heat had lessened more, into mica-schist, until, as the violence and frequency of these outbursts abated, the clay slates were formed. Nor was Nature even at this early date, unmindful of beauty; the same heat fed the alembic from which the garnet, the ruby, and topaz, with many priceless stones and metals, were distilled by her wondrous alchemy.

The first day is gone amidst impenetrable gloom, and with the second come the earliest creatures of prey—the first tiny freebooters of the ocean: stone lilies (Eucrinetes), accompanied by crabs and little creatures serrated like combs. The lily was furnished with long fingers to catch its prey, and was guarded from assault by an elaborately worked suit of armour, consisting

of at least twenty-six thousand pieces, and so constructed as to be proof at every point, and yet allow of the freest movement. Shell-fish of the oyster tribe soon appeared, and the crab had its representative—not in an animal of the commonly accepted form, but in a creature called a Trilobite, very much like an immense wood-louse, but more akin to our king-crab than most of his edible brethren. The beautifully jointed shells of this animal, exhibit the most contrivances ever yet observed for securing freedom of movement and protection at the same time. These animals, like the molluscs, could see, and perhaps hear, so that a great stride in development had already been made.

As yet we see no sign of the enormous bulk which distinguished the reptiles and mammals of a later period. Beauty there was, however, of its kind—beauty of form, if not of hue—for the stone lilies were daintily sculptured with geometrical patterns, resembling the style of the “Early English.”

The second day was no longer marked by the palpable darkness which until then had shrouded everything. Still, the atmosphere was dense and torpid, like that supposed to hang round Mercury and form the dark bands on the surface of Jupiter; it was so laden with carbon, too, that it must have proved fatal to any living being. There was no land on which anything could grow; for it had first of all to be irrigated by the muddy rivers, or formed at the bottom of the lakes; but it was nigh at hand; and, as the faint light sinks into evening, it rises from the waters, and with it the earliest traces of land, plants, and fishes.

Again the curtain rises with returning light, and reveals the laying down of the old red sandstone, now made so familiar a word by the genius of Miller, and bearing in its colour proofs of the first appearance of that mighty mineral, iron, which was in time to bring everything under the rule of man.

The flora of the first garden was lowly enough: club-mosses and ferns were well-nigh all it could boast of. Even they are sparsely scattered, and it is not till the old red sandstone is about to disappear, that a fine Irish fern and a pine-tree appear upon the stage.

The forming of this great geological production, in every country the home of the earliest land plants, appears to have been attended with an amount of violence unusual even in those stormy times. All the pomp and horrors that the volcano and earthquake could lend, preluded the appearance of regions to be tenanted by a more developed race of beings. And when it is remembered that there is a volcano at Piraunea eight miles in circumference at its crater; that Etina can discharge a hundred and forty million cubic yards of lava at one eruption; that Skaptar Jokul poured over the devoted plains of Iceland at one and the same time, two streams of lava, one seven and the other twelve miles wide, and forty or fifty miles long; that Cotopaxi glows at its summit like molten glass, and can project a mass a hundred cubic yards in volume,

for eight or nine miles; and that Vesuvius can bury towns,—we may form some faint idea of the scene that must have presented itself when these forces were extraordinarily active. When cities are buried under floods of lava, or showers of pumice-stones, when fields are converted into useless wastes of fused mud, and whole districts are covered with ruin, men are apt to view the earthquake and volcano as unmixed evils; but, when we reflect that the earthquake has been the sole means of bringing to the surface the evidence of the mineral treasures which lie so far below; that it has revealed our coal, salt, limestone, and clay—nay, that it even cofferdams our mines to let us work them—we shall see in it a great agent for redeeming man from the precarious and wretched life of a savage.

Fishes now appear for the first time; not the kingly salmon and turbot, but voracious creatures, armed with powerful means of destruction, and clothed in complete armour, their skins being as hard as bone, or rather composed of plates of bone or horn, fitting, in one class, edge to edge, like a tessellated pavement; in another, overlapping each other, like the slates of a roof, and furnished with a hook on the upper margin, to fit into a pit in the lower edge of the scale above. In some, a lustrous enamel covered the scales. It is supposed that this armour was in a measure a defence against the heat of the waters, but it is more likely that it served as a protection against a powerful enemy: the fish of this kind being very unscrupulous about attacking friend or foe when pressed by hunger. Like the sharks of our day, to which they are closely akin, they had the backbone prolonged into the tail, which was unevenly fluked, enabling them to turn upon their backs with great quickness. Some of them were strange-looking creatures; one, called a pterichthys, or flying-fish, must have shown like an immense tadpole, furnished with wings; another, the “buckler-headed fish,” was defended in front by a shield of bone, shaped like a tulwar without a handle.

Some of the stone lilies of this period, which grew in countless millions and formed the marble of Derbyshire, and the Black Rock of Bristol, were also very beautiful, and indeed the mechanical contrivances in the shape of armour were never surpassed by any of Nature's later productions. One animal, called a holoptychius, was furnished with fluted-pot armour, which, ages afterwards, Oliver Cromwell, a practical genius and capital judge, selected as the best kind for a helmet, and the principle of which is now extensively adopted in our corrugated iron houses. It was also constructed so as to give a dead shock to blows: having a firm outer and inner coat, with a soft material between to act like sand-bags; finally its inner coat consisted of layers of fibres which crossed each other, as in moleskin, so as scarcely to admit of being torn.

After the old red sandstone had been deposited, a vegetation arose which has never been paralleled in the worst jungles of our tropical

climates. From India and Australia, to the lonely wastes of Baffin Bay and Melville Island, every foot of land was covered with ferns, reeds, club-mosses, and other wonders of the coal measures.

The ferns, it is well known, are flowerless plants, but they differed from their predecessors, the algæ, in having stems and leaves. Some of these tree-ferns attained an immense size. The reed, which resembled the mare's-tail now seen growing in our fens and ditches, was often twenty-four times as thick as that of the present day, and several yards high; the club-mosses attained such enormous dimensions, that fragments of them have been found forty-five feet long, and upwards of four feet in diameter, almost as large as the stiff-firs (Araucarians) belonging to this epoch.

Under a sky the heat of which was never chilled by a cool breeze, rooted in steaming, dank, bottomless morasses, heated by the scarcely subdued fires of the granite, these plants grew at an inconceivable rate. Some measure of this kind was needed, to unload the air of the carbon and store up immense forests in such a compact shape as coal. The aspect of those forests at an early period must have been inconceivably sombre. Gloomy, immeasurable torpid jungles of one sad whitish hue, they must have looked like groves of dead sea-weeds; an appearance often noticed in a slight degree in some parts of America when the clouds have intercepted the rays of the sun for some days together. The sunbeams, the chemical rays of which change the soft fibre into hard woody substance, and eliminate the colouring matter, or chlorophylle, only reached them late in the day, and clothed them with resplendent green.

Some of the club-mosses were beautifully marked with geometric patterns; one, figured by Miller, is carved like the stone-work of a church window in the waving style. The sigillaria, of which twenty-two species are found in British coal-fields alone, are remarkable for their sculptured stems. They are fluted vertically, like a Doric column, and each fluting is marked by a line of sculpture, where the vessels passed out from the stem to the leaves, running down its centre. This sculpture varied according to the species. In one it resembled the bolt-heads used by ship-carpenters; in another, a pair of beans set side by side; in a third, two rows of goggle-eyes stare at the spectator. These strange plants had roots differing from anything else, projecting from the centre like rays, and terminating abruptly in a circle, like the spokes of a cart-wheel. One of the stigmæria is beautifully marked like a meadow daisy, and its roots, or underground stems, end abruptly like a cucumber. One ulodendron, brought from the iron-shale of Leith, exhibits the peculiarity of having all its branches on one plane, like the tail of a peacock, or the Madagascar-tree called the "Traveller's Friend."

Plants of this class, without fruit or flower, were useless, except to a few insects. Even to

this day, cattle will not crop the fern, and the horse-tail reed is so distasteful on account of the silex it contains, that they will not touch it unless pressed by hunger. The reader will therefore be little surprised to learn that the chief inhabitants of the woods were hideous insects, such as cockroaches, scorpions, beetles, and the like; later on, however, in this epoch, traces are found of two-winged flies, butterflies, and the dragon-fly.

The fishes of this era, were armed with the most frightful means of destruction; teeth more sharp and trenchant than those of the crocodile; dorsal spines like huge beautifully-carved spear-heads; stings of immense strength, above a foot long, and furnished on each side with a thick-set row of barbs hooked downwards.

At the close of this epoch, the sun shone out in unclouded splendour, and the stars set their first watch, and the moon hung out her lamp; the air grew pure and bright; Nature took on her livery of green; and the oceans and lakes began to wear their deep pure hue. These changes grew more marked as the new red sandstone and limestone succeeded; climates and seasons began to appear; and for the first time we find animals confined to particular regions. Tufted plants, like dwarf palms, and nearly twenty different kinds of pine, have usurped the place of many of the first land plants, for though ferns still prevail in legions, and the horse-tail reed still grows in swamps, yet the gigantic club-mosses and other monsters of the vegetable kingdom are gone for ever.

With this change of the flora came the great lizards, creatures of enormous strength and bulk; one, the fish-lizard (*Ichthyosaurus*), with a head and teeth like those of a crocodile, and an eye as large as a dessert-plate, had its huge frame mounted on four paddles, which, aided by the sweep of its tail, must have enabled it to go like an express train through the waters, over which it reigned in undisputed mastery. Coeval with it, lived the plesio-saurus, or original sea-serpent, often eighteen feet long, with its immense neck reared high above the waters. The megalosaurus, forty feet long, with hind legs almost two yards high, roamed by Stonesfield or Tilgate Forest: the huge iguanodon, a herb-eating lizard which excited Cuvier's utmost astonishment, haunted the shores of the British Channel; its giant remains at Lewes, made classic ground by the genius of Gideon Mantell, were among the earliest treasures recovered from the stony depths. There was also the mososaurus, or great monster-lizard of Maëstricht, twenty-five feet long, with a head four feet in length, and the wealden-lizard, twenty to thirty feet in length (*hylæo-saurus*) with an immense horny fringe, five to seventeen inches high on its back: while through the tree-fern groves flitted the huge flying-lizard (*Pterodactyl*); a real dragon, like a monstrous bat, with its dusky wings stretching twenty-seven feet across (or twice the sweep of the condor of the Andes, or the frigate-bird), and its powerful muzzle furnished with sixty teeth, like those of a crocodile. This crea-



ture's great spectral eyes must have enabled it to see, by night, while it could swim, like the vampire-bat of Bonin, so that escape from it must have been almost impossible. Imagine this fiendish-looking creature rushing past at full speed!

One of the most startling facts in the physiology of the fish-lizards is their digestive power. Like the shark and dog-fish, they were furnished with a spiral intestine, like a corkscrew put into any small compass, and an enormous stomach, so that with an almost illimitable power of swallow they were not fettered by much bulk. This stomach is the most marvellous of known stomachs, and throws that of the ostrich, crocodile, or shark into the shade. It is well known that the shark will swallow, for some reason only known to himself, such matters as bundles of shavings, large tin cases, and similar dainties; but the fish-lizard was absolutely in the habit of gulping down young ichthyosauri several feet long!

Many of these animals were like an enormous crocodile, with the body of an elephant at least; but they were not quite such preposterous pieces of workmanship as has been represented. One was stated to have been dug up at Rugby a hundred and fifty feet long. Dr. Buckland gravely described those which once lived in the vicinity of what is now the lake of Blenheim, as having tails as large and as long as the steeples of Kidlington or Long Hambro! Now, even the iguanodon, the giant of the world, though computed by Cuvier to have been sixty, and by others from sixty to seventy feet long, really did not measure forty, or little more than half the size of a large whale.

There were crocodiles, also frogs as large as pigs; and tortoises in great number, while the waters of Margate, Whitby, and other parts of the coast, had their great ammonites and other gigantic shell-fish; but England does not seem to have ever been the haunt of those gigantic birds which once stalked over the muddy plains of New Zealand, Tasmania, and Connecticut—bipeds with a stride of from four to six feet, and feet nearly half a yard long; bones thicker than those of a horse, and whose capacious gizzards were found to have contained pebbles as large as marbles; swallowed either to promote digestion, or to gratify that indiscriminate appetite which prompts the ostrich to gulp down every indigestible article, from a penny-piece to a lady's parasol, or a carpenter's auger.

The sea and estuary had done their work. The teeming life of these waters had been so busy in forming the chalk, that this immense deposit, extending over many counties, was principally laid down by animals of such minuteness, that a cubic inch will contain ten millions of their shells. From this time, the huge marine saurians begin to die out, and even among those which inhabited the land, a remarkable diminution was taking place.

The ferns no longer clothed every hill and bank, as in the days of old; in lieu of them and club-mosses, large forests of palm-trees expanded

their feathery crowns under the hot London sun. Mr. Bowerbank found no less than thirteen species in the clay of Sheppey, among which are the date-palm, the cocoa-nut and the areca. Beneath, grew creeping plants of the melon order. A fragment of the day rolls by, and old England looks like a county from the United States, for the face of the land is covered with the plane, willow, and buckthorn. Another fragment, and the now familiar species of our day appear: while, just before the advent of man, come the plum and peach, the pear and apple.

It was at this time that the gigantic northern elephant, twice the size of the African elephant, fed on the young palm-trees, or plunged through tangled woods of birch and hazel. Tigers, as large again as the biggest Asiatic species, and hyænas, lurked and yelled in the ancient thickets; at least two species of rhinoceros, and three kinds of bear, roamed amid the forests; and the rivers had their hippopotamus, as bulky as that of Africa. There was an elk ten feet four inches high, and the opossum affected classic Oxford.

England does not seem to have been so much favoured as France, with those strange pachyderms which at the beginning of this epoch peopled the basin of Paris; singular beings of a cross breed between the horse, tapir, rhinoceros, and hog, varying in size from the river-horse to the hedgehog. They seem to have been peaceful animals; some, have fleshy trunks like tapirs; others, tails almost like otters, this appendage being in the *Ano plotheria* as long as the body, and very thick.

Nor does it seem to have been the abode of the huge mammals which succeeded them, such as the great Austrian or Bavarian mole (*Dinotherium*), which also lived by the Rhine—about eighteen feet long with a head three feet across; the mastodon, which once upon a time desolated the "old dominion," some of the grinders of which weigh from seventeen to twenty pounds, and which, with a height rivalling that of the largest elephant, seems to have reached a length of twenty-five feet; the great American sloths, one of which, the *megatherium*, with haunches five feet wide, was twelve feet long and eight high; nor the aurochs of Lithuania, unless the tradition of the water-bull which shook the Scotch hills with its roar, refer to this splendid creature.

These statements seem so marvellous, that an incredulous reader may well ask if imagination has not lent wings, even to science. How then will he receive the intimation that vast as are the proportions spoken of, they do not impress the mind so much as one single glance at the skeletons themselves? For so bulky were these creatures, that they must, with scarcely an exception, have been thicker, in proportion to their height, than the modern elephant; the legs of some, as the *dinotherium*, being well-nigh as thick as the body of a small pony; and the arm-bone (humerus) being in several animals at least three feet in girth at the thickest part. The femur, or thigh-bone, of the *megatherium*, is nearly half as thick through, as it is long, and is above three feet in circumference.



Quite in the dawn of this epoch lived the useful bee: not, as now, the companion of man whose haunts it rarely leaves for any distance, for it has been found buried in the amber, "locked up hermetically in its gem-like tomb—an embalmed corpse in a crystal coffin." Along with it came the moth and butterfly. And now, save where here and there a stray shark has lost its way, all the ravenous tyrants of our estuaries and coasts have given place to the codfish and herring, the salmon and haddock, and the other immensely valuable fishes which tenant the "barren ocean."

Towards the close of this epoch, a strange and fearful change took place; the climate became so cold that in many parts of our seas, dwelt shell-fish which now live only on the shores of Iceland or amid the fearful solitudes of Spitzbergen; the land, previously much larger than now, seems to have been broken up into islands and peninsulas; and from Snowden and the Yorkshire hills, to Ronaldsay and Cape Wrath, winter reigned over a realm of glaciers and icebergs, haunted by the bear, the Siberian hare, and the reindeer; while the narwhal sought the ice-floes that drifted past the coasts of Sussex and Hampshire. Perhaps at this time the beaver first visited England, where, but for destroying man, it might have remained to this day; the jaw of this sagacious animal having been dug up, not fossilised, in Lincolnshire; nay, it has even been said that the beaver was killed in England so late as the time of Oliver Cromwell. Be this as it may, it is certain that a great part of England was below water, and that a sea separated the remainder from Wales. From this time it most probably assumed its present form, and the "old coast line" having been fixed, the land, in the course of ages, was again slowly elevated to a height of twenty or thirty feet above the level of the sea, where it must have remained for many a year: as we know by the wall of Antoninus, from the Frith of Forth to that of Clyde, being built to meet the present, not the old, coast-line; and by St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall being, even two hundred years previously, connected as now with the mainland.

After the land had been made a garden for his use—and earth, sea, and river had begun to bear food for him—came man, in his appointed time, to dwell for a season in the cave and wigwam, and seek a precarious existence with his rude canoe and clumsy implements of chase, preying on animals weaker than himself, and dying like the beast of prey, till he succeeded to the dignity of the cromlech and barrow. Had he lived in the times of these ferocious creatures, his lot would have been calamitous enough. Furnished even with such terrible appliances as the Armstrong gun and Enfield rifle, he would have had enough to do to hold his own; but, when his means of defence were the bow and sling, the snare and pitfall, he could not for a moment have entered the lists against animals from which the lion and rhinoceros would have fled in dismay.

With one blow of its trunk, the mammoth would have levelled to the earth the largest African

elephant; one stamp of his mighty foot, and the contest was at an end. The Bengal tiger would have encountered the old English tiger on the same terms as the puma or jaguar would meet the lion; the iguanodon need not have condescended to contest matters with such puny antagonists. How then could man have coped with them? It was fitter that he should come as an equal and companion, till in due time he became master, and the heaven-born breath of reason slowly ripened and fashioned him into the powerful and highly-gifted creature he now is.

### PAYING THE DOCTOR.

ALL my bills are out at last, "with Dr. Pil-draught's compliments." The British householder has had my little account duly delivered, and thinks to himself that my charge is rather high. Nevertheless, he is now writing me a cheque, I hope, to be enclosed in a friendly letter, or delivered to me with a warm shake of the hand.

In my mind, of course, English society is divided into two great classes, registered medical practitioners and patients. Of patients, there are three orders: those who can and do pay; those who can and don't pay; those who can't pay. Of these classes, the second is large, and the third is enormous. Of the cost of attendance upon it, one-tenth part comes out of the pocket of ratepayers, and nine-tenths are paid, I believe, by self and brothers. After deduction of this tax upon time and substance gladly paid, and of inevitable business expenses, I am above the mark in estimating eighty pounds a year as the average profit of a "registered medical practitioner." I should like the world to know how many pure physicians live in good houses and make a prosperous show, living upon their private substance through a fair half of their lives, before they receive more than ten fees in a twelvemonth. It would be well if a few thousand anxious general practitioners were suddenly relieved of the necessity of looking prosperous whatever be the pinch they suffer. The public has an instinct that the doctor is incompetent who is not in request, or—what is as bad—the doctors suppose that the public has an instinct of this sort. For my own part, I do not think it has. I doubt much whether any medical man is the better thought of for a brougham that he cannot afford.

Nevertheless, while the faculty, as a whole, is starved, the public that has money pays too heavily for sickness when it comes. Sickness comes also into a house much oftener than is right and necessary. Paying the doctor is most truly, for many people, a too heavy part of the new year's financial settlement. Now I have a fancy that the time is come when we might begin an attempt to set the whole business relation between doctor and patient upon a new and pleasant footing, to the enrichment of the medical profession, to the great diminishing of sickness and sorrow, as well as to the relief of Paterfamilias from all the horrors of a heavy

doctor's bill at the close of a season of domestic suffering.

As I have just been sending out my bills, including not a few fresh copies of old accounts, I, Alexis Pildraught, speak with a very lively sense of the uncomfortable working of the present system. Here are a few hundred names upon my ledger, names of people who are my friends, who trust their lives to me; they have looked to me for human help and solace in their hours of suffering or peril; for which reason I send in my bill.

That poor sensitive curate, Snovels, whose wife died when July was blossoming, and when he sat upon one side of the bed, I on the other, will avoid me proudly if I put him under obligation by not charging for eight months' attendance upon the lost mother of the little ones left to his charge. But I am miserable at the sight of the bill in which I have had to reduce my help and sympathy to figures, and I have not yet dared to send it in.

There is to Anne Baugh a bill delivered, seventeen and sixpence. Three years ago upon a winter night, she worshipped me with gratitude, because, at the cost of a night's rest and active personal attention in her cottage, I was so happy as to save the slender thread of her child's life from snapping. For a week she would have given me all she possessed. When Christmas came I charged for the whole attendance on that little patient seventeen shillings and sixpence. The bill has remained three years unpaid. I am an easy creditor, and she has always some more pressing claim; but she associates my help rendered to her that night with the idea of seventeen and sixpence. I associate her seventeen and sixpence with the idea of that human service rendered. She is embarrassed when she meets me. We are friends, with a vexatious cloud between us.

Sir John Dunderhead gave me last year a great deal of trouble. When first he met me after he had received my Christmas bill, he contrived coarsely to remind me that I knew he had a purse. My landlord has been, this year, among my patients; my bill has suggested to him the impression that I have a mind to give him a set off against my rent. I could seize the buttons of a dozen tradesmen who believe that I had their bills against me in mind when I made out the amount of mine to them. Nobody likes paying the doctor. Sickness itself has very likely made expenses during the past year unusually heavy or the earnings light, and then comes at the year's end a doctor's bill as extra charge from which it is but natural that most people should flinch.

Then, too, the doctor's charges being beyond ordinary housekeeping calculations, and coming usually from a gentleman who is not likely to descend to the form of a dun, are often the last to be paid. Very long credit, three and four years' credit, is taken of me even by rich and titled patients. But, when Alexis Pildraught started in the world, he found it hard to live for the first few years of his professional life mainly on book debts.

The change I have to propose is nothing very startling. It is only the practical encouragement of an idea frequently occurring to the minds of many people. Let a consulting physician or surgeon and the operator take his fees, but let us consider whether it be necessary or desirable that the general practitioner in medicine—the family attendant who is the friend of the house—should depend for his income on the money he can make of its misfortune. Let me look at home. The names of some three hundred friends who trust my skill are on my books. When any one of them over my dinner-table wishes me a prosperous and happy year, he wishes that some of my friends may catch fevers and small-poxes, that consumption may show itself, and that there may be one or two good lingering illnesses among the richer of them.

But suppose that, upon an understanding between me and my friends, each of them agreed to pay, according to his means, his family, and the average health of it, a fixed annual sum of two, or three, or five, or ten pounds for my services, then, without pressing hardly upon any one, I should have an income probably a little ampler than I have at present, and to wish me prosperity would be to wish that there might be the least possible illness among my friends. My list of patients would be as a comfortable little rent-roll from which some names would be erased from time to time and to which constant additions would be made. My private interest, as well as my good will, would make me active to prevent approach of sickness, or to meet it, when it is most easily subdued, at the first hour of its appearance. At present, sickness is commonly several days' march in advance of the doctor before he is called in to overtake and conquer it. Materfamilias has aggravated it too often with domestic physicking, out of her laudable desire to save the household funds from galloping consumption.

There could be no surer blow dealt against quackery—domestic and well meant, or of the shop fraudulent—than to remove the fear of doctors' bills and all check on the impulse to seek, in the first moment of doubt about health, competent advice. Costly as quackery is, its bait is cheapness.

Heads of families, unless they have obtained special instruction for themselves, are constantly in want of some small morsels of the counsel that a well-educated practitioner of medicine can give. Science is now applied to the art of preserving health, and the business relations between doctor and patient do not yet recognise thought for the maintenance of health as any part at all—still less as the chief part—of the medical practitioner's real business in life. But let him be paid by a fixed annual fee, and left unshackled by the dread of appearing to obtrude advice or medicine for the sake of the money it will bring him, and he will naturally fall into his right place as maintainer of health. Sanitary science will be the most profitable to him of all his studies. He will be quietly observant of the sources of disease in every house under his care,

and will advance the worldly interests of his friends, and himself alike, by seasonable hints, by direct information and suggestion. He will like nothing so much as a prompt summons, founded on the mere suspicion of approaching illness; and when illness comes he will be, if possible, more diligent than he is now in his endeavour to subdue it quickly and completely.

The plan I propose would serve also, in some degree, as a safeguard against unprincipled and incompetent men who hold diplomas. There will always be some of this class. Now, they pour medicine into the sick until the physic is a much more serious thing to recover from than the mere natural disturbance of the system. But if there were no more than the settled annual fee to receive, every unnecessary pill would be so much cash out of pocket. The swallowing of nauseous and pernicious drugs, for the benefit of a rogue's Christmas bills, would be at an end. The premium would be, not upon over-dosing, but upon under-dosing, even among the most competent men very often, and among ignorant men always, that can result only in improvement of the patient's prospect of recovery.

Any general adoption of the principle I advocate would also put an end to many forms of professional jealousy, would raise the tone of the profession, give it more dignity, and much greater facility for the performance of its duty to the public. Even the most hardened of us, if originally good for anything, often feels a natural reserve that restrains him from giving the help he desires to offer, but might be thought to obtrude for a commercial reason of his own. The bill is a ghost at the sick-bed, speculated about and dreaded by the friends of the sick, and afterwards always to be associated with the service rendered. The fee settled, without any relation to particular weeks of suffering and sorrow, would leave to the doctor his honest satisfaction, and to his friends their grateful recollection unalloyed.

Alexis Pildraught, speaking for himself alone, is very sure that a day must come, sooner or later, when the duty of maintaining health will receive such active attention that the relations between medical men and the public must be placed upon some such footing as this. Once fairly make the proposed change, and every man has, without burden to his means, the full use of such medical knowledge as he may think most trustworthy. At present, a household in full health, and with the paying power at its highest, pays nothing at all, and, when stricken most, pays the most heavily for aid of science. Who would not rather compound with his doctor for the yearly payment of an average on five or six years' bills, and have free use of him, than run whatever chance he may under the present system?

But what will my brethren tell me about such

an innovation? Perhaps there may be some who would expect to lose by it. I believe that it would be their gain. Nay, I am not afraid to suggest that it might double the wealth, as well as the influence, of the profession. That is, no doubt, because I am, like all schemers, very sanguine. Money would flow to us from the great multitude of the sound, instead of being taken only from the house of sickness. Healthy people, who but seldom incur doctors' bills, would gladly join the clientèle of those to whom they should look for aid when out of health, and would obtain a right to ask for useful information, as well as an insurance against doctors' bills by paying a small yearly fee. The wider the adoption of the principle, the lower might the fee be. Country doctors find it worth their while, as matter of income, to give their services to all the members of a club of mechanics, paying no more than four shillings apiece to have use of a doctor all the year round, and if all the people in the parish in and above that grade of life came into such a club, four shillings being paid for each of them, to his, her, or its own particular adviser, country doctors, as a body, would assuredly be richer than they are, except in very thinly-peopled districts, where either the doctor starves, or one or two rich land-owners will lay in physic by the hamper for the good of the profession.

But my suggestion does not contemplate a rough conversion of the public into a great national Sick Club, distributed according to the election of each member among its doctors. There could be no uniform rate. Healthy men should not have to pay for other men's inherited diseases. Twenty particular considerations might go to the determination of the annual fee paid by each individual, or household, for medical advice and aid. Even upon an average of past years, a fee could not be settled without some little reasonable forecast of the future. At any time it would, of course, be open to reconsideration, and terminable at any moment, with loss of the current year's fee, by the person who dissolved the contract.

Now, if the change I propose be desirable, the first step to it must be discussion. All that Alexis Pildraught here proposes is the seasonable exchange of a little discussion, among all doctors and patients whom these matters may concern.

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## THE MORTALS IN THE HOUSE.

UNDER none of the accredited ghostly circumstances, and environed by none of the conventional ghostly surroundings, did I first make acquaintance with the house which is the subject of this Christmas piece. I saw it in the daylight, with the sun upon it. There was no wind, no rain, no lightning, no thunder, no awful or unwonted circumstance, of any kind, to heighten its effect. More than that: I had come to it direct from a railway station; it was not more than a mile distant from the railway station; and, as I stood outside the house, looking back upon the way I had come, I could see the goods train running smoothly along the embankment in the valley. I will not say that everything was utterly common-place, because I doubt if anything can be that, except to utterly common-place people—and there my vanity steps in; but, I will take it on myself to say that anybody might see the house as I saw it, any fine autumn morning.

The manner of my lighting on it was this.

I was travelling towards London out of the North, intending to stop by the way, to look at the house. My health required a temporary residence in the country; and a friend of mine who knew that, and who had happened to drive past the house, had written to me to suggest it as a likely place. I had got into the train at midnight, and had fallen asleep, and had woke up and had sat looking out of window at the brilliant Northern Lights in the sky, and had fallen asleep again, and had woke up again to find the night gone, with the usual discontented conviction on me that I hadn't been to sleep at all;—upon which question, in the first imbecility of that condition, I am ashamed to believe that I would have done wager by battle with the man who sat opposite me. That opposite man had had, through the night—as that opposite man always has—several legs too many, and all of them too

long. In addition to this unreasonable conduct (which was only to be expected of him), he had had a pencil and a pocket-book, and had been perpetually listening and taking notes. It had appeared to me that these aggravating notes related to the jolts and bumps of the carriage, and I should have resigned myself to his taking them, under a general supposition that he was in the civil-engineering way of life, if he had not sat staring straight over my head whenever he listened. He was a goggle-eyed gentleman of a perplexed aspect, and his demeanour became unbearable.

It was a cold, dead morning (the sun not being up yet), and when I had out-watched the paling light of the fires of the iron country, and the curtain of heavy smoke that hung at once between me and the stars and between me and the day, I turned to my fellow-traveller and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but do you observe anything particular in me?" For, really, he appeared to be taking down, either my travelling-cap or my hair, with a minuteness that was a liberty.

The goggle-eyed gentleman withdrew his eyes from behind me, as if the back of the carriage were a hundred miles off, and said, with a lofty look of compassion for my insignificance:

"In you, sir?—B."

"B, sir?" said I, growing warm.

"I have nothing to do with you, sir," returned the gentleman; "pray let me listen—O."

He enunciated this vowel after a pause, and noted it down.

At first I was alarmed, for an Express lunatic and no communication with the guard, is a serious position. The thought came to my relief that the gentleman might be what is popularly called a Rapper: one of a sect for (some of) whom I have the highest respect, but whom I don't believe in. I was going to ask him the question, when he took the bread out of my mouth.

"You will excuse me," said the gentleman, contemptuously, "if I am too much in advance of common humanity to trouble myself at all about it. I have passed the night—as indeed I pass the whole of my time now—in spiritual intercourse."

"Oh!" said I, something snappishly.

"The conferences of the night began," continued the gentleman, turning several leaves of his note-book, "with this message: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

"Sound," said I; "but, absolutely new?"

"New from spirits," returned the gentleman.

I could only repeat my rather snappish "Oh!" and ask if I might be favoured with the last communication?

"A bird in the hand," said the gentleman, reading his last entry with great solemnity, "'is worth two in the Bosh.'"

"Truly I am of the same opinion," said I; "but shouldn't it be Bush?"

"It came to me, Bosh," returned the gentleman.

The gentleman then informed me that the spirit of Socrates had delivered this special revelation in the course of the night. "My friend, I hope you are pretty well. There are two in this railway carriage. How do you do? There are seventeen thousand four hundred and seventy-nine spirits here, but you cannot see them. Pythagoras is here. He is not at liberty to mention it, but hopes you like travelling." Galileo likewise had dropped in, with this scientific intelligence. "I am glad to see you, *amico*. *Come sta?* Water will freeze when it is cold enough. *Addio!*" In the course of the night, also, the following phenomena had occurred. Bishop Butler had insisted on spelling his name, "Bubler," for which offence against orthography and good manners he had been dismissed as out of temper. John Milton (suspected of wilful mystification) had repudiated the authorship of *Paradise Lost*, and had introduced, as joint authors of that poem, two Unknown gentlemen, respectively named Grungers and Scadgingstone. And Prince Arthur, nephew of King John of England, had described himself as tolerably comfortable in the seventh circle, where he was learning to paint on velvet, under the direction of Mrs. Trimmer and Mary Queen of Scots.

If this should meet the eye of the gentleman who favoured me with these disclosures, I trust he will excuse my confessing that the sight of the rising sun, and the contemplation of the magnificent Order of the vast Universe, made me impatient of them. In a word, I was so impatient of them, that I was mightily glad to get out at the next station, and to exchange these clouds and vapours for the free air of Heaven.

By that time it was a beautiful morning. As I walked away among such leaves as had already fallen from the golden, brown, and russet trees; and as I looked around me on the wonders of Creation, and thought of the steady, unchanging, and harmonious laws by which they are sus-

tained; the gentleman's spiritual intercourse seemed to me as poor a piece of journey-work as ever this world saw. In which heathen state of mind, I came within view of the house, and stopped to examine it attentively.

It was a solitary house, standing in a sadly neglected garden: a pretty even square of some two acres. It was a house of about the time of George the Second; as stiff, as cold, as formal, and in as bad taste, as could possibly be desired by the most loyal admirer of the whole quartett of Georges. It was uninhabited, but had, within a year or two, been cheaply repaired to render it habitable; I say cheaply, because the work had been done in a surface manner, and was already decaying as to the paint and plaster, though the colours were fresh. A lop-sided board drooped over the garden wall, announcing that it was "to let on very reasonable terms, well furnished." It was much too closely and heavily shadowed by trees, and, in particular, there were six tall poplars before the front windows, which were excessively melancholy, and the site of which had been extremely ill chosen.

It was easy to see that it was an avoided house—a house that was shunned by the village, to which my eye was guided by a church spire some half a mile off—a house that nobody would take. And the natural inference was, that it had the reputation of being a haunted house.

No period within the four-and-twenty hours of day and night, is so solemn to me, as the early morning. In the summer time, I often rise very early, and repair to my room to do a day's work before breakfast, and I am always on those occasions deeply impressed by the stillness and solitude around me. Besides that there is something awful in the being surrounded by familiar faces asleep—in the knowledge that those who are dearest to us and to whom we are dearest, are profoundly unconscious of us, in an impassive state anticipative of that mysterious condition to which we are all tending—the stopped life, the broken threads of yesterday, the deserted seat, the closed book, the unfinished but abandoned occupation, all are images of Death. The tranquillity of the hour is the tranquillity of Death. The colour and the chill have the same association. Even a certain air that familiar household objects take upon them when they first emerge from the shadows of the night into the morning, of being newer, and as they used to be long ago, has its counterpart in the subsidence of the worn face of maturity or age, in death, into the old youthful look. Moreover, I once saw the apparition of my father, at this hour. He was alive and well, and nothing ever came of it, but I saw him in the daylight, sitting with his back towards me, on a seat that stood beside my bed. His head was resting on his hand, and whether he was slumbering or grieving, I could not discern. Amazed to see him there, I sat up, moved my position, leaned out of bed, and watched him. As he did not move, I spoke to him more than once. As he did not move then, I became alarmed and laid my hand upon his



shoulder, as I thought—and there was no such thing.

For all these reasons, and for others less easily and briefly statable, I find the early morning to be my most ghostly time. Any house would be more or less haunted, to me, in the early morning; and a haunted house could scarcely address me to greater advantage than then.

I walked on into the village, with the desertion of this house upon my mind, and I found the landlord of the little inn, sanding his door-step. I bespoke breakfast, and broached the subject of the house.

"Is it haunted?" I asked.

The landlord looked at me, shook his head, and answered, "I say nothing."

"Then it is haunted?"

"Well!" cried the landlord, in an outburst of frankness that had the appearance of desperation—"I wouldn't sleep in it."

"Why not?"

"If I wanted to have all the bells in a house ring, with nobody to ring 'em; and all the doors in a house bang with nobody to bang 'em; and all sorts of feet treading about with no feet there; why then," said the landlord, "I'd sleep in that house."

"Is anything seen there?"

The landlord looked at me again, and then, with his former appearance of desperation, called down his stable-yard for "Ikey!"

The call produced a high-shouldered young fellow, with a round red face, a short crop of sandy hair, a very broad humorous mouth, a turned-up nose, and a great sleeved waistcoat of purple bars with mother-of-pearl buttons, that seemed to be growing upon him, and to be in a fair way—if it were not pruned—of covering his head and overrunning his boots.

"This gentleman wants to know," said the landlord, "if anything's seen at the Poplars."

"Ooded woman with a howl," said Ikey, in a state of great freshness.

"Do you mean a cry?"

"I mean a bird, sir."

"A hooded woman with an owl. Dear me! Did you ever see her?"

"I seen the howl."

"Never the woman?"

"Not so plain as the howl, but they always keeps together."

"Has anybody ever seen the woman as plainly as the owl?"

"Lord bless you, sir! Lots."

"Who?"

"Lord bless you, sir! Lots."

"The general-dealer opposite, for instance, who is opening his shop?"

"Perkins? Bless you, Perkins wouldn't go a-nigh the place. No!" observed the young man, with considerable feeling; "he an't over-wise, an't Perkins, but he an't such a fool as *that*."

(Here, the landlord murmured his confidence in Perkins's knowing better.)

"Who is—or who was—the hooded woman with the owl? Do you know?"

"Well!" said Ikey, holding up his cap with one hand while he scratched his head with the other, "they say, in general, that she was murdered, and the howl he 'ooted the while."

This very concise summary of the facts was all I could learn, except that a young man, as hearty and likely a young man as ever I see, had been took with fits and held down in 'em, after seeing the hooded woman. Also, that a personage dimly described as "a hold chap, a sort of a one-eyed tramp, answering to the name of Joby, unless you challenged him as Greenwood, and then he said, 'Why not? and even if so, mind your own business,'" had encountered the hooded woman, a matter of five or six times. But, I was not materially assisted by these witnesses: inasmuch as the first was in California, and the last was, as Ikey said (and he was confirmed by the landlord) Anywheres.

Now, although I regard with a hushed and solemn fear, the mysteries, between which and this state of existence is interposed the barrier of the great trial and change that fall on all the things that live; and although I have not the audacity to pretend that I know anything of them; I can no more reconcile the mere banging of doors, ringing of bells, creaking of boards, and such-like insignificances, with the majestic beauty and pervading analogy of all the Divine rules that I am permitted to understand, than I had been able, a little while before, to yoke the spiritual intercourse of my fellow-traveller to the chariot of the rising sun. Moreover, I had lived in two haunted houses—both abroad. In one of these, an old Italian palace, which bore the reputation of being very badly haunted indeed, and which had recently been twice abandoned on that account, I lived eight months, most tranquilly and pleasantly: notwithstanding that the house had a score of mysterious bedrooms, which were never used, and possessed, in one large room in which I sat reading, times out of number at all hours, and next to which I slept, a haunted chamber of the first pretensions. I gently hinted these considerations to the landlord. And as to this particular house having a bad name, I reasoned with him, Why, how many things had bad names undeservedly, and how easy it was to give bad names, and did he not think that if he and I were persistently to whisper in the village that any weird-looking old drunken tinker of the neighbourhood had sold himself to the Devil, he would come in time to be suspected of that commercial venture! All this wise talk was perfectly ineffective with the landlord, I am bound to confess, and was as dead a failure as ever I made in my life.

To cut this part of the story short, I was piqued about the haunted house, and was already half resolved to take it. So, after breakfast, I got the keys from Perkins's brother-in-law (a whip and harness-maker, who keeps the Post Office, and is under submission to a most rigorous wife of the Doubly Seeding Little Emmanuel persuasion), and went up to the house, attended by my landlord and by Ikey.

Within, I found it, as I had expected, tran-



scendantly dismal. The slowly changing shadows waved on it from the heavy trees, were doleful in the last degree; the house was ill-placed, ill-built, ill-planned, and ill-fitted. It was damp, it was not free from dry rot, there was a flavour of rats in it, and it was the gloomy victim of that indescribable decay which settles on all the work of man's hands whenever it is not turned to man's account. The kitchens and offices were too large, and too remote from each other. Above stairs and below, waste tracks of passage intervened between patches of fertility represented by rooms; and there was a mouldy old well with a green growth upon it, hiding, like a murderous trap, near the bottom of the back-stairs, under the double row of bells. One of these bells was labelled, on a black ground in faded white letters, MASTER B. This, they told me, was the bell that rang the most.

"Who was Master B.?" I asked. "Is it known what he did while the owl hooted?"

"Rang the bell," said Ikey.

I was rather struck by the prompt dexterity with which this young man pitched his fur cap at the bell, and rang it himself. It was a loud, unpleasant bell, and made a very disagreeable sound. The other bells were inscribed according to the names of the rooms to which their wires were conducted: as "Picture Room," "Double Room," "Clock Room," and the like. Following Master B.'s bell to its source, I found that young gentleman to have had but indifferent third-class accommodation in a triangular cabin under the cock-loft, with a corner fireplace which Master B. must have been exceedingly small if he were ever able to warm himself at, and a corner chimney-piece like a pyramidal staircase to the ceiling for Tom Thumb. The papering of one side of the room had dropped down bodily, with fragments of plaster adhering to it, and almost blocked up the door. It appeared that Master B. in his spiritual condition, always made a point of pulling the paper down. Neither the landlord nor Ikey could suggest why he made such a fool of himself.

Except that the house had an immensely large rambling loft at top, I made no other discoveries. It was moderately well furnished, but sparsely. Some of the furniture—say, a third—was as old as the house; the rest, was of various periods within the last half century. I was referred to a corn-chandler in the market-place of the county-town to treat for the house. I went that day, and I took it for six months.

It was just the middle of October when I moved in with my maiden sister (I venture to call her eight-and-thirty, she is so very handsome, sensible, and engaging). We took with us, a deaf stable-man, my bloodhound Turk, two woman servants, and a young person called an Odd Girl. I have reason to record of the attendant last enumerated, who was one of the Saint Lawrence's Union Female Orphans, that she was a fatal mistake and a disastrous engagement.

The year was dying early, the leaves were

falling fast, it was a raw cold day when we took possession, and the gloom of the house was most depressing. The cook (an amiable woman, but of a weak turn of intellect) burst into tears on beholding the kitchen, and requested that her silver watch might be delivered over to her sister (2, Tuppinkock's Gardens, Liggs's Walk, Clapham Rise), in the event of anything happening to her from the damp. Streaker, the housemaid, feigned cheerfulness, but was the greater martyr. The Odd Girl, who had never been in the country, alone was pleased, and made arrangements for sowing an acorn in the garden outside the seullery window, and rearing an oak.

We went, before dark, through all the natural—as opposed to supernatural—miseries incidental to our state. Dispiriting reports ascended (like the smoke) from the basement in volumes, and descended from the upper rooms. There was no rolling-pin, there was no salamander (which failed to surprise me, for I don't know what it is), there was nothing in the house, what there was, was broken, the last people must have lived like pigs, what could the meaning of the landlord be? Through these distresses, the Odd Girl was cheerful and exemplary. But, within four hours after dark we had got into a supernatural groove, and the Odd Girl had seen "Eyes," and was in hysterics.

My sister and I had agreed to keep the haunting strictly to ourselves, and my impression was, and still is, that I had not left Ikey, when he helped to unload the cart, alone with the women, or any one of them, for one minute. Nevertheless, as I say, the Odd Girl had "seen Eyes" (no other explanation could ever be drawn from her), before nine, and by ten o'clock had had as much vinegar applied to her as would pickle a handsome salmon.

I leave a discerning public to judge of my feelings, when, under these untoward circumstances, at about half-past ten o'clock Master B.'s bell began to ring in a most infuriated manner, and Turk howled until the house resounded with his lamentations!

I hope I may never again be in a state of mind so unchristian as the mental frame in which I lived for some weeks, respecting the memory of Master B. Whether his bell was rung by rats, or mice, or bats, or wind, or what other accidental vibration, or sometimes by one cause, sometimes another, and sometimes by collusion, I don't know; but, certain it is, that it did ring, two nights out of three, until I conceived the happy idea of twisting Master B.'s neck—in other words, breaking his bell short off—and silencing that young gentleman, as to my experience and belief, for ever.

But, by that time, the Odd Girl had developed such improving powers of catalepsy, that she had become a shining example of that very inconvenient disorder. She would stiffen, like a Guy Fawkes endowed with unreason, on the most irrelevant occasions. I would address the servants in a lucid manner, pointing out to them that I had painted Master B.'s room and

balked the paper, and taken Master B.'s bell away and balked the ringing, and if they could suppose that that confounded boy had lived and died, to clothe himself with no better behaviour than would most unquestionably have brought him and the sharpest particles of a birch-broom into close acquaintance in the present imperfect state of existence, could they also suppose a mere poor human being, such as I was, capable by those contemptible means of counteracting and limiting the powers of the disembodied spirits of the dead, or of any spirits?—I say I would become emphatic and cogent, not to say rather complacent, in such an address, when it would all go for nothing by reason of the Odd Girl's suddenly stiffening from the toes upward, and glaring among us like a parochial petrification.

Streaker, the housemaid, too, had an attribute of a most discomfiting nature. I am unable to say whether she was of an unusually lymphatic temperament, or what else was the matter with her, but this young woman became a mere Distillery for the production of the largest and most transparent tears I ever met with. Combined with these characteristics, was a peculiar tenacity of hold in those specimens, so that they didn't fall, but hung upon her face and nose. In this condition, and mildly and deplorably shaking her head, her silence would throw me more heavily than the Admirable Crichton could have done in a verbal disputation for a purse of money. Cook, likewise, always covered me with confusion as with a garment, by neatly winding up the session with the protest that the Ouse was wearing her out, and by meekly repeating her last wishes regarding her silver watch.

As to our nightly life; the contagion of suspicion and fear was among us, and there is no such contagion under the sky. Hooded woman? According to the accounts, we were in a perfect Convent of hooded women. Noises? With that contagion down stairs, I myself have sat in the dismal parlour, listening, until I have heard so many and such strange noises, that they would have chilled my blood if I had not warmed it by dashing out to make discoveries. Try this in bed, in the dead of the night; try this at your own comfortable fireside, in the life of the night. You can fill any house with noises, if you will, until you have a noise for every nerve in your nervous system.

I repeat; the contagion of suspicion and fear was among us, and there is no such contagion under the sky. The women (their noses in a chronic state of excoriation from smelling-salts), were always primed and loaded for a swoon, and ready to go off with hair-triggers. The two elder detached the Odd Girl on all expeditions that were considered doubly hazardous, and she always established the reputation of such adventures by coming back cataleptic. If Cook or Streaker went overhead after dark, we knew we should presently hear a bump on the ceiling; and this took place so constantly, that it was as if a fighting man were engaged to go

about the house, administering a touch of his art which I believe is called The Auctioneer, to every domestic he met with.

It was in vain to do anything. It was in vain to be frightened, for the moment in one's own person, by a real owl, and then to show the owl. It was in vain to discover, by striking an accidental discord on the piano, that Turk always howled at particular notes and combinations. It was in vain to be a Rhadamanthus with the bells, and if an unfortunate bell rang without leave, to have it down inexorably and silence it. It was in vain to fire up chimneys, let torches down the well, charge furiously into suspected rooms and recesses. We changed servants, and it was no better. The new set ran away, and a third set came, and it was no better. At last, our comfortable housekeeping got to be so disorganised and wretched, that I one night dejectedly said to my sister: "Patty, I begin to despair of our getting people to go on with us here, and I think we must give this up."

My sister, who is a woman of immense spirit, replied. "No, John, don't give it up. Don't be beaten, John. There is another way."

"And what is that?" said I.

"John," returned my sister, "if we are not to be driven out of this house, and that for no reason whatever, that is apparent to you or me, we must help ourselves and take the house wholly and solely into our own hands."

"But, the servants," said I.

"Have no servants," said my sister, boldly.

Like most people in my grade of life, I had never thought of the possibility of going on without those faithful obstructions. The notion was so new to me when suggested, that I looked very doubtful.

"We know they come here to be frightened and infect one another, and we know they are frightened and do infect one another," said my sister.

"With the exception of Bottles," I observed, in a meditative tone.

(The deaf stableman. I kept him in my service, and still keep him, as a phenomenon of moroseness not to be matched in England.)

"To be sure, John," assented my sister; "except Bottles. And what does that go to prove? Bottles talks to nobody, and hears nobody unless he is absolutely roared at, and what alarm has Bottles ever given, or taken! None."

This was perfectly true; the individual in question having retired, every night at ten o'clock, to his bed over the coach-house, with no other company than a pitchfork and a pail of water. That the pail of water would have been over me, and the pitchfork through me, if I had put myself without announcement in Bottles's way after that minute, I had deposited in my own mind as a fact worth remembering. Neither had Bottles ever taken the least notice of any of our many uproars. An imperturbable and speechless man, he had sat at his supper, with Streaker present in a swoon, and the Odd Girl marble, and had only put another potato in his cheek, or profited by the general misery to help himself to beefsteak pie.

"And so," continued my sister, "I exempt Bottles. And considering, John, that the house is too large, and perhaps too lonely, to be kept well in hand by Bottles, you, and me, I propose that we cast about among our friends for a certain selected number of the most reliable and willing—form a Society here for three months—wait upon ourselves and one another—live cheerfully and socially—and see what happens."

I was so charmed with my sister, that I embraced her on the spot, and went into her plan with the greatest ardour.

We were then in the third week of November; but, we took our measures so vigorously, and were so well seconded by the friends in whom we confided, that there was still a week of the month unexpired, when our party all came down together merrily, and mustered in the haunted house.

I will mention, in this place, two small changes that I made while my sister and I were yet alone. It occurring to me as not improbable that Turk howled in the house at night, partly because he wanted to get out of it, I stationed him in his kennel outside, but unchained; and I seriously warned the village that any man who came in his way must not expect to leave him without a rip in his own throat. I then casually asked Ikey if he were a judge of a gun? On his saying, "Yes, sir, I knows a good gun when I sees her," I begged the favour of his stepping up to the house and looking at mine.

"*She's* a true one, sir," said Ikey, after inspecting a double-barreled rifle that I bought in New York a few years ago. "No mistake about *her*, sir."

"Ikey," said I, "don't mention it; I have seen something in this house."

"No sir?" he whispered, greedily opening his eyes. "'Ooded lady, sir?"

"Don't be frightened," said I. "It was a figure rather like you."

"Lord, sir?"

"Ikey!" said I, shaking hands with him warmly: I may say affectionately; "if there is any truth in these ghost-stories, the greatest service I can do you, is, to fire at that figure. And I promise you, by Heaven and earth, I will do it with this gun if I see it again!"

The young man thanked me, and took his leave with some little precipitation, after declining a glass of liquor. I imparted my secret to him, because I had never quite forgotten his throwing his cap at the bell; because I had, on another occasion, noticed something very like a fur cap, lying not far from the bell, one night when it had burst out ringing; and because I had remarked that we were at our ghostliest whenever he came up in the evening to comfort the servants. Let me do Ikey no injustice. He was afraid of the house, and believed in its being haunted; and yet he would play false on the haunting side, so surely as he got an opportunity. The Odd Girl's case was exactly similar. She went about the house in a state of real

terror, and yet lied monstrously and wilfully, and invented many of the alarms she spread, and made many of the sounds we heard. I had had my eye on the two, and I know it. It is not necessary for me, here, to account for this preposterous state of mind; I content myself with remarking that it is familiarly known to every intelligent man who has had fair medical, legal, or other watchful experience; that it is as well established and as common a state of mind as any with which observers are acquainted; and that it is one of the first elements, above all others, rationally to be suspected in, and strictly looked for, and separated from, any question of this kind.

To return to our party. The first thing we did when we were all assembled, was, to draw lots for bedrooms. That done, and every bedroom, and, indeed, the whole house, having been minutely examined by the whole body, we allotted the various household duties, as if we had been on a gipsy party, or a yachting party, or a hunting party, or were shipwrecked. I then recounted the floating rumours concerning the hooded lady, the owl, and Master B.: with others, still more filmy, which had floated about during our occupation, relative to some ridiculous old ghost of the female gender who went up and down, carrying the ghost of a round table; and also to an impalpable Jackass, whom nobody was ever able to catch. Some of these ideas I really believe our people below had communicated to one another in some diseased way, without conveying them in words. We then gravely called one another to witness, that we were not there to be deceived, or to deceive—which we considered pretty much the same thing—and that, with a serious sense of responsibility, we would be strictly true to one another, and would strictly follow out the truth. The understanding was established, that any one who heard unusual noises in the night, and who wished to trace them, should knock at my door; lastly, that on Twelfth Night, the last night of holy Christmas, all our individual experiences since that then present hour of our coming together in the haunted house, should be brought to light for the good of all; and that we would hold our peace on the subject till then, unless on some remarkable provocation to break silence.

We were, in number and in character, as follows:

First—to get my sister and myself out of the way—there were we two. In the drawing of lots, my sister drew her own room, and I drew Master B.'s. Next, there was our first cousin John Herschel, so called after the great astronomer: than whom I suppose a better man at a telescope does not breathe. With him, was his wife: a charming creature to whom he had been married in the previous spring. I thought it (under the circumstances) rather imprudent to bring her, because there is no knowing what even a false alarm may do at such a time; but I suppose he knew his own business best, and I must say that if she had been my wife, I never

could have left her endearing and bright face behind. They drew the Clock Room. Alfred Starling, an uncommonly agreeable young fellow of eight-and-twenty for whom I have the greatest liking, was in the Double Room: nine, usually, and designated by that name from having a dressing-room within it, with two large and cumbersome windows, which no wedges I was ever able to make, would keep from shaking, in any weather, wind or no wind. Alfred is a young fellow who pretends to be "fast" (another word for loose, as I understand the term), but who is much too good and sensible for that nonsense, and who would have distinguished himself before now, if his father had not unfortunately left him a small independence of two hundred a year, on the strength of which his only occupation in life has been to spend six. I am in hopes, however, that his Banker may break, or that he may enter into some speculation guaranteed to pay twenty per cent; for, I am convinced that if he could only be ruined, his fortune is made. Belinda Bates, bosom friend of my sister, and a most intellectual, amiable, and delightful girl, got the Picture Room. She has a fine genius for poetry, combined with real business earnestness, and "goes in"—to use an expression of Alfred's—for Woman's mission, Woman's rights, Woman's wrongs, and everything that is Woman's with a capital W, or is not and ought not to be, or is and ought not to be. "Most praiseworthy, my dear, and Heaven prosper you!" I whispered to her on the first night of my taking leave of her at the Picture Room door, "but don't overdo it. And in respect of the great necessity there is, my darling, for more employments being within the reach of Woman than our civilisation has as yet assigned to her, don't fly at the unfortunate men, even those men who are at first sight in your way, as if they were the natural oppressors of your sex; for, trust me, Belinda, they do sometimes spend their wages among wives and daughters, sisters, mothers, aunts, and grandmothers; and the play is, really, not *all* Wolf and Red Riding-Hood, but has other parts in it." However, I digress.

Belinda, as I have mentioned, occupied the Picture Room. We had but three other chambers: the Corner Room, the Cupboard Room, and the Garden Room. My old friend, Jack Governor, "slung his hammock," as he called it, in the Corner Room. I have always regarded Jack as the finest-looking sailor that ever sailed. He is grey now, but as handsome as he was a quarter of a century ago—nay, handsomer. A portly, cheery, well-built figure of a broad-shouldered man, with a frank smile, a brilliant dark eye, and a rich dark eyebrow. I remember those under darker hair, and they look all the better for their silver setting. He has been wherever his Union namesake flies, has Jack, and I have met old shipmates of his, away in the Mediterranean and on the other side of the Atlantic, who have beamed and brightened at the casual mention of his name, and have cried, "You know Jack Governor? Then you know a prince of men!" That he is! And so

unmistakably a naval officer, that if you were to meet him coming out of an Esquimaux snow-hut in seal's skin, you would be vaguely persuaded he was in full naval uniform.

Jack once had that bright clear eye of his on my sister; but, it fell out that he married another lady and took her to South America, where she died. This was a dozen years ago or more. He brought down with him to our haunted house a little cask of salt beef; for, he is always convinced that all salt beef not of his own pickling, is mere carrion, and invariably, when he goes to London, packs a piece in his portmanteau. He had also volunteered to bring with him one "Nat Beaver," an old comrade of his, captain of a merchantman. Mr. Beaver, with a thick-set wooden face and figure, and apparently as hard as a block all over, proved to be an intelligent man, with a world of watery experiences in him, and great practical knowledge. At times, there was a curious nervousness about him, apparently the lingering result of some old illness; but, it seldom lasted many minutes. He got the Cupboard Room, and lay there next to Mr. Undery, my friend and solicitor: who came down, in an amateur capacity, "to go through with it," as he said, and who plays whist better than the whole Law List, from the red cover at the beginning to the red cover at the end.

I never was happier in my life, and I believe it was the universal feeling among us. Jack Governor, always a man of wonderful resources, was Chief Cook, and made some of the best dishes I ever ate, including unapproachable curries. My sister was pastrycook and confectioner. Starling and I were Cook's Mate, turn and turn about, and on special occasions the chief cook "pressed" Mr. Beaver. We had a great deal of out-door sport and exercise, but nothing was neglected within, and there was no ill humour or misunderstanding among us, and our evenings were so delightful that we had at least one good reason for being reluctant to go to bed.

We had a few night alarms in the beginning. On the first night, I was knocked up by Jack with a most wonderful ship's lantern in his hand, like the gills of some monster of the deep, who informed me that he was "going aloft to the main truck," to have the weathercock down. It was a stormy night and I remonstrated; but Jack called my attention to its making a sound like a cry of despair, and said somebody would be "hauling a ghost" presently, if it wasn't done. So, up to the top of the house, where I could hardly stand for the wind, we went, accompanied by Mr. Beaver; and there Jack, lantern and all with Mr. Beaver after him, swarmed up to the top of a cupola, some two dozen feet above the chimneys, and stood upon nothing particular, coolly knocking the weathercock off, until they both got into such good spirits with the wind and the height, that I thought they would never come down. Another night, they turned out again, and had a chimney-cowl off. Another night, they cut a sobbing and gulping water-pipe away. Another night, they found out something else. On several occasions, they both,

in the coolest manner, simultaneously dropped out of their respective bedroom windows, hand over hand by their counterpanes, to "overhaul" something mysterious in the garden.

The engagement among us was faithfully kept, and nobody revealed anything. All we knew, was, if any one's room were haunted, no one looked the worse for it. Christmas came,

and we had noble Christmas fare ("all hands" had been pressed for the pudding), and Twelfth Night came, and our store of mince-meat was ample to hold out to the last day of our time, and our cake was quite a glorious sight. It was then, as we all sat round the table and the fire, that I recited the terms of our compact, and called, first, for

## THE GHOST IN THE CLOCK ROOM.

My cousin, John Herschel, turned rather red, and turned rather white, and said he could not deny that his room had been haunted. The Spirit of a woman had pervaded it. On being asked by several voices whether the Spirit had taken any terrible or ugly shape, my cousin drew his wife's arm through his own, and said decidedly, "No." To the question, had his wife been aware of the Spirit? he answered, "Yes." Had it spoken? "Oh dear, yes!" As to the question, "What did it say?" he replied apologetically, that he could have wished his wife would have undertaken the answer, for she would have executed it much better than he. However, she had made him promise to be the mouthpiece of the Spirit, and was very anxious that he should withhold nothing; so, he would do his best, subject to her correction. "Suppose the Spirit," added my cousin, as he finally prepared himself for beginning, "to be my wife here, sitting among us:"

I was an orphan from my infancy, with six elder half-sisters. A long and persistent course of training imposed upon me the yoke of a second and diverse nature, and I grew up as much the child of my eldest sister, Barbara, as I was the daughter of my deceased parents.

Barbara, in all her private plans, as in all her domestic decrees, inexorably decided that her sisters must be married; and, so powerful had been her single but inflexible will, that each of them had been advantageously settled, excepting myself, upon whom she built her highest hopes.

Most people know a character such as I had grown—a mindless, flirting girl, whose acknowledged vocation was the hunting and catching of an eligible match; rather pretty, lively, and just sentimental enough to make me a very pleasant companion for an idle hour or two, as I exacted and enjoyed the slight attentions an unemployed man is pleased to offer. There was scarcely a young man in the neighbourhood with whom I had not coquetted. I had served my seven years' apprenticeship to my profession, and had passed my twenty-fifth birthday without having achieved my purpose, when Barbara's patience was wearied, and she spoke to me with a decision and explicitness we had always avoided; for, on some subjects, it is better to have a silent understanding than an expressed opinion.

"Stella," she said, solemnly, "you are now five-and-twenty, and every one of your sisters were in homes of their own before they were your age; yet none of them had your advantages or your talents. But I must tell you frankly your chances are on the wane, and, unless you exert yourself, our plans must fail. I have observed an error into which you have fallen, and which I have not mentioned before. Besides your very open and indiscriminate flirtations—which young men regard only as an amusing pastime—you have a way with you of rally-

ing and laughing at any one who begins to look really serious. Now your opportunity rests upon the moment when they begin to be earnest in their manner. Then you should seem confused and silenced; you ought to lose your vivacity, and half avoid them; seeming almost frightened and quite bewildered by the change. A little melancholy goes a deal further than the utmost cheerfulness; for, if a man believes you can live without him, he will not give you a second thought. I could name half a dozen most eligible settlements you have lost by laughing at the wrong minute. Mortify a man's self-love, Stella, and you can never heal the wound."

I paused for a minute or two before I answered; for the original suppressed nature that I had inherited from my unknown mother, was stirring unwonted feeling in my heart.

"Barbara," I answered, with timidity, "among all the people I have known, I never saw one whom I could reverence and look up to; nor, I am half ashamed to use the word, whom I could love."

"I do not wonder you are ashamed," said Barbara, severely. "At your age, you cannot expect to fall in love like a girl of seventeen. But I tell you, definitely and distinctly, it is necessary that you should marry; and we had better work in concert now. So, if you will decide upon any one, I will give you every assistance in my power, and, if you will only concentrate your wishes and abilities, you cannot fail. Propinquity is all you require, if you once make up your mind."

"I do not like any one I know," I replied, moodily; "and I have no chance with those who have known me; so I decide upon besieging Martin Fraser."

Barbara received this announcement with a snort of derisive anger.

The neighbourhood in which we lived was a populous iron district, where, though there were

few families of ancient birth or high standing, there were many of our own station, forming a pleasant, hospitable, social class. Our residences were commodious modern houses, built at convenient distances from each other. Some of these, including our own, were the property of an infirm old man, who dwelt in his family mansion, the last of the many gabled, half-timbered, Elizabethan houses which had stood upon the undiscovered iron and coal fields. The last relics of the rural aristocracy of the district, Mr. Fraser and his son led a strictly reclusive life, avoiding all communication with their neighbours, whose gaiety and hospitality they could not reciprocate. No one intruded upon their privacy, excepting for the most necessary business transactions. The elder man was almost bedridden, and the younger was said to be entirely absorbed in scientific pursuits. No wonder that Barbara laughed; but her ridicule only excited and confirmed my determination; and the very difficulty of the enterprise gave it the interest that all my other efforts had lacked. I argued obstinately with Barbara till I won her consent.

"You must write to old Mr. Fraser," I said. "Do not mention the young one, and say your youngest sister is studying astronomy, and, as he possesses the only telescope in the country, you will be greatly indebted to him if he would let her see it."

"There is one thing in your favour," Barbara remarked, as she sat down to write; "the old gentleman was once engaged to your mother."

Oh! I am humbled to think how shrewdly we managed our business, and extorted a kind invitation from Mr. Fraser to the "daughter of his old friend, Maria Horley."

It was an evening in February when, accompanied only by an old servant—for Barbara was not included in the invitation—I first crossed the threshold of Martin Fraser's home.

An air of profound peace pervaded the dwelling. I entered it with a vague, uneasy consciousness of unfitness and treachery. My attendant remained in the entrance-hall, and, as I was conducted to the library, a feeling of shyness stole over me, which was prompting me to retreat; but, with the recollection that I was becomingly dressed, I regained my confidence, and advanced smilingly into the room. It was a low, oaken-panelled room, sombre, with massive antique furniture that threw deep and curious shadows around, in the flickering light of a fire, by which stood, instead of the recluse, Martin Fraser whom I expected to meet, a quaint, little child, dressed in the garb of a woman, and with a woman's self-possession and ease of manner.

"I am very glad to see you. You are welcome," she said, advancing to meet me, and extending her hand to lead me to a seat. She clasped my hand with a firm and peculiar grasp; a clasp of guidance and assistance, quite unlike the ordinary timidity or inertness of a child's manner, and, placing me in a chair before the fire, she seated herself nearly opposite me.

I made a few embarrassed remarks, to which she replied, and then I noticed her furtively and in silence. A huge black retriever lay motionless at her feet, which rested upon him, covered with the folds of the long robe-like dress she wore. There was an expression of placidity, slightly pensive, upon her tiny features, heightened by a peculiar habit of closing the eyes, which is rarely seen in children, and always gives them a statuesque appearance. It seemed as though she had withdrawn herself into a solitary self-communing, of which there could be no expression either by words or looks. I grew afraid of the silent, weird-like creature, sitting without apparent breath or motion in the dancing fire-light, and I was glad when the door opened, and the object of my pursuit entered. I looked at him inquisitively, for I had recovered from my sense of treachery, and it amused me to think how unconscious he was of our definite plans concerning him. Hitherto the young men I had met had a fear of being caught, greater than my desire to catch them, so our contest had been an open and equal one; but Martin Fraser knew nothing of the wiles of woman. I remembered that my brown hair fell in curls round my face, and that my dark blue eyes were considered expressive, when I looked up to meet his gaze; but when he accosted me with an air of grave preoccupation and of courteous indifference that would not permit him to notice my personal charms, I trembled to think that all I knew of astronomy was what I had learned at school in Mangan's Questions.

The grave, austere man said at once:

"My father, Mr. Fraser, is altogether confined to his own rooms, but he desires the favour of a visit from you. Upon me devolves the honour of showing you what you require to view through the telescope, and, while I adjust it, will you oblige him by conversing with him for a few minutes? Lucy Fraser will accompany you."

The child rose, and, taking my hand again in her firm hold, led me to the old man's sitting-room.

"You are like your mother, child," he said, after looking at me long; "you have her face and eyes; not a whit like your sister Barbara. How did you come by your out-of-the-way name, Stella?"

"My father named me after a favourite racer," I answered, for the first time giving the simple derivation of my name.

"Just like him," laughed the old man; "I remember the horse well. I knew your father as well as I do my son Martin. You have seen my son, young lady? Yes, I thought so; and this is my granddaughter, Lucy Fraser, the last chip of the old block; for my son is not a marrying man, and we have adopted her as our heir, and she is always to keep her name, and be the founder of another line of Frasers."

The child stood with pensive, downcast eyes, as though already bowed down by her weight of cares and responsibilities; the old man chatted on, till the deep tones of an organ resounded through the house.



"My uncle is ready for us," she said to me.

We paused at the library door, for I laid my hand restrainingly on Lucy Fraser's shoulder, and stood listening to the wonderful music the organ poured forth. It was such as I had never heard before; roaring and swelling like the ceaseless surging of the sea; and, here and there, a single wailing note which seemed to pierce me with an inexpressible pain. When it had ended, I stood before Martin Fraser silent and subdued.

The telescope had been carried out to the end of the terrace, where the house could not intercept our view; and thither Lucy Fraser and I followed the astronomer. We stood upon the highest point of an imperceptibly rising tableland, the horizon of which was from twenty to forty miles distant. An infinite dome of sky was expanded above us, an ocean of firmament of which the dwellers among houses and mountains can have but little conception. The troops of glittering stars, the dark, shrouding night, the unaccustomed voices of my companions, deepened the awe that oppressed me, and, as I stood between them, I became as earnest and occupied as themselves. I forgot everything but the incomprehensible grandeur of the universe revealed to me, and the majestic sweep of the planets across the field of the telescope. What a freshness of awe and delight came over me! What floods of thought came, wave upon wave, across my mind! And how insignificant I felt before this wilderness of worlds!

I asked, with the humility of a child—for all affectation had been charmed away—if I might come again soon?

Martin Fraser met my uplifted eyes with a keen and penetrating look. I did not quail under it, for I was thinking only of the stars. As he looked, his mouth relaxed into a pleased and genial smile.

"We shall always be glad to see you," he replied.

Barbara was sitting up for me when I returned, and was about to address me with some worldly speculative remark, when I interrupted her quickly. "Not one word, Barbara, not one question, or I never go near The Holmes again."

I cannot dwell upon details. I went often to the house. Into the dull routine of Mr. Fraser's and Lucy's life, I came (I suppose) like a streak of sunshine, lighting up the cloud that had been creeping over them. To both, I brought wholesome excitement and merriment, and so I became dear and necessary to them. But over myself, there came a great and an almost incredible change. I had been frivolous, self-seeking, soulless; but the solemn study I had begun with other studies that came in its train, awoke me from my inanity, to a life of mental activity. I absolutely forgot my purpose; for I had at once perceived that Martin Fraser was as distant and as self-poised as the Polar Star. So I became to him merely a diligent and insatiable pupil, and he was to me only a grave and exacting master, to be propitiated by my most profound reverence. Each time I crossed the threshold of

his quiet home, all the worldliness and coquetry of my nature fell from my soul like an unfit garment, and I entered as into a temple, simple, real, and worshipping.

The happy summer passed away, the autumn crept on, and for eight months I had visited the Frasers constantly, and had never, by word, or look, or tone, intentionally deceived them.

Lucy Fraser and I had long looked forward to an eclipse of the moon, which was visible early in October. I left my home alone in the twilight of that evening, my thoughts dwelling upon the coming pleasure, when, just as I drew near The Holmes, there overtook me one of the young men with whom I had flirted in former times.

"Good evening, Stella," he exclaimed familiarly, "I have not seen you for a long time. Ah! you are pursuing other game I suppose; but are you not aiming rather too high this time? Well, you are in luck just now, for if Martin Fraser does not come forward, there is George Yorke, just come home from Australia with an immense fortune, and he is longing to remind you of some tender passages between you before he went out. He was showing us a lock of your hair after dinner at the Crown yesterday."

I listened to this speech with no outward demonstration; but the reality and mortification of my degradation was gnawing me; and, hastening onward to my sanctuary, I sought the presence of my little Lucy Fraser.

"I have done wrong to-day," she said. "I have been deceitful. I think I ought to tell you, that you may not think too well of me; but I want you to love me as much as ever. I have not told a story, but I have acted one."

Lucy Fraser leaned her tiny brow upon her tiny fingers, and her eyes closed in silent self-reading.

"My uncle says," she continued, looking up for a moment, and blushing like a woman, "that women are, perhaps, less truthful than men. Because they cannot do things by strength, they do them by cunning. They live falsely. They deceive their own selves. Sometimes women deceive for amusement. He has taught me some words which I shall understand better some day:

To thine own self be true,  
And it will follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

I stood before the child abashed and speechless, listening with burning cheeks.

"Grandpapa showed me a verse in the Bible which is awful to me. Listen. 'I find more bitter than death, the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands: whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her, but the sinner shall be taken by her.'"

I hid my face in my hands though no eye was on me; for Lucy Fraser had veiled hers with their tremulous lids; and, as I stood confounded and self-accused, a hand was laid upon my arm, and Martin Fraser's voice said,

"The eclipse, Stella!"

I started at this first utterance of my name, which he had never spoken before. I was com-

pletely unnerved, when I found that Lucy Fraser was not to accompany us on the terrace. As Martin Fraser stooped to see if the telescope were rightly adjusted for my use, I shrank from him.

"What is the meaning of this, Stella?" he exclaimed, as I burst into tears. "Shall I speak to you now, Stella?" he said, "while there is yet time, before you leave us. Does your heart cling to us as our hearts cling to you, till we dare not think of the void there will be in our home when you are gone? We did not live before we knew you. You are our health and our life. I have noted you as I never watched a woman before, and I find no fault in you, my pearl, my jewel, my star. Hitherto, woman and deceit have been inseparably conjoined in my mind; but your innocent heart is the home of truth. I know you have had no thought of this, and my vehemence alarms you; but tell me plainly if you can love me?"

He had taken me in his arms, and my head rested against his strongly throbbing heart. His sternness and austerity were gone, and he offered me the undiminished wealth of a love that had not been wasted in fickle likings. My success was perfect, and how gladly would I have remained there till my silence had grown eloquent! But Barbara rose to my memory, and Lucy Fraser's words still tingled in my ears. The black shadow eating away the heart of the moon seemed to pause in its measured motion. All heaven looked down upon us through the solemn stars. The rustling leaves were hushed, and the scented autumn breeze ceased for a minute; a cloud of truth-compelling witnesses echoed the cry of my awakened conscience. I withdrew myself, sad and shame-stricken.

"Martin Fraser," I said, "your words constrain me to be true. I am the falsest woman you ever met. I came here with the sole and definite intention of attracting you; and if you had ever gone out into our circle, you would have heard of me only as a flirt, a heartless coquette. I dare not bring falsehood to your fireside, and the bitterness of death to your heart. Do not speak to me now; have patience, and I will write to you!"

He would have detained me, but I sprang away, and, running swiftly down the avenue, I passed out of my Eden, with the sentence of perpetual banishment in my heart. The eclipse was at the full, and a horror of darkness and dismay engulfed me, as I stood shivering and sobbing under the restless poplars.

Barbara met me as I hastened to hide myself in my own room, and, with her cold glittering eyes fixed inquiringly on me, said,

"Well, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," I answered, "only I am tired of astronomy, and I shall not go to The Holmes again. It is of no use."

"I always said so," she replied. "However, to bring matters to a crisis, I gave Mr. Fraser notice we should leave at Christmas. Then you are satisfied that it would be a waste of time to continue going there?"

"Quite," I said, and passed on to my room, to learn, through the weary hours of that night, what desolation and hopelessness meant.

The next day I wrote to Martin Fraser, in every word sacred truth, excepting that, self-deceived, and with a false pride even in my utter humiliation, I told him I had not loved, and did not love him.

The first object upon which my eyes rested every joyless morning, were the tall poplar trees, waving round his house, and beckoning maddeningly to me. The last thing I saw at night was the steady light in his library, shining like a star among the laurels. But, him I could never see; for my letter had been too explicit to suggest a hope; and I could not, for shame, attempt to meet him in his walks. All that remained, for me was to return to my former life, if I could by any means feed my hungering and fainting soul with the husks that had once satisfied me.

George Yorke renewed his addresses to me, offering me wealth beyond our expectations. It was a sore temptation; for before me lay a monotonous and fretted life with Barbara, and a solitary, uncare for old age. Why could not I live as thousands of other women, who were not unhappy wives? But I remembered a passage I had read in one of Martin's books: "It is not always our duty to marry; but it is always our duty to abide by right; not to purchase happiness by loss of honour; not to avoid unweddedness by untruthfulness;" and, setting my face steadily to meet the bleakness and bareness of my lot, I rejected the proposal.

Barbara was terribly exasperated; and very miserable we both were, until she accepted an invitation to spend the Christmas with one of her sisters, while I was left, with my old nurse, to superintend the moving of the furniture. I wished to linger in our old home till the last moment; and I was glad to be alone on Christmas-day in the deserted house, that, in solitude, I might make my mental record of all its associations and remembrances, before the place knew me no more. So, on Christmas-eve, I wandered through the empty rooms, not more empty than my heart, which was being dismantled of its old memories and newer but deeper tendernesses, until I paused mechanically before the window, whence I had often looked across to The Holmes.

The air had been dense and murky all day, with thickly falling snow; but the storm was over, and the moonless sky bright with stars: while the glistening snow reflected light enough to show me where stood, like a dark mass against the sky, the house of Martin Fraser. His room was dark, as it had been for many nights before; but old Mr. Fraser's window, which was nearer to our house, emitted a brilliant light across the white lawn. I was exhausted with over-work and over-excitement, and leaning there, pressing my heated cheeks against the frosty panes, I rehearsed to myself all the incidents of my intercourse with them; and there followed through my mind picture after picture, dream within

dream, visions of the happiness that might have been mine.

As I stood thus, with tears stealing through the clasped hands that covered my eyes, my nurse came in to close the shutters. She started nervously when she saw me.

"I thought you were your mother," she exclaimed. "I have seen her stand just so, hundreds of times."

"Susan, how was it that my mother did not marry Mr. Fraser?"

"They were like other people—didn't understand one another, much as they were in love," she answered. "Mr. Fraser's first marriage had been for money, and was not a happy one, so he had grown something stern. They quarrelled, and your mother was provoked to marry Mr. Gretton, your father. Well! Mr. Fraser became an old man all at once, and scarcely ever left his own house; so that she never saw him again, near as he lived: though I have often seen her, when your father was off to balls or races or public meetings, standing here just as you stood now. Only the last time you were in her arms, she was leaning against this window when I brought you in to say good night, and she whispered softly, looking up to Heaven, 'I have tried to do my duty to my husband and to my little child!'"

"Nurse," I said, "leave me; do not shut the window yet." It was no longer a selfish emotion that possessed me. I had been murmuring that there was no sorrow like my sorrow; but my mother's error had been graver, and her trials deeper than mine. The burden she had borne had weighed her down into an early grave; but it had not passed away from earth with her. It rested now, heavily augmented by her death, upon the heart of the aged man, who, doubtless, in the contemplative time, was reviewing the events of his past life, and this, chiefly, because it was the saddest of them all. I longed to see him once again—to see him who had mourned my mother's death more bitterly and lastingly than any other being, and I determined to steal secretly across the fields, and up the avenue, and, if his window were uncurtained as its brightness suggested, to look upon him once more in remembrance of my mother.

I hesitated upon our door-step, as though my mother and myself were both concerned in some doubtful enterprise; but, with the hardihood of my nature, I drove away the scruple, and passed on into the frosty night.

Yes, the window was uncurtained. I could tell that at the avenue gate; and I should see him, whom my mother loved, lying alone and uncheered upon his couch, as he would lie now all his weary years through, till Lucy Fraser was old enough to be a daughter to him. And then I remembered a rumour that the old man's grandchild was dying, which Susan had told me sorrowfully an hour or two ago; and, growing bewildered, I ran on swiftly until I stood before the window.

It was no longer an invalid's room; the couch was gone and the sheltering screen, and Lucy's little chair within it. Neither were there any

appliances of modern luxury or wealth; no softness, nor colouring, nor gorgeousness: it was simply the library and workroom of a busy student, who was forgetful and negligent of comfort. Yet, such as it was, my heart recognised it as home. There Martin sat, deep, as was his wont, in complicated calculations, and frequent reference to the books that were strewn about.

Could it be possible that yonder absorbed man had once spoken passionately to me of love, and now he sat in light, and warmth, and indifference, almost within reach of my hand, while I, like an outcast, stood in cold, and darkness, and despair? Was there, then, no echo of my footstep lingering about the threshold, and no shadowy memory of my face coming between him and his studies? I had forfeited the right to sit beside him, reading the observations his pencil noted down, and chasing away the gloom that was deepening on his nature; and I had not the hope, which would have been really a hope and a consolation to me, that some other woman, more true and more worthy, would by-and-by own my forfeited right.

I heard a bell tinkle, and Martin rose and left the room. I wondered if I should have time to creep in, and steal but one scrap of paper which had been thrown aside carelessly; but, as I tremblingly held the handle of the glass door, he returned, bearing in his arms the emaciated form of little Lucy Fraser. He had wrapped her carefully in a large cloak, and now, as he wheeled a chair to the fire and placed her in it, every rigid lineament of his countenance was softened into tenderness. I stretched out my arms towards him with an intense yearning to be gathered again to his noble heart, and have this chill and darkness dissipated; I turned away, with this last tender image of him graven on my memory, to retrace my steps to my desolate home.

There was a sudden twittering in the ivy overhead, and a little bird, pushed out of its nest into the cold night air, came fluttering down, and flew against the lighted panes. In an instant, his dog, which had been uneasy at my vicinity before, stood baying at the window, and I had only time to escape and hide myself among the shrubs, when he opened it, and stepped out upon the terrace. The dog tracked down the path by which I had come, barking joyfully as he careered along the open fields; and, as Martin looked round, I cowered more closely into the deepest shadows. I knew he must find me; for my footmarks were plain upon the newly-fallen snow, and an extravagant sensation of shame and gladness overpowered me. I saw him lose the footprints once or twice, but at last he was upon the right trace, and, lifting the boughs beneath which I had hidden, he found me among the laurels. I was crouching, and he stooped down curiously.

"It is Stella," I said, faintly.

"Stella?" he echoed.

He lifted me from the ground like a truant child, whom he had expected home every hour, carried me across the terrace into the library, and set me down in the light and warmth of

his own hearth. One little kiss to the child, whose eyes beamed with a strange light upon us; and then, taking both my hands in his, he bent down and read my face. I met his gaze unshrinkingly, eye to eye. We sounded the depths of each other's heart in that long, unwavering look. Never more could there be doubt or mistrust; never again deception or misconception, between us.

Our star had arisen, and full orb'd, rounded into perfection, shed a soft and brilliant light upon the years to come. Chime after chime, like the marriage peal of our souls, came the sound of distant bells across the snow, and roused us from our reverie.

"I thought I had lost you altogether," said Martin to me. "I believed you would come back to me, somehow, at some time; but this evening I heard that you were gone, and I was telling Lucy Fraser so, not long since. She has been pining to see you."

Now, he suffered me to take the child upon my lap, and she nestled closely to me, with a weary sigh, resting her head upon my bosom. Just then, we heard the carol singers coming up the avenue, and Martin drew the curtains over the window, before which they stationed themselves to sing the legend of the miraculous star in the East.

When the singers ended and raised their cry of "We wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year!" he went out into the porch to speak to them, and I hid my face in the child's curls, and thanked God who had so changed me.

"But what is this, Martin?" I cried in terror, as I raised my head, on his return.

The child's downcast eyes were closely sealed, and her little firm hand had grown lax and nerveless. Insensible and breathless, she lay in my arms like a withering flower.

"It is only fainting," said Martin; "she has been drooping ever since you left us, Stella;

and my only hope of her recovery rests in your ministering care."

All that night, I sat with the little child resting on my bosom; revived from her death-like swoon, and sleeping calmly in my arms because she was already beginning to share in the life and joy and brightness of my heart. There was perfect silence and tranquillity enclosing us in a blissful oasis, interrupted only once by the entrance of my nurse, who had been found by Martin in a state of the utmost perplexity and alarm.

The happy Christmas morning dawned. I asked my nurse to arrange my hair in the style in which my mother used to wear hers. And when, after a long conversation with Susan, Mr. Fraser received me as his daughter with great emotion and affection, and oftener called me Maria than Stella, I was satisfied to be identified with my mother. Then, in the evening, sitting amongst them, a passion of trembling and weeping seized me, which could only be soothed by their fondest assurances. After which I sang them some old songs, with nothing in them but their simple melody; and Mr. Fraser talked freely of former years and of the times to come; and Lucy's eyes almost laughed.

Then Martin took me home along the familiar path, which I had so often traversed alone and fearless; but the excess of gladness made me timid, and at every unusual sound I crept closer to him, with a sweet sense of being protected.

One sunny day in spring, with blithe Lucy and triumphant dietatress Barbara for my bridesmaids, I accepted, humbly and joyfully, the blessed lot of being Martin Fraser's wife. And even in the scenes of the empty-headed folly of my girlhood, I thenceforth tried to be better, and to do my duty in love, gratitude, and devotion. Only, at first, Martin pretended not to believe that on that night I stole out to have a last glimpse, not of him, but of his father: I knowing nothing of the change that had transformed Mr. Fraser's sitting-room into his own study.

## THE GHOST IN THE DOUBLE ROOM

Was the next Ghost on my list. I had noted the rooms down in the order in which they were drawn, and this was the order we were to follow. I invoked the Spectre of the Double Room, with the least possible delay, because we all observed John Herschel's wife to be much affected, and we all refrained, as if by common consent, from glancing at one another. Alfred Starling, with the tact and good feeling which are never wanting in him, briskly responded to my call, and declared the Double Room to be haunted by the Ghost of the Ague.

"What is the Ghost of the Ague like?" asked every one, when there had been a laugh.

"Like?" said Alfred. "Like the Ague."

"What is the Ague like?" asked somebody.

"Don't you know?" said Alfred. "I'll tell you."

We had both, Tilly—by which affectionate diminutive I mean my adored Matilda—and your humble servant, agreed that it was not only inexpedient, but in the highest degree contrary to the duty we owed to the community at large, to wait any longer. I had a hundred arguments to bring forward against the baleful effects of long engagements; and Tilly began to quote

poetry of a morbid tendency. Our parents and guardians entertained different opinions. My uncle Bonsor wanted us to wait till the shares in the Caerlyon-upon-Usk Something or Other Company, in which undertaking I was vicariously interested, were at a premium—they have been at a hopeless discount for years. Tilly's papa and mamma called Tilly a girl and

self a boy, when we were nothing whatsoever of the kind, and only the most ardent and faithful pair of young lovers that had existed since the time of Abelard and Heloise, or Florio and Biancafiore. As, however, our parents and guardians were not made of adamant or Roman cement, we were not permitted to add another couple to the catalogue of historically unfortunate lovers. Uncle Bonsor and Mr. and Mrs. Captain Standfast (my Tilly's papa and mamma) at last relented. Much was effected towards this desirable consummation by my arguments against celibacy, contained in eight pages foolscap, and of which I made copies in triplicate for the benefit of our hard-hearted relatives. More was done by Tilly threatening to poison herself. Most, however, was accomplished by our both making up our minds to tell a piece thereof to our parents and guardians, and telling them that if they did not acquiesce in our views we would run away and get married at the very first opportunity. There was no just cause or impediment. We were young, healthy, and had plenty of money between us. Loads of money—as we thought then. As to personal appearance, Tilly was simply Lovely, and my whiskers had not been ill s-oken of in the best society in Dover. So it was all arranged, and on the twenty-seventh of December, eighteen fifty dash, being the morrow of Boxing-day, Alfred Starling, gent., was to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Matilda, only daughter of Captain Roekleigh Standfast, R.N., of Snargestone Villa, Dover.

I had been left an orphan at a very early age, and the guardian of my moderate property (including the shares in the Caerlyon-upon-Usk Something or Other concern), and guardian of my person, was my uncle Bonsor. He sent me to Merchant Taylors', and afterwards for a couple of years to college at Bonn, on the Rhine. He afterwards—to keep me out of mischief, I believe—paid a handsome premium for my entrance into the counting-house of Messrs. Baum, Brömm, and Boompejes, German merchants, of Finsbury Circus, under whose tutelage I did as little as I liked in the corresponding department, and was much envied by my brother salaried clerks. My uncle Bonsor resided chiefly at Dover, where he was making large sums of money by government contracts, whose objects apparently consisted in boring holes in the chalk and then filling them up again. My uncle was, perhaps, the most respectable man in Europe, and was well known in the city of London as "Responsible Bonsor." He was one of those men who are confidently said to be "good for any amount." He had a waistcoat—worn winter and summer—a waistcoat that wavered in hue between a sunny buff and a stony drab, which looked so ineffably respectable that I am certain if it had been presented at the pay-counter of any bank in Lombard-street the clerks would have cashed it at once for any amount of notes or gold demanded. My uncle Bonsor entrenched himself behind this astonishing garment as behind a fortification, and fired guns of respectability at you. That

waistcoat had carried resolutions, assuaged the ire of indignant shareholders, given stability to wavering schemes, and brought in thumping subscriptions for burnt-out Caffres and destitute Fee-jees. It was a safe waistcoat, and Bonsor was a safe man. He was mixed up with a good many companies; but whenever a projector or promoter came to him with a plan, my responsible uncle would confer with his waistcoat, and within five minutes would either tell the projector or promoter to walk out of his counting-house, or put his name down for a thousand pounds. And the scheme was made that Responsible Bonsor put his name down for.

It was arranged that I was to go down to Dover on Christmas-eve, staying at my uncle's, and that we were to dine all together at Captain Standfast's on Christmas-day. Boxing-day was to be devoted to bonnets on the part of my beloved, and to the signing and sealing of certain releases, deeds, covenants, and other documents connected with law and money, on the part of self, my uncle, and my prospective papa in-law, and on the twenty-seventh we were to be MARRIED.

Of course my connexion with Messrs. Baum, Brömm, and Boompejes was brought to an amicable termination. I gave the clerks a grand treat at a hostelry in Newgate-street, and had the pleasure of receiving, at a somewhat late hour, and at least eighty-seven times, a unanimous choral assurance, not unaccompanied by hiccupps, that I was a "jolly good fellow." I was unwillingly compelled to defer my departure for Dover till the 8.30 p.m. express mail on Christmas-eve, being engaged to a farewell dinner at four, at the mansion of our Mr. Max Boompejes, junior and dinner-giving partner in the firm, in Finsbury Circus. A capital dinner it was, and very merry. I left the gentlemen over their wine, and had just time to pop into a cab and catch the mail train at London Bridge.

You know how quickly time passes on a railway journey when one has dined comfortably before starting. I seemed to have been telegraphed down to Dover, so rapidly were the eighty odd miles skimmed over. But it now becomes my duty to impart to you the knowledge of my Terrible Misfortune. In my youth, a little boy at a preparatory school near Ashford, I had experienced a touch of the dreadful disease of the Kentish marshes. How long this malady had lain concealed in my frame, and by what accident of time or temperature it became again evolved, I had no means of judging, but by the time the train arrived at Dover I was in the throes of acute AGUE.

It was a horrible, persistent, regular shivering and shaking, a racking palsy, a violent tremor, accompanied, I am sure, by fever, for my temples throbbed, and I experienced an almost deafening, jarring, rattling noise in the head. My blood seemed all in revolt, and surging backwards and forwards in my veins, and my unhappy body swayed from side to side with the distempered current. On the platform I staggered to and fro; and the porter,

of whose arm I caught hold to steady myself, seemed, lantern and all, by mere communicated violence, to be shaken and buffeted about as I was. I had always been an abstemious young man, and had not exceeded in the consumption of the hospitable junior partner's rare old hock; besides, for all the noise in my head, I could think and talk—albeit my teeth chattered, and my tongue wagged in my mouth with aguish convulsions. I had never known before that railway porters were a hard-hearted race, but one tall man in velvetreen grinned most impertinently as I was helped into a fly, and I am certain that his companion, a short, fat fellow, with a leer in his eye, thrust his tongue into his cheek as he heaped, at my desire, great-coats and rugs over me, and bade the flyman drive to the Marine Parade, where my uncle resided. I had told every one at the station about my attack of ague.

"He's got his load," I heard the tall porter exclaim, as we drove off. Of course he meant that the flyman had got all my luggage.

It was a dreadful five minutes' ride to my uncle's. The fit was so strong on me that my head and limbs kept bumping against opposite sides of the fly, and once came in contact with the window-glass. And the noise in my head never ceased. I stumbled out, somehow, when the vehicle stopped, and, clinging to the knocker of the avuncular door, struck such a quivering peal of blows—I had previously scattered the cabman's fare on the pavement in the attempt to place the money in his hand—that Jakes, my uncle's confidential man, who opened the door, stared with astonishment.

"I'm very ill, Jakes," I stammered, when I had staggered into the hall. "I'm down with that dreadful Ague again."

"Yes, sir," answered Jakes, with something like a grin on his countenance too. "Compts of the season, sir. Hadn't you better go to bed, sir?"

Now the house was all lighted up, for there was to be a snapdragon party, and I knew that my Tilly and all the Standfests were up-stairs with my uncle and his waistcoat, and that they were to wait for my arrival before lighting the bowl. And, ill as I was, I burned to see my darling.

"No, Jakes," I said, "I'll try and bear up. You had better bring me a little cognac, and some very hot water, into the dining-room. It will do me good, and the fit may leave me." What would you believe was the reply of this pampered domestic?

"Better not, sir," he had the hardihood to observe. "Christmas time, sir. Plenty more like you. Better go to bed, sir. Think of your head in the morning, sir."

"Fellow——" I began to retort, still violently trembling, when I saw my uncle Bonsor appear at the head of the staircase. There was a group of ladies and gentlemen in the back-ground, and as well as I could see for shaking, there were the dear golden curls of my Tilly. But her face looked so scared and terrified.

"Alfred," said my uncle, sternly, from behind his waistcoat, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Go to bed directly, sir!"

"Uncle!" I cried, with a desperate attempt to keep myself steady, "do you think I'm——" Here I made an effort to ascend the staircase, but my foot caught either in the carpet or over one of the confounded brass rods, and, upon my word, I tumbled heels over heels into the hall. And yet, even as I lay recumbent, I shook worse than ever. I heard my uncle's responsible voice ordering the servants to carry me to bed. And I was carried too; Jakes and a long-legged foot-page conveying my shaking body to my bedroom.

The night was brief and terrible as in an access of fever, and I lay shaking and chattering in the burning bed. In the morning, my uncle sent word to say that my ague was all nonsense, and that I was to come down to breakfast.

I went down, determined on remonstrance, but holding on by the banisters and quivering in every limb. O! for the tribulations of that wretched Christmas-day. I was received with sneers, and advised to take very strong tea with a little cognac; yet soon afterwards my uncle shook hands with me, and said that it was only once a year, and that he supposed boys would be boys. Everybody wished me a merry Christmas; but I could only return the compliments of the season in a spasmodic stutter. I took a walk on the pier immediately after breakfast, but I nearly tumbled into the sea, and bumped against so many posts, that I had to be led home by a mariner in a yellow sou'-wester hat, who insisted that I should give him five shillings to drink my health. Then came a more appalling ordeal. I was to call at Snargatesstone Villa to accompany my Tilly and the family to church. To my great relief, though I was shaking in every joint of my fingers and toes, nobody took any notice of my alarming complaint. I began to hope that it might be intermittent, and would pass off, but it wouldn't, and rather increased in violence. My darling girl patted me on the head, and hoped that I was "a good boy, now;" but when I began, shiveringly, to explain my attack of ague, she only laughed. We went to church, and then my ague soon brought me into disgrace again. First I created terrible scandal by knocking up against the old pauper women in the free seats, and nearly upsetting the beadle. Then I knocked the church services and hymn-books off the ledge of the pew. Then I kicked a hassock from beneath the very knees of my future mamma-in-law. Then I trod—accidentally I declare—on the toes of Mary Seaton, my Tilly's pretty cousin; whereupon she gave a little scream, and my beloved looked daggers at me; and as a climax, in the agony of that extraordinary horizontal shaking fit of mine, I burst the pew door open, and tumbled once more against the beadle, who in stern tones, and in the name of the churchwardens, desired me either to behave myself or to leave the church. I saw that it was no good contending against my complaint, so I did leave; but



as I lurched out of the edifice I seemed to see the clergyman shaking in the reading-desk, and the clerk wagging to and fro beneath him ; while the hatchments and tablets shook on the walls ; and the organ in the gallery kept bumping now against the charity boys, now against the charity girls.

It wasn't vertigo : the head swims round under that circumstance. It was clearly ague, and of the very worst description ; the body shaking from right to left, and the blood surging in the ears with fever.

At dinner-time — my agonies had never ceased, but had not attracted notice—I began literally to put my foot into it again. First, handing Mrs. Van Plank of Sandwich down to the dining-room—my uncle Bonsor escorted Tilly—I entangled myself in the bugle ornaments which that wealthy but obese woman persisted in wearing ; and we came down together with alarming results. I was undermost, shaking miserably, with Mrs. Van Plank's large person pressing on my shirt-studs. When we were assisted to rise she would not be appeased. She would not join us at dinner. She ordered her fly and returned to Sandwich, and as the carriage drove away, Captain Standfast, R.N., looking at me as savagely as though he would have liked to have me up at the gangway and give me six dozen on the instant, said,

"There goes poor Tilly's diamond bracelet. The old screw won't give it her now. I saw the case on the cushion of the fly."

Was it my fault ! could I help my lamentable ague ?

At dinner I went from bad to worse. Item : I spilt two ladlefuls of mock turtle soup over a new damask tablecloth. Item : I upset a glass of Madeira over Mary Seaton's blue moire dress. Item : in a convulsive fit of shaking, I nearly stabbed Lieutenant Lamb, of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, stationed on the Heights, with a silver fork ; and, finally, in a maniacal attempt to carve a turkey, I sent the entire body of that Christmas bird, with a garland of sausages clinging to it, full butt into the responsible waistcoat of my uncle Bonsor.

The peace was made somehow ; I'm sure I don't know in what manner, but half an hour afterwards we were all very pleasant and talkative over our dessert. When I say all, I of course except my unhappy self. There had been no solution of continuity in my shaking. Somebody, I think, proposed my health. In returning thanks, I hit the proposer a tremendous blow under the left eye with my elbow. Endeavouring to regain my equilibrium, I sent a full glass of claret into the embroidered cambrie bosom of that unhappy Lieutenant Lamb. In desperation I caught hold of the tablecloth with both hands. I saw how it would be ; the perfidious polished mahogany slid away from my grasp. I turned my foot frantically round the leg of the table nearest me, and with a great crash over went dining-table, cut-glass decanters, and dessert. Lieutenant Lamb was badly hit across the bridge of the nose with a pair of silver nut-crackers,

and my uncle Bonsor's head was crowned, in quite a classic manner, with filberts and hot-house grapes.

The bleak December sun rose next morning upon ruin and catastrophe. As well as I can collect my scattered reminiscences of that dismal time, my offences against decorum were once more condoned : not in consequence of my complaint (in which my relatives and friends persisted in disbelieving), but on the ground that it was "only once a year." Lawyers came backwards and forwards to Snargatestone Villa during the forenoon. There was a great production of tin boxes, red tape, blue seals, foolscap paper, and parchment ; and my uncle Bonsor was more responsible than ever. They brought me a paper to sign at last, whispering much among themselves as they did so ; and I protest that I could see nothing but a large pool of white, joggling about in a field of green tablecloth, while on the paper an infinity of crabbed characters seemed racing up and down in a crazed and furious manner. I endeavoured to nerve myself to the task of signing, I bit my lips, I clenched my left hand, I tried to screw my wagging head on to my neck, I cramped my toes up in my boots, I held my breath ; but was it my fault, when I clutched the pen and tried to write my name, that the abominable goosequill began to dance, and skate, and leap, and plunge, and dig its nibs into the paper ; that when, in despair, I seized the inkstand, to hold it nearer to the pen, I shook its sable contents, in horrid, horned, tasseled blots, all over a grave legal document ? I finished my achievement by inflicting a large splash on my uncle's sacred waistcoat, and hitting Captain Standfast under the third rib with the pen.

"That will do," my papa-in-law cried, collar-ing me. "Leave the house, scoundrel !"

But I broke from his grasp, and fled to the drawing-room, knowing that my Tilly would be there with her bridesmaids and her bonnets.

"Tilly—my adored Matilda !" I cried.

"No further explanation is needed, sir," broke in my beloved, in an inexorable tone. "I have seen and heard quite enough. Alfred Starling, I would sooner wed the meanest hind that gathers samphire on you cliff than become the bride of a profligate and drunkard. Go, sir ; repent if you can ; be ashamed if you can. Henceforth we are strangers. Slave of self-indulgence, adieu for ever !" And she swept out of the room, and I could hear her sobbing her pretty heart out in the boudoir beyond.

I was discarded and expelled for ever from Snargatestone Villa ; my uncle Bonsor repudiated me, and disinherited me from any share in his waistcoat ; I hurled myself into the next train at the station, and shook all the way back to town. At about dusk on that dreadful Boxing-day, I found myself wandering and jolting about the purlieus of Soho.

From Soho-square—the south-west side, I think—branches a shabby, dingy little court, called Bateman's-buildings. I was standing shivering at the corner of this ill-favoured place,

when I stumbled against a gentleman, who looked about seven-eighths soldier and one-eighth civilian.

He was a little, dapper, clean-limbed, young-looking old man, with a yellow face, and grey hair and whiskers. Soldiers, save in the cavalry, didn't wear moustaches then. He wore a blue uniform coat, rather white at the seams, and a silver medal with a faded ribbon on his breast. He had a bunch of parti-coloured streamers in his undress cap; he carried a bamboo-cane under his arm; on each sleeve he wore golden stripes, much tarnished; on his scarlet collar was embroidered a golden lion; and on his shoulders he had a pair of little, light, golden epaulettes, that very much resembled two sets of teeth from a dentist's glass-case, covered with bullion.

"And how are you, my hearty?" said the military gentleman, cheerily.

I answered that I was the most miserable wretch in the world; upon which the military gentleman, slapping me on the back and calling me his gallant comrade, asked me to have a pint of beer, warmed with a little spice, and a dash of Old Tom in it, for the sake of Christmas.

"You're a roving buck," observed my new friend. "*I'm* a roving buck. You never happened to have a twin-brother named Siph, did you?"

"No," I answered, moodily.

"He was as like you as two peas," continued the military gentleman, who had by this time taken my arm, and was leading me all shaking and clattering towards a mouldy little tavern, on whose door-jambes were displayed a couple of coloured cartoons, framed and glazed and much fly-blown, and displaying, the one, the presentment of an officer in sky-blue uniform much belaced with silver, and the other a bombardier with an enormous shako ramming the charge into a cannon: the whole surmounted by a placard setting forth that smart young men were required for the Honourable East India Company's infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and earnestly exhorting all smart young men, as aforesaid, to apply forthwith to Sergeant-Major Chutnee, who was always to be heard of at the bar of the "Highland Laddie," or at the office in Bateman's-buildings.

"The last time I saw him," went on the man with the yellow face and the grey whiskers, when he had tilted me into the "Highland Laddie," pinned me, shaking, against the bar-counter, and ordered a pint of sophisticated beer, "he had left our service, and was a field-marshal in the army of the King of Oude. Many's the time I've seen him with his cocked-hat and di'mond epulets riding on a white elephant, with five-and-twenty black fellows running after him to brush the flies away and draw the soda-water corks. *Such* brandy he'd have with it, and all through meeting me promiscuous in this very public."

It is useless to prolong the narrative of my conversation with the military gentleman; suffice it to say, that within an hour I had taken the fatal shilling, and enlisted in the service of

the Honourable East India Company. I was not a beggar. I possessed property, over which my uncle Bonsor had no control. I had not committed any crime; but I felt lost, ruined, and desperate, and I enlisted. For a wonder, when I was brought before a magistrate to be attested, and before a surgeon to be examined respecting my sanitary fitness for the service, my ague seemed entirely to have left me. I stood firm and upright in the witness-box, and under the measuring standard, and was only deterred by shame and anguish at the misconstruction put upon my conduct at Dover from negotiating for my discharge.

I had scarcely reached the East India recruiting dépôt at Brentwood, however, before the attacks of ague returned with redoubled severity. At first, on my stating that I had an ear for music, they began to train me for a bandsman, but I could not keep a wind instrument in my hands, and struck those that were played by my comrades from their grasp. Then, I was put into the awkward squad among the recruits, and the sergeants caned me; but I could never get beyond the preliminary drill of the goose-step, and I kept my own time, and not the squad's, even then. The dépôt surgeons wouldn't place the slightest credence in my ague, and the sergeant-major of my company reported that I was a skulking, "malingering" impostor. Among my comrades who despised, without pitying me, I got the nickname of "Young Shivery-Shakery." And the most wonderful thing is, that, although I could have procured remittances at any time, the thought of purchasing my discharge never entered my poor, shaking, jarring head.

How they came to send such a trembling, infirm creature as a soldier to India, I can't make out; but sent I was, by long sea, in a troop-ship, with seven or eight hundred more recruits. My military career in the East came to a very speedy and inglorious termination. We had scarcely arrived at Bombay when the battalion of the European regiment into which I was draughted was sent up-country to the banks of the Sutlej, where the Sikh war was then raging. It was the campaign of Aliwal and Sobraon, but it was very little that I saw of that glorious epoch in our military annals. In contemptuous reference to my nervous disorder, I was only permitted to form part of the baggage-guard, and one night, after perhaps ten days' march, throughout which I had shaken most awfully, an attack was made on our rear for mere purposes of plunder by a few rascally budmashes or thieves. Nothing was easier than to put these paltry scoundrels to the rout. I had been brave enough as a lad and as a young man. I declare that on the present occasion I didn't run away; but my unhappy disease got the mastery of me. I shook my musket out of my hands, my shako off my head, and my knapsack off my back, and my wretched legs shook and jolted me, as it seemed, over miles of arid country. There was some talk of shooting me afterwards, and some of flogging me; but corporal punishment did not exist in the Company's

army. They sent me to a vile place of incarceration called a "congee house," where I was fed principally on rice-water, and at last I was conveyed to Bombay, tried by court-martial, sentenced, and publicly drummed out of my regiment as a coward. Yes, I, the son of a gentleman, and the possessor of a genteel private property, had the facings cut off my uniform, and, to the sound of the "Rogues' March," was dismissed from the service of the Honourable East India Company with ignominy and disgrace.

I can scarcely tell how I reached England again; whether a berth was given me, whether I paid for it, or whether I worked my passage home. I can only remember that the ship in which I was a passenger broke her back in Algoa Bay, close to the Cape, and became a total wreck. There was not the slightest danger; we were surrounded by large and small craft, and every soul on board was saved; but I shook so terribly and incessantly while the boats were leaving the vessel, that the whole ship's company hooted and groaned at me when I was shoved over the side, and I was not allowed to go in the long-boat, but was towed alone and aft in the dingy to shore.

I took passage in another ship, which did nothing but shake all the way from the Cape to Plymouth, and at last I reached England. I wrote innumerable letters to my friends and relatives, to Tilly and to my uncle Bonsor; but the only answer I received was a few formal lines from my uncle's lawyer, telling me that my illegible scrawls had come to the hands of the persons for whom they were designed; but that no further notice could be taken of my communications. I was put into the possession of my property to the last penny, but it seems to me that I must have shaken it away either at dice or bagatelle, or ninepins or billiards. And I remember that I never made a stroke at the latter game without hitting my adversary with the cue in the chest, knocking down the marker, sending the balls scudding through the windows, disarranging the scores, and cutting holes in the cloth, for which I had to pay innumerable guineas to the proprietor of the rooms.

I remember one day going into a jeweller's shop in Regent-street to purchase a watch-key. I had only a silver one now, my gold repeater had been shaken away in some unaccountable manner. It was winter-time, and I wore an overcoat with long loose sleeves. While the shopkeeper was adjusting a key to my watch, my ague fit came upon me with demoniacal ferocity, and, to my horror and dismay, in catching hold of the counter to save myself, I tilted a trayful of diamond rings over. Some fell on the floor; but some, O horror and anguish! fell into the sleeves of my overcoat. I shook so that I seemed to have shaken diamond rings into my hands, my pockets, my very boots. By some uncontrollable impulse I attempted flight, but was seized at the very shop door, and carried, shaking, to the police-station.

I was taken before a magistrate, and com-

mitted, still shaking, in a van, to gaol. I shook for some time in a whitewashed cell, when I was brought up, shaking, to the Central Criminal Court, and placed, shaking, on my trial for an attempted robbery of fifteen hundred pounds' worth of property. The evidence was clear against me. My counsel tried to plead something about "kleptomania," but in vain. My uncle Bonsor, who had come expressly up from Dover, spoke strongly against my character. I was found guilty; yes, I, the most innocent and unfortunate young man breathing, and sentenced to seven years' transportation! I can recall the awful scene vividly to memory now. The jury in a body were shaking their heads at me. So was the judge, so was my uncle Bonsor, so were the spectators in the gallery; and I was holding on by the spikes on the ledge of the dock, shaking from right to left like ten thousand million aspen-leaves. My skull was splitting, my brain was bursting, when—

#### I WOKE.

I was lying in a very uncomfortable position in a first-class carriage of the Dover mail-train; everything in the carriage was shaking; the oil was surging to and fro in the lamp; my companions were swaying to and fro, and the sticks and umbrellas were rattling in the network above. The train was "at speed," and my frightful dream was simply due to the violent and unusual oscillation of the train. Then, sitting up, and rubbing my eyes, immensely relieved, but holding on by the compartments near me (so violently did the carriages shake from side to side), I began to remember what I had dreamed or heard of others' dreams before; while at sea, or while somebody was knocking loudly at the door; and of the odd connexions between unusual sound and motion on the thoughts of our innermost souls. And again with odd distinctness I remember that at one period of my disordered vision, namely, when I was attested and examined as a recruit, I had remained perfectly still and steady. This temporary freedom from ague I was fain to ascribe to the customary two or three minutes' stoppage of the train at Tunbridge Wells. But, thank Heaven, all this was but a dream!

"Enough to shake one's head off!" exclaimed the testy old lady opposite, alluding to the oscillation of the train, as the guard appeared at the window with a shout of "Do—vor!"

"Well, mum, it have bin a shaking most unusual all the way down," replied that functionary. "Thought we should have bin off the line, more than once. Serews will be looked to to-morrow morning. 'Night, sir!'—this was to me: I knew the man well. "Merry Christmas and a happy new year! You'll be wanting a fly to Snargatstone Villa, won't you, sir? Now, por—TER!"

I did want that fly, and I had it. I paid the driver liberally, and did not scatter his money over the pavement. Mr. Jakes insisted upon my having something hot in the dining-room the moment I arrived. The weather was so "woundy

cold," he said. I joined the merry party upstairs, and was received by my Tilly with open arms, and by my uncle Bonsor with an open waistcoat. I partook in cheerful moderation of the snapdragon festivities of Christmas-eve. We all dined together on Christmas-day, and I helped the soup and carved a turkey, beautifully; and on the morrow, Boxing-day, was complimented by my uncle's lawyer on my remarkably neat caligraphy, as displayed in the signatures to the necessary legal documents. On the twenty-seventh of December, eighteen forty-six, I was married to my darling Tilly,

and was going to live happy ever afterwards, when

#### I WOKE AGAIN

—really did wake in bed in this Haunted House—and found that I had been very much shaken on the railway coming down, and that there was no marriage, no Tilly, no Mary Seaton, no Van Plank, no anything but myself and the Ghost of the Ague, and the two inner windows of the Double Room rattling like the ghosts of two departed watchmen who wanted spiritual assistance to carry me to the dead and gone old Watch-house.

## THE GHOST IN THE PICTURE ROOM.

BELINDA, with a modest self-possession quite her own, promptly answered for this Spectre in a low, clear voice:

The lights extinguished; by the hearth I leant,  
Half weary with a listless discontent.  
The flickering giant shadows, gathering near,  
Closed round me with a dim and silent fear;  
All dull, all dark; save when the leaping flame,  
Glancing, lit up The Picture's ancient frame.  
Above the hearth it hung. Perhaps the night,  
My foolish tremors, or the gleaming light,  
Lent Power to that Portrait dark and quaint—  
A Portrait such as Rembrandt loved to paint—  
The likeness of a Nun. I seemed to trace  
A world of sorrow in the patient face,  
In the thin hands folded across her breast—  
Its own and the room's shadow hid the rest.  
I gazed and dreamed, and the dull embers stirred,  
Till an old legend that I once had heard  
Came back to me; linked to the mystic gloom  
Of the dark Picture in the ghostly room.

In the far South, where clustering vines are hung;  
Where first the old chivalric lays were sung;  
Where earliest smiled that gracious child of France,  
Angel and Knight and Fairy, called Romance,  
I stood one day. The warm blue June was spread  
Upon the earth; blue summer overhead,  
Without a cloud to fleck its radiant glare,  
Without a breath to stir its sultry air.  
All still, all silent, save the sobbing rush  
Of rippling waves, that lapsed in silver hush  
Upon the beach; where, glittering towards the  
strand,  
The purple Mediterranean kissed the land.

All still, all peaceful; when a convent chime  
Broke on the mid-day silence for a time,  
Then trembling into quiet, seemed to cease,  
In deeper silence and more utter peace.  
So as I turned to gaze, where gleaming white,  
Half hid by shadowy trees from passers' sight,  
The convent lay, one who had dwelt for long  
In that fair home of ancient tale and song,  
Who knew the story of each cave and hill,  
And every haunting fancy lingering still  
Within the land, spake thus to me, and told  
The convent's treasured legend, quaint and old:  
Long years ago, a dense and flowering wood,  
Still more concealed where the white convent stood,  
Borne on its perfumed wings the title came:  
"Our Lady of the Hawthorns" is its name.  
Then did that bell, which still rings out to-day  
Bid all the country rise, or eat, or pray.  
Before that convent shrine, the haughty knight

Passed the lone vigil of his perilous fight;  
For humbler cottage strife, or village brawl,  
The abbess listened, prayed, and settled all.  
Young hearts that came, weighed down by love or  
wrong,  
Left her kind presence comforted and strong.  
Each passing pilgrim, and each beggar's right  
Was food, and rest, and shelter for the night.  
But, more than this, the nuns could well impart  
The deepest mysteries of the healing art;  
Their store of herbs and simples was renowned,  
And held in wondering faith for miles around.  
Thus strife, love, sorrow, good and evil fate,  
Found help and blessing at the convent gate.

Of all the nuns, no heart was half so light,  
No eyelids veiling glances half as bright,  
No step that glided with such noiseless feet,  
No face that looked so tender or so sweet,  
No voice that rose in choir so pure, so clear,  
No heart to all the others half so dear  
(So surely touched by others' pain or woe,  
Guessing the grief her young life could not know),  
No soul in childlike faith so undefiled,  
As Sister Angela's, the "Convent Child."  
For thus they loved to call her. She had known  
No home, no love, no kindred, save their own—  
An orphan, to their tender nursing given,  
Child, plaything, pupil, now the bride of Heaven.  
And she it was who trimmed the lamp's red light  
That swung before the altar, day and night.  
Her hands it was, whose patient skill could trace  
The finest broidery, weave the costliest lace;  
But most of all, her first and dearest care,  
The office she would never miss or share,  
Was every day to weave fresh garlands sweet,  
To place before the shrine at Mary's feet.  
Nature is bounteous in that region fair,  
For even winter has her Llossoms there.  
Thus Angela loved to count each feast the best,  
By telling with what flowers the shrine was dressed.  
In pomp supreme the countless Roses passed,  
Battalion on battalion thronging fast,  
Each with a different banner, flaming bright,  
Damask, or striped, or crimson, pink, or white,  
Until they bowed before the new-born queen,  
And the pure virgin lily rose serene.  
Though Angela always thought the Mother blest,  
Must love the time of her own hawthorns best  
Each evening through the year, with equal care,  
She placed her flowers; then kneeling down in  
prayer,

As their faint perfume rose before the shrine,  
So rose her thoughts, as pure and as divine,  
She knelt until the shades grew dim without,  
Till one by one the altar lights shone out,  
Till one by one the nuns, like shadows dim,  
Gathered around to chant their vesper hymn;  
Her voice then led the music's winged flight,  
And "Ave, Maris Stella" filled the night.

But wherefore linger on those days of peace?  
When storms draw near, then quiet hours must cease.  
War, cruel war, defaced the land, and came  
So near the convent with its breath of flame,  
That, seeking shelter, frightened peasants fled,  
Sobbing out tales of coming fear and dread.  
Till after a fierce skirmish, down the road,  
One night came straggling soldiers, with their load  
Of wounded, dying comrades; and the band,  
Half pleading, yet as if they could command,  
Summoned the trembling sisters, craved their care,  
Then rode away, and left the wounded there.  
But soon compassion bade all fear depart,  
And bidding every sister do her part,  
Some prepare simples, healing salves, or bands,  
The abbess chose the more experienced hands,  
To dress the wounds needing most skilful care;  
Yet even the youngest novice took her share,  
And thus to Angela, whose ready will  
And pity could not cover lack of skill,  
The charge of a young wounded knight must fall,  
A case which seemed least dangerous of them all.  
Day after day she watched beside his bed,  
And first in utter quiet the hours fled:  
His feverish moans alone the silence stirred,  
Or her soft voice, uttering some pious word.  
At last the fever left him; day by day  
The hours, no longer silent, passed away.  
What could she speak of? First, to still his plaints,  
She told him legends of the martyr'd saints;  
Described the pangs, which, through God's plenteous  
grace,  
Had gained their souls so high and bright a place.  
This pious artifice soon found success—  
Or so she fancied—for he murmured less.  
And so she told the pomp and grand array  
In which the chapel shone on Easter Day,  
Described the vestments, gold, and colours bright,  
Counted how many tapers gave their light;  
Then, in minute detail went on to say,  
How the high altar looked on Christmas-day:  
The kings and shepherds, all in green and white,  
And a large star of jewels gleaming bright.  
Then told the sign by which they all had seen,  
How even nature loved to greet her Queen,  
For, when Our Lady's last procession went  
Down the long garden, every head was bent,  
And rosary in hand each sister prayed;  
As the long floating banners were displayed,  
They struck the hawthorn boughs, and showers and  
showers  
Of buds and blossoms strewed her way with flowers.  
The knight unwearied listened; till at last,  
He too described the glories of his past;  
Tourney, and joust, and pageant bright and fair,  
And all the lovely ladies who were there.  
But half incredulous she heard. Could this—  
This be the world? this place of love and bliss!  
Where, then, was hid the strange and hideous charm,  
That never failed to bring the gazer harm?  
She crossed herself, yet asked, and listened still,  
And still the knight described with all his skill,  
The glorious world of joy, all joys above,  
Transfigured in the golden mist of love.

Spread, spread your wings, ye angel guardians  
bright,  
And shield these dazzling phantoms from her sight!  
But no; days passed, matins and vespers rang,  
And still the quiet nuns toiled, prayed, and sang,  
And never guessed the fatal, coiling net  
That every day drew near, and nearer yet,  
Around their darling; for she went and came  
About her duties, outwardly the same.  
The same? ah, no! even when she knelt to pray,  
Some charmed dream kept all her heart away.  
So days went on, until the convent gate  
Opened one night. Who durst go forth so late?  
Across the moonlit grass, with stealthy tread,  
Two silent, shrouded figures passed and fled.  
And all was silent, save the moaning seas,  
That sobbed and pleaded, and a wailing breeze  
That sighed among the perfumed hawthorn trees.

What need to tell that dream so bright and brief,  
Of joy unchequered by a dread of grief?  
What need to tell how all such dreams must fade,  
Before the slow foreboding, dreaded shade,  
That floated nearer, until pomp and pride,  
Pleasure and wealth, were summoned to her side,  
To bid, at least, the noisy hours forget,  
And clamour down the whispers of regret.  
Still Angela strove to dream, and strove in vain;  
Awakened once, she could not sleep again.  
She saw, each day and hour, more worthless grown  
The heart for which she cast away her own;  
And her soul learnt, through bitterest inward strife,  
The slight, frail love for which she wrecked her life,  
The phantom for which all her hope was given,  
The cold bleak earth for which she bartered heaven!  
But all in vain; what chance remained? what heart  
Would stoop to take so poor an outcast's part?

Years fled, and she grew reckless more and more,  
Until the humblest peasant closed his door,  
And where she passed, fair dames, in scorn and pride,  
Shuddered, and drew their rustling robes aside.  
At last a yearning seemed to fill her soul,  
A longing that was stronger than control:  
Once more, just once again, to see the place  
That knew her young and innocent; to retrace  
The long and weary southern path; to gaze  
Upon the haven of her childish days;  
Once more beneath the convent roof to lie;  
Once more to look upon her home—and die!  
Weary and worn—her comrades, chill remorse  
And black despair, yet a strange silent force  
Within her heart, that drew her more and more—  
Onward she crawled, and begged from door to door.  
Weighed down with weary days, her failing strength  
Grew less each hour, till one day's dawn at length,  
As its first rays flooded the world with light,  
Showed the broad waters, glittering blue and bright,  
And where, amid the leafy hawthorn wood,  
Just as of old the low white convent stood.  
Would any know her? Nay, no fear. Her face  
Had lost all trace of youth, of joy, of grace,  
Of the pure happy soul they used to know—  
The novice Angela—so long ago.  
She rang the convent bell. The well-known sound  
Smote on her heart, and bowed her to the ground.  
And she, who had not wept for long dry years,  
Felt the strange rush of unaccustomed tears;  
Terror and anguish seemed to check her breath,  
And stop her heart. O God! could this be death?  
Crouching against the iron gate, she laid  
Her weary head against the bars, and prayed:  
But nearer footsteps drew, then seemed to wait;  
And then she heard the opening of the grate,

And saw the withered face, on which awoke  
 Pity and sorrow, as the portress spoke,  
 And asked the stranger's bidding: "Take me in,"  
 She faltered, "Sister Monica, from sin,  
 And sorrow, and despair, that will not cease;  
 Oh take me in, and let me die in peace!"  
 With soothing words the sister bade her wait,  
 Until she brought the key to unbar the gate.  
 The beggar tried to thank her as she lay,  
 And heard the echoing footsteps die away.  
 But what soft voice was that which sounded near,  
 And stirred strange trouble in her heart to hear?  
 She raised her head; she saw—she seemed to know  
 A face that came from long, long years ago:  
 Herself; yet not as when she fled away,  
 The young and blooming Novice, fair and gay,  
 But a grave woman, gentle and serene:  
 The outcast knew it—*what she might have been.*  
 But as she gazed and gazed, a radiance bright  
 Filled all the place with strange and sudden light;  
 The nun was there no longer, but instead,  
 A figure with a circle round its head,  
 A ring of glory; and a face, so meek,  
 So soft, so tender. . . . Angela strove to speak,  
 And stretched her hands out, crying, "Mary mild,  
 Mother of mercy, help me!—help your child!"  
 And Mary answered, "From thy bitter past,  
 Welcome, my child! oh, welcome home at last!  
 I filled thy place. Thy flight is known to none,  
 For all thy daily duties I have done;  
 Gathered thy flowers, and prayed, and sang, and  
 slept;  
 Didst thou not know, poor child, *thy place was kept?*  
 Kind hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one  
 Have limits to its mercy: God has none.  
 And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,  
 But yet he stoops to give it. More complete  
 Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,  
 And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heaven  
 Means *crowned*, not *vanquished*, when it says 'For-  
 given!'"

Back hurried Sister Monica; but where  
 Was the poor beggar she left lying there?  
 Gone; and she searched in vain, and sought the  
 place  
 For that wan woman, with the piteous face:  
 But only Angela at the gateway stood,  
 Laden with hawthorn blossoms from the wood.

And never did a day pass by again,  
 But the old portress, with a sigh of pain,

Would sorrow for her loitering: with a prayer  
 That the poor beggar, in her wild despair,  
 Might not have come to any ill; and when  
 She ended, "God forgive her!" humbly then  
 Did Angela bow her head, and say "Amen!"  
 How pitiful her heart was! all could trace  
 Something that dimmed the brightness of her face  
 After that day, which none had seen before;  
 Not trouble—but a shadow—nothing more.

Years passed away. Then, one dark day of dread,  
 Saw all the sisters kneeling round a bed,  
 Where Angela lay dying; every breath  
 Struggling beneath the heavy hand of death.  
 But suddenly a flush lit up her cheek,  
 She raised her wan right hand, and strove to speak.  
 In sorrowing love they listened; not a sound  
 Or sigh disturbed the utter silence round;  
 The very taper's flames were scarcely stirred,  
 In such hushed awe the sisters knelt and heard.  
 And thro' that silence Angela told her life:  
 Her sin, her flight; the sorrow and the strife,  
 And the return; and then, clear, low, and calm,  
 "Praise God for me, my sisters;" and the psalm  
 Rang up to heaven, far, and clear, and wide,  
 Again and yet again, then sank and died;  
 While her white face had such a smile of peace,  
 They saw she never heard the music cease;  
 And weeping sisters laid her in her tomb,  
 Crowned with a wreath of perfumed hawthorn bloom.

And thus the legend ended. It may be  
 Something is hidden in the mystery,  
 Besides the lesson of God's pardon, shown  
 Never enough believed, or asked, or known.  
 Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,  
 Some pure ideal of a noble life  
 That once seemed possible? Did we not hear  
 The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,  
 And just within our reach? It was. And yet  
 We lost it in this daily jar and fret,  
 And now live idle in a vague regret;  
 But still *our place is kept*, and it will wait,  
 Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.  
 No star is ever lost we once have seen,  
 We always may be what we might have been.  
 Since good, tho' only thought, has life and breath,  
 God's life—can always be redeemed from death;  
 And evil, in its nature, is decay,  
 And any hour can blot it all away;  
 The hopes that, lost, in some far distance seem,  
 May be the truer life, and this the dream.

## THE GHOST IN THE CUPBOARD ROOM.

MR. BEAVER, on being "spoke" (as his friend and ally, Jack Governor, called it), turned out of an imaginary hammock with the greatest promptitude, and went straight on duty. "As it's Nat Beaver's watch," said he, "there shall be no skulking." Jack looked at me, with an expectant and admiring turn of his eye on Mr. Beaver, full of complimentary implication. I noticed, by the way, that Jack, in a naval absence of mind with which he is greatly troubled at times, had his arm round my sister's waist. Perhaps this complaint originates in an old nautical requirement of having something to hold on by.

These were the terms of Mr. Beaver's revelation to us:

What I have got to put forward, will not take very long; and I shall beg leave to begin by going back to last night—just about the time when we all parted from one another to go to bed.

The members of this good company did a very necessary and customary thing, last night—they each took a bedroom candlestick, and lit the

candle before they went up-stairs. I wonder whether any one of them noticed that I left my candlestick untouched, and my candle unlighted; and went to bed, in a Haunted House, of all the places in the world, in the dark? I don't think any one of them did.

That is, perhaps, rather curious to begin with. It is likewise curious, and just as



true, that the bare sight of those candlesticks in the hands of this good company set me in a tremble, and made last night, a night's bad dream instead of a night's good sleep. The fact of the matter is—and I give you leave, ladies and gentlemen, to laugh at it as much as you please—that the ghost which haunted me last night, which has haunted me off and on for many years past, and which will go on haunting me till I am a ghost myself (and consequently spirit-proof in all respects), is, nothing more or less than—a bedroom candlestick.

Yes, a bedroom candlestick and candle, or a flat candlestick and candle—put it which way you like—that is what haunts me. I wish it was something pleasanter and more out of the common way; a beautiful lady, or a mine of gold and silver, or a cellar of wine and a coach and horses, and such-like. But, being what it is, I must take it for what it is, and make the best of it—and I shall thank you all kindly if you will help me out by doing the same.

I am not a scholar myself; but I make bold to believe that the haunting of any man, with anything under the sun, begins with the frightening of him. At any rate, the haunting of me with a bedroom candlestick and candle began with the frightening of me with a bedroom candlestick and candle—the frightening of me half out of my life, ladies and gentlemen; and, for the time being, the frightening of me altogether out of my wits. That is not a very pleasant thing to confess to you all, before stating the particulars; but perhaps you will be the readier to believe that I am not a downright coward, because you find me bold enough to make a clean breast of it already, to my own great disadvantage, so far.

These are the particulars, as well as I can put them.

I was apprenticed to the sea when I was about as tall as my own walking-stick; and I made good enough use of my time to be fit for a mate's berth at the age of twenty-five years.

It was in the year eighteen hundred and eighteen, or nineteen, I am not quite certain which, that I reached the before-mentioned age of twenty-five. You will please to excuse my memory not being very good for dates, names, numbers, places, and such-like. No fear, though, about the particulars I have undertaken to tell you of; I have got them all ship-shape in my recollection; I can see them, at this moment, as clear as noonday in my own mind. But there is a mist over what went before, and, for the matter of that, a mist likewise over much that came after—and it's not very likely to lift, at my time of life, is it?

Well, in eighteen hundred and eighteen, or nineteen, when there was peace in our part of the world—and not before it was wanted, you will say—there was fighting, of a certain scampering, scrambling kind, going on in that old fighting ground, which we seafaring men know by the name of the Spanish Main. The possessions that belonged to the Spaniards in South America had broken into open mutiny and declared for themselves years before. There was plenty of

bloodshed between the new government and the old; but the new had got the best of it, for the most part, under one General Bolívar—a famous man in his time, though he seems to have dropped out of people's memories now. Englishmen and Irishmen with a turn for fighting, and nothing particular to do at home, joined the general as volunteers; and some of our merchants here found it a good venture to send supplies across the ocean to the popular side. There was risk enough, of course, in doing this; but where one speculation of the kind succeeded, it made up for two, at the least, that failed. And that's the true principle of trade, wherever I have met with it, all the world over.

Among the Englishmen who were concerned in this Spanish-American business, I, your humble servant, happened, in a small way, to be one. I was then mate of a brig belonging to a certain firm in the City, which drove a sort of general trade, mostly in queer out-of-the-way places, as far from home as possible; and which freighted the brig, in the year I am speaking of, with a cargo of gunpowder for General Bolívar and his volunteers. Nobody knew anything about our instructions, when we sailed, except the captain; and he didn't half seem to like them. I can't rightly say how many barrels of powder we had on board, or how much each barrel held—I only know we had no other cargo. The name of the brig was *The Good Intent*—a queer name enough, you will tell me, for a vessel laden with gunpowder, and sent to help a revolution. And as far as this particular voyage was concerned, so it was. I meant that for a joke, ladies and gentlemen, and I'm sorry to find you don't laugh at it.

*The Good Intent* was the craziest old tub of a vessel I ever went to sea in, and the worst found in all respects. She was two hundred and thirty, or two hundred and eighty tons burden, I forget which; and she had a crew of eight, all told—nothing like as many as we ought by rights to have had to work the brig. However, we were well and honestly paid our wages; and we had to set that against the chance of foundering at sea, and, on this occasion, likewise, the chance of being blown up into the bargain. In consideration of the nature of our cargo, we were harassed with new regulations which we didn't at all like, relative to smoking our pipes and lighting our lanterns; and, as usual in such cases, the captain who made the regulations preached what he didn't practise. Not a man of us was allowed to have a bit of lighted candle in his hand when he went below—except the skipper; and he used his light, when he turned in, or when he looked over his charts on the cabin table, just as usual. This light was a common kitchen candle or “dip,” of the sort that goes eight or ten to the pound; and it stood in an old battered flat candlestick, with all the japan worn and melted off, and all the tin showing through. It would have been more seamanlike and suitable in every respect if he had had a lamp or a lantern; but he stuck to his old candlestick; and that same old candle-

stick, ladies and gentlemen, has ever afterwards stuck to me. That's another joke, if you please; and I'm much obliged to Miss Belinda in the corner for being good enough to laugh at it.

Well (I said "well" before, but it's a word that helps a man on like), we sailed in the brig, and shaped our course, first, for the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies; and, after sighting them, we made for the Leeward Islands next; and then stood on due south, till the look-out at the mast-head hailed the deck, and said he saw land. That land was the coast of South America. We had had a wonderful voyage so far. We had lost none of our spars or sails, and not a man of us had been harassed to death at the pumps. It wasn't often The Good Intent made such a voyage as that, I can tell you.

I was sent aloft to make sure about the land, and I did make sure of it. When I reported the same to the skipper, he went below, and had a look at his letter of instructions and the chart. When he came on deck again, he altered our course a trifle to the eastward—I forget the point on the compass, but that don't matter. What I do remember is, that it was dark before we closed in with the land. We kept the lead going, and hove the brig to in from four to five fathoms water, or it might be six—I can't say for certain. I kept a sharp eye to the drift of the vessel, none of us knowing how the currents ran on that coast. We all wondered why the skipper didn't anchor; but he said, No, he must first show a light at the foretop-mast-head, and wait for an answering light on shore. We did wait, and nothing of the sort appeared. It was starlight and calm. What little wind there was came in puffs off the land. I suppose we waited, drifting a little to the westward, as I made it out, best part of an hour before anything happened—and then, instead of seeing the light on shore, we saw a boat coming towards us, rowed by two men only.

We hailed them, and they answered, "Friends!" and hailed us by our name. They came on board. One of them was an Irishman, and the other was a coffee-coloured native pilot, who jabbered a little English. The Irishman handed a note to our skipper, who showed it to me. It informed us that the part of the coast we were off then, was not over safe for discharging our cargo, seeing that spies of the enemy (that is to say, of the old government) had been taken and shot in the neighbourhood the day before. We might trust the brig to the native pilot; and he had his instructions to take us to another part of the coast. The note was signed by the proper parties; so we let the Irishman go back alone in the boat, and allowed the pilot to exercise his lawful authority over the brig. He kept us stretching off from the land till noon the next day—his instructions, seemingly, ordering him to keep us well out of sight of the shore. We only altered our course, in the afternoon, so as to close in with the land again a little before midnight.

This same pilot was about as ill-looking a vagabond as ever I saw; a skinny, cowardly,

quarrelsome mongrel, who swore at the men, in the vilest broken English, till they were every one of them ready to pitch him overboard. The skipper kept them quiet, and I kept them quiet, for the pilot being given us by our instructions, we were bound to make the best of him. Near nightfall, however, with the best will in the world to avoid it, I was unlucky enough to quarrel with him. He wanted to go below with his pipe, and I stopped him, of course, because it was contrary to orders. Upon that, he tried to hustle by me, and I put him away with my hand. I never meant to push him down; but, somehow, I did. He picked himself up as quick as lightning, and pulled out his knife. I snatched it out of his hand, slapped his murderous face for him, and threw his weapon overboard. He gave me one ugly look, and walked aft. I didn't think much of the look then; but I remembered it a little too well afterwards.

We were close in with the land again, just as the wind failed us, between eleven and twelve that night; and dropped our anchor by the pilot's directions. It was pitch dark, and a dead, airless calm. The skipper was on deck with two of our best men for watch. The rest were below, except the pilot, who coiled himself up, more like a snake than a man, on the fore-castle. It was not my watch till four in the morning. But I didn't like the look of the night, or the pilot, or the state of things generally, and I shook myself down on deck to get my nap there, and be ready for anything at a moment's notice. The last I remember was the skipper whispering to me that he didn't like the look of things either, and that he would go below and consult his instructions again. That is the last I remember, before the slow, heavy, regular roll of the old brig on the ground swell rocked me off to sleep.

I was woke, ladies and gentlemen, by a scuffle on the fore-castle, and a gag in my mouth. There was a man on my breast and a man on my legs; and I was bound hand and foot in half a minute. The brig was in the hands of the Spaniards. They were swarming all over her. I heard six heavy splashes in the water, one after another—I saw the captain stabbed to the heart as he came running up the companion—and I heard a seventh splash in the water. Except myself, every soul of us on board had been murdered and thrown into the sea. Why I was left, I couldn't think, till I saw the pilot stoop over me with a lantern, and look, to make sure of who I was. There was a devilish grin on his face, and he nodded his head at me, as much as to say, *You* were the man who hustled me down and slapped my face, and I mean to play the game of cat and mouse with *you* in return for it!

I could neither move nor speak; but I could see the Spaniards take off the main hatch and rig the purchases for getting up the cargo. A quarter of an hour afterwards, I heard the sweeps of a schooner, or other small vessel, in the water. The strange craft was laid alongside

of us ; and the Spaniards set to work to discharge our cargo into her. They all worked hard except the pilot ; and he came, from time to time, with his lantern, to have another look at me, and to grin and nod always in the same devilish way. I am old enough now not to be ashamed of confessing the truth ; and I don't mind acknowledging that the pilot frightened me.

The fright, and the bonds, and the gag, and the not being able to stir hand or foot, had pretty nigh worn me out, by the time the Spaniards gave over work. This was just as the dawn broke. They had shifted good part of our cargo on board their vessel, but nothing like all of it ; and they were sharp enough to be off with what they had got, before daylight. I need hardly say that I had made up my mind, by this time, to the worst I could think of. The pilot, it was clear enough, was one of the spies of the enemy, who had wormed himself into the confidence of our consignees without being suspected. He, or more likely his employers, had got knowledge enough of us to suspect what our cargo was ; we had been anchored for the night in the safest berth for them to surprise us in ; and we had paid the penalty of having a small crew, and consequently an insufficient watch. All this was clear enough—but what did the pilot mean to do with me ?

On the word of a man, it makes my flesh creep, now, only to tell you what he did with me.

After all the rest of them were out of the brig, except the pilot and two Spanish seamen, these last took me up, bound and gagged as I was, lowered me into the hold of the vessel, and laid me along on the floor ; lashing me to it with ropes' ends, so that I could just turn from one side to the other, but could not roll myself fairly over, so as to change my place. They then left me. Both of them were the worse for liquor ; but the devil of a pilot was sober—mind that !—as sober as I am at the present moment.

I lay in the dark for a little while, with my heart thumping as if it was going to jump out of me. I lay about five minutes so, when the pilot came down into the hold, alone. He had the captain's cursed flat candlestick and a carpenter's awl in one hand, and a long thin twist of cotton yarn, well oiled, in the other. He put the candlestick, with a new "dip" lighted in it, down on the floor, about two feet from my face, and close against the side of the vessel. The light was feeble enough ; but it was sufficient to show a dozen barrels of gunpowder or more, left all round me in the hold of the brig. I began to suspect what he was after, the moment I noticed the barrels. The horrors laid hold of me from head to foot ; and the sweat poured off my face like water.

I saw him go, next, to one of the barrels of powder standing against the side of the vessel, in a line with the candle, and about three feet, or rather better, away from it. He bored a hole in the side of the barrel with his awl ; and the horrid powder came trickling out, as black as

hell, and dripped into the hollow of his hand, which he held to catch it. When he had got a good handful, he stopped up the hole by jamming one end of his oiled twist of cotton-yarn fast into it ; and he then rubbed the powder into the whole length of the yarn, till he had blackened every hairsbreadth of it. The next thing he did—as true as I sit here, as true as the heaven above us all—the next thing he did was to carry the free end of his long, lean, black, frightful slow-match to the lighted candle alongside my face, and to tie it, in several folds, round the tallow dip, about a third of the distance down, measuring from the flame of the wick to the lip of the candlestick. He did that ; he looked to see that my lashings were all safe ; and then he put his face down close to mine ; and whispered in my ear, "Blow up with the brig !"

He was on deck again the moment after ; and he and the two others shoved the hatch on over me. At the farthest end from where I lay, they had not fitted it down quite true, and I saw a blink of daylight glimmering in when I looked in that direction. I heard the sweeps of the schooner fall into the water—splash ! splash ! fainter and fainter, as they swept the vessel out in the dead calm, to be ready for the wind in the offing. Fainter and fainter, splash ! splash ! for a quarter of an hour or more.

While those sounds were in my ears, my eyes were fixed on the candle. It had been freshly lit—if left to itself it would burn for between six and seven hours—the slow-match was twisted round it about a third of the way down—and therefore the flame would be about two hours reaching it. There I lay, gagged, bound, lashed to the floor ; seeing my own life burning down with the candle by my side—there I lay, alone on the sea, doomed to be blown to atoms, and to see that doom drawing on, nearer and nearer with every fresh second of time, through nigh on two hours to come ; powerless to help myself and speechless to call for help to others. The wonder to me is that I didn't cheat the flame, the slow-match, and the powder, and die of the horror of my situation before my first half-hour was out in the hold of the brig.

I can't exactly say how long I kept the command of my senses after I had ceased to hear the splash of the schooner's sweeps in the water. I can trace back everything I did and everything I thought, up to a certain point ; but, once past that, I get all abroad, and lose myself in my memory now, much as I lost myself in my own feelings at the time.

The moment the hatch was covered over me, I began, as every other man would have begun in my place, with a frantic effort to free my hands. In the mad panic I was in, I cut my flesh with the lashings as if they had been knives ; but I never stirred them. There was less chance still of freeing my legs, or of tearing myself from the fastenings that held me to the floor. I gave in, when I was all but suffocated for want of breath. The gag, you will please to remember, was a terrible enemy to me ; I could only breathe freely through my nose—and

that is but a poor vent when a man is straining his strength as far as ever it will go.

I gave in, and lay quiet, and got my breath again; my eyes glaring and straining at the candle all the time. While I was staring at it, the notion struck me of trying to blow out the flame by pumping a long breath at it suddenly through my nostrils. It was too high above me, and too far away from me, to be reached in that fashion. I tried, and tried, and tried—and then I gave in again and lay quiet again; always with my eyes glaring at the candle and the candle glaring at me. The splash of the schooner's sweeps was very faint by this time. I could only just hear them in the morning stillness. Splash! splash!—fainter and fainter—splash! splash!

Without exactly feeling my mind going, I began to feel it getting queer, as early as this: The snuff of the candle was growing taller and taller, and the length of tallow between the flame and the slow-match, which was the length of my life, was getting shorter and shorter. I calculated that I had rather less than an hour and a half to live. An hour and a half! Was there a chance, in that time, of a boat pulling off to the brig from shore? Whether the land near which the vessel was anchored was in possession of our side, or in possession of the enemy's side, I made it out that they must, sooner or later, send to hail the brig, merely because she was a stranger in those parts. The question for me was, how soon? The sun had not risen yet, as I could tell by looking through the chink in the hatch. There was no coast village near us, as we all knew, before the brig was seized, by seeing no lights on shore. There was no wind, as I could tell by listening, to bring any strange vessel near. If I had had six hours to live, there might have been a chance for me, reckoning from sunrise to noon. But with an hour and a half, which had dwindled to an hour and a quarter by this time—or, in other words, with the earliness of the morning, the uninhabited coast, and the dead calm all against me—there was not the ghost of a chance. As I felt that, I had another struggle—the last—with my bonds; and only cut myself the deeper for my pains.

I gave in once more, and lay quiet, and listened for the splash of the sweeps. Gone! Not a sound could I hear but the blowing of a fish, now and then, on the surface of the sea, and the creak of the brig's crazy old spars, as she rolled gently from side to side with the little swell there was on the quiet water.

An hour and a quarter. The wick grew terribly, as the quarter slipped away; and the charred top of it began to thicken and spread out mushroom-shape. It would fall off soon. Would it fall off red-hot, and would the swing of the brig cant it over the side of the candle and let it down on the slow-match? If it would, I had about ten minutes to live instead of an hour. This discovery set my mind for a minute on a new tack altogether. I began to ponder with myself what sort of a death blowing-up

might be. Painful? Well, it would be, surely, too sudden for that. Perhaps just one crash, inside me, or outside me, or both, and nothing more? Perhaps not even a crash; that and death and the scattering of this living body of mine into millions of fiery sparks, might all happen in the same instant? I couldn't make it out; I couldn't settle how it would be. The minute of calmness in my mind left it, before I had half done thinking; and I got all abroad again.

When I came back to my thoughts, or when they came back to me (I can't say which), the wick was awfully tall, the flame was burning with a smoke above it, the charred top was broad and red, and heavily spreading out to its fall. My despair and horror at seeing it, took me in a new way, which was good and right, at any rate, for my poor soul. I tried to pray; in my own heart, you will understand, for the gag put all lip-praying out of my power. I tried, but the candle seemed to burn it up in me. I struggled hard to force my eyes from the slow, murdering flame, and to look up through the chink in the hatch at the blessed daylight. I tried once, tried twice; and gave it up. I tried next only to shut my eyes, and keep them shut—once—twice—and the second time I did it. "God bless old mother, and sister Lizzie; God keep them both, and forgive me." That was all I had time to say, in my own heart, before my eyes opened again, in spite of me, and the flame of the candle flew into them, flew all over me, and burnt up the rest of my thoughts in an instant.

I couldn't hear the fish blowing now; I couldn't hear the creak of the spars; I couldn't think; I couldn't feel the sweat of my own death agony on my face—I could only look at the heavy, charred top of the wick. It swelled, tottered, bent over to one side, dropped—red hot at the moment of its fall—black and harmless, even before the swing of the brig had canted it over into the bottom of the candle-stick.

I caught myself laughing. Yes! laughing at the safe fall of the bit of wick. But for the gag I should have screamed with laughing. As it was, I shook with it inside me—shook till the blood was in my head, and I was all but suffocated for want of breath. I had just sense enough left to feel that my own horrid laughter, at that awful moment, was a sign of my brain going at last. I had just sense enough left to make another struggle before my mind broke loose like a frightened horse, and ran away with me.

One comforting look at the blink of daylight through the hatch was what I tried for once more. The fight to force my eyes from the candle and to get that one look at the daylight, was the hardest I had had yet; and I lost the fight. The flame had hold of my eyes as fast as the lashings had hold of my hands. I couldn't look away from it. I couldn't even shut my eyes, when I tried that next, for the second time. There was the wick,

growing tall once more. There was the space of unburnt candle between the light and the slow match shortened to an inch or less. How much life did that inch leave me? Three-quarters of an hour? Half an hour? Fifty minutes? Twenty minutes? Steady! an inch of tallow candle would burn longer than twenty minutes. An inch of tallow! the notion of a man's body and soul being kept together by an inch of tallow! Wonderful! Why, the greatest king that sits on a throne can't keep a man's body and soul together; and here's an inch of tallow that can do what the king can't! There's something to tell mother, when I get home, which will surprise her more than all the rest of my voyages put together. I laughed inwardly, again, at the thought of that; and shook and swelled and suffocated myself, till the light of the candle leaped in through my eyes, and licked up the laughter, and burnt it out of me, and made me all empty, and cold, and quiet once more.

Mother and Lizzie. I don't know when they came back; but they did come back—not, as it seemed to me, into my mind this time; but right down bodily before me, in the hold of the brig.

Yes: sure enough, there was Lizzie, just as light-hearted as usual, laughing at me. Laughing! Well why not? Who is to blame Lizzie for thinking I'm lying on my back, drunk in the cellar, with the beer barrels all round me? Steady! she's crying now—spinning round and round in a fiery mist, wringing her hands, screeching out for help—fainter and fainter, like the splash of the schooner's sweeps. Gone!—burnt up in the fiery mist. Mist? fire? no: neither one nor the other. It's mother makes the light—mother knitting, with ten flaming points at the ends of her fingers and thumbs, and slow-matches hanging in bunches all round her face instead of her own grey hair. Mother in her old arm-chair, and the pilot's long skinny hands hanging over the back of the chair, dripping with gunpowder. No! no gunpowder, no chair, no mother—nothing but the pilot's face, shining red hot, like a sun, in the fiery mist; turning upside down in the fiery mist; running backwards and forwards along the slow-match, in the fiery mist; spinning millions of miles in a minute, in the fiery mist—spinning itself smaller and smaller into one tiny point, and that point darting on a sudden straight into my head—and then, all fire and all mist—no hearing, no seeing, no thinking, no feeling—the brig, the sea, my own self, the whole world, all gone together!

After what I've just told you, I know nothing and remember nothing, till I woke up, as it seemed to me in a comfortable bed, with

two rough and ready men like myself sitting on each side of my pillow, and a gentleman standing watching me at the foot of the bed. It was about seven in the morning. My sleep (or what seemed like my sleep to me) had lasted better than eight months—I was among my own countrymen in the island of Trinidad—the men at each side of my pillow were my keepers, turn and turn about—and the gentleman standing at the foot of the bed was the doctor. What I said and did in those eight months, I never have known and never shall. I woke out of it, as if it had been one long sleep—that's all I know.

It was another two months or more before the doctor thought it safe to answer the questions I asked him.

The brig had been anchored, just as I had supposed, off a part of the coast which was lonely enough to make the Spaniards pretty sure of no interruption, so long as they managed their murderous work quietly under cover of night. My life had not been saved from the shore, but from the sea. An American vessel, becalmed in the offing, had made out the brig as the sun rose; and the captain, having his time on his hands in consequence of the calm, and seeing a vessel anchored where no vessel had any reason to be, had manned one of his boats and sent his mate with it, to look a little closer into the matter, and bring back a report of what he saw. What he saw, when he and his men found the brig deserted and boarded her, was a gleam of candlelight through the chink in the hatchway. The flame was within about a thread's breadth of the slow-match, when he lowered himself into the hold; and if he had not had the sense and coolness to cut the match in two with his knife, before he touched the candle, he and his men might have been blown up along with the brig, as well as me. The match caught and turned into spluttering red fire, in the very act of putting the candle out; and if the communication with the powder barrel had not been cut off, the Lord only knows what might have happened.

What became of the Spanish schooner and the pilot I have never heard from that day to this. As for the brig, the Yankees took her, as they took me, to Trinidad, and claimed their salvage, and got it, I hope, for their own sakes. I was landed just in the same state as when they rescued me from the brig, that is to say, clean out of my senses. But, please to remember it was a long time ago; and, take my word for it, I was discharged cured, as I have told you. Bless your hearts, I'm all right now, as you may see. I'm a little shaken by telling the story, ladies and gentlemen—a little shaken, that's all.

## THE GHOST IN MASTER B.'S ROOM.

It being now my own turn, I "took the word," as the French say, and went on:

When I established myself in the triangular garret which had gained so distinguished a reputation, my thoughts naturally turned to Master B. My speculations about him were uneasy and manifold. Whether his christian name was Benjamin, Bissextile (from his having been born in Leap Year), Bartholomew, or Bill. Whether the initial letter belonged to his family name, and that was Baxter, Black, Brown, Barker, Buggins, Baker, or Bird. Whether he was a founding, and had been baptized B. Whether he was a lion-hearted boy, and B. was short for Briton, or for Bull. Whether he could possibly have been kith and kin to an illustrious lady who brightened my own childhood, and had come of the blood of the brilliant Mother Bunch?

With these profitless meditations I tormented myself much. I also carried the mysterious letter into the appearance and pursuits of the deceased; wondering whether he dressed in Blue, wore Boots (he couldn't have been Bald), was a boy of Brains, liked Books, was good at Bowling, had any skill as a Boxer, ever in his Buoyant Boyhood Bathed from a Bathing-machine at Bognor, Bangor, Bournemouth, Brighton, or Broadstairs, like a Bounding Billiard Ball?

So, from the first, I was haunted by the letter B.

It was not long before I remarked that I never by any hazard had a dream of Master B., or of anything belonging to him. But, the instant I awoke from sleep, at whatever hour of the night, my thoughts took him up, and roamed away, trying to attach his initial letter to something that would fit it and keep it quiet.

For six nights, I had been worried thus in Master B.'s room, when I began to perceive that things were going wrong.

The first appearance that presented itself was early in the morning, when it was but just daylight and no more. I was standing shaving at my glass, when I suddenly discovered, to my consternation and amazement, that I was shaving—not myself—I am fifty—but a boy. Apparently Master B.?

I trembled and looked over my shoulder; nothing there. I looked again in the glass, and distinctly saw the features and expression of a boy, who was shaving, not to get rid of a beard, but to get one. Extremely troubled in my mind, I took a few turns in the room, and went back to the looking-glass, resolved to steady my hand and complete the operation in which I had been disturbed. Opening my eyes, which I had shut while recovering my firmness, I now met in the glass, looking straight at me, the eyes of a young man of four or five and twenty. Terrified by this new ghost, I closed my eyes, and made a strong effort to recover myself. Opening them again, I saw, shaving his cheek in the glass, my father, who has long been dead. Nay, I even saw my grandfather too, whom I never did see in my life.

Although naturally much affected by these remarkable visitations, I determined to keep my secret, until the time agreed upon for the present general disclosure. Agitated by a multitude of curious thoughts, I retired to my room, that night, prepared to encounter some new experience of a spectral character. Nor was my preparation needless, for, waking from an uneasy sleep at exactly two o'clock in the morning, what were my feelings to find that I was sharing my bed, with the skeleton of Master B.!

I sprang up, and the skeleton sprang up also. I then heard a plaintive voice saying, "Where am I? What is become of me?" and, looking hard in that direction, perceived the ghost of Master B.

The young spectre was dressed in an obsolete fashion: or rather, was not so much dressed as put into a case of inferior pepper-and-salt cloth, made horrible by means of shining buttons. I observed that these buttons went, in a double row, over each shoulder of the young ghost, and appeared to descend his back. He wore a frill round his neck. His right hand (which I distinctly noticed to be inky) was laid upon his stomach; connecting this action with some feeble pimples on his countenance, and his general air of nausea, I concluded this ghost to be the ghost of a boy who had habitually taken a great deal too much medicine.

"Where am I?" said the little spectre, in a pathetic voice. "And why was I born in the Calomel days, and why did I have all that Calomel given me?"

I replied, with sincere earnestness, that upon my soul I couldn't tell him.

"Where is my little sister," said the ghost, "and where my angelic little wife, and where is the boy I went to school with?"

I entreated the phantom to be comforted, and above all things to take heart respecting the loss of the boy he went to school with. I represented to him that probably that boy never did, within human experience, come out well, when discovered. I urged that I myself had, in later life, turned up several boys whom I went to school with, and none of them had at all answered. I expressed my humble belief that that boy never did answer. I represented that he was a mythic character, a delusion, and a snare. I recounted how, the last time I found him, I found him at a dinner party behind a wall of white cravat, with an inconclusive opinion on every possible subject, and a power of silent boredom absolutely Titanic. I related how, on the strength of our having been together at "Old Doylance's," he had asked himself to breakfast with me (a social offence of the largest magnitude); how, fanning my weak embers of belief in Doylance's boys, I had let him in; and how, he had proved to be a fearful wanderer about the earth, pursuing the race of Adam with inex-



pliable notions concerning the currency, and with a proposition that the Bank of England should, on pain of being abolished, instantly strike off and circulate, God knows how many thousand millions of ten-and-sixpenny notes.

The ghost heard me in silence, and with a fixed stare. "Barber!" it apostrophised me when I had finished.

"Barber?" I repeated—for I am not of that profession.

"Condemned," said the ghost, "to shave a constant change of customers—now, me—now, a young man—now, thyself as thou art—now, thy father—now, thy grandfather; condemned, too, to lie down with a skeleton every night, and to rise with it every morning—"

(I shuddered on hearing this dismal announcement).

"Barber! Pursue me!"

I had felt, even before the words were uttered, that I was under a spell to pursue the phantom. I immediately did so, and was in Master B.'s room no longer.

Most people know what long and fatiguing night journeys had been forced upon the witches who used to confess, and who, no doubt, told the exact truth—particularly as they were always assisted with leading questions, and the Torture was always ready. I asseverate that, during my occupation of Master B.'s room, I was taken by the ghost that haunted it, on expeditions fully as long and wild as any of those. Assuredly, I was presented to no shabby old man with a goat's horns and tail (something between Pan and an old clothesman), holding conventional receptions, as stupid as those of real life and less decent; but, I came upon other things which appeared to me to have more meaning.

Confident that I speak the truth and shall be believed, I declare without hesitation that I followed the ghost, in the first instance on a broomstick, and afterwards on a rocking-horse. The very smell of the animal's paint—especially when I brought it out, by making him warm—I am ready to swear to. I followed the ghost, afterwards, in a hackney coach; an institution with the peculiar smell of which, the present generation is unacquainted, but to which I am again ready to swear as a combination of stable, dog with the mange, and very old bellows. (In this, I appeal to previous generations to confirm or refute me.) I pursued the phantom, on a headless donkey: at least, upon a donkey who was so interested in the state of his stomach that his head was always down there, investigating it; on ponies, expressly born to kick up behind; on roundabouts and swings, from fairs; in the first cab—another forgotten institution where the fare regularly got into bed, and was tucked up with the driver.

Not to trouble you with a detailed account of all my travels in pursuit of the ghost of Master B., which were longer and more wonderful than those of Sindbad the Sailor, I will confine myself to one experience from which you may judge of many.

I was marvellously changed. I was myself, yet not myself. I was conscious of something

within me, which has been the same all through my life, and which I have always recognised under all its phases and varieties as never altering, and yet I was not the I who had gone to bed in Master B.'s room. I had the smoothest of faces and the shortest of legs, and I had taken another creature like myself, also with the smoothest of faces and the shortest of legs, behind a door, and was confiding to him a proposition of the most astounding nature.

This proposition was, that we should have a Seraglio.

The other creature assented warmly. He had no notion of respectability, neither had I. It was the custom of the East, it was the way of the good Caliph Haroun Alraschid (let me have the corrupted name again for once, it is so scented with sweet memories!), the usage was highly laudable, and most worthy of imitation. "Oh, yes! Let us," said the other creature with a jump, "have a Seraglio."

It was not because we entertained the faintest doubts of the meritorious character of the Oriental establishment we proposed to import, that we perceived it must be kept a secret from Miss Griffin. It was because we knew Miss Griffin to be bereft of human sympathies, and incapable of appreciating the greatness of the great Haroun. Mystery impenetrably shrouded from Miss Griffin then, let us entrust it to Miss Bule.

We were ten in Miss Griffin's establishment by Hampstead Ponds; eight ladies and two gentlemen. Miss Bule, whom I judge to have attained the ripe age of eight or nine, took the lead in society. I opened the subject to her in the course of the day, and proposed that she should become the Favourite.

Miss Bule, after struggling with the diffidence so natural to, and charming in, her adorable sex, expressed herself as flattered by the idea, but wished to know how it was proposed to provide for Miss Pipson? Miss Bule—who was understood to have vowed towards that young lady, a friendship, halves, and no secrets, until death, on the Church Service and Lessons complete in two volumes with case and lock—Miss Bule said she could not, as the friend of Pipson, disguise from herself, or me, that Pipson was not one of the common.

Now, Miss Pipson, having curly light hair and blue eyes (which was my idea of anything mortal and feminine that was called Fair), I promptly replied that I regarded Miss Pipson in the light of a Fair Circassian.

"And what then?" Miss Bule pensively asked.

I replied that she must be inveigled by a Merchant, brought to me veiled, and purchased as a slave.

[The other creature had already fallen into the second male place in the State, and was set apart for Grand Vizier. He afterwards resisted this disposal of events, but had his hair pulled until he yielded].

"Shall I not be jealous?" Miss Bule inquired, casting down her eyes.

"Zobeide, no," I replied; "you will ever be

the favourite Sultana; the first place in my heart, and on my throne, will be ever yours."

Miss Bule, upon that assurance, consented to propound the idea to her seven beautiful companions. It occurring to me, in the course of the same day, that we knew we could trust a grinning and good-natured soul called Tabby, who was the serving drudge of the house, and had no more figure than one of the beds, and upon whose face there was always more or less black-lead, I slipped into Miss Bule's hand after supper, a little note to that effect: dwelling on the black-lead as being in a manner deposited by the finger of Providence, pointing Tabby out for Mesrour, the celebrated chief of the Blacks of the Harem.

There were difficulties in the formation of the desired institution, as there are in all combinations. The other creature showed himself of a low character, and, when defeated in aspiring to the throne, pretended to have conscientious scruples about prostrating himself before the Caliph; wouldn't call him Commander of the Faithful; spoke of him slightly and inconsistently as a mere "chap;" said he, the other creature, "wouldn't play"—Play!—and was otherwise coarse and offensive. This meanness of disposition was, however, put down by the general indignation of an united Seraglio, and I became blessed in the smiles of eight of the fairest of the daughters of men.

The smiles could only be bestowed when Miss Griffin was looking another way, and only then in a very wary manner, for there was a legend among the followers of the Prophet that she saw with a little round ornament in the middle of the pattern on the back of her shawl. But, every day after dinner, for an hour, we were all together, and then the Favourite and the rest of the Royal Harem competed who should most beguile the leisure of the Serene Haroun reposing from the cares of State—which were generally, as in most affairs of State, of an arithmetical character, the Commander of the Faithful being a fearful boggler at a sum.

On these occasions, the devoted Mesrour, chief of the Blacks of the Harem, was always in attendance (Miss Griffin usually ringing for that officer, at the same time, with great vehemence), but never acquitted himself in a manner worthy of his historical reputation. In the first place, his bringing a broom into the Divan of the Caliph, even when Haroun wore on his shoulders the red robe of anger (Miss Pipson's pelisse), though it might be got over for the moment, was never to be quite satisfactorily accounted for. In the second place, his breaking out into grinning exclamations of "Lork you pretties!" was neither Eastern nor respectful. In the third place, when specially instructed to say "Bismillah!" he always said "Hallelujah!" This officer, unlike his class, was too good-humoured altogether, kept his mouth open far too wide, expressed approbation to an incongruous extent, and even once—it was on the occasion of the purchase of the Fair Circassian for five hundred thousand purses of gold, and cheap, too—embraced the Slave, the Favourite,

and the Caliph, all round. (Parenthetically let me say God bless Mesrour, and may there have been sons and daughters on that tender bosom, softening many a hard day since!)

Miss Griffin was a model of propriety, and I am at a loss to imagine what the feelings of the virtuous woman would have been, if she had known, when she paraded us down the Hampstead-road two and two, that she was walking with a stately step at the head of Polygamy and Mahomedanism. I believe that a mysterious and terrible joy with which the contemplation of Miss Griffin, in this unconscious state, inspired us, and a grim sense prevalent among us that there was a dreadful power in our knowledge of what Miss Griffin (who knew all things that could be learnt out of book) didn't know, were the mainspring of the preservation of our secret. It was wonderfully kept, but was once upon the verge of self-betrayal. The danger and escape occurred upon a Sunday. We were all ten ranged in a conspicuous part of the gallery at church, with Miss Griffin at our head—as we were every Sunday—advertising the establishment in an unsecular sort of way—when the description of Solomon in his domestic glory, happened to be read. The moment that monarch was thus referred to, conscience whispered me, "Thou, too, Haroun!" The officiating minister had a cast in his eye, and it assisted conscience by giving him the appearance of reading personally at me. A crimson blush, attended by a fearful perspiration, suffused my features. The Grand Vizier became more dead than alive, and the whole Seraglio reddened as if the sunset of Bagdad shone direct upon their lovely faces. At this portentous time the awful Griffin rose, and balmily surveyed the children of Islam. My own impression was, that Church and State had entered into a conspiracy with Miss Griffin to expose us, and that we should all be put into white sheets, and exhibited in the centre aisle. But, so Westernly—if I may be allowed the expression as opposite to Eastern associations—was Miss Griffin's sense of rectitude, that she merely suspected Apples, and we were saved.

I have called the Seraglio, united. Upon the question, solely, whether the Commander of the Faithful durst exercise a right of kissing in that sanctuary of the palace, were its peerless inmates divided. Zobeide asserted a counter-right in the Favourite to scratch, and the fair Circassian put her face, for refuge, into a green baize bag, originally designed for books. On the other hand, a young antelope of transcendent beauty from the fruitful plains of Camden-town (whence she had been brought, by traders, in the half-yearly caravan that crossed the intermediate desert after the holidays), held more liberal opinions, but stipulated for limiting the benefit of them to that dog, and son of a dog, the Grand Vizier—who had no rights, and was not in question. At length, the difficulty was compromised by the installation of a very youthful slave as Deputy. She, raised upon a stool, officially received upon her cheeks the salutes

intended by the gracious Haroun for other Sultanas, and was privately rewarded from the coffers of the Ladies of the Harem.

And now it was, at the full height of enjoyment of my bliss, that I became heavily troubled. I began to think of my mother, and what she would say to my taking home at Midsummer eight of the most beautiful of the daughters of men, but all unexpected. I thought of the number of beds we made up at our house, of my father's income, and of the baker, and my despondency redoubled. The Seraglio and malicious Vizier, divining the cause of their Lord's unhappiness, did their utmost to augment it. They professed unbounded fidelity, and declared that they would live and die with him. Reduced to the utmost wretchedness by these protestations of attachment, I lay awake, for hours at a time, ruminating on my frightful lot. In my despair, I think I might have taken an early opportunity of falling on my knees before Miss Griffin, avowing my resemblance to Solomon, and praying to be dealt with according to the outraged laws of my country, if an unthought-of means of escape had not opened before me.

One day, we were out walking, two and two—on which occasion the Vizier had his usual instructions to take note of the boy at the turnpike, and if he profanely gazed (which he always did) at the beauties of the Harem, to have him bowstrung in the course of the night—and it happened that our hearts were veiled in gloom. An unaccountable action on the part of the antelope had plunged the State into disgrace. That charmer, on the representation that the previous day was her birthday, and that vast treasures had been sent in a hamper for its celebration (both baseless assertions), had secretly but most pressingly invited thirty-five neighbouring princes and princesses to a ball and supper: with a special stipulation that they were “not to be fetched till twelve.” This wandering of the antelope's fancy, led to the surprising arrival at Miss Griffin's door, in divers equipages and under various escorts, of a great company in full dress, who were deposited on the top step in a flush of high expectancy, and who were dismissed in tears. At the beginning of the double knocks attendant on these ceremonies, the antelope had retired to a back attic, and bolted herself in; and at every new arrival, Miss Griffin had gone so much more and more distracted, that at last she had been seen to tear her front. Ultimate capitulation on the part of the offender, had been followed by solitude in the linen-closet, bread and water, and a lecture to all, of vindictive length, in which Miss Griffin had used the expressions: Firstly, “I believe you all of you knew of it;” Secondly, “Every one of you is as wicked as another;” Thirdly, “A pack of little wretches.”

Under these circumstances, we were walking drearily along; and I especially, with my Moosulmaun responsibilities heavy on me, was in a very low state of mind; when a strange man accosted Miss Griffin, and, after walking on at her side for a little while and talking with her, looked at me. Supposing him to be a minion

of the law, and that my hour was come, I instantly ran away, with a general purpose of making for Egypt.

The whole Seraglio cried out, when they saw me making off as fast as my legs would carry me (I had an impression that the first turning on the left, and round by the public-house, would be the shortest way to the Pyramids), Miss Griffin screamed after me, the faithless Vizier ran after me, and the boy at the turnpike dodged me into a corner, like a sheep, and cut me off. Nobody scolded me when I was taken and brought back; Miss Griffin only said, with a stunning gentleness, This was very curious! Why had I run away when the gentleman looked at me?

If I had had any breath to answer with, I dare say I should have made no answer; having no breath, I certainly made none. Miss Griffin and the strange man took me between them, and walked me back to the palace in a sort of state; but not at all (as I couldn't help feeling, with astonishment), in culprit state.

When we got there, we went into a room by ourselves, and Miss Griffin called in to her assistance, Mesrour, chief of the dusky guards of the Harem. Mesrour, on being whispered to, began to shed tears.

“Bless you, my precious!” said that officer, turning to me; “your Pa's took bitter bad!”

I asked, with a fluttered heart, “Is he very ill?”

“Lord temper the wind to you, my lamb!”

said the good Mesrour, kneeling down, that I might have a comforting shoulder for my head to rest on, “your Pa's dead!”

Haroun Alraschid took to flight at the words; the Seraglio vanished; from that moment, I never again saw one of the eight of the fairest of the daughters of men.

I was taken home, and there was Debt at home as well as Death, and we had a sale there. My own little bed was so superciliously looked upon by a Power unknown to me, hazily called “The Trade,” that a brass coal-scuttle, a roasting-jack, and a birdcage, were obliged to be put into it to make a Lot of it, and then it went for a song. So I heard mentioned, and I wondered what song, and thought what a dismal song it must have been to sing!

Then, I was sent to a great, cold, bare, school of big boys; where everything to eat and wear was thick and clumpy, without being enough; where everybody, large and small, was cruel; where the boys knew all about the sale, before I got there, and asked me what I had fetched, and who had bought me, and hooted at me, “Going, going, gone!” I never whispered in that wretched place that I had been Haroun, or had had a Seraglio: for, I knew that if I mentioned my reverses, I should be so worried, that I should have to drown myself in the muddy pond near the playground, which looked like the beer.

Alh me, alh me! No other ghost has haunted the boy's room, my friends, since I have occupied it, than the ghost of my own childhood, the ghost of my own innocence, the ghost of my own airy belief. Many a time have I pur-

sued the phantom : never with this man's stride of mine to come up with it, never with these man's hands of mine to touch it, never more to this man's heart of mine to hold it in its purity. And here you see me working

out, as cheerfully and thankfully as I may, my doom of shaving in the glass a constant change of customers, and of lying down and rising up with the skeleton allotted to me for my mortal companion.

## THE GHOST IN THE GARDEN ROOM.

My friend and solicitor rubbed his bald forehead—which is quite Shakespearian—with his hand, after a manner he has when I consult him professionally, and took a very large pinch of snuff. “My bedroom,” said he, “has been haunted by the Ghost of a Judge.”

“Of a Judge?” said all the company.

“Of a Judge. In his wig and robes as he sits upon the Bench, at Assize-time. As I have lingered in the great white chair at the side of my fire, when we have all retired for the night to our respective rooms, I have seen and heard him. I never shall forget the description he gave me, and I never have forgotten it since I first heard it.”

“Then you have seen and heard him before, Mr. Undery?” said my sister.

“Often.”

“Consequently, he is not peculiar to this house?”

“By no means. He returns to me in many intervals of quiet leisure, and his story haunts me.”

We one and all called for the story, that it might haunt us likewise.

“It fell within the range of his judicial experience,” said my friend and solicitor, “and this was the Judge’s manner of summing it up.”

Those words did not apply, of course, to the great pinch of snuff that followed them, but to the words that followed the great pinch of snuff. They were these :

Not many years after the beginning of this century, a worthy couple of the name of Huntroyd occupied a small farm in the North Riding of Yorkshire. They had married late in life, although they were very young when they first began to “keep company” with each other. Nathan Huntroyd had been farm servant to Hester Rose’s father, and had made up to her at a time when her parents thought she might do better ; and so, without much consultation of her feelings, they had dismissed Nathan in somewhat cavalier fashion. He had drifted far away from his former connexions, when an uncle of his died, leaving Nathan—by this time upwards of forty years of age—enough money to stock a small farm, and yet to have something over to put in the bank against bad times. One of the consequences of this bequest was that Nathan was looking out for a wife and housekeeper in a kind of discreet and leisurely way, when, one day, he heard that his old love, Hester, was—not married and flourishing, as he had always supposed her to be—but a poor maid-of-all-work, in the town of Ripon. For her father had had a succession of misfortunes, which had brought him in his old age to the workhouse ; her mother was dead ; her only brother struggling to bring up a large family ; and Hester herself, a hard-working, homely-looking (at thirty-seven) servant. Nathan had a kind of growing satisfaction (which only lasted for a minute or two, however) in hearing of these turns of Fortune’s wheel. He did not make many intelligible remarks to his informant, and to no one else did he say a word. But, a few days afterwards, he presented himself, dressed in his Sunday best, at Mrs. Thompson’s back door in Ripon.

Hester stood there in answer to the good sound knock his good sound oak stick made ; she with the light full upon her, he in shadow. For a moment there was silence. He was scanning the face and figure of his old love, for twenty years unseen. The comely beauty of youth had faded away entirely ; she was, as I have said, homely-looking, plain-featured, but with a clean skin, and pleasant, frank eyes. Her figure was no longer round, but tidily draped in a blue and white bedgown, tied round her waist by her white apron-strings, and her short red linsey petticoat showed her tidy feet and ankles. Her former lover fell into no ecstasies. He simply said to himself, “She’ll do ;” and forthwith began upon his business.

“Hester, thou dost not mind me. I am Nathan, as thy father turned off at a minute’s notice, for thinking of thee for a wife, twenty year come Michaelmas next. I have not thought much upon matrimony since. But Uncle Ben has died, leaving me a small matter in the bank ; and I have taken Nab-end Farm, and put in a bit of stock, and shall want a missus to see after it. Wilt like to come ? I’ll not mislead thee. It’s dairy, and it might have been arable. But arable takes more horses than it suited me to buy, and I’d the offer of a tidy lot of kine. That’s all. If thou’lt have me, I’ll come for thee as soon as the hay is gotten in.”

Hester only said, “Come in, and sit thee down.”

He came in, and sat down. For a time she took no more notice of him than of his stick, bustling about to get dinner ready for the family whom she served. He meanwhile watched her brisk, sharp movements, and repeated to himself,

"She'll do!" After about twenty minutes of silence thus employed, he got up, saying:

"Well, Hester, I'm going. When shall I come back again?"

"Please thyself, and thou'lt please me," said Hester, in a tone that she tried to make light and indifferent; but he saw that her colour came and went, and that she trembled while she moved about. In another moment Hester was soundly kissed; but when she looked round to scold the middle-aged farmer, he appeared so entirely composed that she hesitated. He said:

"I have pleased myself, and thee too, I hope. Is it a month's wage, and a month's warning? To-day is the eighth. July eighth is our wedding-day. I have no time to spend a-wooing before then, and wedding must not take long. Two days is enough to throw away at our time o' life."

It was like a dream; but Hester resolved not to think more about it till her work was done. And when all was cleaned up for the evening, she went and gave her mistress warning, telling her all the history of her life in a very few words. That day month she was married from Mrs. Thompson's house.

The issue of the marriage was one boy, Benjamin. A few years after his birth, Hester's brother died at Leeds, leaving ten or twelve children. Hester sorrowed bitterly over this loss; and Nathan showed her much quiet sympathy, although he could not but remember that Jack Rose had added insult to the bitterness of his youth. He helped his wife to make ready to go by the waggon to Leeds. He made light of the household difficulties which came thronging into her mind after all was fixed for her departure. He filled her purse, that she might have wherewithal to alleviate the immediate wants of her brother's family. And as she was leaving, he ran after the waggon. "Stop, stop!" he cried. "Hetty, if thou wilt—if it wunnot be too much for thee—bring back one of Jack's wenches for company, like. We've enough and to spare; and a lass will make the house winsome, as a man may say."

The waggon moved on, while Hester had such a silent swelling of gratitude in her heart, as was both thanks to her husband, and thanksgiving to God.

And that was the way that little Bessy Rose came to be an inmate of the Nab's-end Farm.

Virtue met with its own reward in this instance, and in a clear and tangible shape, too, which need not delude people in general into thinking that such is the usual nature of virtue's rewards. Bessy grew up a bright, affectionate, active girl; a daily comfort to her uncle and aunt. She was so much a darling in the household that they even thought her worthy of their only son Benjamin, who was perfection in their eyes. It is not often the case that two plain, homely people have a child of uncommon beauty; but it is sometimes, and Benjamin Huntroyd was one of these exceptional cases. The hard-working, labour and care-marked farmer, and the mother, who could never have been more

than tolerably comely in her best days, produced a son who might have been an earl's son for grace and beauty. Even the hunting squires of the neighbourhood reined up their horses to admire him, as he opened the gates for them. He had no shyness, he was so accustomed to admiration from strangers, and adoration from his parents from his earliest years. As for Bessy Rose, he ruled imperiously over her heart from the time she first set eyes on him. And as she grew older, she grew on in loving, persuading herself that what her uncle and aunt loved so dearly it was her duty to love dearest of all. At every unconscious symptom of the young girl's love for her cousin, his parents smiled and winked: all was going on as they wished, no need to go far afield for Benjamin's wife. The household could go on as it was now; Nathan and Hester sinking into the rest of years, and relinquishing care and authority to those dear ones, who, in process of time, might bring other dear ones to share their love.

But Benjamin took it all very coolly. He had been sent to a day-school in the neighbouring town—a grammar-school, in the high state of neglect in which the majority of such schools were thirty years ago. Neither his father nor his mother knew much of learning. All that they knew (and that directed their choice of a school) was, that they could not, by any possibility, part with their darling to a boarding-school; that some schooling he must have, and that Squire Pollard's son went to Highminster Grammar School. Squire Pollard's son, and many another son destined to make his parents' hearts ache, went to this school. If it had not been so utterly bad a place of education, the simple farmer and his wife might have found it out sooner. But not only did the pupils there learn vice, they also learnt deceit. Benjamin was naturally too clever to remain a dunce, or else, if he had chosen so to be, there was nothing in Highminster Grammar School to hinder his being a dunce of the first water. But to all appearance he grew clever and gentlemanlike. His father and mother were even proud of his airs and graces when he came home for the holidays; taking them for proofs of his refinement, although the practical effect of such refinement was to make him express his contempt for his parents' homely ways and simple ignorance. By the time he was eighteen—an article clerk in an attorney's office at Highminster, for he had quite declined becoming a "mere clod-hopper," that is to say a hard-working, honest farmer like his father—Bessy Rose was the only person who was dissatisfied with him. The little girl of fourteen instinctively felt there was something wrong about him. Alas! two years more, and the girl of sixteen worshipped his very shadow, and would not see that aught could be wrong with one so soft-spoken, so handsome, so kind as Cousin Benjamin. For Benjamin had found out that the way to cajole his parents out of money for every indulgence he fancied, was to pretend to forward their innocent scheme, and make love to his pretty cousin Bessy Rose. He cared just

enough for her to make this work of necessity not disagreeable at the time he was performing it. But he found it tiresome to remember her little claims upon him when she was no longer present. The letters he had promised her during his weekly absences at Highminster, the trifling commissions she had asked him to do for her, were all considered in the light of troubles; and even when he was with her he resented the inquiries she made as to his mode of passing his time, or what female acquaintances he had in Highminster.

When his apprenticeship was ended, nothing would serve him but that he must go up to London for a year or two. Poor Farmer Huntroyd was beginning to repent of his ambition of making his son Benjamin a gentleman. But it was too late to repine now. Both father and mother felt this, and, however sorrowful they might be, they were silent, neither demurring nor assenting to Benjamin's proposition when first he made it. But Bessy, through her tears, noticed that both her uncle and aunt seemed unusually tired that night, and sat hand-in-hand on the fireside settle, idly gazing into the bright flames as if they saw in it pictures of what they had once hoped their lives would have been. Bessy rattled about among the supper things as she put them away after Benjamin's departure, making more noise than usual—as if noise and bustle was what she needed to keep her from bursting out crying—and, having at one keen glance taken in the position and looks of Nathan and Hester, she avoided looking in that direction again, for fear the sight of their wistful faces should make her own tears overflow.

"Sit thee down lass—sit thee down. Bring the creepie-stool to the fire side, and let's have a bit of talk over the lad's plans," said Nathan at last, rousing himself to speak. Bessy came and sat down in front of the fire, and threw her apron over her face, as she rested her head on both hands. Nathan felt as if it was a chance which of the two women burst out crying first. So he thought he would speak, in hopes of keeping off the infection of tears.

"Didst ever hear of this mad plan afore, Bessy?"

"No, never!" Her voice came muffled, and changed from under her apron. Hester felt as if the tone, both of question and answer, implied blame, and this she could not bear.

"We should ha' looked to it when we bound him, for of necessity it would ha' come to this. There's examins, and catechizes, and I dunno what all for him to be put through in London. It's not his fault."

"Which on us said it were?" asked Nathan, rather put out. "Thof, for that matter, a few weeks would carry him over the mire, and make him as good a lawyer as any judge among 'em. Oud Lawson the attorney told me that, in a talk I had wi' him a bit sin. Na, na! it's the lad's own hankering after London that makes him want for to stay there for a year, let alone two."

Nathan shook his head.

"And if it be his own hankering," said Bessy,

putting down her apron, her face all aflame, and her eyes swollen up, "I dunnot see harm in it. Lads aren't like lasses, to be teed to their own fireside like th' crook yonder. It's fitting for a young man to go abroad, and see the world afore he settles down."

Hester's hand sought Bessy's, and the two women sat in sympathetic defiance of any blame that should be thrown on the beloved absent. Nathan only said:

"Nay, wench, dunna wax up so; whatten's done, 's done; and worse, it's my doing. I mun needs make my bairn a gentleman; and we mun pay for it."

"Dear uncle! he wunna spend much, I'll answer for it; and I'll scrimp and save i' th' house to make it good."

"Wench!" said Nathan, solemnly, "it were not paying in cash I were speaking on: it were paying in heart's care, and heaviness of soul. Lunnon is a place where the devil keeps court as well as King George; and my poor chap has more nor once welly fallen into his clutches here. I dunno what he'll do when he gets close within sniff of him."

"Don't let him go, father!" said Hester, for the first time taking this view. Hitherto she had only thought of her own grief at parting with him. "Father, if you think so, keep him here, safe under our own eye."

"Nay!" said Nathan, "he's past time o' life for that. Why, there's not one on us knows where he is at this present time, and he not gone out of our sight an hour. He's too big to be put back i' th' go-cart, mother, or kept within doors with the chair turned bottom upwards."

"I wish he were a wee bairn lying in my arms again. It were a sore day when I weaned him; and I think life's been gotten sorer and sorer at every turn he's ta'en towards manhood."

"Coom, lass, that's naan the way to be talking. Be thankful to Marey that thou'st gotten a man for the son as stands five foot eleven in's stockings, and ne'er a sick piece about him. We wunnot grudge him his fling, will we, Bess, my wench. He'll be coming back in a year, or mebbey a bit more; and be a' for settling in a quiet town like, wi' a wife that's naan so fur fra' me at this very minute. An' we oud folk, as we get into years, must gi' up farm, and tak a bit on a house near Lawyer Benjamin."

And so the good Nathan, his own heart heavy enough, tried to soothe his womenkind. But, of the three, his eyes were longest in closing; his apprehensions the deepest founded.

"I misdoubt me I hanna done well by th' lad. I misdoubt me sore," was the thought that kept him awake till day began to dawn. "Summet's wrong about him, or folk would na look at me wi' such piteous-like een when they speak on him. I can see th' meaning of it, thof I'm too proud to let on. And Lawson, too, he holds his tongue more nor he should do, when I ax him how my lad's getting on, and whatten sort of a lawyer he'll mak. God be mareiful to Hester an' me, if th' lad's gone away! God be mareiful! But mebbey it's this lying waking a'



the night through, that maks me so fearful'. Why, when I were his age, I daur be bound I should ha' spent money fast enoof, i' I could ha' come by it. But I had to am it; that maks a great differ'. Well! It were hard to thwart th' child of our old age, and we waiten so long for to have 'un!"

Next morning Nathan rode Moggy the cart horse into Highminster to see Mr. Lawson. Anybody who saw him ride out of his own yard would have been struck with the change in him which, when he returned; a change, more than a day's unusual exercise should have made in a man of his years. He scarcely held the reins at all. One jerk of Moggy's head would have plucked them out of his hands. His head was bent forward, his eyes looking on some unseen thing, with long un-winking gaze. But as he drew near home on his return, he made an effort to recover himself.

"No need fretting them," he said; "lads will be lads. But I didna think he had it in him to be so thowtless; young as he is. Well, well! he'll mebbey get more wisdom i' Lunnon. Anyways it's best to cut him off fra such evil lads as Will Hawker, and such-like. It's they as have led my boy astray. He were a good chap till he knowed them—a good chap till he knowed them."

But he put all his cares in the background when he came into the houseplace, where both Bessy and his wife met him at the door, and both would fain lend a hand to take off his great-coat.

"Theer, wenches, theer! ye might let a man alone for to get out on's clothes! Why, I might ha' struck thee, lass." And he went on talking, trying to keep them off for a time from the subject that all had at heart. But there was no putting them off for ever; and, by dint of repeated questioning on his wife's part, more was got out than he had ever meant to tell—enough to grieve both his hearers sorely; and yet the brave old man still kept the worst in his own breast.

The next day Benjamin came home for a week or two before making his great start to London. His father kept him at a distance, and was solemn and quiet in his manner to the young man. Bessy, who had shown anger enough at first, and had uttered many a sharp speech, began to relent, and then to feel hurt and displeased that her uncle should persevere so long in his cold, reserved manner, and Benjamin just going to leave them. Her aunt went, tremblingly busy, about the clothes-presses and drawers, as if afraid of letting herself think either of the past or the future; only once or twice, coming behind her son, she suddenly stooped over his sitting figure, and kissed his cheek, and stroked his hair. Bessy remembered afterwards—long years afterwards—how he had tossed his head away with nervous irritability on one of these occasions, and had muttered—her aunt did not hear it, but Bessy did—

"Can't you leave a man alone?"

Towards Bessy herself he was pretty gracious. No other words express his manner: it was not warm, nor tender, nor cousinly, but there was an assumption of underbred politeness

towards her as a young, pretty woman; which politeness was neglected in his authoritative or grumbling manner towards his mother, or his sullen silence before his father. He once or twice ventured on a compliment to Bessy on her personal appearance. She stood still, and looked at him with astonishment.

"How's my eyes changed sin last thou sawst them," she asked, "that thou must be telling me about 'em i' that fashion? I'd rayther by a deal see thee helping the mother when she's dropped her knitting-needle and canna see i' th' dusk for to pick it up."

But Bessy thought of his pretty speech about her eyes long after he had forgotten making it, and would have been puzzled to tell the colour of them. Many a day, after he was gone, did she look earnestly in the little oblong looking-glass, which hung up against the wall of her little sleeping-chamber, but which she used to take down in order to examine the eyes he had praised, murmuring to herself, "Pretty soft grey eyes! Pretty soft grey eyes!" until she would hang up the glass again with a sudden laugh and a rosy blush.

In the days, when he had gone away to the vague distance and vaguer place—the city called London—Bessy tried to forget all that had gone against her feeling of the affection and duty that a son owed to his parents; and she had many things to forget of this kind that would keep surging up into her mind. For instance, she wished that he had not objected to the home-spun, home-made shirts which his mother and she had had such pleasure in getting ready for him. He might not know, it was true—and so her love urged—how carefully and evenly the thread had been spun: how, content with bleaching the yarn in the sunniest meadow, the linen, on its return from the weaver's, had been spread out afresh on the sweet summer grass, and watered carefully night after night when there was no dew to perform the kindly office. He did not know—for no one but Bessy herself did—how many false or large stitches, made large and false by her aunt's failing eyes (who yet liked to do the choicest part of the stitching all by herself), Bessy had unpicked at night in her own room, and with dainty fingers had restitched; sewing eagerly in the dead of night. All this he did not know; or he could never have complained of the coarse texture; the old-fashioned make of these shirts; and urged on his mother to give him part of her little store of egg and butter money in order to buy newer-fashioned linen in Highminster.

When once that little precious store of his mother's was discovered, it was well for Bessy's peace of mind that she did not know how loosely her aunt counted up the coins, mistaking guineas for shillings, or just the other way, so that the amount was seldom the same in the old black spoutless teapot. Yet this son, this hope, this love, had yet a strange power of fascination over the household. The evening before he left, he sat between his parents, a hand in theirs on either side, and Bessy on the old crepie-stool,

her head lying on her aunt's knee, and looking up at him from time to time, as if to learn his face off by heart; till his glances meeting hers, made her drop her eyes, and only sigh.

He stopped up late that night with his father, long after the women had gone to bed. But not to sleep; for I will answer for it the grey-haired mother never slept a wink till the late dawn of the autumn day, and Bessy heard her uncle come up-stairs with heavy, deliberate footsteps, and go to the old stocking which served him for bank; and count out golden guineas—once he stopped, but again he went on afresh, as if resolved to crown his gift with liberality. Another long pause—in which she could but indistinctly hear continued words, it might have been advice, it might be a prayer, for it was in her uncle's voice; and then father and son came up to bed. Bessy's room was but parted from her cousin's by a thin wooden partition, and the last sound she distinctly heard, before her eyes, tired out with crying, closed themselves in sleep, was the guineas clinking down upon each other at regular intervals, as if Benjamin were playing at pitch and toss with his father's present.

After he was gone, Bessy wished he had asked her to walk part of the way with him into Highminster. She was all ready, her things laid out on the bed, but she could not accompany him without invitation.

The little household tried to close over the gap as best they might. They seemed to set themselves to their daily work with unusual vigour; but somehow when evening came, there had been little done. Heavy hearts never make light work, and there was no telling how much care and anxiety each had had to bear in secret in the field, at the wheel, or in the dairy. Formerly he was looked for every Saturday; looked for, though he might not come, or if he came, there were things to be spoken about, that made his visit anything but a pleasure: still he might come, and all things might go right, and then what sunshine, what gladness to those humble people. But now he was away, and dreary winter was come on; old folks' sight fails, and the evenings were long, and sad, in spite of all Bessy could do or say. And he did not write so often as he might—so every one thought; though every one would have been ready to defend him from either of the others who had expressed such a thought aloud. "Surely!" said Bessy to herself, when the first primroses peeped out in a sheltered and sunny hedge bank, and she gathered them as she passed home from afternoon church—"surely there never will be such a dreary, miserable winter again as this has been." There had been a great change in Nathan and Bessy Huntroyd during this last year. The spring before, when Benjamin was yet the subject of more hopes than fears, his father and mother looked what I may call an elderly middle-aged couple: people who had a good deal of hearty work in them yet. Now—it was not his absence alone that caused the change—they looked frail and old, as if each day's natural

trouble was a burden more than they could bear. For Nathan had heard sad reports about his only child, and had told them solemnly to his wife, as things too bad to be believed, and yet, "God help us if indeed he is such a lad as this!" Their eyes were become too dry and hollow for many tears; they sat together, hand in hand; and shivered, and sighed, and did not speak many words, or dare to look at each other: and then Hester had said,

"We mauna tell th' lass. Young folks' hearts break wi' a little, and she'd be apt to fancy it were true." Here the old woman's voice broke into a kind of piping cry, but she struggled, and her next words were all right. "We mauna tell her, he's bound to be fond on her, and mebbey, if she thinks well on him, and loves him, it will bring him straight."

"God grant it!" said Nathan.

"God shall grant it," said Hester, passionately moaning out her words; and then repeating them, alas! with a vain repetition.

"It's a bad place for lying, is Highminster," said she, at length, as if impatient of the silence. "I never knowed such a place for getting up stories. But Bessy knows nought on, and nother you nor me belie's un; that's one blessing."

But if they did not in their hearts believe them, how came they to look so sad, and worn, beyond what mere age could do?

Then came round another year, another winter, yet more miserable than the last. This year, with the primroses, came Benjamin; a bad, hard, flippant young man, with yet enough of specious manners and handsome countenance to make his appearance striking at first to those to whom the aspect of a London fast young man of the lowest order is strange and new. Just at first, as he sauntered in with a swagger and an air of indifference, which was partly assumed, partly real, his old parents felt a simple kind of awe of him, as if he were not their son, but a real gentleman; but they had too much fine instinct in their homely natures not to know, after a few minutes had passed, that this was not a true prince.

"Whatten ever does he mean," said Hester to her niece, as soon as they were alone, "by a' them maks and wearlocks? And he minces his words as if his tongue were clipped short, or split like a magpie's. Hech! London is as bad as a hot day i' August for spoiling good flesh; for he were a good-looking lad when he went up; and now, look at him, with his skin gone into lines and flourishes, just like first page on a copy-book!"

"I think he looks a deal better, aunt, for them new-fashioned whiskers!" said Bessy, blushing still at the remembrance of the kiss he had given her on first seeing her—a pledge, she thought, poor girl, that, in spite of his long silence in letter-writing, he still looked upon her as his troth-plight wife. There were things about him which none of them liked, although they never spoke about them, yet there was also something to gratify them all in the way in which he remained quiet at Nab-end, instead of seeking

variety, as he had formerly done, by constantly stealing off to the neighbouring town. His father had paid all the debts that he knew of, soon after Benjamin had gone up to London; so there were no duns that his parents knew of to alarm him, and keep him at home. And he went out in the morning with the old man, his father, and lounged by his side, as Nathan went round his fields, with busy yet infirm gait, having heart, as he would have expressed it, in all that was going on, because at length his son seemed to take an interest in all the farming affairs, and stood patiently by his side, while he compared his own small galloways with the great short-horns looming over his neighbour's hedge.

"It's a slovenly way, thou seest, that of selling th' milk; folk don't care whether it's good or not, so that they get their pint-measure full o' stuff that's watered afore it leaves th' beast, instead o' honest cheating by the help o' th' pump. But look at Bessy's butter, what skill it shows! part her own manner of making, and part good choice o' cattle. It's a pleasure to see her basket, a' packed ready for to go to market; and it's noan o' a pleasure for to see the buckets fu' of their blue starch-water as yon beasts give. I'm thinking they crossed th' breed wi' a pump, not long sin'. Hech! but our Bessy's a cleaver canny wench! I sometimes think thou'd be for g'ing up th' law, and taking to th' ould trade, when thou wedst wi' her!" This was intended to be a skilful way of ascertaining whether there was any ground for the old farmer's wish and prayer that Benjamin might give up the law, and return to the primitive occupation of his father. Nathan dared to hope it now, since his son had never made much by his profession, owing, as he had said, to his want of a connexion: and the farm, and the stock, and the clean wife, too, were ready to his hand; and Nathan could safely rely on himself never in his most unguarded moments, to reproach his son with the hardly-earned hundreds that had been spent on his education. So the old man listened with painful interest to the answer which his son was evidently struggling to make; coughing a little and blowing his nose before he spoke.

"Well! you see, father, law is a precarious livelihood; a man, as I may express myself, has no chance in the profession unless he is known—known to the judges, and tiptop barristers, and that sort of thing. Now you see my mother and you have no acquaintance that you may call exactly in that line. But luckily I have met with a man, a friend as I may say, who is really a first-rate fellow, knowing everybody, from the Lord Chancellor downwards; and he has offered me a share in his business—a partnership in short——" He hesitated a little.

"I'm sure that's uncommon kind of the gentleman," said Nathan. "I should like for to thank him mysen; for it's not many as would pick up a young chap out o' th' dirt as it were, and say, 'Here's hauf my good fortune for you, sir, and your very good health.' Most on 'em, when they're gettin' a bit o' luck, run off wi' it to keep it a' to themselves, and gobble it down in

a corner. What may be his name, for I should like for to know it?"

"You don't quite apprehend me, father. A great deal of what you've said is true to the letter. People don't like to share their good luck, as you say."

"The more credit to them as does," broke in Nathan.

"Ay, but you see even such a fine fellow as my friend Cavendish does not like to give away half his good practice for nothing. He expects an equivalent."

"An equivalent," said Nathan: his voice had dropped down an octave. "And what may that be? There's always some meaning in grand words, I take it, though I'm not book-learned enough to find it out."

"Why, in this case the equivalent he demands for taking me into partnership, and afterwards relinquishing the whole business to me, is three hundred pounds down."

Benjamin looked sideways from under his eyes to see how his father took the proposition. His father struck his stick deep down in the ground, and leaning one hand upon it, faced round at him.

"Then thy fine friend may go and be hanged. Three hunder pound! I'll be darned an' danged too, if I know where to get 'em, e'en if I'd be making a fool o' thee an' mysen too."

He was out of breath by this time. His son took his father's first words in dogged silence; it was but the burst of surprise he had led himself to expect, and did not daunt him for long.

"I should think, sir——"

"'Sir'—whatten for dost thou 'sir' me? Is them's your manners? I'm plain Nathan Hunt-royd; who never took on to be a gentleman; but I have paid my way up to this time, which I shannot do much longer, if I'm to have a son coming an' asking me for threehunder pounds, just as if I were a cow, and had nothing to do but let down my milk to the first person as strokes me."

"Well, father," said Benjamin, with an affectation of frankness, "then there's nothing for me but to do as I have often planned before; go and emigrate."

"And *what*?" said his father, looking sharply and steadily at him.

"Emigrate. Go to America, or India, or some colony where there would be an opening for a young man of spirit."

Benjamin had reserved this proposition for his trump card, expecting by means of it to carry all before him. But to his surprise his father plucked his stick out of the hole he had made when he so vehemently thrust it into the ground, and walked on four or five steps in advance; there he stood still again, and there was a dead silence for a few minutes.

"It 'ud, mebbly, be th' best thing thou couldst do," the father began. Benjamin set his teeth hard to keep in curses. It was well for poor Nathan he did not look round then, and see the look his son gave him. "But it would come hard like upon us, upon Hester and me, for, whether thou'rt a good 'un or not, thou'rt our

flesh and blood, our only bairn, and if thou'rt not all as a man could wish it's mebbey been the fault on our pride i' thee. It 'ud kill the missus if he went off to Amerikay, and Bess, too, the lass as thinks so much on him." The speech originally addressed to his son, had wandered off into a monologue—as keenly listened to by Benjamin, however, as if it had all been spoken to him. After a pause of consideration his father turned round. "Yon man—I wunnot call him a friend o' yourn, to think of asking you for such a mint o' money—is not th' only one, I'll be bound, as could give ye a start i' th' law? Other folks 'ud, mebbey, do it for less?"

"Not one of 'em; to give me equal advantages," said Benjamin, thinking he perceived signs of relenting.

"Well, then, thou mayst tell him that it's neither he nor thee as 'll see th' sight o' three hunder pound o' my money. I'll not deny as I've a bit laid up again a rainy day; it's not so much as thatten though, and a part on it is for Bessy, as has been like a daughter to us."

"But Bessy is to be your real daughter some day, when I've a home to take her to," said Benjamin; for he played very fast and loose, even in his own mind, with his engagement with Bessy. Present with her, when she was looking her brightest and best, he behaved to her as if they were engaged lovers: absent from her, he looked upon her rather as a good wedge, to be driven into his parent's favour on his behalf. Now, however, he was not exactly untrue in speaking as if he meant to make her his wife; for the thought was in his mind, though he made use of it to work upon his father.

"It will be a dree day for us, then," said the old man. "But God 'll have us in his keeping, and 'll mebbey be taking more care on us i' heaven by that time than Bess, good lass as she is, has had on us at Nab-end. Her heart is set on thee, too. But, lad, I hanna gotten the three hunder; I keeps my cash i' th' stockin', thou knowst, till it reaches fifty pound, and then I takes it to Ripon Bank. Now the last scratch they're giv'n me, made it just two hunder, and I hanna but on to fifteen pound yet i' the stockin', and I meant one hunder an' the red cow's calf to be for Bess, she's ta'en such pleasure like i' rearing it."

Benjamin gave a sharp glance at his father to see if he was telling the truth; and, that a suspicion of the old man, his father, had entered into the son's head, tells enough of his own character.

"I canna do it—I canna do it, for sure—although I shall like to think as I had helped on the wedding. There's the black heifer to be sold yet, and she'll fetch a matter of ten pound; but a deal on't will be needed for seed-corn, for the arable did but bad last year, and I thought I would try—I'll tell thee what, lad! I'll make it as though Bess lent thee her hunder, only thou must give her a writ of hand for it, and thou shalt have a' the money i' Ripon Bank, and see if the lawyer wunnot let thee have a share of what he offered thee for three hunder, for two. I dunnot mean for to wrong him, but thou must

get a fair share for the money. At times I think thou'rt done by folk; now, I wadna have you cheat a bairn of a brass farthing: same time I wadna have thee so soft as to be cheated."

To explain this, it should be told that some of the bills which Benjamin had received money from his father to pay, had been altered so as to include other and less creditable expenses which the young man had incurred; and the simple old farmer, who had still much faith left in him for his boy, was acute enough to perceive that he had paid above the usual price for the articles he had purchased.

After some hesitation, Benjamin agreed to receive this two hundred, and promised to employ it to the best advantage in setting himself up in business. He had, nevertheless, a strange hankering after the additional fifteen pounds that was left to accumulate in the stocking. It was his, he thought, as heir to his father, and he soon lost some of his usual complaisance for Bessy that evening, as he dwelt on the idea that there was money being laid by for her, and grudged it to her even in imagination. He thought more of this fifteen pound that he was not to have, than of all the hardly-earned and humbly-saved two hundred that he was to come into possession of. Meanwhile Nathan was in unusual spirits that evening. He was so generous and affectionate at heart that he had an unconscious satisfaction in having helped two people on the road to happiness by the sacrifice of the greater part of his property. The very fact of having trusted his son so largely, seemed to make Benjamin more worthy of trust in his father's estimation. The sole idea he tried to banish was, that, if all came to pass as he hoped, both Benjamin and Bessy would be settled far away from Nab-end; but then he had a child-like reliance that "God would take care of him and his missus, somehow or anodder. It wur o' no use looking too far ahead."

Bessy had to hear many unintelligible jokes from her uncle that night; for he made no doubt that Benjamin had told her all that had passed, whereas the truth was, his son had said never a word to his cousin on the subject.

When the old couple were in bed, Nathan told his wife of the promise he had made to his son, and the plan in life which the advance of the two hundred was to promote. Poor Hester was a little startled at the sudden change in the destination of the sum, which she had long thought of with secret pride as "money i' th' bank." But she was willing enough to part with it, if necessary, for Benjamin. Only, how such a sum could be necessary, was the puzzle. But even this perplexity was jostled out of her mind by the overwhelming idea, not only of "our Ben" settling in London, but of Bessy going there too as his wife. This great trouble swallowed up all care about money, and Hester shivered and sighed all the night through with distress. In the morning, as Bessy was kneading the bread, her aunt, who had been sitting by the fire in an unusual manner for one of her active habits, said:

"I reckon we mun go to th' shop for our bread, an' that's a thing I never thought to come to so long as I lived."

Bessy looked up from her kneading, surprised.

"I'm sure I'm noan going to eat their nasty stuff. What for do ye want to get baker's bread, aunt? This dough will rise as high as a kite in a south wind."

"I'm not up to kneading as I could do once; it welly breaks my back; and when thou'rt off in London, I reckon we mun buy our bread, first time in my life."

"I'm not a-going to London," said Bessy, kneading away with fresh resolution, and growing very red, either with the idea or the exertion.

"But our Ben is going partner wi' a great London lawyer, and thou know'st he'll not tarry long but what he'll fetch thee."

"Now, aunty," said Bessy, stripping her arms of the dough, but still not looking up, "if that's all, don't fret yourself. Ben will have twenty minds in his head afore he settles, eyther in business or in wedlock. I sometimes wonder," she said, with increasing vehemence, "why I go on thinking on him; for I dunnot think he thinks on me when I'm out o' sight. I've a month's mind to try and forget him this time when he leaves us—that I have!"

"For shame, wench! and he to be planning and purposing all for thy sake. It wur only yesterday as he wur talking to thy uncle, and mapping it out so clever; only thou seest, wench, it'll be dree work for us when both thee and him is gone."

The old woman began to cry the kind of tearless cry of the aged. Bessy hastened to comfort her; and the two talked, and grieved, and hoped, and planned for the days that now were to be, till they ended, the one in being consoled, the other in being secretly happy.

Nathan and his son came back from Highminster that evening, with their business transacted in the round-about way, which was most satisfactory to the old man. If he had thought it necessary to take half as much pains in ascertaining the truth of the plausible details by which his son bore out the story of the offered partnership, as he did in trying to get his money conveyed to London in the most secure manner, it would have been well for him. But he knew nothing of all this, and acted in the way which satisfied his anxiety best. He came home tired, but content; not in such high spirits as on the night before, but as easy in his mind as he could be on the eve of his son's departure. Bessy, pleasantly agitated by her aunt's tale of the morning of her cousin's true love for her—what ardently we wish we long believe—and the plan which was to end in their marriage—end to her, the woman, at least—Bessy looked almost pretty in her bright, blushing comeliness, and more than once, as she moved about from kitchen to dairy, Benjamin pulled her towards him, and gave her a kiss. To all such proceedings the old couple were wilfully blind; and, as night drew on, every one became sadder and quieter, thinking of the parting that was to be on the morrow. As

the hours drew on, Bessy, too, became subdued; and, by-and-by, her simple cunning was exerted to get Benjamin to sit down next his mother, whose very heart was yearning after him, as Bessy saw. When once her child was placed by her side, and she had got possession of his hand, the old woman kept stroking it, and murmuring long unused words of endearment, such as she had spoken to him while he was yet a little child. But all this was wearisome to him. As long as he might play with, and plague, and caress Bessy, he had not been sleepy; but now he yawned loudly. Bessy could have boxed his ears for not curbing this gaping; at any rate, he needed not to have done it so openly—so almost ostentatiously. His mother was more pitiful.

"Thou'rt tired, my lad!" said she, putting her hand fondly on his shoulder; but it fell off, as he stood up suddenly, and said:

"Yes, deuced tired! I'm off to bed." And with a rough careless kiss all round, even to Bessy, as if he was "deuced tired" of playing the lover, he was gone; leaving the three to gather up their thoughts slowly, and follow him up-stairs.

He seemed almost impatient at them for rising betimes to see him off the next morning, and made no more of a good-by than some such speech as this: "Well, good folk, when next I see you, I hope you'll have merrier faces than you have to-day. Why, you might be going to a funeral; it's enough to scare a man from the place; you look quite ugly to what you did last night, Bess."

He was gone; and they turned into the house, and settled to the long day's work without many words about their loss. They had no time for unnecessary talking, indeed, for much had been left undone during his short visit that ought to have been done; and they had now to work double tides. Hard work was their comfort for many a long day.

For some time, Benjamin's letters, if not frequent, were full of exultant accounts of his well-doing. It is true that the details of his prosperity were somewhat vague; but the fact was broadly and unmistakably stated. Then came longer pauses; shorter letters, altered in tone. About a year after he had left them, Nathan received a letter, which bewildered and irritated him exceedingly. Something had gone wrong—what, Benjamin did not say—but the letter ended with a request that was almost a demand, for the remainder of his father's savings, whether in the stocking or the bank. Now the year had not been prosperous with Nathan; there had been an epidemic among cattle, and he had suffered along with his neighbours; and, moreover, the price of cows, when he had bought some to repair his wasted stock, was higher than he had ever remembered it before. The fifteen pounds in the stocking, which Benjamin left, had diminished to little more than three; and to have that required of him in so peremptory a manner! Before Nathan imparted the contents of this letter to any one (Bessy and her aunt had gone to market on a neighbour's cart that day), he got

pen and ink and paper, and wrote back an ill-spelt, but very implicit and stern negative. Benjamin had had his portion; and if he could not make it do, so much the worse for him; his father had no more to give him. That was the substance of the letter.

The letter was written, directed, and sealed, and given to the country postman, returning to Highminster after his day's distribution and collection of letters, before Hester and Bessy returned from market. It had been a pleasant day of neighbourly meeting and sociable gossip: prices had been high, and they were in good spirits, only agreeably tired, and full of small pieces of news. It was some time before they found out how flatly all their talk fell on the ears of the stay-at-home listener. But, when they saw that his depression was caused by something beyond their powers of accounting for by any little every day cause, they urged him to tell them what was the matter. His anger had not gone off. It had rather increased by dwelling upon it, and he spoke it out in good resolute terms; and, long ere he had ended, the two women were as sad, if not as angry, as himself. Indeed, it was many days before either feeling wore away in the minds of those who entertained them. Bessy was the soonest comforted, because she found a vent for her sorrow in action; an action that was half as a kind of compensation for many a sharp word that she had spoken when her cousin had done anything to displease her on his last visit, and half because she believed that he never could have written such a letter to his father unless his want of money had been very pressing and real; though how he could ever have wanted money so soon, after such a heap of it had been given to him, was more than she could justly say. Bessy got out all her savings of little presents of sixpences and shillings, ever since she had been a child, of all the money she had gained for the eggs of two hens, called her own, she put all together, and it was above two pound—two pound five and sevenpence, to speak accurately—and, leaving out the penny as a nest egg for her future savings, she put up the rest in a little parcel, and sent it, with a note, to Benjamin's address in London:

"From a well-wisher.

"DE BENJAMIN, — Unkle has lost 2 cows and a vast of money. He is a good deal Angored, but more Troubled. So no more at present. Hoping this will finding you well As it leaves us. Tho' lost to Site, To Memory Dear. Repayment not kneeded.

"Your effectonnet cousin,

"ELIZABETH ROSE."

When this packet was once fairly sent off, Bessy began to sing again over her work. She never expected the mere form of acknowledgment; indeed, she had such faith in the carrier (who took parcels to York, whence they were forwarded to London by coach), that she felt sure that he would go on purpose to London to deliver anything entrusted to him, if he had not

full confidence in the person, persons, coach and horses, to whom he committed it. Therefore she was not anxious that she did not hear of its arrival. "Giving a thing to a man as one knows," said she to herself, "is a vast different to poking a thing through a hole into a box, the inside of which one has never clapped eyes on; and yet letters get safe some ways or another." (This belief in the infallibility of the post was destined a shock before long.) But she had a secret yearning for Benjamin's thanks, and some of the old words of love that she had been without so long. Nay, she even thought—when, day after day, week after week, passed by without a line—that he might be winding up his affairs in that weary, wasteful London, and coming back to Nab-end to thank her in person.

One day—her aunt was up-stairs, inspecting the summer's make of cheeses, her uncle out in the fields—the postman brought a letter into the kitchen to Bessy. A country postman, even now, is not much pressed for time, and in those days there were but few letters to distribute, and they were only sent out from Highminster once a week into the district in which Nab-end was situated; and on those occasions the letter-carrier usually paid morning calls on the various people for whom he had letters. So, half standing by the dresser, half sitting on it, he began to rummage out his bag. "It's a queer-like thing I've got for Nathan this time. I am afraid it will bear ill news in it, for there's 'Dead Letter Office' stamped on the top of it."

"Lord save us!" said Bessy, and sat down on the nearest elclair, as white as a sheet. In an instant, however, she was up, and, snatching the ominous letter out of the man's hands, she pushed him before her out of the house, and said, "Be off wi' thee, afore aunt comes down;" and ran past him as hard as she could till she reached the field where she expected to find her uncle.

"Uncle," said she, breathless, "what is it? Oh, uncle, speak! Is he dead?"

Nathan's hands trembled, and his eyes dazzled. "Take it," he said, "and tell me what it is."

"It's a letter—it's from you to Benjamin, it is—and there's words printed with it, 'Not known at the address given;' so they've sent it back to the writer—that's you, uncle. Oh, it gave me such a start, with them nasty words printed outside!"

Nathan had taken the letter back into his own hands, and was turning it over, while he strove to understand what the quick-witted Bessy had picked up at a glance. But he arrived at a different conclusion.

"He's dead?" said he. "The lad is dead, and he never knowed how as I were sorry I wrote to 'un so sharp. My lad! my lad!" Nathan sat down on the ground where he stood, and covered his face with his old, withered hands. The letter returned to him was one which he had written with infinite pains and at various times, to tell his child, in kinder words and at greater length than he had done before, the reasons why he could not send him the money demanded. And now Benjamin



was dead; nay, the old man immediately jumped to the conclusion that his child had been starved to death, without money, in a wild, wide, strange place. All he could say at first was:

"My heart, Bess—my heart is broken!" And he put his hand to his side, still keeping his shut eyes covered with the other, as though he never wished to see the light of day again. Bessy was down by his side in an instant, holding him in her arms, chafing and kissing him.

"It's noan so bad, uncle; he's not dead; the letter does not say that, dunnot think it. He's flitted from that lodging, and the lazy tyke dunna know where to find him; and so, they just send y' back th' letter, instead of trying fra' house to house, as Mark Benson would. I've always heerd tell on south country folk for laziness. He's noan dead, uncle; he's just flitted, and he'll let us know afore long where he's gotten to. Mebby it's a cheaper place, for that lawyer has cheated him, ye reckon, and he'll be trying to live for as little as can, that's all, uncle. Dunnot take on so, for it doesna say he's dead." By this time, Bessy was crying with agitation, although she firmly believed in her own view of the case, and had felt the opening of the ill-favoured letter as a great relief. Presently she began to urge both with word and action upon her uncle, that he should sit no longer on the damp grass. She pulled him up, for he was very stiff, and, as he said, "all shaken to dithers." She made him walk about, repeating over and over again her solution of the case, always in the same words, beginning again and again, "He's noan dead; it's just been a flitting," and so on. Nathan shook his head, and tried to be convinced; but it was a steady belief in his own heart for all that. He looked so deathly ill on his return home with Bessy (for she would not let him go on with his day's work), that his wife made sure he had taken cold, and he, weary and indifferent to life, was glad to subside into bed and the rest from exertion which his real bodily illness gave him. Neither Bessy nor he spoke of the letter again, even to each other, for many days; and Bessy found means to stop Mark Benson's tongue, and satisfy his kindly curiosity by giving him the rosy side of her own view of the case.

Nathan got up again an older man in looks and constitution by ten years for that week of bed. His wife gave him many a scolding on his imprudence for sitting down in the wet field, if ever so tired. But now she, too, was beginning to be uneasy at Benjamin's long-continued silence. She could not write herself, but she urged her husband many a time to send a letter to ask for news of her lad. He said nothing in reply for some time; at length he told her he would write next Sunday afternoon. Sunday was his general time for writing, and this Sunday he meant to go to church for the first time since his illness. On Saturday he was very persistent against his wife's wishes (backed by Bessy as hard as she could), in resolving to go into Highminster to market. The change would do him good, he said. But

he came home tired, and a little mysterious in his ways. When he went to the shippin the last thing at night, he asked Bessy to go with him, and hold the lantern, while he looked at an ailing cow; and, when they were fairly out of the earshot of the house, he pulled out a little shop-parcel, and said to her,

"Thou'lt put that on ma Sunday hat, wilt 'ou lass? It'll be a bit on a comfort to me; for I know my lad's dead and gone, though I dunna speak on it for fear o' grieving th' old woman and ye."

"I'll put it on, uncle, if—But he's noan dead." (Bessy was sobbing.)

"I know—I know, lass. I dunnot wish other folk to hold my opinion; but I'd like to wear a bit o' crape, out o' respect to my boy. It 'ud have done me good for to have ordered a black coat, but she'd see if I had na' on my wedding-coat, Sundays, for a' she's losing her eyesight, poor old wench! But she'll ne'er take notice o' a bit o' crape. Thou'll put it on all canny and tidy."

So Nathan went to church with a strip of crape as narrow as Bessy durst venture to make it round his hat. Such is the contradictoriness of human nature, that, though he was most anxious his wife should not hear of his conviction that their son was dead, he was half hurt that none of the neighbours noticed his sign of mourning so far as to ask him for whom he wore it.

But after a while, when they never heard a word from or about Benjamin, the household wonder as to what had become of him grew so painful and strong, that Nathan no longer kept his idea to himself. Poor Hester, however, rejected it with her whole will, heart, and soul. She could not and would not believe—nothing should make her believe—that her only child Benjamin had died without some sign of love or farewell to her. No arguments could shake her in this. She believed that if all natural means of communication between her and him had been cut off at the last supreme moment—if death had come upon him in an instant, sudden and unexpected—her intense love would, she believed, have been supernaturally made conscious of the blank. Nathan at times tried to feel glad that she could still hope to see the lad again; but at other moments he wanted her sympathy in his grief, his self-reproach, his weary wonder as to how and what they had done wrong in the treatment of their son, that he had been such a care and sorrow to his parents. Bessy was convinced, first by her aunt, and then by her uncle—honestly convinced—on both sides of the argument; and, for the time, able to sympathise with each. But she lost her youth in a very few months; she looked set and middle aged long before she ought to have done; and rarely smiled and never sang again.

All sorts of new arrangements were required by the blow which told so miserably upon the energies of all the household at Nab-end. Nathan could no longer go about and direct his two men, taking a good turn of work himself at busy times. Hester lost her interest in her dairy; for which indeed her increasing loss of sight unfitted her. Bessy would either do field

work, or attend to the cows, the shippin, or churn, or make cheese; she did all well, no longer merrily, but with something of stern cleverness. But she was not sorry when her uncle one evening told her aunt and her that a neighbouring farmer, Job Kirkby, had made him an offer to take so much of his land off his hands as would leave him only pasture enough for two cows, and no arable to attend to; while Farmer Kirkby did not wish to interfere with anything in the house, only would be glad to use some of the outbuildings for his fattening cattle.

"We can do wi' Hawky and Daisy; it'll leave us eight or ten pound o' butter to take to market i' summer time, and keep us fra' thinkin' too much, which is what I'm dreading on as I get into years."

"Ay," said his wife. "Thou'll not have to go so far afield, if it's only the Aster-Toft as is on thy hands. And Bess will have to gi' up her pride i' cheese, and tak' to making cream-butter. I'd allays a fancy for trying at cream-butter, but th' whey had to be used; else, where I come fra, they'd never ha' looked near whey-butter."

When Hester was left alone with Bessy, she said, in allusion to this change of plan,

"I'm thankful to the Lord as it is as it is: for I were allays feared Nathan would have to gie up the house and farm altogether, and then the lad would na' know where to find us when he came back fra Merikay. He's gone there for to make his fortune, I'll be bound. Keep up thy heart, lass, he'll be home some day; and have sown his wild oats. Eh! but thatten's a pretty story i' the Gospels about the Prodigal who'd to eat the pigs' vittle at one time, but ended i' clover in his father's house. And I'm sure our Nathan 'll be ready to forgive him, and love him, and make much of him, mebbay a deal more nor me, who never gave in to's death. It 'll be liken to a resurrection to our Nathan."

Farmer Kirkby then, took by far the greater part of the land belonging to Nab-end Farm; and the work about the rest, and about the two remaining cows was easily done by three pairs of willing hands with a little occasional assistance. The Kirkby family were pleasant enough to have to deal with. There was a son, a stiff, grave bachelor, who was very particular and methodical about his work, and rarely spoke to any one. But Nathan took it into his head that John Kirkby was looking after Bessy, and was a good deal troubled in his mind in consequence; for it was the first time he had to face the effects of his belief in his son's death; and he discovered to his own surprise that he had not that implicit faith which would make it easy for him to look upon Bessy as the wife of another man than the one to whom she had been betrothed in her youth. As, however, John Kirkby seemed in no hurry to make his intentions (if indeed he had any) clear to Bessy, it was only at times that this jealousy on behalf of his lost son seized upon Nathan.

But people, old, and in deep hopeless sorrow, grow irritable at times, however they may repent and struggle against their irritability.

There were days when Bessy had to bear a good deal from her uncle; but she loved him so dearly and respected him so much, that high as her temper was to all other people she never returned him a rough or impatient word. And she had a reward in the conviction of his deep, true affection for her, and in her aunt's entire and most sweet dependence upon her.

One day, however—it was near the end of November—Bessy had had a good deal to bear that seemed more than usually unreasonable on behalf of her uncle. The truth was, that one of Kirkby's cows was ill, and John Kirkby was a good deal about in the farm-yard; Bessy was interested about the animal, and had helped in preparing a mash over their own fire, that had to be given warm to the sick creature. If John had been out of the way, there would have been no one more anxious about the affair than Nathan; both because he was naturally kind-hearted and neighbourly, and also because he was rather proud of his reputation for knowledge in the diseases of cattle. But because John was about, and Bessy helping a little in what had to be done, Nathan would do nothing, and chose to assume that "nothing to think on alled th' beast, but lads and lasses were allays fain to be feared on something." Now John was upwards of forty, and Bessy nearly eight-and-twenty, so the terms lads and lasses did not exactly apply to their case.

When Bessy brought the milk in from their own cows towards half-past five o'clock, Nathan bade her make the doors, and not be running out i' the dark and cold about other folk's business; and, though Bessy was a little surprised and a good deal annoyed at his tone, she sat down to her supper without making a remonstrance. It had long been Nathan's custom to look out the last thing at night to see "what mak' o' weather it wur;" and, when towards half-past eight he got his stick and went out—two or three steps from the door which opened into the houseplace where they were sitting—Hester put her hand on her niece's shoulder and said:

"He's gotten a touch o' the rheumatics, as twinges him and makes him speak so sharp. I didna like to ask thee afore him, but how's yon poor beast?"

"Very ailing, belike. John Kirkby wur off for th' cow-doctor when I cam in. I'll reckon they'll have to stop up wi' a' night."

Since their sorrows, her uncle had taken to reading a chapter in the Bible aloud, the last thing at night. He could not read fluently, and often hesitated long over a word, which he miscalled at length; but the very fact of opening the book seemed to soothe those old bereaved parents; for it made them feel quiet and safe in the presence of God, and took them out of the cares and troubles of this world into that futurity which, however dim and vague, was to their faithful hearts as a sure and certain rest. This little quiet time—Nathan sitting with his horn spectacles on; the tallow candle between him and his Bible, and throwing a strong

light on his reverent, earnest face; Hester sitting on the other side of the fire, her head bowed in attentive listening, now and then shaking it, and moaning a little, but when a promise came, or any good tidings of great joy, saying "Amen" with fervour; Bessy by her aunt, perhaps her mind a little wandering to some household cares, or it might be on thoughts of those who were absent—this little quiet pause, I say, was grateful and soothing to this household, as a lullaby to a tired child. But this night, Bessy—sitting opposite to the long low window, only shaded by a few geraniums that grew in the sill, and the door alongside that window, through which her uncle had passed not a quarter of an hour before—saw the wooden latch of the door gently and almost noiselessly lifted up, as if some one were trying it from the outside.

She was startled; and watched again, intently; but it was perfectly still now. She thought it must have been that it had not fallen into its proper place when her uncle had come in and locked the door. It was just enough to make her uncomfortable, no more; and she almost persuaded herself it must have been fancy. Before she went up-stairs, however, she went to the window to look out into the darkness; but all was still. Nothing to be seen; nothing to be heard. So the three went quietly up-stairs to bed.

The house was little better than a cottage. The front door opened on a houseplace, over which was the old couple's bedroom. To the left, as you entered this pleasant houseplace and at close right angles with the entrance, was a door that led into the small parlour, which was Hester and Bessy's pride, although not half as comfortable as the houseplace, and never on any occasion used as a sitting-room. There were shells and bunches of honesty in the fireplace; the best chest of drawers, and a company-set of gaudy-coloured china, and a bright common carpet on the floor; but all failed to give it the aspect of the homely comfort and delicate cleanliness of the houseplace. Over this parlour was the bedroom which Benjamin had slept in when a boy—when at home. It was kept still in a kind of readiness for him. The bed was still there, in which none had slept since he, eight or nine years ago; and every now and then the warming-pan was taken quietly and silently up by his old mother, and the bed thoroughly aired. But this she did in her husband's absence, and without saying a word to any one; nor did Bessy offer to help her, though her eyes often filled with tears, as she saw her aunt still going through the hopeless service. But the room had become a receptacle for all unused things; and there was always a corner of it appropriated to the winter's store of apples. To the left of the houseplace, as you stood facing the fire, on the side opposite to the window and outer door, were two other doors; the one on the right opened into a kind of back kitchen, and had a lean-to roof, and a door opening on to the farm-yard and back premises; the left-hand door gave on the stairs, underneath which was a closet, in which various household treasures were kept, and beyond that the dairy,

over which Bessy slept; her little chamber window opening just above the sloping roof of the back kitchen. There were neither blinds nor shutters to any of the windows, either up-stairs or down; the house was built of stone, and there was heavy framework of the same material round the little casement windows, and the long, low window of the houseplace was divided by what, in grander dwellings would be called mullions.

By nine o'clock this night of which I am speaking, all had gone up-stairs to bed: it was even later than usual, for the burning of candles was regarded so much in the light of extravagance, that the household kept early hours even for country-folk. But somehow this evening, Bessy could not sleep, although in general she was in deep slumber five minutes after her head touched the pillow. Her thoughts ran on the chances for John Kirkby's cow, and a little fear lest the disorder might be epidemic, and spread to their own cattle. Across all these homely cares came a vivid, uncomfortable recollection of the way in which the door latch went up and down without any sufficient agency to account for it. She felt more sure now, than she had done down stairs, that it was a real movement and no effect of her imagination. She wished that it had not happened just when her uncle was reading, that she might at once have gone quick to the door, and convinced herself of the cause. As it was, her thoughts ran uneasily on the supernatural; and thence to Benjamin, her dear cousin and playfellow, her early lover. She had long given him up as lost for ever to her, if not actually dead; but this very giving him up for ever involved a free, full forgiveness of all his wrongs to her. She thought tenderly of him, as of one who might have been led astray in his later years, but who existed rather in her recollection as the innocent child, the spirited lad, the handsome, dashing young man. If John Kirkby's quiet attentions had ever betrayed his wishes to Bessy—if indeed he ever had any wishes on the subject—her first feeling would have been to compare his weather-beaten, middle-aged face and figure with the face and figure she remembered well, but never more expected to see in this life. So thinking, she became very restless, and weary of bed, and, after long tossing and turning, ending in a belief that she should never get to sleep at all that night, she went off soundly and suddenly.

As suddenly was she wide awake, sitting up in bed, listening to some noise that must have awakened her, but which was not repeated for some time. Surely it was in her uncle's room—her uncle was up; but for a minute or two there was no further sound. Then she heard him open his door, and go down stairs, with hurried, stumbling steps. She now thought that her aunt must be ill, and hastily sprang out of bed, and was putting on her petticoat with hurried, trembling hands, and had just opened her chamber door, when she heard the front door undone, and a scuffle, as of the feet of several people, and many rude, passionate words, spoken hoarsely below the breath. Quick as thought she understood it all—the

house was lonely—her uncle had the reputation of being well-to-do—they had pretended to be belated, and had asked their way or something. What a blessing that John Kirkby's cow was sick, for there were several men watching with him. She went back, opened her window, squeezed herself out, slid down the lean-to roof, and ran, barefoot and breathless, to the shippon.

"John, John, for the love of God come quick; there's robbers in the house, and uncle and aunt 'll be murdered!" she whispered, in terrified accents, through the closed and barred shippon door. In a moment it was undone, and John and the cow-doctor stood there, ready to act, if they but understood her rightly. Again she repeated her words, with broken, half-unintelligible explanations of what she as yet did not rightly understand.

"Front door is open, say'st thou?" said John, arming himself with a pitchfork, while the cow-doctor took some other implement. "Then I reckon we'd best make for that way o' getting into th' house, and catch 'em all in a trap."

"Run! run!" was all Bessy could say, taking hold of John Kirkby's arm, and pulling him along with her. Swiftly did the three run to the house, round the corner, and in at the open front door. The men carried the horn lantern they had been using in the shippon, and, by the sudden oblong light that it threw upon objects, Bessy saw the principal one of her anxiety, her uncle, lying stunned and helpless on the kitchen floor. Her first thought was for him; for she had no idea that her aunt was in any immediate danger, although she heard the noise of feet, and fierce subdued voices up-stairs.

"Make th' door behind us, lass. We'll not let them escape!" said brave John Kirkby, dauntless in a good cause, though he knew not how many there might be above. The cow-doctor fastened and locked the door, saying, "There!" in a defiant tone, as he put the key in his pocket. It was to be a struggle for life or for death, or, at any rate, for effectual capture or desperate escape. Bessy knelt down by her uncle, who did not speak nor give any sign of consciousness. Bessy raised his head by drawing a pillow off the settle and putting it under him; she longed to go for water into the back kitchen, but the sound of a violent struggle, and of heavy blows, and of low, hard curses spoken through closed teeth, and muttered passion, as though breath were too much needed for action to be wasted in speech, kept her still and quiet by her uncle's side in the kitchen, where the darkness might almost be felt, so thick and deep was it. Once—in a pause of her own heart's beating—a sudden terror came over her; she perceived, in that strange way in which the presence of a living creature forces itself on our consciousness in the darkest room, that some one was near her, keeping as still as she. It was not the poor old man's breathing that she heard, nor the radiation of his presence that she felt; some one else was in the kitchen; another robber, perhaps, left to guard the old man with murderous intent if his consciousness returned. Now, Bessy was fully

aware that self-preservation would keep her terrible companion quiet, as there was no motive for his betraying himself stronger than the desire of escape; any effort for which he, the unseen witness, must know would be rendered abortive by the fact of the door being locked. Yet the knowledge that he was there, close to her, still, silent as the grave, with fearful, it might be deadly, unspoken thoughts in his heart, possibly even with keener and stronger sight than hers, as longer accustomed to the darkness, able to discern her figure and posture, and glaring at her like some wild beast, Bessy could not fail to shrink from the vision that her fancy presented. And still the struggle went on up-stairs; feet slipping, blows sounding, and the wrench of intentioned aims, the strong gasps for breath, as the wrestlers paused for an instant. In one of these pauses Bessy felt conscious of a creeping movement close to her, which ceased when the noise of the strife above died away, and was resumed when it again began. She was aware of it by some subtle vibration of the air rather than by touch or sound. She was sure that he who had been close to her one minute as she knelt, was, the next, passing stealthily towards the inner door which led to the staircase. She thought he was going to join and strengthen his accomplices, and, with a great cry, she sprang after him; but, just as she came to the doorway, through which some dim portion of light from the upper chambers came, she saw one man thrown down stairs with such violence that he fell almost at her very feet, while the dark, creeping figure glided suddenly away to the left, and as suddenly entered the closet beneath the stairs. Bessy had no time to wonder as to his purpose in so doing, whether he had at first designed to aid his accomplices in their desperate fight. He was an enemy, a robber, that was all she knew, and she sprang to the door of the closet, and in a trice had locked it on the outside. And then she stood frightened, panting in that dark corner, sick with terror lest the man who lay before her was either John Kirkby or the cow-doctor. If it were either of those friendly two, what would become of the other—of her uncle, her aunt, herself? But, in a very few minutes, this wonder was ended; her two defenders came slowly and heavily down the stairs, dragging with them a man, fierce, sullen, despairing—disabled with terrible blows, which had made his face one bloody, swollen mass. As for that, neither John nor the cow-doctor were much more presentable. One of them bore the lantern in his teeth, for all their strength was taken up by the weight of the fellow they were bearing.

"Take care," said Bessy, from her corner; "there's a chap just beneath your feet. I dunno if he's dead or alive, and uncle lies on the floor just beyond."

They stood still on the stairs for a moment. Just then the robber they had thrown down stairs stirred and moaned.

"Bessy," said John, "run off to th' stable and fetch ropes and gearing for to bind 'em, and we'll rid the house on 'em, and thou can'st go see after th' ould folks, who need it sadly."

Bessy was back in a very few minutes. When she came in, there was more light in the house-place, for some one had stirred up the raked fire.

"That felly makes as though his leg were broken," said John, nodding towards the mau still lying on the ground. Bessy felt almost sorry for him as they handled him—not over gently—and bound him, only half-conscious, as hardly and tightly as they had done his fierce, surly companion. She even felt so sorry for his evident agony, as they turned him over and over, that she ran to get him a cup of water to moisten his lips.

"I'm loth to leave yo' with him alone," said John, "though I'm thinking his leg is broken for sartain, and he can't stir, even if he comes to hiss, to do yo' any harm. But we'll just take off this chap, and make sure of him, and then one on us 'll come back to yo', and we can, mebby, find a gate or so for yo' to get shut on him out o' th' house. This felly's made safe enough, I'll be bound," said he, looking at the burglar, who stood, bloody and black, with fell hatred on his sullen face. His eye caught Bessy's as hers fell on him with dread so evident that it made him smile, and the look and the smile prevented the words from being spoken which were on Bessy's lips. She dared not tell, before him, that an able-bodied accomplice still remained in the house, lest, somehow, the door which kept him a prisoner should be broken open, and the fight renewed. So she only said to John, as he was leaving the house:

"Thou'lt not be long away, for I'm afraid of being left wi' this man."

"He'll noan do thee harm," said John.

"No! but I'm feared lest he should die. And there's uncle and aunt. Come back soon, John!"

"Ay, ay!" said he, half-pleased; I'll be back, never fear me."

So Bessy shut the door after them, but did not lock it for fear of mischances in the house, and went once more to her uncle, whose breathing, by this time, was easier than when she had first returned into the house-place with John and the doctor. By the light of the fire, too, she could now see that he had received a blow on the head which was probably the occasion of his stupor. Round this wound, which was now bleeding pretty freely, Bessy put cloths dipped in cold water, and then, leaving him for a time, she lighted a candle, and was about to go upstairs to her aunt, when, just as she was passing the bound and disabled robber, she heard her name softly, urgently called.

"Bessy, Bessy!" At first the voice sounded so close that she thought it must be the unconscious wretch at her feet. But once again that voice thrilled through her:

"Bessy, Bessy! for God's sake, let me out!"

She went to the stair-closet door, and tried to speak, but could not, her heart beat so terribly. Again, close to her ear:

"Bessy, Bessy! they'll be back directly; let me out, I say! For God's sake, let me out!" And he began to kick violently against the panels.

"Hush, hush!" she said, sick with a terrible

dread, yet with a will strongly resisting her conviction. "Who are you?" But she knew—knew quite well.

"Benjamin." An oath. "Let me out, I say, and I'll be off, and out of England by to-morrow night never to come back, and you'll have all my father's money."

"D'ye think I care for that," said Bessy, vehemently, feeling with trembling hands for the lock; "I wish there was noan such a thing as money i' the world, afore yo'd come to this. There, yo're free, and I charge yo' never to let me see your face again. I'd ne'er ha let yo' loose but for fear o' breaking their hearts, if yo' hanna killed them already." But, before she had ended her speech, he was gone—off into the black darkness, leaving the door open wide. With a new terror in her mind Bessy shut it afresh—shut it and bolted it this time. Then she sat down on the first chair, and relieved her soul by giving a great and exceeding bitter cry. But she knew it was no time for giving way, and, lifting herself up with as much effort as if each of her limbs was a heavy weight, she went into the back-kitchen, and took a drink of cold water. To her surprise she heard her uncle's voice, saying feebly:

"Carry me up, and lay me by her."

But Bessy could not carry him; she could only help his faint exertions to walk up-stairs; and, by the time he was there sitting panting on the first chair she could find, John Kirkby and Atkinson returned. John came up now to her aid. Her aunt lay across the bed in a fainting fit, and her uncle sat in so utterly broken-down a state that Bessy feared immediate death for both. But John cheered her up, and lifted the old man into his bed again, and, while Bessy tried to compose poor Hester's limbs into a position of rest, John went down to hunt about for the little store of gin which was always kept in a corner cupboard against emergencies.

"They've had a sore fright," said he, shaking his head, as he poured a little gin and hot water into their mouths with a teaspoon, while Bessy chafed their cold feet; "and it and the cold have been welly too much for 'em, poor old folk!"

He looked tenderly at them, and Bessy blessed him in her heart—blessed him unaware, for that look.

"I mun be off. I sent Atkinson up to th' farm for to bring down Bob, and Jack came wi' him back to th' shippoon for to look after other man. He began blackguarding us all round, so Bob and Jack were gagging him wi' bridles when I left."

"Ne'er give heed to what he says," cried poor Bessy, a new panic besetting her. "Folks o' his sort are allays for dragging other folks into their mischief. I'm right glad he were well gagged."

"Well! but what I were saying were this. Atkinson and me will take t'other chap, who seems quiet enough, to th' shippoon, and it 'll be one piece o' work for to mind them, and the cow; and I'll saddle old bay mare, and ride for constables and doctor fra Hlighminster. I'll bring

Dr. Preston up to see Nathan and Hester first, and then I reckon th' broken-legged chap down below must have his turn, for all as he's met wi' his misfortunes in a wrong line o' life."

"Ay!" said Bessy. "We mun ha' the doctor sure enough, for look at them how they lie! like two stone statues on a church monument, so sad and solemn."

"There's a look o' sense come back into their faces, though, sin' they supped that gin-and-water. I'd keep on a-bathing his head and giving them a sup on't fra time to time, if I was you, Bessy."

Bessy followed him down stairs, and lighted the men out of the house. She dared not light them carrying their burden even, until they passed round the corner of the house; so strong was her fearful conviction that Benjamin was lurking near, seeking again to enter. She rushed back into the kitchen, bolted and barred the door, and pushed the end of the dresser against it, shutting her eyes as she passed the uncurtained window, for fear of catching a glimpse of a white face pressed against the glass, and gazing at her. The poor old couple lay quiet and speechless, although Hester's position had slightly altered: she had turned a little on her side towards her husband, and had laid one shrivelled arm around his neck. But he was just as Bessy had left him, with the wet clothes around his head, his eyes not wanting in a certain intelligence, but solemn, and unconscious to all that was passing around as the eyes of death.

His wife spoke a little from time to time—said a word of thanks, perhaps, or so; but he, never. All the rest of that terrible night Bessy tended the poor old couple with constant care, her own heart so stunned and bruised in its feelings that she went about her pious duties almost like one in a dream. The November morning was long in coming; nor did she perceive any change either for the worse or the better before the doctor came, about eight o'clock. John Kirkby brought him; and was full of the capture of the two burglars.

As far as Bessy could make out, the participation of that unnatural Third was unknown; it was a relief, almost sickening in the revulsion it gave her from her terrible fear, which now she felt had haunted and held possession of her all night long, and had in fact paralysed her from thinking. Now she felt and thought with acute and feverish vividness, owing no doubt in part to the sleepless night she had passed. She felt almost sure that her uncle (possibly her aunt too) had recognised Benjamin; but there was a faint chance that they had not done so, and wild horses should never tear the secret from her, nor should any inadvertent word betray the fact that there had been a third person concerned. As to Nathan, he had never uttered a word. It was her aunt's silence that made Bessy fear lest Hester knew, somehow, that her son was concerned.

The doctor examined them both closely; looked hard at the wound on Nathan's head; asked questions which Hester answered shortly

and unwillingly, and Nathan not at all: shutting his eyes as if even the sight of a stranger was pain to him. Bessy replied in their stead to all that she could answer respecting their state; and followed the doctor down stairs with a beating heart. When they came into the house-place, they found John had opened the outer door to let in some fresh air, had brushed the hearth and made up the fire, and put the chairs and table in their right places. He reddened a little as Bessy's eye fell upon his swollen and battered face, but tried to smile it off in a dry kind of way.

"Yo' see I'm an ould bachelor, and I just thought as I'd redd up things a bit. How dun yo' find 'em, doctor?"

"Well, the poor old couple have had a terrible shock. I shall send them some soothing medicine to bring down the pulse, and a lotion for the old man's head. It is very well it bled so much; there might have been a good deal of inflammation." And so he went on, giving directions to Bessy for keeping them quietly in bed through the day. From these directions she gathered that they were not, as she had feared all night long, near to death. The doctor expected them to recover, though they would require care. She almost wished it had been otherwise, and that they, and she too, might have just lain down to their rest in the churchyard—so cruel did life seem to her; so dreadful the recollection of that subdued voice of the hidden robber, smiting her with recognition.

All this time John was getting things ready for breakfast, with something of the handiness of a woman. Bessy half resented his officiousness in pressing Dr. Preston to have a cup of tea, she did so want him to begone and leave her alone with her thoughts. She did not know that all was done for love of her; that the hard-featured, short-spoken John was thinking all the time how ill and miserable she looked, and trying with tender artifices to make it incumbent upon her sense of hospitality to share Dr. Preston's meal.

"I've seen as the cows is milked," said he, "you'n and all; and Atkinson's brought ours round fine. Whatten a marey it were as she were sick just very night! You two chaps 'ud ha' made short work on't if yo' hadna fetched us in; and as it were we had a sore tussle. One on 'em 'll bear the marks on't to his dying day, wunnot he, doctor?"

"He'll barely have his leg well enough to stand his trial at York Assizes; they're coming off in a fortnight from now."

"Ay, and that reminds me, Bessy, yo'll have to go witness before Justice Royds. Constables bade me tell yo', and gie yo' this summons. Dunnot be feared; it will not be a long job, though I'm not saying as it'll be a pleasant one. Yo'll have to answer questions as to how, and all about it; and Jane" (his sister) "will come and stop wi' th' ould folks; and I'll drive yo' in the shandry."

No one knew why Bessy's colour blanched, and her eye clouded. No one knew how she appre-



hended lest she should have to say that Benjamin had been of the gang, if, indeed, in some way the law had not followed on his heels quick enough to catch him.

But that trial was spared her; she was warned by John to answer questions, and say no more than was necessary, for fear of making her story less clear; and as she was known, by character, at least to Justice Royds and his clerk, they made the examination as little formidable as possible.

When all was over, and John was driving her back again, he expressed his rejoicing that there would be evidence enough to convict the men without summoning Nathan and Hester to identify them. Bessy was so tired that she hardly understood what an escape it was; how far greater than even her companion understood.

Jane Kirkby stayed with her for a week or more, and was an unspeakable comfort. Otherwise she sometimes thought she should have gone mad, with the face of her uncle always reminding her in its stony expression of agony, of that fearful night. Her aunt was softer in her sorrow, as became one of her faithful and pious nature; but it was easy to see how her heart bled inwardly. She recovered her strength sooner than her husband; but as she recovered, the doctor perceived the rapid approach of total blindness. Every day, nay, every hour of the day, that Bessy dared, without fear of exciting their suspicions of her knowledge, she told them, as she had anxiously told them at first, that only two men, and those perfect strangers, had been discovered as being concerned in the burglary. Her uncle would never have asked a question about it, even if she had withheld all information about the affair; but she noticed the quick, watching, waiting glance of his eye whenever she returned from any person or place where she might have been supposed to gain intelligence if Benjamin were suspected or caught; and she hastened to relieve the old man's anxiety, by always telling all that she had heard; thankful that as the days passed on the danger she sickened to think of grew less and less.

Day by day Bessy had ground for thinking that her aunt knew more than she had apprehended at first. There was something so very humble and touching in Hester's blind way of feeling about for her husband—stern, woe-begone Nathan—and mutely striving to console him in the deep agony of which Bessy learnt from this loving, piteous manner, that her aunt was conscious. Her aunt's face looked blankly up into his, tears slowly running down from her sightless eyes, while from time to time, when she thought herself unheard by any save him, she would repeat such texts as she had heard at church in happier days, and which she thought, in her true, simple piety, might tend to console him. Yet day by day her aunt grew more and more sad.

Three or four days before assize-time, two summonses to attend the trial at York were sent to the old people. Neither Bessy, nor John, nor Jane, could understand this; for their own notices

had come long before, and they had been told that their evidence would be enough to convict.

But alas! the fact was that the lawyer employed to defend the prisoners had heard from them that there was a third person engaged, and had heard who that third person was; and it was this advocate's business to diminish if possible the guilt of his clients, by proving that they were but tools in the hands of one who had, from his superior knowledge of the premises and the daily customs of the inhabitants, been the originator and planner of the whole affair. To do this it was necessary to have the evidence of the parents, who, as the prisoners had said, must have recognised the voice of the young man, their son. For no one knew that Bessy, too, could have borne witness to his having been present, and, as it was supposed that Benjamin had escaped out of England, there was no exact betrayal of him on the part of his accomplices.

Wondering, bewildered, and weary, the old couple reached York, in company with John and Bessy, on the eve of the day of trial. Nathan was still so self-contained, that Bessy could never guess what had been passing in his mind. He was almost passive under his old wife's trembling caresses; he seemed hardly conscious of them, so rigid was his demeanour.

She, Bessy feared at times, was becoming childish; for she had evidently so great and anxious a love for her husband, that her memory seemed going in her endeavours to melt the stoniness of his aspect and manners; she appeared occasionally to have forgotten why he was so changed, in her piteous little attempts to bring him back to his former self.

"They'll for sure never torture them when they see what old folks they are!" cried Bessy, on the morning of the trial, a dim fear looming over her mind. "They'll never be so cruel, for sure!"

But "for sure" it was so. The barrister looked up at the judge, almost apologetically, as he saw how hoary-headed and woeful an old man was put into the witness-box when the defence came on, and Nathan Huntroyd was called on for his evidence.

"It is necessary, on behalf of my clients, my lord, that I should pursue a course which, for all other reasons, I deplore."

"Go on!" said the judge. "What is right and legal must be done." But, an old man himself, he covered his quivering mouth with his hand as Nathan, with grey, unmoved face, and solemn, hollow eyes, placing his two hands on each side of the witness-box, prepared to give his answers to questions, the nature of which he was beginning to foresee, but would not shrink from replying to truthfully; "the very stones" (as he said to himself, with a kind of dulled sense of the Eternal Justice), "rise up against such a sinner."

"Your name is Nathan Huntroyd, I believe?"

"It is."

"You live at Nab-end Farm?"

"I do."

"Do you remember the night of November the twelfth?"

"Yes."

"You were awakened that night by some noise, I believe. What was it?"

The old man's eyes fixed themselves upon his questioner with a look of a creature brought to bay. That look the barrister never forgets. It will haunt him till his dying day.

"It was a throwing up of stones against our window."

"Did you hear it at first?"

"No."

"What awakened you, then?"

"She did."

"And then you both heard the stones. Did you hear nothing else?"

A long pause. Then a low, clear "Yes."

"What?"

"Our Benjamin asking us for to let him in. She said as it were him, leastways."

"And you thought it was him, did you not?"

"I told her" (this time in a louder voice) "for to get to sleep, and not to be thinking that every drunken chap as passed by were our Benjamin, for that he were dead and gone."

"And she?"

"She said as though she'd heerd our Benjamin afore she were welly awake, axing for to be let in. But I bade her ne'er heed her dreams, but turn on her other side, and get to sleep again."

"And did she?"

A long pause,—judge, jury, bar, audience, all held their breath. At length Nathan said,

"No!"

"What did you do then? (My lord I am compelled to ask these painful questions.)"

"I saw she wadna be quiet; she had allays thought he would come back to us, like the Prodigal i' th' Gospels." (His voice choked a little, but he tried to make it steady, succeeded, and went on.) "She said if I wadna get up she would; and just then I heerd a voice. I'm not quite mysel, gentlemen—I've been ill and i' bed, an' it makes me trembling-like. Some one said, 'Father, mother, I'm here, starving i' the cold—wunnot yo' get up and let me in?'"

"And that voice was?"

"It were like our Benjamin's. I see whatten yo're driving at, sir, and I'll tell yo' truth, though it kills me to speak it. I dunnot say it were our Benjamin as spoke, mind yo'—I only say it were like—"

"That's all I want, my good fellow. And on the strength of that entreaty, spoken in your son's voice, you went down and opened the door to these two prisoners at the bar, and to a third man?"

Nathan nodded assent, and even that counsel was too merciful to force him to put more into words.

"Call Hester Huntroyd."

An old woman, with a face of which the eyes were evidently blind, with a sweet, gentle, careworn face, came into the witness-box, and meekly curtsied to the presence of those whom she had been taught to respect—a presence she could not see.

There was something in her humble, blind

aspect, as she stood waiting to have something done to her—what, her poor troubled mind hardly knew—that touched all who saw her inexpressibly. Again the counsel apologised, but the judge could not reply in words; his face was quivering all over, and the jury looked uneasily at the prisoners' counsel. That gentleman saw that he might go too far, and send their sympathies off on the other side; but one or two questions he must ask. So, hastily recapitulating much that he had learned from Nathan, he said, "You believed it was your son's voice asking to be let in?"

"Ay! Our Benjamin came home, I'm sure; choose where he is gone."

She turned her head about, as if listening for the voice of her child, in the hushed silence of the court.

"Yes; he came home that night—and your husband went down to let him in?"

"Well! I believe he did. There was a great noise of folk down stair."

"And you heard your son Benjamin's voice among the others?"

"Is it to do him harm, sir?" asked she, her face growing more intelligent and intent on the business in hand.

"That is not my object in questioning you. I believe he has left England, so nothing you can say will do him any harm. You heard your son's voice, I say?"

"Yes, sir. For sure, I did."

"And some men came up-stairs into your room? What did they say?"

"They axed where Nathan kept his stock-ing."

"And you—did you tell them?"

"No, sir, for I knew Nathan would not like me to."

"What did you do then?"

A shade of reluctance came over her face, as if she began to perceive causes and consequences.

"I just screamed on Bessy—that's my niece, sir."

"And you heard some one shout out from the bottom of the stairs?"

She looked piteously at him, but did not answer.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I wish to call your particular attention to this fact: she acknowledges she heard some one shout—some third person, you observe—shout out to the two above. What did he say? That is the last question I shall trouble you with. What did the third person, left behind down stairs, say?"

Her face worked—her mouth opened two or three times as if to speak—she stretched out her arms imploringly; but no word came, and she fell back into the arms of those nearest to her. Nathan forced himself forward into the witness-box:

"My Lord Judge, a woman bore ye, as I reckon; it's a cruel shame to serve a mother so. It wur my son, my only child, as called out for us t' open door, and who shouted out for to hold th' ould woman's throat if she did na stop

her noise, when hoo'd fain ha' cried for her niece to help. And now yo've 'truth, and a' th' truth, and I'll leave yo' to th' Judgment o' God for th' way yo've gotten at it."

Before night the mother was stricken with paralysis, and lay on her death-bed. But the broken-hearted go Home, to be comforted of God.

### THE GHOST IN THE CORNER ROOM.

I HAD observed Mr. Governor growing fidgety as his turn—his "spell," he called it—approached, and he now surprised us all, by rising with a serious countenance, and requesting permission to "come aft" and have speech with me, before he spun his yarn. His great popularity led to a gracious concession of this indulgence, and we went out together into the hall.

"Old shipmate," said Mr. Governor to me; "ever since I have been aboard of this old hulk, I have been haunted, day and night."

"By what, Jack?"

Mr. Governor, clapping his hand on my shoulder and keeping it there, said:

"By something in the likeness of a Woman."

"Ah! Your old affliction. You'll never get over *that*, Jack, if you live to be a hundred."

"No, don't talk so, because I am very serious. All night long, I have been haunted by one figure. All day, the same figure has so bewildered me in the kitchen, that I wonder I haven't poisoned the whole ship's company. Now, there's no fancy here. Would you like to see the figure?"

"I should like to see it very much."

"Then here it is!" said Jack. Thereupon, he presented my sister, who had stolen out quietly, after us.

"Oh, indeed?" said I. "Then, I suppose, Patty, my dear, I have no occasion to ask whether *you* have been haunted?"

"Constantly, Joe," she replied.

The effect of our going back again, all three together, and of my presenting my sister as the Ghost from the Corner Room, and Jack as the Ghost from my Sister's Room, was triumphant—the crowning hit of the night. Mr. Beaver was so particularly delighted, that he by-and-by declared "a very little would make him dance a hornpipe." Mr. Governor immediately supplied the very little, by offering to make it a double hornpipe; and there ensued such toe-and-heeling, and buckle-covering, and double-shuffling, and heel-sliding, and execution of all sorts of slippery manoeuvres with vibratory legs, as none of us ever saw before, or will ever see again. When we had all laughed and applauded till we were faint, Starling, not to be outdone, favoured us with a more modern saltatory entertainment in the Lancashire clog manner—to the best of my belief, the longest dance ever performed: in which the sound of his feet became a Locomotive going through cuttings, tunnels, and open country, and became a vast number of other things we should never have suspected, unless he had kindly told us what they were.

It was resolved before we separated that night, that our three months' period in the Haunted House should be wound up with the marriage of my sister and Mr. Governor. Belinda was nominated bridesmaid, and Starling was engaged for bridegroom's man.

In a word, we lived our term out, most happily, and were never for a moment haunted by anything more disagreeable than our own imaginations and remembrances. My cousin's wife, in her great love for her husband and in her gratitude to him for the change her love had wrought in her, had told us, through his lips, her own story; and I am sure there was not one of us who did not like her the better for it, and respect her the more.

So, at last, before the shortest month in the year was quite out, we all walked forth one morning to the church with the spire, as if nothing uncommon were going to happen; and there Jack and my sister were married, as sensibly as could be. It occurs to me to mention that I observed Belinda and Alfred Starling to be rather sentimental and low, on the occasion, and that they are since engaged to be married in the same church. I regard it as an excellent thing for both, and a kind of union very wholesome for the times in which we live. He wants a little poetry, and she wants a little prose, and the marriage of the two things is the happiest marriage I know for all mankind.

Finally, I derived this Christmas Greeting from the Haunted House, which I affectionately address with all my heart to all my readers:—Let us use the great virtue, Faith, but not abuse it; and let us put it to its best use, by having faith in the great Christmas book of the New Testament, and in one another.

THE END.

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